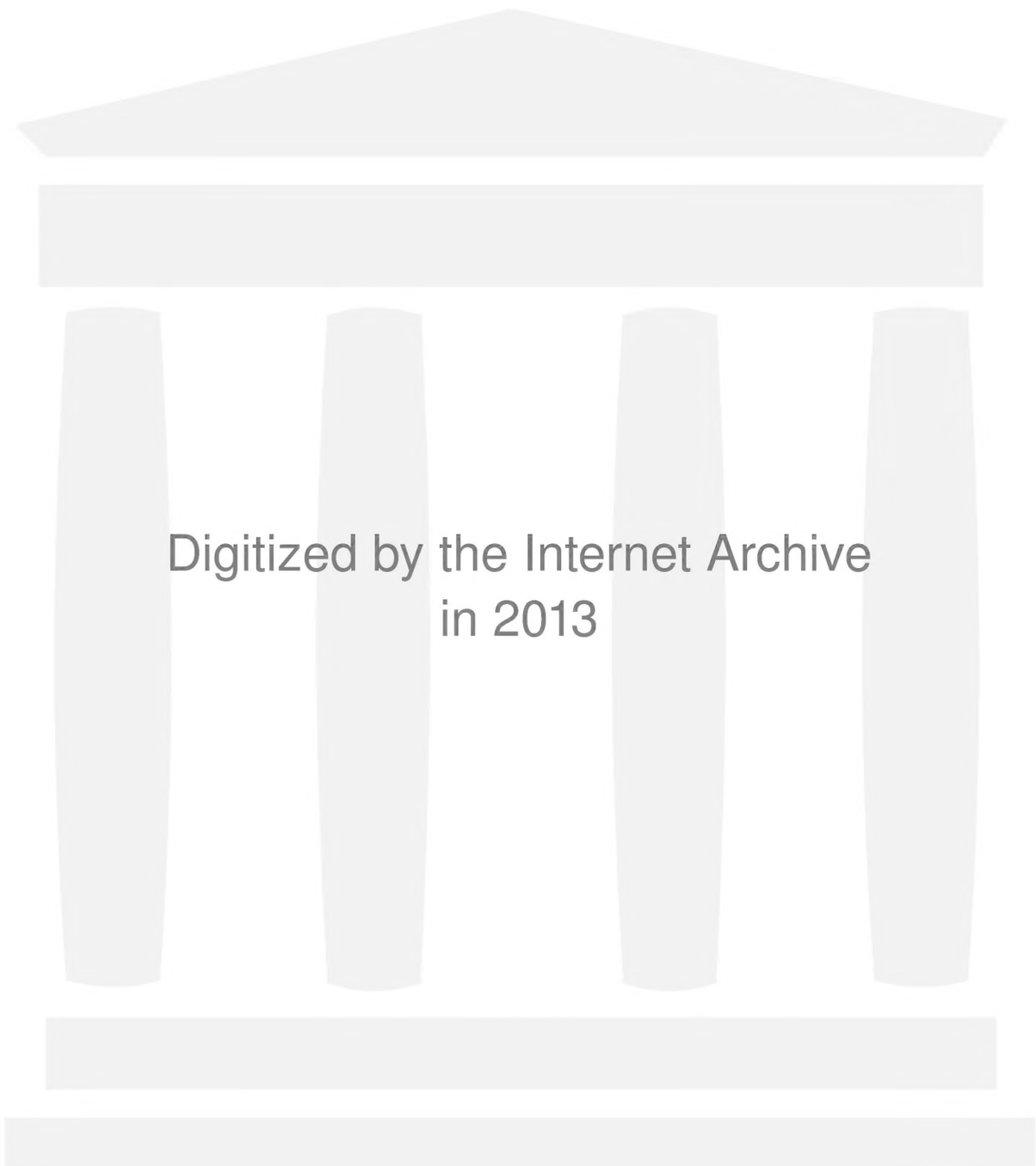
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Ladies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In • January, 1947 • 25c

JOURNAL

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Mother and Children

BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

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"I'm an old newspaperwoman who toured Europe on a Pulitzer traveling scholarship, did a stint on a New York paper when I got back in the U. S., and eventually ended up in Hollywood writing song lyrics for the movies," says **SELMA HAUTZIG BRENNER** (*Just What She Wanted*). "My best career caught up with me nine years ago in the form of a husband. He works at his insurance agency from 9 to 5 while I concentrate on writing short stories and my second novel. The rest of the time we concentrate on each other."

FRANCES GRAY PATTON, author of *The Terrible Miss Dove*, might have been on Broadway if it hadn't been for love. After two seasons in a stock company, she gave up the theater to marry a young Duke professor. But because she still wanted a hobby—"mainly to avoid housework"—she tried writing. "And it's fun!" says Mrs. Patton. "Everything I do has to be sandwiched in between bringing up three children, a son 17 and twin daughters 12, but a hectic life agrees with me. My one aim now is to make the JOURNAL again before I die."

SUSAN ERTZ, author of *Mary Hallam*, is an American who's spent most of her life in England, where she was born and educated. She began writing for a career in 1922. Her first novel, Madame Claire, was published the next year, and has been followed by many short stories and novels, among the latter Now East, Now West; The Galaxy; Woman Alive; and No Hearts to Break. She's interested in literature and painting, and has traveled widely in America and Europe. Her husband is Maj. J. Ronald McCrindle, Managing Director of British Airways.

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"The Voice" is in wonderful voice. Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

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All this as you laugh and sigh and thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed with warmth and understanding by Robert Walker.

★ ★ ★ ★

As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★

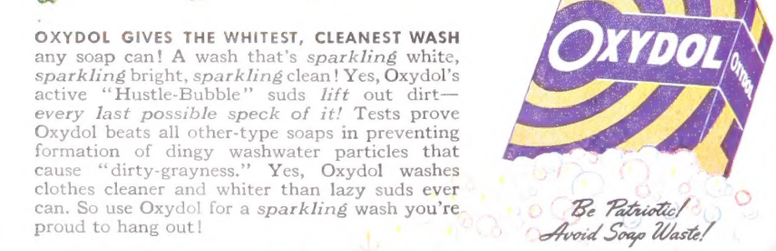
We extend accolades to Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed who, with screenplay writers Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, wove story and song and splendor so miraculously together.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!

—Lea

SEE, OXYDOL GETS ALL MY LINENS SPARKLING WHITE!
OXYDOL WASHES MY COLORED THINGS SPARKLING BRIGHT!
WHY, OXYDOL WASHES WORK CLOTHES SPARKLING CLEAN!



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Be Patriotic! Avoid Soap Waste!

Give your wash THAT OXYDOL SPARKLE!

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

ONE of the Big Three American dress designers for the elite is dark-eyed, dark-haired, slender Fira Benenson, the ***Countess Hinska*** in private life. Being a Russian and married to a Pole, she is bound to be viewed politically, except by those who can afford to buy her dresses; and to those brides, debutantes, fortunate young matrons and perspicacious dowagers, she is the frosting on the cake, the shine on the bubble, the ripple on the wave. Her clothes are notable for their subtlety. She can make anyone look a lady. Countess Hinska is the magnet for all visiting Poles and all strata of settled Russians. At her house one may see, at a sitting, the ***Grand Duchess Marie, Maurice Hindus, Louis Fischer, Kerenski.*** One evening there was a typical Hinska party which included Kerenski, just back from Australia, ***Cecil Brown*** (SUEZ TO SINGAPORE), ***Quincy Howe*** (ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY AMERICAN TO DO HIS DUTY), a Time correspondent, a Fortune writer, and various others. The Fortune writer was doing a piece on the Countess for his magazine, and much as it went against the grain, Countess Hinska had told her guests when she invited them what might happen. And happen it did. A fine Russian meal was served—for she cooks as well as she sews; that is, she can tell anyone exactly how to go about either—and conversation flourished. It was serious conversation, about the atom bomb and about international suspicions: how a Russian sees the U. S. A., how Russia looks to an American. Voices grew loud, gestures were dramatic. And, through it all, like fireflies in the night, flash bulbs went on and off. An attractive girl photographer stood beyond the circle, her helper beside her holding high two flash bulbs while she, with another clamped to her arm, took probably a hundred shots. Unbelievable though it is, the guests hardly noticed. Not for a minute did the blinding light dislodge an argument. If a camera can catch the esprit of intellectuals in action, there is one of the finest portraits of a general conversation on record.

• • •

The books on houses, planning, building, decorating are many. But they aren't helping people find homes. Just how far the housing shortage has gone in other parts of the country we wouldn't know, but in our bailiwick things have come to a pretty pass. Near by in New Jersey, a family has set up housekeeping in a sedan. Daytimes they cruise looking for a home, and nights they sleep in the car parked behind a local gasoline station. This family consists of a husband, wife and two children. But the prize story—for ingenuity—is that of the woman who has taken over the New York Municipal Building. She sleeps there, on which of the twenty-four floors she does not say, uses the washrooms as a laundry, and hangs out her clothes to dry on the iron fences of City Hall Park. This is a former city employee who cannot find a room and considers that the city owes her a home.

• • •

No one could write a dull book about Balzac—any more than about Lincoln or Henry the Eighth or Sarah Bernhardt. The vitality is so enormous, the accomplishment, in whatever field, so definite. Now we have BALZAC, by ***Stefan Zweig,*** biographer

Balzac, whom Maugham calls the greatest of novelists, lived and worked to the hilt. Stefan Zweig tells again the vital story.

par excellence, a book worthy of both the subject and the author. Zweig had worked on it for ten years and, when he died, left the manuscript to his friend, ***Richard Friedenthal,*** who edited it.

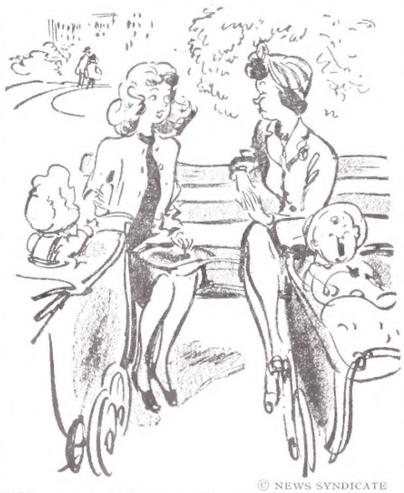
Balzac was an indomitable man. He wrote sixteen hours a day, sometimes not leaving his room for three days at a time. He ate very little, slept very little and drank cup after cup of black coffee. His routine was a dinner of sorts at five in the afternoon, sleep until midnight, then work all night and most of the next day. At the age of thirty he started writing LA COMÉDIE HUMAINE, worked on it almost without stop for twenty years, and died at fifty-one, worn out.

Somerset Maugham calls Balzac the greatest novelist who ever lived. But it is less Balzac the writer, than Balzac the man, of whom Zweig writes. Nothing was simple in Balzac's life. The harder he worked, the more inextricably he got into debt. He had innumerable love affairs, wooed one woman for twenty years and died five months after he married her. He had friends. He traveled. All of which Zweig weaves into the complicated pattern of his biography.

Stefan Zweig himself was one of the most conspicuous victims of Nazism. A typical Viennese, he lived the charming, cultivated, lighthearted life of Vienna, and later of musical Salzburg. The great artistic and intellectual figures of the Continent—Toscanini, Freud, Romain Rolland—were his friends. He traveled about the world, lived in England while doing his research for MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES and in France when working on MARIE ANTOINETTE. Then came the threatening shadow of Hitler, persecution of Jews and liberals, and the war. Zweig was a man lost. He became a British citizen, but was still bereft. Marry-

(Continued on Page 154)

THE NEIGHBORS *By George Clark*



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"Tom and I haven't quarreled since we were married. We're afraid his parents will throw us out of their house."

ay met Joe, a doctor, at a hospital dance. This was it! e asked her to a Columbia football game—then another -and on Christmas their engagement was announced. ay is tall, dark and stunning. She's one of the most teresting-looking girls you ever saw!

Kay Baudo's brunette complexion is thrillingly smooth and soft. Modestly, she thanks Camay. In fact, she tells us: "My very *first cake* of Camay made my skin look smoother, feel softer. Just *one cake* seemed to bring my skin to life!"

The site is chosen for the Baudos' new home—in Great Neck, with a view of Long Island Sound. They'll build the first day they can. And in the meantime, lovely Kay stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, morning and night. Let it help your skin, too!

Softer, Smoother Skin can be yours with just One Cake of Camay!

Lady, if you'd be lovely, look first to your complexion. A soft, clear skin is beauty's first essential. Yes, and you can have a softer, smoother skin with just *one cake* of Camay . . . if you'll forego careless cleansing . . . be faithful to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Really, it's so simple. Morning and night, spread Camay's creamy lather on your face. A gentle massage, then rinse warm. If your skin is oily, dash with cold. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can give your skin that thrillingly softer, enchantingly smoother look!

MRS. JOSEPH S. BAUDO
the former Kathryn M. Cheetham of Forest Hills, N.Y.
Bridal portrait painted by Hilly Ross

LADIES' HOME Journal

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LAWRENCEBURG VERDICT

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

THE verdict given at Lawrenceburg on the case of the twenty-five Negroes from Columbia, Tennessee, at the climax of a trial bizarre beyond precedent, was the kind of thing that makes us realize the full splendor of our destiny as a nation. Disregarding the whole farrago of sectionalism which had constituted the closing argument for the prosecution, this jury—twelve good men and true—brought in a verdict of not guilty for twenty-three of the accused men, and held two guilty.

It would probably have been impossible under the conditions to free them all, and the two who were found guilty were in fact the only ones against whom the state brought any kind of proof connecting them with the shooting of Will Willsford. It was not very good proof and is unlikely to engage the approbation of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, but at any rate these two (Bob Gentry and John McKivons) were involved by testimony, such as it is.

But hitherto it had been generally assumed that these twenty-five men would be condemned indiscriminately, that they would receive maximum sentences and that this case would have to be carried all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States. The prosecution demanded maximum punishment; the defense asked, but without much hope, for acquittal. The week of terror in Columbia last February, from which this trial arose, was not calculated to inspire much trust in the law-enforcement officers, at least on the part of helpless people. And the atmosphere of the courtroom, to put it mildly, was not encouraging to the defense.

Yet twelve citizens of Lawrence County had the courage and decency to disregard all that. They were able to rise above a really terrifying flood of hatred let loose in the courtroom by the closing speech for the state by Mr. Paul Bumpus, the attorney general for this circuit. In all probability the jury resented the tirade.

The effect of the verdict upon those who heard it was stunning. I doubt if anybody in the courtroom expected the result. My own faith in our people is so great that I believed all along that an acquittal was possible; but this opinion was not shared by others who knew the case and its social origins better than I did.

A more stinging rebuke to the prosecution would have been difficult or impossible under the social conditions of the time and place. And it was administered not by any of the long-nosed carpetbaggers Mr. Bumpus was talking about, but by twelve good men and true, citizens of Lawrence County and citizens of the nation. Seven of these men are farmers. They have no real use for the kind of racism and sectionalism that flowered so luxuriantly in that courtroom. Into their hands and into the hands of the white youth of the South this problem must, *(Continued on Page 118)*

Reprinted with Mr. Sheean's permission from the New York Herald Tribune.

Don't Divorce Your Child

By Dorothy Thompson

AMERICAN women have had the vote for almost a full generation. But one sometimes wonders at how little they have used their political power to remedy matters of vital concern to themselves. The first concern of women is the family and family relationships. Yet they have made no powerfully organized and hence no successful attempt to bring some order into the chaos of American marriage laws, which necessarily entail divorce laws.

I know that this is delicate ground on which to tread, because various religious bodies hold various views toward marriage and divorce. Nevertheless, the fact is that all but one state of the Union (South Carolina) have divorce laws, and actually nearly a third (31 per cent) of all American marriages end in divorce.

It is not the purpose here to dwell upon this disturbing social phenomenon, but only to point out that forty-eight separate divorce laws in forty-eight separate states do nothing whatever to mitigate the growing divorce rate, but contribute greatly to exacerbating the evil social consequences.

The extreme difficulty of obtaining divorces in some states, compared with the assembly-line process of doling them out in others; the irrationality of almost all the divorce laws, consequently encouraging mendacity, perjury and many shyster practices, and unnecessarily adding humiliation and indignity to a situation painful in itself; the lack of any single law enforceable in all states with respect to the rights of the children of a divorced couple, and the possibility of escaping the intent of the court granting the divorce, by merely moving to another state; the greatly differing views of certain courts and certain states in respect to alimony—all these are but symptoms of national chaos in a very important matter.

It seems to me that what is needed is not only a single Federal divorce law, but an opening of the whole question of family relationships and responsibilities, with a view to creating fitting institutions, both legal and social-advisory, to deal with them in a more inclusive manner, with the object of decreasing hasty and ill-considered marriages, and hasty and ill-considered divorces, with the welfare of the children as the central social concern

Divorce *is* a primary American problem if only for the demonstrable relation it bears to another leading American problem: juvenile delinquency. The experience of the juvenile courts shows that a large majority of youthful delinquents come from homes broken by divorce.

The only normal life for a child is in the family, and the minimum description of a family is a father, a mother and a child. When the father goes, the chief element of security goes, whether actual or psychological. If he goes by death, the child at least retains the image of the father, as a memory and example. If he goes by an act of his own will, or the will of the mother, the child, consciously or unconsciously, feels bereft and cheated, and this feeling awakens in him asocial instincts of revenge.

Furthermore, in many cases, the child loses not only one parent by divorce; he loses both. For the mother, deprived, as she usually is, of adequate support, must seek it, or seek to supplement it, outside her home. The divorced mother is usually a working mother, or becomes one.

To keep a mother in her home is the single justification for alimony for young able-bodied women. When alimony is awarded to mothers of small children, and in a sufficient amount to make this possible, this condition should be attached to it. Otherwise "alimony" should be awarded exclusively for the support of the child, and with continued protection of the child.

There are other things, however, that the divorced wife is likely to seek when separated from her wedded mate. She seeks love, and too often finds it in a series of transitory "gentleman friends" whose relations to the mother are a source of juvenile speculation, mental distress and cynical precocity.

A decent Federal divorce law should therefore start with better marriage laws, and better education for marriage.

Very few runaway marriages—elopements—last. Few very young marriages last, except in cases where the couple have really known and admired each other from childhood.

American marriage suffers much, I believe, from the overplaying of romantic love. To be madly in love is considered by our youth sufficient grounds for choosing a partner presumably for life, and proceeding on that basis to start a family.

Young people ought to be carefully and sensitively instructed—by their parents, their pastors, their teachers, and possibly by premarriage counselors to whom they must go before obtaining a license—that a passionate attachment is *not* sufficient grounds for a marriage. *(Continued on Page 148)*

ENJOY IT MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

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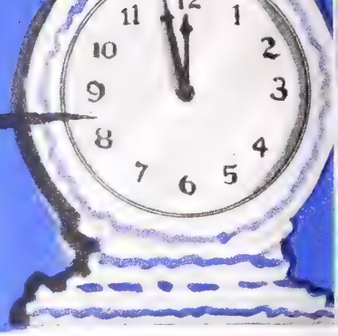
I, Susie, Sub-Deb



HEREBY RESOLVE

to act like a "big girl" this year. No more mooning before the mirror about why I don't look more like Lana Turner and no more daydreaming about out-Hayesing Helen on Broadway or rescuing Guy Madison from a burning building just to get on the front page of the papers. I'm going to find out what I can *really* do. It's always an A in English for me, so maybe I could try a short story or two outside class. My dancing is good, but it could be better. And it's over six weeks since I tried to play Clair de Lune on the piano, but I'm sure I could fit in one hour a day for practicing. And about the school dramatic club—say, maybe that Broadway deal isn't such a bad daydream after all!

. . . TO BE MORE HONEST. It's true that the alarm clock *didn't* go off the other morning when I missed the bus and was twenty minutes late for history class. (Never even set it, you see.) But it's not true that the paper on "Underwater Plant Life in the Great Lakes" for biology was as hard to write as I pretended it was. It might have been only *two* weeks late if I hadn't sat next to Alice in the library listening to her jokes every day. And about that two dollars I borrowed from my mother when last month's allowance ran out (not to mention the extra two-fifty the month before). It's true that I needed a new pair of brown gloves, but I guess I could have made ends meet if I'd cut myself down to three movies a week (unless Gregory Peck comes to town, of course). What this gal needs is a better budget!

. . . TO BE A BETTER FRIEND. Each girl in our Sub-Deb Club is my special friend, but—well, catchatter does start up occasionally, and sometimes I'm even the one to start it! Last Saturday afternoon I had a movie date with Miriam, and then that evening I didn't even say a kind word when her name came up at a party and someone said she was no fun. And those things I said about Alice after she got the date I wanted with Johnny! After all, she's been my friend since grade school. So what if she did tell everyone I looked awful with my hair cut in bangs? After this, I'm going to mean it when I say "glad to see you" to somebody.

. . . TO WORK HARDER AT SCHOOL. My grades are good enough to keep mother and dad happy, but I know I could learn a lot more if I didn't write letters in study hall and keep thinking about last night's date while the teacher is talking. And I guess for this year I'll try to do my homework *without* listening to the Bob Hope and Fibber McGee programs at the same time. And maybe (got my fingers crossed on this one) I can learn to get through just *one* evening without calling up the gals three or four times to see what answer *they* got to problem 14 in algebra or whether the history assignment begins on page 231 or 232!

. . . TO BE A PRETTIER GIRL. I know I can look almost like a small-sized angel on the night of a big dance. But I'm not always so good to look at in between. Sometimes I get so sleepy, after going through my homework, reading the papers and everything, that I skip the brush-and-bobby-pins routine that would make me neat and curly in the morning. And maybe I wouldn't have complexion troubles at all if I didn't skip those before-bed scrubbings once in a while. I could probably be the sharpest girl in school (who looked like me, that is!) if I spent a little time at it. And no other girl in my school can make that statement!

. . . TO GIVE UP MOPING. Right now half my time is spent nursing the blues. If I'm not feeling like Lena the Hyena just because Johnny doesn't call till seven-thirty when he promised to call at seven, then I'm worrying about whether or not I'll have a date for Friday night or for the Senior Prom in May, 1947. Or my feelings are hurt because my mother says, "Must you trip over that rug?"; or because my English teacher marks "Is this your best work?" on a theme that took me ten minutes to write. If I figure out *why* I'm blue, I might even be able to laugh it off!

. . . TO HAVE MORE DATES. Sure, Johnny's fun, but—since we're not going steady—why do I depend on him for my one-a-week date? Maybe Pete would like to take me to the movies sometime, if I let him know I'd like to be friends. And it might be fun to ask the gang over to *my* house, instead of just waiting for someone else to make a party. And when I do have a date I'll skip the joey clothes and look smooth; I'll act my best and say, "Oh, wonderful!" even though I *don't* like to go bowling. I guess I could have more fun, if I *was* more fun, couldn't I?

. . . AND ABOUT MY FAMILY. This isn't just for the new year, it's for all time, so—okay, Sister Anne, *put* your clothes in my half of the closet if you insist, and wear my blue sweater just once, if you want to! I won't complain. And if you insist on chattering when I want to sleep, putting up your hair with my bobby pins, and talking and talking on the phone when I'm waiting for a big call—well, I guess it's all right. And if I'm part of the family, I guess I can dry the dishes, make my bed in the morning, and eat up my oatmeal just as well as anybody else. I'm at home about one half the time, so why not have fun while I'm there?

And if I'm a smart Sub-Deb, with my eyes wide open, I'll pick up a few answers for myself—and maybe this list of supersolemn resolutions won't be so long next year!

DON'T BE A LONE RANGER

Get your gal pals together and form a Sub-Deb Club! Send for a registration blank to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and we'll send you, each month, the newspaper, The Sub-Deb Scoop, and a club letter filled with ideas for fun to keep your club going. And once you've organized your club, you can own Sub-Deb Club pins. Write for a Sub-Deb Club pin and blank. We'll be waiting to hear from you!

IRVING—HURLICK

Your Cold...

the part germs play and precautions against them

***Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes*—YES.**

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders," a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

What do your Face and your Figure tell you about your Future?

Do you want to know what's ahead for you, in your happiness at home—your business success? Here's a telling test:

Look in your mirror. Is your skin smooth and lovely, your hair gleaming, your make-up glamorous? Are you slender enough for your height? Do you stand erect, poised, confident? Yes? Then you are on your way to success as a woman.

But if your skin is dull, your hair unlovely, your make-up all wrong, if you are out of proportion and "bulge in the wrong places," then no wonder you are worried about your future. For you can't compete, in love or in life, with the attractive women who get the compliments, with the smart, slender, vital girls who are getting the jobs and getting ahead.

But if you *are* unhappy about what your mirror tells you—there's a plan to help you. It's the DuBarry Success Course. It analyzes your problems—then shows you how to achieve your ideal weight, remodel your figure, have a softer, smoother skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—be yourself at your best. It brings to you in your home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Is it hard to take? No—it's easy and it's fun. It can be the most exciting experience of your life.

Does it take long? Results come surprisingly soon. In as little as six weeks, many women completely make themselves over.

Does it cost much? So little it will surprise you. And you'll say it was the best investment you ever made.

What to do? Send at once for the Free Booklet containing the full story of the DuBarry Home Success Course—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Use the coupon NOW.

SHE'S A *DuBarry Success!*

"Now I have the job I wanted!"

—SAYS ELEANORE OBIE

MISS ELEANORE OBIE, Grand Rapids, Michigan, knows what your face and your figure can mean to your future. "I had the special training for a 'front-office' job," she says. "But I lost out in competition with girls who appeared smarter and were more attractive. And no wonder. In my early twenties, I looked middle-aged. I weighed 236 pounds and wore a size 46. The DuBarry Success Course brought me just the help I needed.

Before After

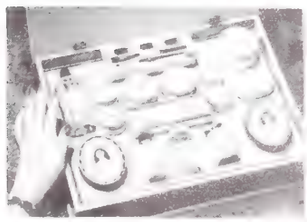
"Today, with 81 pounds gone, I wear a size 18. My skin has a new glow and I know how to apply make-up to appear always at my best. I look and feel vibrantly happy. Most important, I am the woman I wanted to be—a *success*, with the job I wanted."

Eleanore Obie's Measurements

	Before	After
Height	5'7½"	5'7½"
Waist	50	30
Chest	48	36
Wrist	8½	6
Arm	17	11
Abdomen	47	28
Hip	49½	39

DuBARRY SUCCESS COURSE

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*



Yours, with your DuBarry Success Course
This handsome new DuBarry, Dressing Table—packed with DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations selected for your type. It comes to you beautifully furnished, complete with the DuBarry Success Course.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON, Dept. SX2
693 Fifth Avenue, New York, 22, N. Y.

Please send booklet telling about the DuBarry Home Success Course, including the new Portable Dressing Table.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

© 1941, Richard Hudnut

Our Readers Write Us

No Cash, No Kids?

Detroit, Michigan.

To the Editor: The problems you have been stressing about the high cost of living seem to have a simple solution. Have no more children than you can afford. If your income permits your having two children, have two, and raise them to the best of your ability, but don't try to have three, four or five.

Sincerely yours,
ANNE SANFORD COTTER.

Having a lot of mouths to feed accelerates papa. ED.

Wanted a Baby

Denbighshire, England.

Dear Anonymous: Your article We Wanted a Baby was of tremendous interest—you might have been quoting the case of my husband and self. Mentally, I waded through the various stages again—the perpetual bowl of lettuce, wheat-germ tablets, vitamins, tests—and later the similar injections, which I was told with a shrug "met with a certain measure of success and *then* generally in the younger element." And I was nearing forty!

Four months after the injection I was pregnant; and that, I think, supports the Dunbar theory which you quote. Our baby is now a sturdy little fellow of eighteen months.

Yours sincerely,
Name withheld on request

Hopes We Have Plenty

Paris.

Dear Editors: In the French newspapers I saw a picture of housewives in New York standing in a queue for meat. I hope it is exaggerated. If shortage comes to you, what will Europe become? It is such a consolation to know that somewhere there is plenty. Though we are better off with fuel than last year, we still must be very economical. Winter and the real cold days are still to come. I sometimes look melancholily at the radiators of the central heating. Once upon a time we had only to turn a handle (is this the right word, it sounds queer) and warmth was there, to open a tap to have hot water.

Now the bath is filled with potatoes (and glad we are of it). We covered the bath, once filled, with planks and thereupon we store the faggots to light the fire. The modern apartments here have no closet space or storage room and now ours is crowded, especially the kitchen, with all we have to store for the winter: potatoes, oignons, dried beans, salted stringbeans, pots with conserved eggs therein.

My daughter looking through your magazine just said to me, "If you look at those American houses, one thing is sure—they are heated."

I will end now. I have to unravel two old and very worn out sweaters to make a new one.

Sincerely yours,
M. RADEMAKER.

Likes Real Life

Peoria, Illinois.

Dear Editors: It sometimes occurs to me that it's a good idea to pass on a bit of praise, even to an institution.

I like your attitude against liquor advertisements, not that I'm a prohibitionist, but because you still hold to the best standards in living. I like especially the series you are running about "How America Lives." I like people and I thoroughly enjoy knowing how they live, how they are rearing their children, what their standards of life are. I like hard down-to-earth reality!

For my money you are now and have always been the finest women's (or men's) magazine on the market!

Sincerely,
ELLONA M. BUECHELE.

Are Atheists Sincere?

High Point, N. C.

Dear Sirs: I thoroughly agree with Dorothy Thompson's article, "Woe To Those Who Destroy the Altars!"

Frankly, I can't believe there is such a thing as a real earnest atheist.

Sincerely,
MRS. FRANK GRANT.

Atheists, if there are such, are probably a little like Mark Twain's 14-year-old boy who was contemptuous of his father's ignorance. But when the boy reached 21, he was amazed at how much his old man had learned in seven years. ED.

Say it Now—or Even Sooner

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Editor: I have deepest sympathy for Mr. K. R. Stewart, who wrote that he lost his wife during the menopause. For his advice to husbands to ignore the word that the menopause is not serious, and to shower their wives with "understanding, patience and endearment," I have great appreciation.

But I would carry his advice a little further. Why doesn't a man shower his wife with love and affection all the time? A woman's menstrual period, pregnancy, raising of children and general household activities are a tax on her strength, her stamina, her patience—and her husband's inattention, however unwitting, does not help. It's not enough to wait till she asks "Do you love me?" and toss her a meaningless "Of course I do," and then forget about it till she asks you again.

It ought to be part of the marriage service—it ought to be a husband's eleventh commandment—"Don't wait to carve it on a stone, tell her so!"

Very sincerely,
EVE JACOBS.

Mother's "Little Stinkers"

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editors: What in the name of goodness do you do—scour the country with a fine-toothed comb to find families with the most angelic children? It is most discouraging to read of so many "obedient" youngsters as your articles talk about.

I know, from observation, that I have two of the world's prize stinkers, but surely there must be lots of other small fry who daily reduce their mothers to tears. My youngsters are past masters in the art of evading discipline by crying till they vomit. And picking them up produces a miracle: they quiet down in a split second. Twelve o'clock at night finds me washing or cleaning or ironing.

Without a long-suffering husband, the realization that I am a failure as a mother would be tragic. Once I thought babies would be wonderful. Today two are too many. To my kids, a "no" means "yes"; toys don't interest them; they are not "reasonable" or "obedient." I eat dinner at 9 P.M.—*after* the kids are in bed. Movies, church, evenings spent with my husband—such things are just dreams. The kids are a nightmare. Evenings they yell till we take them for a ride in self-defense.

Sometime, *please* couldn't you find a family with problem children and make a few suggestions as to how to handle such stinkers? Yours very truly,
MRS. E. P.

Dorothy's Grandson Christened

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I have just had a passionate letter from June, saying why did I never tell her that in America there were hydrangeas growing as big as trees, and why did I never tell her Michaelmas daisies and goldenrod grew wild in the field, and why did I never tell her that there were wild grapes growing in the hedges? Bitter is the answer. I did not know. I have always been over in early spring or fall. How much I have missed. But I don't intend to miss it much longer.

The ticket collector on my local train told me that life isn't as easy as it was, now the Commandos have got back into private life. One of the things they were taught was how to travel everywhere without a ticket! It seems quite a few of them still get around. Just for the fun of the thing, and to make sure their skill is not going rusty.

Mary's son was christened on Saturday, Anthony St. George. He behaved very well, but Annette strolled around and chatted a good bit, and ended up by taking a seat on the steps of the font and

(Continued on Page 13)

Breathless beautiful moment. This sweet "togetherness"... with the softest touch of your hands answering the words he whispers.

Hands so gentle and appealing for you've discovered the special "beforehand" way to guard their loveliness... with Trushay.

Trushay's a *different* sort of hand lotion. You use it *before* soap-and-water tasks, *before* dishes or light laundering, to help *prevent* roughness and dryness.

Always count on creamy, fragrant Trushay... whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

"Certainly it's to sleep in!"

1.

Part of the fun of visiting home is startling my mother with new ideas. Like the turquoise nightie I brought her—just like an evening dress! "You mean it's to *sleep in?*" mama gasped. "Gracious—you'd think I belonged to the Percale Sheet Set!"

2.

I thought about that remark as I hustled mama upstairs. "For a smart lady," I told her, "you have some awfully cobwebby ideas. Now, percale sheets are for *everybody*—when they're *Cannon* Percale Sheets! And are they soft and smooth and sweet-sleeping!"

3.

Mama waved the hairbrush. "Don't try to sweet-talk *me*," she laughed. "You know how your father is about the budget!" "But, Mom," I said, "luscious Cannon Percale Sheets give you percale's own luxury for just a trifle more than you'd pay for best-grade muslins."

4.

Mama's eye glinted. I continued, "Cannon Percale Sheets are nice and light weight too—easier for bedmaking and on washday. And believe me, they wear like everything!" The glint got brighter. "I always *thought* I was the percale type," she said dreamily. "Now I'm going to *do* something about it!"

TRADE MARK
CANNON

Cannon Percale Sheets

Cannon Towels • Stockings • Blankets ★ CANNON MILLS, INC., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

Copr. 1947, Cannon Mills, Inc.

P. S. Another real Cannon value: Cannon Muslin Sheets. Woven of sturdy American cotton; well-made, long-wearing!

(Continued from Page 10)

inviting me to join her there. We had a small tea party after, and a chocolate cake. How laughable an affair is a sponge-cake made of National flour. It looks rather like a well-used bath sponge from a family bathroom.

Love and love to you all,
DOROTHY BLAKE.

De Gustibus

Monroe, Louisiana.

Dear Editors: I am bored by the monotony of your illustrations. You nearly always show a glamorous young woman in any picture. Sometimes a man is included; if so, the picture is of an embracing couple. Much of the advertising, both text and illustration, borders on pornography. Can't you get an art editor with a little more taste and imagination?

Sincerely,
WINONA RIGGS.

Responding to the cry of "Author! Author!" on an opening night, George Bernard Shaw stepped out in front of the curtain to be greeted by loud applause and one dissenter in the balcony who cried, "I think your play stinks!"

Shaw's reply was, "I agree. But what can you and I do against so many?" ED.

He Agrees

Hewlett, L. I., New York.

Dear Sir: I. A. R. Wylie's article, Germany, Nation of Nazis Still, is the first thorough analysis of the German "soul" since V-E Day. I was an intelligence officer in Germany for almost a year with the Information Control Division, and it was our main job to take scientific samplings of German opinion throughout the American zone. Our samplings are those of Miss Wylie's observations! Take a look at some of them:

"Was National Socialism a good thing or a bad thing?" 42% between 19 and 40 said "good thing"; 58% under 19 said "good thing."

"Do you think Germany needs a strong new leader?" 68% of males under 19 favored a new Führer; 75% of females under 19 favored a new Führer.

Know what a Social Democrat told us? "Waging a war which Germany was bound to lose from the very beginning is a crime against Germany!" Miss Wylie has done an admirable job.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH CONGRESS.

She Denounces

Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: I have just read I. A. R. Wylie's article on Germany -and I'm boiling over with disgust and horror at the hatemongering of this supposedly Christian woman, calmly stating, "It is my suggestion that if the German children aren't sometimes a little hungry, they ought to be." Many a Buchenwald guard said, "Let the little Jewish children starve because their parents are our enemies."

You cannot argue politics or morality with a hungry stomach. Do you teach children the benefits of "American democracy" by starving them? Or do you teach them that the only crime in this world is to be on the losing side? As an American woman I sincerely hope that I. A. R. Wylie is one of a few and not to [illegible] humane people.

Disgustedly yours,
FRANCES CAMPBELL SCHROEDER.

She'd Say it Louder

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: Your Child Needs Better Teachers in the November Journal should be banner headlined.

Sincerely,
STERNE E. BARNETT.
Parents' Federation of Greater Boston.

How to Live on Your Income

Penrose, Colorado

Dear Editors: I have just finished reading How America Lives, and frankly I am puzzled. Our income [illegible] against the Sheils' $4200, and yet we have all the necessities and [illegible] luxuries they are denied. Why?

We have four children, three girls and one darling baby boy [illegible] and 8 months. My children have daily [illegible] of good food, clothing, skates, tricycles, wagons, and yet we are buying our home (FHA) [illegible] and [illegible] and managed to [illegible] of $200 or more for [illegible] end jaunt.

We have a baby sitter hired by the week, we go out regularly on Tuesday and either [illegible] on Sundays and Saturday afternoons.

I know we aren't the world's best managers and there shouldn't be that much difference in the two localities. Then what is the difference?

Sincerely,
MARGARET CARL.

How to Wake Up Mother

Middlebury, Vermont.

Dear Editors: Your October issue certainly solved the problem of how to get college sons and daughters to write home, but this question comes from a college daughter: How do you get mothers to write to lonely college daughters?

Yours truly,
JOAN BISHOP.

Write her you're about to elope with a man twice your age who drinks. ED.

No Cause for Alarm

Town Park, Texas.

Dear Editors: Several friends and I view with alarm the new column by Gladys Taber. We are alarmed because we wonder if these articles foretell the beginning of the end for Diary of Domesticity. If these new articles are to be additions to the familiar column, splendid. However, if there is a question of replacing Diary of Domesticity, please reconsider.

Very truly yours,
MARION T. BRYANT.

Verbal Journal

London, England

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: The war has finally ended for me and my family! Its end was not announced by a fanfare of trumpets, but simply by the postman ringing my bell. I had two copies of the JOURNAL in my arms and so the long war was over. Because of this wonderful fact, I wish to tender my resignation from a six-year-old, unpaid, self-appointed reader-editorship you never knew I held.

In August, 1940, I bought a copy of the JOURNAL and was told "No more for the duration." How could I do without you?

A month later the raids began. I was a lone American woman with my two small daughters, Swanhild and Angela, in the little village of Old Woking, Surrey. I had to do something to give us courage. And suddenly I was inspired. We would make you up for ourselves. The siren became the exciting signal for a visit with you. We never wrote a word of copy. We just sat down and took turns talking as if we were reading you. Any hour of the day or night, any day of the week you appeared. Sometimes you were a thin pamphlet and once, when we had ten raids in a day, you rivaled a mail-order-house catalogue. I am afraid we took terrible liberties with you. You blossomed out with strange new features. You had an uncanny knowledge of all the strange, brave people of our village. Your recipes were born in our own kitchen and made from ever-diminishing rations. You let yourself go in your fiction. There was never a rejection slip.

And suddenly, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, we had our courage back. We weren't afraid any more. Instead of listening to the ack-ack and the swish of bombs, we pretended that the infernal noise of war outside our shrouded windows was the busy hum of the giant presses. What if you were cradled in a cannon's mouth and "put to bed" in a shower of incendiary sparks? You were our own make-believe JOURNAL.

You were the herald of the good things coming back into our lives. We have less food and clothes even than during the war. I have forgotten how it feels to drink a glass of milk. For six years I have not been able to buy shoes to fit my 8AAA feet, and I simply dream of a pair of nylons. I think I would cry if I tasted ham again. But somehow those things don't seem to matter any more.

Yours sincerely,
NOREEN CASTLE.

Matchless Music for Every Mood

LESTER Betsy Ross Spinet

You will have music for every mood right at your fingertips with a Lester Betsy Ross Spinet in your home. Children and adults will reap the full benefit of the best in musical enjoyment from this beautiful piano . . . it will be the focal point for pleasure, inspiration and entertainment.

The full, brilliant tone will be a permanent delight; and the easy, responsive action makes the Betsy Ross Spinet the preferred piano with beginners and accomplished musicians. Styled by decorators, its superb appearance will lend importance to your home; and its compact size enables you to use it to advantage in both large and small rooms.

Made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, makers of the renowned Lester Grand Pianos, each Betsy Ross Spinet is moderately priced and guaranteed for ten years.

ONE { name / quality / price }

Foreign Sales Office:
H. A. ASTLETT & CO.—27 William St., New York 5, N.Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET T

LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING CO., LESTER 13, PENNSYLVANIA

Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrrangement in the home.
(Enclose 10c for postage)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Hawaiian Tapa cloth background painted by Everett Henry.

SURPRISES FROM PINEAPPLE LAND

What this country needs are more pleasant surprises at the dining table... salad surprises... dessert surprises! As an enthusiastic contributor of such surprises, Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist, presents three new pineapple recipes for you to try. And for surprisingly pleasant refreshment during the day, she suggests you drink cool glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice.

CHICKEN SALAD PLATTER

Cut Dole Pineapple Slices in halves and arrange around edge of a large plate in scallop design, as shown. Combine coarsely-cut leftover roast chicken or turkey, chopped hard cooked egg, sliced celery, and strips of sweet pickle in desired proportions; dice 1 or more pineapple slices, and add; mix with French dressing, season well, and heap in center of pineapple-bordered plate. Serve mayonnaise or Thousand Island dressing separately.

DOLE RECIPE 46-13

BAKED PINEAPPLE-DATE PUDDING

Combine 1 cup drained Dole Pineapple Chunks, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts. Sift ½ cup flour with 1 tsp. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt, add to fruit, mix well, and set aside. Beat 3 egg whites stiff; set aside. With same beater beat 3 egg yolks with 1 tsp. vanilla; gradually beat in ¾ cup sugar. Stir in fruit and flour mixture, then fold in beaten whites; bake in a greased shallow 8" x 12" pan in moderately slow oven (325°) about 35 minutes. Break in pieces, serve warm or cold with whipped cream. Serves 8 to 10.

DOLE RECIPE 46-14

PINEAPPLE-BEET RELISH SALAD

Pineapple Layer: Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to ¼ cup cold water; set aside. Heat 2½ cups (a No. 2 can) Dole Crushed Pineapple just to boiling, remove from heat, stir in gelatin and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pour half this mixture into 9" x 4" x 4" loaf pan, chill until firm. ***Beet Layer:*** Add 1 tbsp. plain gelatin to ¼ cup cold water. Heat 1¼ cups beet-liquid-and-water to boiling, remove from heat, stir in gelatin. Add 1 tsp. salt, 3 tbsps. sugar, 3 tbsps. vinegar or lemon juice, and remaining pineapple-gelatin mixture. Cool until it begins to thicken, then fold in 2 cups chopped cooked beets, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tsps. minced onion, 2 tsps. horseradish. Pour over pineapple layer in pan, and chill. Serve sliced, with mayonnaise. Serves 8 or more.

DOLE RECIPE 46-15

DOLE

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

IN January, 1897, Lillian Russell was Broadway's darling in American Beauty, and writer Kate Field died. Buffalo Bill was trying to get wealthy sportsmen interested in financing a 100,000-acre game preserve (enclosed by an eight-foot fence!). The Clevelands' New Year reception was termed one of the most brilliant ever seen in Washington. The Times reported that in 1896 over 1500 New Yorkers died of diphtheria. There were only 70 homicides.

In the January, 1897, JOURNAL, Stephen Fiske describes the Prince of Wales' visit to America. "As soon as the Prince left a hotel, women would rush into his rooms and seize all sorts of articles, from a furniture button to a soiled towel, as souvenirs, and even bottled up the water with which he had washed his face."

Wedding cake: Cream a pound and a half of butter with the same amount of sugar, add ten eggs . . .

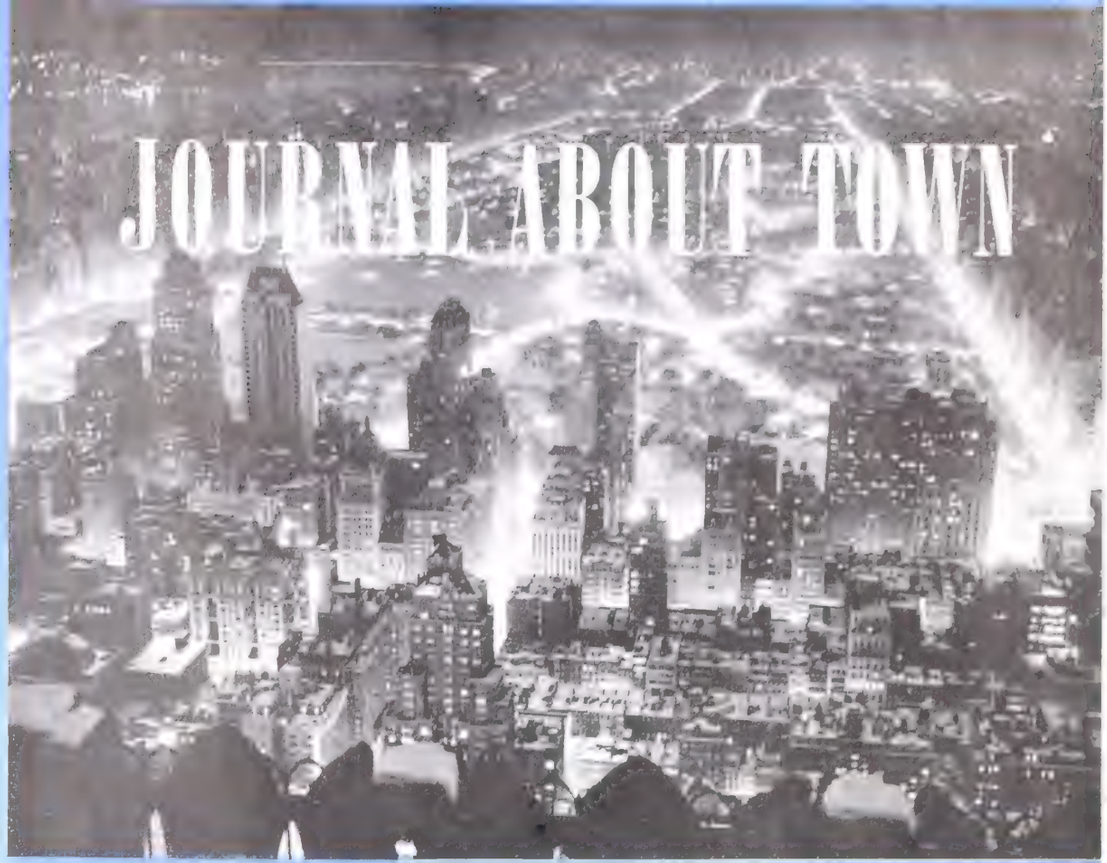
The growing male readership of the JOURNAL resulted in two columns for men in this fifty-year-old issue.

Advises Walter Germain in the column What Men are Asking: "The proper attire for church is a frock coat, gray cashmere striped trousers, top hat, buttoned patent-leather shoes."

***Decoration note:** "Old-fashioned" marble mantels draped with embroidered fringed scarfs, striped turban cloth, or covered with peacock feathers.*

Sarah Tyson Rorer, "the most famous cook in America," joined the JOURNAL staff this month. Mrs. Rorer was one of the first persons to make this country

food-value conscious. She abhorred the twelve-course dinner, suggested one entree instead of three or four. "Her favorite assertion," remarks the JOURNAL, "is that everything depends upon the food a person puts into his stomach."



From the RCA tower's distance lends added enchantment to the view, dulls the city's roar.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

IF you want to get away from the crowds here New Year's Eve, the most exciting spot we know is the top of the building next door to the Workshop. The air is fresh, the noise that splits your ears at street level comes up like something symphonic, and the view is the most breath-taking in the world, as you can see. The only trouble is trying to get quietly home to bed before the spell is broken—or a good resolution.

Out at Iowa State University, according to a report ***Henrietta Murdock*** has been reading, two scientists, after studying ninety-five infants for two and a half years, have discovered that while boys and girls begin with the same number of phonetic sounds during the first year, all girls, after the first year, can outtalk the boys. No figures on adults, but Miss M. surmises those go without saying.

***The Workshop's most recent bride, Judy Barry,** can't wear her wedding ring. Turns out she's allergic to gold.*

*In spite of the fact that **Eleanor Roosevelt,** like all Presidents' widows, has a mail franking privilege from the Government, her correspondence is so tremendous it costs her about $20,000 a year to handle it—pays her own foreign postage, air mail, registered and special delivery. Most people seem to think she gets a pension. She doesn't.*

When the ***Goulds*** went the other night to see ***Eugene O'Neill's*** The Iceman Cometh with ***Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Wallace,*** editors of The Reader's Digest, Mrs. W. told Mr. G., however since she was a schoolgirl she's been a passionate theatergoer—completely carried away by almost every play she sees. Remembered being in the middle of a performance of Paid in Full, years ago, while the memory of the Iroquois Theater's tragic fire in Chicago was still fresh, when a blaze broke out up in the balcony where she was sitting. Everybody else went into a panic. All she could think, she said, was, "Oh, now I won't see the end of the play!" But she did. The fire was put out, and the play, fortunately, went on.

Wandering through the Egyptian section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art recently, ***Frank Eltonhead*** bumped into a cocktail party the museum was throwing to introduce a game new to him, called Senít, something like backgammon, played with a small board, markers and dice. A little surprised at such levity amid the monuments, Frank lingered and learned the

Senit, old game comes back.

game wasn't really very new—was a favorite with the Pharaohs five thousand years ago, in fact. Anyhow, thanks to the Egyptologists at the museum, Senít has now been revived, in case you're looking for something to give to a game-loving friend.

One reason why overalls are as scarce for working men as soap powder is for women is the teen-age craze for jeans.

*Just back from a flying visit to Europe, **Louise Paine Benjamin** tells us that in Sweden she saw a set of 487 pieces of glassware being manufactured for **Haile Selassie,** and that in a London beauty salon she sat next to the English writer **Edith Sitwell,** who was having her finger nails done in iridescent ginger.*

If in the course of time you notice a helicopter hovering just overhead, the occupant peering down will probably be ***George P. Brett, Jr.,*** president of Macmillan, who sat next to Mrs. Gould the other day and told her he was through with automobiles, wants to fly leisurely just above the treetops, and settle down to earth whenever he sees anything that really attracts his attention, catching up with all the wonderful sights which he has always missed from the highways.

George Bernard Shaw had only five years of formal schooling. . . . High heels were first used by ***King Louis XIV,*** who wanted to be taller than a statuesque beauty he was courting. . . . The doorbell of ***Hoagy Carmichael's*** house plays the opening strains of Stardust. . . . The U. S. has 6 per cent of the world's area, 7 per cent of its people, 60 per cent of its telephones, 80 per cent of its motorcars, 35 per cent of its railroads and two thirds of its banking resources. . . . After a good night's sleep you may be as much as half an inch taller than when you went to bed. . . . A common needle consists of a butt, shank, slot, latch, eye, rivet, throat and hook. . . . Cat racing is a popular sport in England, where cats chase a mechanical mouse over a 220-yard course. Female cats are the speedier. . . . The number of births registered in the U. S. currently averages 225,000 a month, which is more than double the present death rate—and means 1,250,000 additional population a year. The total population of the U.S. has increased approximately 8,000,000 since 1940. . . . Alaska is a woman's paradise: ten men to every woman.

Holiday Headlines

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Christmas at its merriest . . . New Year's at its happiest . . . and lovely *you* at your loveliest . . . your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman, shows you the three holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best . . . by using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

RING IN THE NEW . . . with a *new* beauty-thrill for you! Besides revealing up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, Drene, with Hair Conditioning action, leaves your hair smoother, silkier, easier to manage right after your shampoo. For this party hair-do, Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her hair high in back and swirls it around on top.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her hair into two side loops, the left front section a top curl for added height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I always keep my hair Drene-clean." *Drene is not a soap shampoo* . . . and therefore leaves no dulling film on hair as all soaps do.

•

ARLINE LOVES VARIETY in hair-dos, as well as in Christmas decorations. Here her luxurious upswept curls are kept in place by hidden bobby pins. "But don't let dandruff hide the beauty of your hair," she says. Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

Mary Hallam

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO TRIED TO SENTENCE HER HEART—TO A LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

THE FIRST OF THREE PARTS.

By Susan Ertz

IN the spring of 1939 Maud Cotter was in London again, after spending nearly two years at her home in Boston. The time had passed pleasantly enough, but it was not her habit to be long away from Europe. A lover of her own country, her palate pleased and stimulated—so that the patriotic juices were kept flowing—by the good salty flavor of American life, she had other needs which could be satisfied only by Europe.

Crossing the Atlantic, she thought, *This may be the last time*, and felt like a hungry man confronted by more food than he can eat today, knowing that there may be none tomorrow. And, now that she was in London for a short stay only, she wanted to leave herself free to do the things she had planned, so she was busy seeing certain old friends whom she could not come to

★ ★ ★ Copyright, 1940, by Susan Ertz ★ ★ ★

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

England and not see. The first of these were Lettice (Letty) and Nelson Hallam. She had telephoned to Letty that morning and Letty had insisted that she come to tea that same afternoon. "I want to be the first of your friends to see you," she said, at the same time asking a favor and conferring one. And Maud told Lowell Pierce, who had come from Boston with her, that she would have to go, speaking with some reluctance, though she had every intention of going.

She had an elder-sister feeling toward Letty, a little sentimental because of old memories and mixed often enough with irritation, but nevertheless tough and enduring. As she waited now in Letty's drawing room, it amused her to note what new objects had attracted Letty's magpie eye. What Letty liked, she liked; no one could tell her anything. No one ever could. The lamp shades made Maud think of Burmese temples done in silk, with points and knobs and fringes. On the great Bechstein grand piano—did Mary, she wondered, still play it?—was a cut-glass bowl full of tulips, arranged, she felt sure, by the accurate eye and careful unloving hand of Burroughs, the elderly parlormaid. The house looked as though it had been "done" by some big department store. Everything bore witness to it: the shiny brocades, the rugs—crudely colored imitations of Aubusson carpets, covering the parquet floor almost from wall to wall—the new and glossy walnut furniture, the tall red-lacquer Chinese Chippendale secretary desk which looked as though it had just come from the manufacturers and was probably as expensive as a genuine piece would have been.

"WHY," Letty had once asked, "should I pay good money for wormholes and dry rot?" Letty knew the goodness of money. She had once ached and yearned for it. Over the handsome Adam fireplaces which were an original part of the house were huge French mirrors in elaborate gilt frames. There were oil paintings to which Maud's eye was drawn again and again with something of the painful fascination with which the eye is drawn to some abnormality, or to the body of a dead animal in the road. These, Maud thought, had doubtless come from the art department of the same large store. One was of woolly Highland cattle surrounded by mists and woolly heather, another a blatant garden scene loud with delphiniums, lupines and crimson ramblers. And Maud asked herself, not for the first time, *Well, why shouldn't Letty like what she likes?* And to that there was no answer.

She let her mind run back to her first meeting with Letty Parrish in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris in the spring of 1914. Mrs. Parrish, her pretty, long-suffering mother, had been in the habit of taking the eleven-year-old Letty into the Bois every morning, for the child loved to ride on the roundabouts and catch rings on a stick, winning prizes of sugar candy. Maud, twenty-one and old for her years even then, had stood watching one day at her mother's side, half wishing she were young enough to take a turn. They saw Letty get down when the music stopped, present her rings and receive her prize. The day being warm, she was coatless and hatless and her light brown hair hung down her back. She had evidently been aware of their interest, for she came up to them and said, holding her stick of candy, "I've seen you here before. I'm English and my name's Letty Parrish. You're American, aren't you?" She spoke without a trace of shyness, and led them purposefully to where her mother sat reading under a chestnut tree. A few days later the Cotters went to lunch with the Parrishes in their small flat in the Île de la Cité, and a friendship was thus begun.

The meeting turned out to be providential for Mrs. Parrish. Leonard Parrish, her husband, had lost his job as agent for a firm of Yorkshire woolen merchants and was in debt and in other difficulties of whose nature Mrs. Parrish was only just becoming unhappily aware. Paris had been the undoing of him, a process which had been gathering momentum for over five years. Now the rot had gone too far, and not long after the Cotters appeared on the scene Leonard Parrish disappeared, leaving a note to say that he had no intention of returning and that it would be useless to look for him. Mrs. Parrish did, nevertheless, ask the police to trace him, and he was found living with a dancer in the Montparnasse quarter. That was the end.

Thanks to Mrs. Cotter's financial help, all four presently returned to London. But her kindness did not stop there. She was the friend of all women who had suffered through no fault of their own from light-minded husbands, and she championed Mrs. Parrish with a missionary zeal lightened by humor. After considering various alternatives, she finally bought the lease of a house in Richmond and turned it over to Mrs. Parrish to run as a select boardinghouse, with herself and Maud as the first boarders. Once the establishment began to pay, Mrs. Cotter was to receive an agreed percentage of profits.

Then came the war, and somewhat reluctantly—for it annoyed her that her actions should be dictated by outside events—Mrs. Cotter took her daughter back to Boston.

They did not return to England till the summer of 1920, and on their arrival they learned that Mrs. Parrish had decided to marry again, Leonard Parrish having been killed fighting with the French in the Battle of the Marne.

They found Letty, now seventeen, in furious revol against her mother and the man her mother wanted t marry, a kindly, cultured bachelor of fifty named Eva Fulbright, who was head of a preparatory school fo boys in Gloucestershire. It was clear to the Cotters tha a very real happiness was in danger of being wrecked b Letty's intransigence, so they took her away with then to Cornwall while poor, harassed Mrs. Parrish closed th boardinghouse, married her schoolmaster and went fo her honeymoon to the lake district. By the time th newly married pair were settled in Gloucestershire, more or less reconciled Letty was ready to join them.

But Mrs. Parrish's marriage had quickened Letty' determination to provide herself with a home of her own She proposed to marry, at the first opportunity, a ma already settled in life and considerably older than herself The Cotters were not surprised to hear, therefore, i 1921, that she was engaged and that her marriage woul take place as soon as they paid their annual visit to Eng land. Maud could still recall the wording of her letter

You've heard of Hallam Typewriters, of course. Everyon has. Well, that's Nelson. His uncle died a few years ago an left him the business and a lot of money. I met him at m first grown-up dance, a hunt ball in Warwickshire. He is widower and has a six-year-old daughter, so I shall be a step mother at eighteen! We will live in London and Nelson wi expect me to entertain a good deal.

Much the same sort of letter she would have writte today, with no attempt made to cover up her unashame edly practical outlook.

They had gone to the wedding, which took place a the village church near Evan Fulbright's school. Nelson' little daughter Mary, a dark, delicate-looking unsmilin child, was bridesmaid. Mrs. Cotter did not take to he but she interested Maud, who noticed a look of appre hension in her eyes, though she seemed not to hav lacked care and attention.

MAUD yawned, the open, satisfying yawn of the unob served, and took out her engagement book. This was th tenth of April and the year 1939. She was going to Pari the following week with Lowell Pierce. The prospect wa an extremely agreeable one. She had between fourtee and fifteen weeks in which to do what she pleased, pro vided she went the rounds of the picture exhibition made some purchases for a Boston art gallery and ser off a monthly article for the Amateur Collector. Here duty and inclination were in complete accord. "Bliss, she said aloud, and put her engagement book back int her handbag. Then she heard Letty's step on the stai

One of the first things Maud had noticed about Lett was her way of walking. It was *(Continued on Page 5*

"This is no good for you," reason said. But her heart beat a warning: "Love comes only once."

Maid

SIDNEY GREER hesitated and then turned down the right corridor. That way he would pass Mathilda's office. He made a point of dropping in several times a day to tell her a bit of gossip, a joke he had just heard, anything to take that lost look from her eyes for a minute.

He looked through the glass. Sweet little kid! The desk light shone on her satiny brown hair, her skin was like a flower. That's what she was, a crushed flower. She looked up and with sudden inspiration he saluted her smartly, seriously, as though she were chief of police and he a passing rookie. She returned his salute just as seriously and he went on down the corridor pleased. She'd smile. She'd say, "Good old Sidney."

Good old Sidney. Mathilda smiled to herself. If only he wouldn't attempt humor. And his efforts to cheer her were so obvious. Dear Sidney, with a heart of pure crystal—transparent. She remembered the day he brought Press in that door, Sidney all puffed up at playing Cupid. He was in love with her himself, but that was Sidney, selfless. "I want you to meet Prescott Avery, our new junior executive."

She drew little circles on the paper, smiling, remembering. "This is Junior calling." Press said when he phoned asking for a date. She knew before that evening was over. They had the same sense of what was funny—more important than anything else in marriage. Let Fate sling anything at them; they could take it—laughing. Lost jobs, lost collar buttons. Broken contracts, broken coffee cups. Big disasters or little—they could take them. She hadn't thought—she never foresaw —— The pencil dropped from her fingers and she sat paralyzed. It never left her, never for one minute.

Someone in her doorway. She looked up. "Have you seen Mr. Gree-eer?" Sidney's secretary, Winnie Logan, was very, very refined—especially when talking to Mathilda, who presumably represented gentry.

Mathilda jerked her thumb. "That way."

Winnie didn't approve of her boss' straying about the office. If he was good and did as she said, he would be president of the company someday. *I hope Sidney appreciates her,* Mathilda thought. *I hope he pays her enough.* The two went back by the window, Winnie's high pompadour making her look like a drum major. This time Sidney did not glance in. He was being Sidney Greer, vice-president of the Eastwood Agency.

The phone burred. "A bit of luck, Mrs. Avery. I was able to make that Wy-pit appointment for Friday. You know how hard it is to pin old Silsbee down."

"But, Mr. Gorman, I told you we couldn't have the campaign ready until next Monday."

"I know, I know—but with a clever little lady like you on the job ——"

She cut him off. It meant asking the studio to work late tonight and tomorrow night. It meant working late herself. Not that that mattered—she might just as well spend the evenings here as at home—but she hated having things put over on her. She hated having to jolly the artists.

She called the apartment to break the news to Cloon.

Mrs. Cloon said oh, no, she couldn't possibly stay. If Mrs. Avery had spoken of it last week now —— "Anyway, I don't think Johnny is feeling so well."

Mathilda knew Mrs. Cloon and her tricks too well to fall for that. "Have you taken his temperature?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh, he isn't that sick," the fool answered.

It took six calls to get a sitter. From then on it was as though the fiends had got her range. . . . *Now everything you've got, boys.* . . . More things can go wrong in a studio! Every artist concentrated on getting his sizes mixed, on inventing his own spelling, on losing his copy. She kidded them, wanting to throw things. Once let them see she was bothered and she was lost.

"It's funny about men," she thought. "They don't do things to themselves to make themselves attractive—and yet they can be so very attractive."

At eight-thirty the sitter phoned. She was seventeen and shy. "I'm terribly sorry to bother you, Mrs. Avery. I didn't know just what to do. I'm afraid Johnny has a fever—and he's breathing funny—and sort of crying in his sleep."

Mathilda said she would be right home and shoved the phone across the desk. Why couldn't Cloon have put her story over? Why did Johnny have to choose tonight? He'd had tonsillitis only two weeks ago. He was so difficult when he was sick. She sat and stared at the drawing she was mounting. A can of kitchen cleanser twenty stories tall against a post-card sunset, with a ring-around-a-rosy of women and children about it. She studied the thing. The dawn of a new day for womanhood, it represented. At last they could get out in a field and gallop around a tin can!

She got up; she was certainly in a bad way looking at her job like that. She left her little cell and went over to the artists' spacious quarters. "I have to leave, friends. Johnny is sick—nothing much, but I seem to be needed. You'll keep at it until you see the whites of your eyes or something, won't you? Maybe the building will burn down and we won't have to work tomorrow night. Sorry to desert."

They called out varied sympathetic comments and gave her that look, that look everyone in the agency gave her even now after two months. She could hear them as plainly as though she hid behind the door. *Poor kid. Tough luck. Press Avery was a swell guy too.* She held her teeth tight together and stuck her chin high. What right had they to be here? *Damn every man on earth who still lives and breathes!* she thought.

HER LOVE, SHE SAID, WAS A LIVING THING . . IN THE HOUSE OF THE DE

"The first day I saw her, I knew her for my love," he thought. "It was like a curtain pulled—a revelation of what life might be."

Loginess

Sidney in the elevator. "Why, Mathilda, I didn't know you were working tonight. I just dropped in for some papers." He waved them to prove it. "Anything wrong?"

A silly question to ask of a girl with whom nothing could ever be right again. She shook her head.

Sidney wore shell glasses, the bands behind his ears wide as drive shafts, the lenses large as driving wheels. He had a schoolgirl complexion with sandy hair and lashes. Lots of the girls in the office thought him very good-looking.

She told him about Johnny when she had swallowed her voice back to normal.

"But you know Johnny. He runs a temperature at the drop of a hat. I'm just tired. It's been quite a day."

He didn't smile back, but studied her, deadly serious. "I'll buy you a taxi."

As a rule at one lift of Sidney Greer's finger taxis poured up out of manholes, dropped from roofs. Not tonight. He waved and signaled, looking sillier and sillier. She'd much rather go home alone in a bus.

"Would you take a week if I could arrange it—you and Johnny go somewhere?" he asked when they were settled in a rackety, smoke-filled number.

"No—oh, no. I'm all right. I get a vacation this summer. And the company was so decent to me—then. I took a week."

"Decent!" Sidney exploded. "Why shouldn't they be decent to the bravest little kid——"

"Oh, Sidney—cut it," she said rudely. Hatefully. It was just tiredness. Sidney was sweet.

The stairs looked endless. When they were first married Press used to carry her up the first long flight.

"Show-off," she would taunt him then. "He-man."

"You can carry me up the next flight," he told her, being big.

She would pretend to take him seriously. "I'll tr-ry. I'm not sure I can carry you all the way," she'd say.

He would hug her and roar with laughter at the thought of her lifting him off the ground. She heard his laugh ahead of her, behind her, up the stairs.

Johnny woke when she came into the bedroom.

"He's much cooler," Rose, the sitter, apologized.

"You din ca hoh," Johnny protested around the thermometer.

"I must have come home. Here I am."

Johnny smiled weakly. He watched as she examined the thermometer. "May I shake it down, mother?"

"No—you'll drop it."

"No I won't." He grabbed it and hit the edge of the table. The glass stick snapped.

"Johnny!" Much too loud, too sharp. He burst into tears. She comforted him—inadequately. "I broke four pencils today. One of the artists dropped a bottle of ink—indelible ink."

From the living room she could still hear his smothered sobs. *And I'm the girl who was going to be such a swell mother. Everyone would say, "Press and Tilda are bigger kids than their children—wonderful, isn't it? Lucky children!"* They were going to have six. She stared unblinking at the floor. It would have been better if Johnny had never been born. It was his hard luck he was to have a bitter mother, as it was his hard luck never to have a real home, or brothers and sisters. As it was her hard luck that she was to have nothing—nothing ever again.

CLOON had left a small fire in the grate and the room was cozy. She sat in Prescott's chair—if you sit in a chair you don't have to look at it empty. Outside taxis honked.

The first night they moved in here they had hung out those windows, two kids scared of their own happiness, looking down on ordinary earthbound creatures.

"Can you live on bread and kisses, Mrs. Avery?"

"I don't care so much for bread," she said and he kissed her and kissed her.

She closed her eyes and tried to hold to the feel of his arms—his lips.

The apartment had been bare at first: no rugs, no curtains, a few pieces of furniture their friends gave them, the desk Press had in college. They bought the couch secondhand, Press got the rug with his first bonus. The room had a glow—the red chintz curtains, the dark green walls, the brass. She would never change it—never, never. Not if things rotted and dropped to dust and ashes.

Press thought it was so funny that her maternity dresses were size nine. She was home from the office then, but she used to meet him for lunch. Those days rolled through her mind as vividly as though they were on a screen, as though every look, every laugh, every lovely mad moment, were recorded. She would never forget one thing he ever said, one look that ever passed over his face. Bringing the baby out to parties. The gang kidding him for his pride in the baby's straight head and strong back. "Look at that muscle. . . . Fat? You're crazy. Look at that left hook—did you see that? Watch now—that-a-boy!"

Could this pale, skinny Johnny be the same child?

She noticed now that there was mail on the table and from the bills and ads picked out a strange envelope. "Notice of Eviction," she read. How perfectly absurd! "An action to evict the tenant is hereby authorized solely for the purpose of occupancy by Joseph Morando." She read it angrily. Why do people make such silly mistakes—why scare her this way? It was her name—her address. But it had to be a mistake—it had to be. She jumped up from the chair. Kitty would know.

(Continued on Page 80)

"You didn't need to say so much," she stammered,
"and you didn't have to say it quite so hard."

ILLUSTRATED BY

The Right Word—

BY MILDRED NORTH SLATER

ALL the way into the city on the 8:10, the scene at the breakfast table haunted him. For once the financial page held no interest; the whole investment-counsel business could blow up, and all his clients with it. Staring moodily out the train window across the dark green salt marsh, he realized with a guilty start that for a long time now, without his being aware of it, there had been two worlds beneath his roof: he spun about in one of them, obsessed with the daily problems of office and business; and Mae and the children spun about in the other. The two worlds had touched of necessity, of course, but because Mae had somehow learned to step back and forth from hers to his; he had not, until now, felt the slightest consciousness of loss or isolation.

Little things, seen with this new awareness, began to magnify and take on importance. At one station after another, for example, there were children and mothers in cars waving gay good-by's to fathers. The repeated pattern filled him with a vague sense of lack, of something wanting. He lived too close to the station, certainly, for Mae to drive him; but when, he found himself wondering, had the children shown the slightest inclination to walk to the train with him, or to meet his train at night? Yet Mae couldn't move from the house without John or Eileen tagging after her. Queer that a little thing like that should all at once seem momentous. But it did.

The train flashed over the trestle that spanned the sparkling blue tidal river and he suddenly thought of Eileen's eyes, swimming with tears. His shoulders moved uneasily beneath his loose tweed jacket and his hand passed slowly across his chin.

"I'm eight," Eileen had been saying, picking up at breakfast the argument that she and John had left off at bedtime the night before. "I'm eight and I've been on bird walks and you haven't and I should know. A nuthatch is a bird."

"Well, if you're eight, I'm six," John blurted, "and a nuthatch is a thing you open nuts with; like a woodhatch is a thing you cut down trees with, and I don't care what you say."

"A bird." Like the unrelenting snip of scissors from Eileen.

"A nutcracker thing." Like a chant from John.

"Bird."

"Nutcracker."

"Bird."

Exasperated, Larry turned the pages of the morning paper to the market reports, but Mae spoke to the children with the long-suffering patience that he sometimes thought mothers must bring into the world along with their offspring.

"When you've finished your breakfast, get out the bird book and look it up," she told them. "But now, suppose you drink your orange juice and stop the bickering."

The orange-juice glasses rose obediently, and Larry sighed with relief. But almost immediately Eileen said, "And what's more, smarty-pants Johnny Wall, I've seen them walking upside down. Nuthatches, I mean."

There was utter and complete silence for a moment, then John's lower lip shot forward.

"Mom," he howled, "she's doing it again. She's lying at me. Make her stop."

Larry flung his paper to the floor. He glared indignantly at Mae. She was calmly spooning soft-boiled eggs into two yellow cups, salting and peppering the eggs, breaking in bits of buttered toast. How, he thought distractedly, she could sit there without even hearing was beyond him. And why she permitted this constant morning squabbling——

"Stop that bellowing!" he exploded. "Where do you think you are?"

John's mouth, opening to howl again, closed soundlessly.

Looking grimly from one child to the other, he said in Day-of-Judgment tones, "Both of you. Listen to me. A nuthatch is a bird. A *bird*, John, do you understand? They can run down trees headfirst, like squirrels. They nest in holes in trees. They push their food into cracks or crevices with their bills. They use their bills like hatchets. And that is how they got the name: *nuthatch*." He felt the tenseness of his jaw as he turned to apple-cheeked, blue-eyed John. "There is no such thing as a woodhatch. The word is 'hatchet.'" He turned from John to pink-cheeked, flaxen-haired Eileen, and further thought of chastisement failed him as he saw her lashes blink at him and her eyes fill up like two blue ponds of tears.

"You d-didn't need to say so much," she stammered. "Just 'a b-bird' was all you h-had to say."

He understood exactly what she meant and he wanted to cut his tongue out. Mae was gazing at him with a strangely introspective expression, and the way she bent her head when he stared back hurt him more than anything she might have said. He could almost feel her pity for the children in the soft warm flush of her face and throat, feel it in the way she drew her upper lip down, as though she, too, were close to tears.

BUT it was John who broke the tension in the air. Spinning his eggcup on his plate, he scrouged up his face and yelled with all his might, "Here, Pip-squeak. H-e-r-e, Pip!"

Pipsqueak, the wire-haired, came bounding into the dining room with joyous yelps.

"Look, Eileen," John pleaded. "Look. I'm going to give my egg to Pip. Look, why don't you?"

Mae rescued the eggcup with one hand, as Eileen flung herself against her.

"He didn't have to say it so *hard*, either," Eileen cried hysterically. "And I—I'm mad at him; I——" Burying her head in Mae's lap, she sobbed, "I hate my father."

"Hush," Mae whispered. "You mustn't even think such a horrible thing. Come, let's go up and wash your face in nice cold water, shall we?"

John sat for a moment, staring at his plate. Then almost fearfully, he slid from his chair and collared the dog and followed his mother and sister from the room.

LARRY bent and picked up the paper from the floor. He smoothed and folded it carefully. He would have to read it on the train. Children, he told himself, kicked up storms like this. It didn't mean anything. Kids said all sorts of crazy things. And John leaving him that way, without a word. That was natural too. Probably frightened by all the hubbub. By tonight they'd both be over it and the whole thing would be forgotten. But Eileen was right, of course; amazingly right for a child her age. He needn't have said so *much* so *hard*.

And all the way to the train, after calling good-by up the staircase, he thought of all the ways he might have said whatever he had to say:

Look here, Eileen, he might have said, *go get the bird book and we'll find John a nuthatch.* He might have laughed and said, *I don't know why they don't call 'em woodhatches, son—perfectly good word, to my way of thinking—but they don't. They call 'em hatchets.*

If he had handled it that way, as he should have, as any understanding parent *would* have, they'd be happy now and so would he. But he had so much on his mind these days, and that singsong nuthatch and woodhatch business. *Woodhatch*, he thought again, and his eyebrows drew together in a puzzled frown as a memory stirred in him. It had something to do with wood, and oddly enough with *his* father. Then all at once he remembered, and wished he hadn't, as a vivid picture from his childhood came to him with an unexpected and almost alarming sharpness:

He was sitting on the ground, his back against the woodshed. A red-covered book, The Harvester, was propped up on his knees. The sun was warm on his head and shoulders and the bare earth cool beneath his toes. He should have been cutting stove lengths for his mother's Saturday-morning baking; but he was lost in an exciting dream and the wood was still untouched. Lifting his eyes from the book, he gazed that day over fi[illegible] orchards, mentally exploring their breath-[illegible] possibilities. Why! What the Harvester had done might be done all over again, because things didn't ever stop growing. Even stuff the Indians had used was still used for boils and things. *Ginseng*, whatever that was, and medicinal herbs—probably right here on the farm, right under his very nose, just waiting to be harvested and sold, just like the book told about. He'd probably tramped barefoot right over a fortune without even knowing it. His heart began to pound as the dream expanded inside him. The mortgage on the farm was magically wiped out, the taxes and insurance paid, his father's overalls discarded for a fine blue suit with a stripe in it. His mother sat in the parlor in a grand new dress. And a hired man

(Continued on Page 109)

Sometimes fathers don't know about little girls. They have to reach out

or there's nothing left but a turned back and two separate worlds.

There was such gaiety to loving,
something she had not realized love could hold.

Just what She wanted

SHE WAS TWENTY-SIX: YOUNG ENOUGH TO DREAM, OLD ENOUGH NOT TO BE AFRAID OF WAKING. • **BY SELMA HAUTZIK BRENNER**

THEY were coming down the hill in the twilight, cold, with their jackets buttoned high and their skates slung over their shoulders. Men and women were rushing into and out of the shops before leaving Lausanne for the lake villages. The girls felt the cold, now that they were merely walking. They were irritable and hungry, and gave the impression that they felt the *pensionnat* they were returning to was not quite fashionable enough for the money they were paying. Ridiculous for it to be so far from the skating pond.

Miss Sand, the teacher who had taken them skating, was scolding the English girl.

"But I didn't flirt," said Rose Bryce. "He was only trying to teach me to skate backward."

"Besides," said Kate, her friend, "he wasn't a boy; he was at least thirty."

Miss Sand put her skates in her other hand and frowned, because she realized she was biting her lower lip, a detestable habit, to keep from answering sharply. She might at least sink gracefully to whatever regions they had assigned the old man of thirty. She was no longer a girl to them, she knew. She was slim and dark and twenty-four, and all she meant to them walking down the hill from the lake and the sun, straining her muscles as they strained theirs, watching the people as they watched them, was that she was thin and old and a teacher.

"It's nice to skate backward," she said, certain that they would feel no offense or gratitude.

It was evident that they felt nothing toward her. As a teacher it might be that they found her tolerant, lenient, perhaps likable; as a person, they did not know she existed. Even when they skated with her they were careful, slow, respectful. And now on the same hill that was more hers than theirs, that she had so often climbed for school and exciting walks, they were calm beside her, unaware of the lives she had lived at each crossing, of her imaginary interviews, indifferent to her company, drawing her into their conversation—silly enough, she admitted—only when it became serious.

She shrugged her shoulders and turned her attention to her beloved shopwindows. *Yes, beloved*, she smiled to herself; known and watched and gloated over for twenty years. The pastry shops were the most interesting, she decided, shutting herself off from the girls and giving herself over to an old and familiar pleasure; they changed so often. High cakes replaced flat toast; and creamy rolls, gingerbread. Thick éclairs made way for thicker layers, and colorful fruit tarts for coffee buns. The jewelry shops, she decided, were more constant; they didn't need changing so often. You could always notice something new about the same jewels. If you liked, the round watch was rounder and the long diamond longer than when you noticed them last week.

Here was a linen shop she liked, the same doilies and aprons arranged differently, but nothing new. Then the bookstore, always exciting in that swift passage; then the chocolate shop, sweet-smelling and coy; then another pastry shop, with cookies piled high in rows; then a corset store, dull and unchanging, and then Fayot's.

It was always here that she fancied her heart stopped for a moment. Whether she walked slowly or quickly, she had time to see something new, something *(Continued on Page 149)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

How Lovable are You?

TIME FOR KIDS NEXT DOOR, SMILES FOR MORE THAN JUST BEAUS, MONEY FOR THE BROTHER THAT'S BROKE AND A DASH OF SYMPATHY WILL GIVE YOU A HIGH SCORE. ★ BY JAMES C. ADAMS

THERE'S no point in going out to the garden to eat worms just because people don't seem to care too much about your welfare. You can feel as sorry for yourself as you want, and eat as many worms as you want, too, for that matter; but it won't make your lot in life any happier. Of course, we may be presumptuous even to suggest that you ever were prompted to act in this fashion; but if you ever were, perhaps you're lacking in lovableness. Maybe that's the crux of your trouble. Maybe the reason you feel you're being slighted by life is that you just aren't lovable enough!

If you'd like to find out, answer the 20 questions which follow. Check Yes or No to each question. When you have finished, check your answers with the correct ones on page 159 and find your score. After that, act accordingly. Anyone who really wants to make himself lovable can. And it pays!

1 The Pollyanna theory that everyone is perfect often backfires. Nevertheless, there are some people who will always be convinced that most people are fundamentally pretty swell even if they're not completely perfect. Do you agree? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

2 Friends can be a darn nuisance when you want to curl up with a good book and spend a nice quiet evening of undisturbed relaxation. At least, some people think so. Do you? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

3 Dogs shed in the fall and get hair all over the place. Cats scratch things up unmercifully. Canaries make a fearful racket. But some people keep all three in their house at one time. Would you? . . Yes ☐ No ☐

4 Some people can't be happy unless their hearts are constantly turning flip-flops over someone of the opposite sex. Other people can go for months or even years without any flip-flops at all and get along fine. Can you? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

5 Do you believe in the theory that once you've been introduced to people it's up to them to make the first move? If they want to be friendly, O.K.; if they don't, to heck with them! . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

6 Being frank is supposedly an admirable trait. And if you are that way there is no need to change simply to spare someone's feelings. Or is there—do you think? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

7 Maybe children should be seen but not heard, but if you're the type who likes to let her hair down and have a good romp with the kids occasionally, you probably think that theory is so much hooey. Are you that type? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

8 It's a waste of time sometimes to trouble yourself over minor gifts for unimportant occasions that concern your family or friends—because they may not be appreciated. But some sentimentalists still get a terrific bang out of doing this sort of thing. Do you? . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

9 Living alone has a lot to recommend it. It's quiet. It's peaceful, and nobody is around to tell you what to do all the time. Do you think it would be pleasant? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

10 Could your little boy or girl or a friend's child inveigle you into accompanying him to the Annual Old Folks Young Folks Frolic at his Sunday school although it meant canceling an engagement you'd been counting on for months? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

11 Stick to your guns through thick and thin and you'll never lose an argument and probably make a lot of people think you know what you are talking about. Is that your practice, rather than giving in occasionally just to keep the peace?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

12 Do you think it's necessary to keep yourself looking bright and shiny most of the time, despite the fact that anyone who is really fond of you would probably say he didn't care how you looked just so long as you were you? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

13 Do you think it is worth bothering your head over someone who thinks you are rather a pain in the neck—and making an effort to have him find out that you're not so bad as he had believed? . . Yes ☐ No ☐

14 Some people sing out with enthusiasm for life and love, while others just meander about sort of accepting things as they come along. Are you the singing type rather than the meandering?. . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

15 Everybody is bored occasionally by others' conversation, but some people can get genuinely interested in almost anything. At least they make a good pretense of being. Can you? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

16 You may be itching to take an outing in the country next Sunday, but if one of your good friends who is under the weather would like to have you around, would you be willing to change your plans without beefing about it for the next two weeks?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

17 Keeping your troubles to yourself is a fine idea, but some people just can't seem to do it. When any of them come to you with theirs, can you shift into your good-listener gear and then send them off feeling like a million dollars?. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

18 "Sticks and stones break my bones, but words don't matter" is the philosophy that some people adhere to and consequently they aren't hurt very easily. Is this your philosophy too? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

19 Everybody's meant to do his job well if he's going to do it at all. Is that any reason to give him a pat on the back? He's simply done what's expected of him!. . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

20 "When you're in a jam here I am—with no strings attached and all the money I can lay my hands on." Are these your sentiments, too, as far as close friends and relatives are concerned, when they come to you to borrow money? . . . . . Yes ☐ No ☐

CHEZ MOUQUIN

Painted by William J. Glackens

HERSHEY COLLECTION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

How rarely do American paintings suggest the pleasures of the senses! Our leading artists have preferred, instead, to represent precise fact; or, less often to do exactly the reverse: to create the mystery of an enchanted, spellbound world. But to search out the pleasanter aspects of life, to paint a delightful existence, ebullient with a gay, worldly sensuality—this spirit has been almost entirely lacking in American art.

Thus *Chez Mouquin*, by Glackens, stands a neglected signpost pointing in a direction few of our painters have thought to explore. Glackens himself was guided to that seductive region by the French impressionists. When he returned to America in 1896 after a year and a half in Paris, it must have occurred to him that a New York restaurant could be as joyous a subject for a painting as the bar of the Folies-Bergère, which Manet had made famous several decades earlier. Certainly the cellar, the bouillabaisse, the snails à la Parisienne at Chez Mouqin on 28th Street and 6th Avenue were as good as anything in France, and people seemed to enjoy themselves with the same zest, the same animal appetites they showed abroad. Realizing this, Glackens in 1905 painted a convivial double portrait of his friend, Jim Moore, and a professional model, with a pagan gaiety he had learned in Paris, but, also, with a sense for specific detail, which he had been taught as an illustrator for the leading papers of Philadelphia and New York.

JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIGH SCHOOL?

By George H. Henry

PARENTS who now have a youngster in high school must surely have a vivid recollection of those events of the past fifteen years during which their child was reared: a drawn-out depression, a fierce and divisive conflict of ideas near its close, a devastating world war, and now the confusion of reconversion. These events rocked our churches to their very cornerstones, interfered with the functioning of the home, and caused many to veer from constitutional government itself; naturally, the schools, too, as part of that society, were profoundly altered.

With this past in mind, I should like to describe to the parent—especially to those parents who have a child now attending high school or will have one in high school in the next few years—what the present high school is like, and what it will be like for at least the next five or ten years.

I—THEY ARE OVERCROWDED

In 1930, around the time of the birth of your child now in high school, 47.09 pupils out of 100 eligible ones were in high school; by 1940, 77 out of 100 were attending high school. To put it another way, in 1930 there were 4,395,000 pupils in high school; in 1940 there were 6,601,440 pupils. We are granting one and a quarter million diplomas annually. In ten years over 12,000,000 pupils passed in and out of the high schools of our nation. Just as today the colleges hardly know how to accommodate the vast throngs of returning veterans who are taking advantage of the education clause written into the G. I. Bill of Rights, so the high schools have had to contend with the problem of numbers, year after year, for two decades; but with this difference: a frantic college president can say that his quota is filled; the high-school principal, in the name of democracy, has to find a desk, a locker, a book, a teacher, a place for everybody, without exception, short of being a proved moron or a confirmed delinquent. And many of these latter types were passed and graduated as one expedient in handling a hopeless situation. Let's fearlessly say what such a policy means: during the depression and the war there were absolutely no standards for admission to high school except mere attendance for eight or nine years in the elementary school. This policy is now established practice.

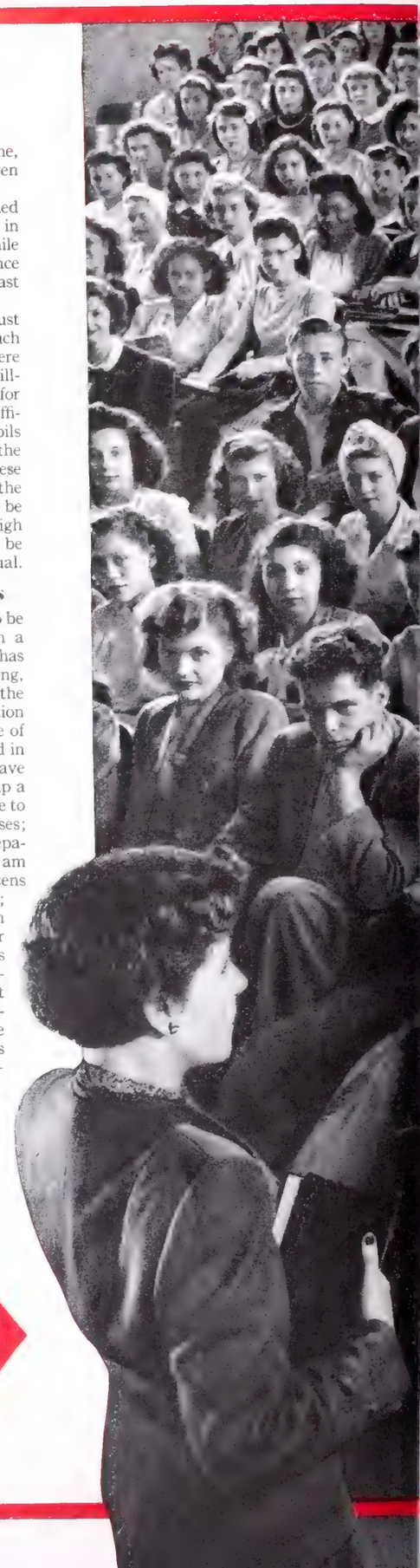
So the chances are that right now your child is in a crowded school and will continue to be in one until he graduates. With the millions of veterans returning, even though they may all find a place in an expanding economy, there is little likelihood that teen-age youths will ever in the next decade find much employment in that economy, for surely both veterans and adults will be served before youth. It thus looks as if youths can no longer profitably quit school even if they want to. Even in 1940 only 77 per cent of all eligible youths were in high school. Suppose within a few years this figure should rise to 90 per cent! Let us imagine, too, what would happen to high-school attendance if even slight adult unemployment should prevail.

Recently, an educator from New York State informed me that some members of the legislature, in order to be in readiness for such a contingency and to combat juvenile delinquency, are hoping to raise the compulsory-attendance law to age eighteen, just as Pennsylvania did during the last depression.

This is typical of our thinking about education: just pass a law but not provide for the consequences of such a law. Such a policy creates chaos in any high school where many are unwilling to be taught, and others, although willing, are allowed to languish in courses utterly unfit for them. Thus, high-school education in America is in the difficult position of being required to handle throngs of pupils for no other reason than to keep them from roaming the streets. It is important to note that the presence of these extra millions is not due to any abnormal increase in the population or to any sudden burning desire of youth to be educated. For the next few years the atmosphere of the high school where your child is attending will most likely be tentative, hurried, crowded and decidedly anti-intellectual.

II—THEY USE REGIMENTING METHODS

But, even if your child may be fortunate enough not to be in a crowded high school, he will undoubtedly be in a *herded* high school. For some reason or other, democracy has been unfortunately associated with herding, thronging, massing. Just because democracy means the voting of the masses, equal opportunity for the masses and the education of the masses, it does not follow that the mere presence of masses or droves of people doing everything at once and in the same way and in the same place is democracy. We have seen enough of that in Germany and Italy. Cooping up a thousand youngsters in a building and having them move to a master clock is not necessarily education of the masses; it may be just the opposite. In fact, it seems a good preparation of youth for the dictator principle. The war, I am afraid, has conditioned us all to accept massing: as citizens we line up for soap, for the movies, for medical care; pack ourselves into trains and into restaurants, and even jam the beaches; not to mention the millions of former soldiers who have learned to wait interminably in queues for everything, however private and personal. Our tolerance for this sort of thing may lead us to believe that education, too, can proceed like a bomber mission, or calisthenics, or the assembly line. Regimentation is the deadly foe of real education. Yet herding—educators euphemistically call it "administering the program"—seems to be the very essence of modern schooling.



[illegible] enrollment in our high schools, [illegible] by responsibility for more [illegible] the odds are stacked against [illegible] good high-school education.

This marshaling of youth to the routine of clock hour and to quantitative credits sometimes finely evaluated to an eighth of a unit, according to the length of a period, the number of periods a week, the number of meetings a year—has become the accepted order of all schools. Even the principal of an uncrowded small school, though some of his schoolrooms may stand idle, is proud of the "efficiency" of his schedule, which, in miniature, is exactly like a large-city system. But education must have some leisure, continued quiet and solitude. I do not imply that group living is not essential to an education; much education must be done in groups, and, at times, in large groups, to inculcate such attitudes as cooperation and such qualities as leadership. But under administrative herding even promotion degenerates into [illegible] to grade. Besides, many excellent ways of teaching, well known by teachers for fifty years, are seldom tried at all, because a quantitatively administered school plant comes before the soul of the pupil.

So efficient are the schools in respect to numbers that administrators themselves are alarmed at their own efficiency, and so they have devised a process called guidance: routine interviews conducted by amateur psychologists (called counselors), who in twenty minutes delve into a pupil's life to determine why he is failing or why he rebels against school authority. The heart-to-heart contagion, which is the essence and accompaniment of [illegible] consultation, and is, supposedly, the human oil dropped into the grinding gears of the diploma machine.

Despite this fad called guidance, the sincere teacher cannot become "close" to his pupils unless, through his [illegible] extraschool way; there is no place made for it in his daily task. The moving of numbers has been so well worked out after years of school administrative practice that teachers could not exert this personal tutorial influence even if they were allotted time for it. For the pupil's schedule is so much a part of the inflexible curriculum that the pupil and the teacher cannot find time to come together informally.

(Continued on Page 74)

"I heard you buying a book and I liked your voice." Regan said. "That's all. I just wanted to meet you." "Sit down," Sally said.

Tis the Kiss

SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT HOW TEXAS HE-MEN SHOULD ACT—BUT HE LOOKED LIKE A MAN AND ACTED LIKE A MOUSE. ★ BY FRANK O'ROURKE

REGAN thought Santa Fe was the craziest town he had ever driven into knowingly, and then deliberately walked through and absorbed with his eyes and ears and nose; it was the past of America all tangled and interlocked with the present, and the future sticking up in certain odd representations of art and rainbow shops and Indians selling armloads of bracelets in the hotel lobby. He had spent two weeks in a comparatively civilized and quiet part of the Kerrville hill country in Texas, and then headed northwest in the general direction of anyplace, passing some nice towns and gradually working onto the first sloping plateaus of the mountains; and stopping in Clovis for ham and eggs at midnight, a truck driver told him how to find Santa Fe and he drove straight through that night, rabbits running wild before his headlights and the sky turning from pale blue to brilliant blue-green. And here he was, one day deep in the town and feeling quite soothed and rested. The hotel was wonderful and the food was terrible, but nobody bothered him and he could walk and look at people and do as he pleased; and then he saw the girl and didn't particularly want more rest.

He was buying a paper at the magazine stand when he heard the voice behind him ask about a book, and he had to turn and see how much beauty was attached to something as warm and beautiful as the voice; and she was six inches from his jaw, standing beside him, a tall, blond-haired girl with blue eyes and a full mouth that seemed to tremble invisibly with latent warmth. Regan said, "Excuse me," and she smiled and paid for the book and went across the lobby toward the bar. Regan looked at her and then at the man behind the counter.

"Who was that?" Regan asked.

"Sally Barton," the man said. "She lives in town. Why?"

"How old are you?" Regan asked sympathetically.

"Fifty," the man said. "Why?"

"No wonder you ask why," Regan said. "My kid brother is six and he knows why. You had a mental checkup lately?"

"Why, no," the man said. "Oh, you mean ——"

"Yes, brother," Regan said pontifically. "How do I meet her?"

The man grinned and made mental gymnastics with his eyes and forehead creases for half a minute. "Have you met B. B. Bunting yet?"

"Not yet," Regan said, still feeling the glow of her smile. "Is he the local flag salesman?"

"He is one of the nicest men in town," the man explained. "Been here years, knows a million people, writes about all of them for the paper. He'll fix it for you if he likes you. There he is now—right over there by the patio. Go over and introduce yourself."

Regan said, "Thanks," and started toward B. B. Bunting, turned and called, "Thanks a million," and crossed the lobby at a dogtrot. He saw B. B. Bunting swell in size and shape, a slender wisp of a man well into his seventies, with white hair and a sharp, bright-eyed face, and dressed, unbelievably, in a big cowboy hat, beautifully tailored corduroy jacket and trousers, a wide silver Indian belt and English walking boots. B. B. Bunting was unlike anything Regan had ever seen before, and he came up fast and stuck out one hand and said:

"Mr. Bunting, my name is Jack Regan. The man at the magazine stand says you can help me out."

B. B. Bunting gave Regan a shrewd, all-appraising stare and said, "Slow down, youngster. What's the trouble? Where you from? What are you doing here? Who is she?"

Regan knew he would like Santa Fe if everyone else turned into snakes and curio-shop owners and pallid-hued I Am'ers. He liked this old man intensely from his first word, and he did not usually like people on such short acquaintance. He said, "I'm from Texas, Mr. Bunting ——"

"Ugh," B. B. Bunting said. "Texas. Do you have oil or cattle?"

"I just saw a girl," Regan said, ignoring the question. "Her name is Sally Barton, and I want to meet her."

"You do, eh?" B. B. Bunting said gruffly. "Do you paint, or write, or do anything unethical for a living?"

"I'm sort of a loafer," Regan grinned. "Also an ichthyologist. I live in Houston. I don't paint. I can hardly read and we don't admire that word 'unethical' in Texas. Now what?"

"Now you can meet her," B. B. Bunting said. "She'll like you, I think, having been slobbered over for twenty-four years by writers and sculptors and painters, not to mention her own folks and a few hundred other characters like myself. You'll be a fresh breath of air." B. B. Bunting stopped suddenly and stared at Regan hard. "What did you say you were—that big long word again?"

Regan grinned. "Sort of an amateur ichthyologist, Mr. Bunting. I study fish."

"You are in the right place," B. B. Bunting said solemnly. "We have more species of fish, poor and untrapped, in this town than you will find in the oceans. Everybody here is crazy—or didn't you know?"

"I guessed," Regan said. "When do I meet her?"

"Right smack dab now," B. B. Bunting said. "I think I saw the lady wander into the bar. Come with me."

Regan followed B. B. Bunting across the lobby to the bar, and into the bar and down the aisle between tables of talking, laughing people and waitresses running wildly with trays of food and drink.

"Ha," B. B. Bunting said. "Ho," and plunged between two large tables to a larger table completely buried beneath assorted elbows and arms and heads. "Sally," B. B. Bunting said, "I want you to meet someone."

Regan stood quietly behind B. B. Bunting and saw her look up from the table and smile broadly *(Continued on Page 121)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

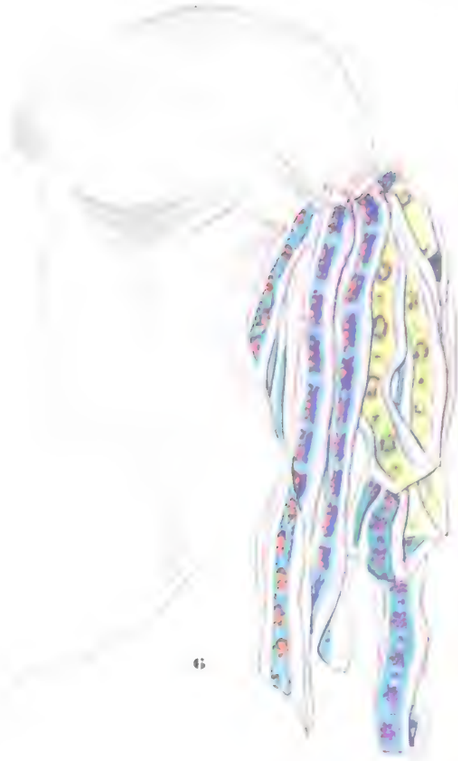
Southern Accents on Beauty

1

2

3

PROTOTYPE PROFILE *of a 1947 belle. She forsakes flash for femininity . . . adds style to prettiness by never overdoing curls and "frills." She acquires a clean-cut look through detailed grooming . . . avoids anything blatant in matters of make-up, voice or manner. Her posture is erect . . . her waist is small and neat. She knows how to be feminine without being helpless . . . and she has a refreshing look for a brand-new year!*



Inspired by the real-life belles of bygone generations and the storybook heroines of the South, today's Southern belle emerges as a lovely version of an old-fashioned girl. She is demure, feminine. Her skin is cameo-clear, and her make-up is minimized to accentuate her fragility. Her hair-do is taken from the days when grandmother was a girl, brushed away from her face and arranged in soft curls. She doesn't hesitate to borrow beauty tricks of other eras if she can modernize them to suit her own face and figure. Her appeal today is as popular as it was a generation ago . . . and her sheer ***FEMININITY*** *can bring out the chivalry in even the most modern of men! . . . Here are her converted beauty accessories . . . some designed for you to make yourself:*

1. OLD-FASHIONED BANDS *of gold lace are sewn together in a pattern of squares over sheer net for a modern headdress. To make.* ***2. FINGERNAIL GLITTER:*** *Mix artists' gold powder with colorless nail polish for a very special golden manicure.* ***3. BONED BODICES*** *have been minimizing the span of a waist since the middle 1800's. Here's one in stiff taffeta and gold lace to wear with full, full skirts. To make.* ***4. FANS HAVE BEEN FLIRTING*** *their way through the centuries, adding femininity wherever they go. Carry one in satin with matching gloves in a color to bring out the color of your eyes. To buy.* ***5. IN OLDEN DAYS*** *housekeepers wore chatelaines around their waists to carry utility articles. You can wear one in bright brocade, dangling your lipstick, perfume bottle and door key. To make.* ***6. WATERFALL CURLS*** *were beau catchers of the 1800's. Try this 1947 adaptation by fastening "waterfall" ribbons in gay colors to the back of a simple hair-do.* ***7. ADD SPARKLE*** *for a dressy date. Taffeta evening bag covered in an open pattern of gold lace or mesh. To make.* ***8. TWINKLING PINK*** *is a color to complement any girl's complexion. Wide, wide ribbon studded with sequins to wear over your hair on starlight nights. To make.* ***9. A HEART-SHAPED COMPACT*** *with perfume bottle and bag adds a final touch to your gayest occasions. Bag to make.* ***10. VELVET CHOKER WITH BRIGHT BEADS*** *gives the right amount of color to your plain dark dress. To make.* ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**

Beauty Editor of the Journal

Send 15c to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna., for all directions on ACCESSORIES TO MAKE, No. 2318.

THE TERRIBLE MISS DOVE

Every one of us has known a woman like this. One who lingers in our memory long after the more beautiful ones are forgotten. By Frances Gray Patton

MISS DOVE was waiting for the sixth grade to file in for its geography lesson. She stood behind her desk, straight as the long map pointer in her hand. And suddenly she had the feeling of not being really alone. Someone or something was moving about the room. Over there, near the sand table where the first grade's herd of rickety clay caribou grazed at the edge of the second grade's plateau, it paused and looked at her. But even when the presence glided, like the shadow of a drifting cloud, along the wall behind her; even when she heard—or almost heard—a new stick of chalk squeaking on the blackboard, Miss Dove did not turn around. She knew, of course, that nobody was there. Her imagination was playing tricks on her again. It was something, she had to admit, humiliatingly close to nerves. Miss Dove did not believe in nerves.

Through the open door she watched the sixth graders come out of the music room down the hall. They came out with a rush, as if for two minutes of freedom between classroom and classroom they were borne along upon some mass exhilaration. They always left the music room in that fashion, but this morning they managed to be noisier than usual. It was the season, she supposed. The spring day was warm, and the children were restless as the weather. There was a sharp sound among them, as of a plump posterior being spanked with a book; there was a voice saying, "Double dare, Randy!"; there was a breathless giggling.

But as they approached Miss Dove's room their disorder began to vanish. They pulled their excitement in, like a proud but well-broken pony. One by one they stepped sedately across her doorsill. "Good morning, Miss Dove," they said, one by one, with the same proper lack of voice inflection, and went demurely to their places. At a nod from her they took their seats. Hands folded, eyes to the front, posture correct—they were ready for direction.

Jincey Webb, Miss Dove noticed without enthusiasm, had a permanent wave. Yesterday her carrot-colored mane had been neatly braided and pulled back from her serious, freckled face. Now it hung to her shoulders, a bushy mop of undulations and frizzy ringlets. It hung on her mind, too; that was plain to see. For Jincey's expression was one of utter and enviable complacency. It seemed doubtful that a long lifetime of repeated triumphs could again offer her an achievement so sublime with self-satisfaction.

Randy Baker, a pink boy of exceptional daring, wiggled his ears at Jincey. Miss Dove looked at him. Randy's pinkness paled. A glaze of innocence came over his round eyes. His ears grew very still.

Miss Dove kept looking at him, but she had stopped seeing him. Instead, she was seeing his brother Thomas, who had sat there at Randy's desk seven years before, with the same glaze over the mischief in his eyes. And then she saw Thomas on a raft in the Pacific. She did not see him as they had described him in the papers—skin and bones and haggard young face overgrown with a rough, wild beard. The Thomas she saw looked like Randy. He had braces on his teeth and a dimple in his chin. And he was all alone in the dismal gray mountains of the sea.

A wave of giddiness swept over her, but she did not sit down. It was nothing. It had been happening to her off and on all year, and it always passed. Miss Dove had a poor opinion of teachers who could not practice self-control.

For thirty years Miss Dove had taught geography in Cedar Grove Elementary School. She had been there before the brooding cedars had been chopped down by a city council that believed in progress and level playgrounds. She had seen principals and fads and theories come and go. But the school still squatted there, red brick, ugly, impervious. Inside it still smelled of wet raincoats and pickle sandwiches. Galahad still petted his charger on the left wall of the vestibule, and Washington still crossed the Delaware on the right. Every fall nervous six-year-olds had to be sent home in tears to put on dry drawers. Every spring there occurred the scandal of cigarette butts in the boys' basement. The same deplorable, old-fashioned words sprang up overnight like mushrooms on the cement walk. And now and then some hitherto graceless child could still surprise you with an act of loyalty or understanding. The school had not changed much. Neither had human nature. Neither had Miss Dove.

EACH June some forty-odd little girls and boys—transformed by the magic of organdy ruffles and white duck pants into a group picture of touching purity—were graduated from Cedar Grove. They went on to the wider world of junior high and, beyond that, to further realms of pleasure and pain. In the course of time they forgot much. They forgot dates and decimals and how to write business letters.

But they never forgot Miss Dove.

Years afterward the mention of the Euphrates River or the Arctic Circle or the Argentinian pampas would put them right back in the geography room. They would see again the big map with its flat blue ocean and its many-colored countries. (India was pink, they would recall, and China was orange, and the Italian boot was purple.) They would see Miss Dove lifting her long stick to point out the location of strange mountains and valleys. And they would feel again the wonder of a world far-flung and various and, like themselves, entirely under control. They would also feel a little thirsty.

"Remember Miss Dove?" they would smile.

But this green remembrance and the accident of her name's rhyming with a tender word should not deceive anybody about Miss Dove. She was no valentine. Miss Dove was a terror.

She had been young when she first started teaching. Her pupils would have hooted at the notion; they would have felt it more reasonable to believe Miss Dove had been born middle-aged with her mousy hair screwed into a knot at the back of her head and a white handkerchief pinned to her dark, bony bosom. Nevertheless, it is true. She had once been quite young.

Her father had died, leaving her little besides a library of travel books, an anemic violet-scented mother, and two young sisters yet in school. It had been up to Miss Dove. Older people had pitied her. She seemed too thin and pale and untried, they thought, to carry the burden alone. But Miss Dove never pitied herself. She loved responsibility.

THE children of each grade came to her forty-five minutes a day, five days a week, six years of their lives. She saw them as a challenge. Their babyish shyness, their lisping pronunciation, their reckless forgetfulness—these evoked no compassion from Miss Dove. They were qualities to be nipped and pruned. Her classes were like a body of raw recruits that she was to toughen and charge with purpose. Miss Dove was the stuff that commanders are made of.

Other teachers had trouble keeping order, but not Miss Dove. Other teachers tried to make a game of their work—they played store and pasted gold stars on foreheads. They threatened and cajoled. Miss Dove never raised her voice. She rarely smiled. She laid before the children the roster of her unalterable laws. And the laws were obeyed. Work was to be done on time. There was to be no whispering, no hair chewing, no wriggling. Coughing, if at all, was to be covered with a clean handkerchief. When one of these laws was chipped, Miss Dove merely looked at the offender. That was all. If a child felt obliged to disturb the class routine by leaving the room for a drink of water (Miss Dove loftily ignored any other necessity), he did so to the accompaniment of dead silence. The whole class would sit, idle and motionless, until he had returned. It was easier—even if you had eaten salt fish for breakfast—to remain and suffer.

Miss Dove managed to introduce a moral quality into the very subject she taught. The first graders, who studied the animals of different lands, repeated after her, "The yak is a very helpful animal." And they knew she expected them all to be yaks. Later they learned a more complicated sentence. "The camel," they recited in perfect unison, "is not a pretty beast, either in looks or disposition, but *(Continued on Page 118)*

He leaned forward, his eyes tight shut, so that he needn't see the result of his terrifying duty.

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM

Test I
Map P.
t II

IRENE DUNNE says, "I'd try to accept advice intended for me. I'd marry young and I'd have several children. I'd aim high; mere security is too poor a bargain to strike with life."

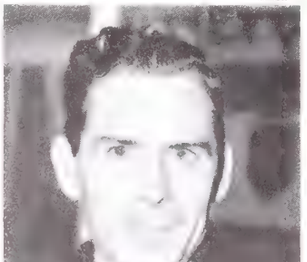
U. S. NAVY PRUSS

ADMIRAL NIMITZ claims, "Youth today is better off than ever before in my memory. If I were 21 or younger I'd take time out to figure what I wanted life to become. The choice is vast."

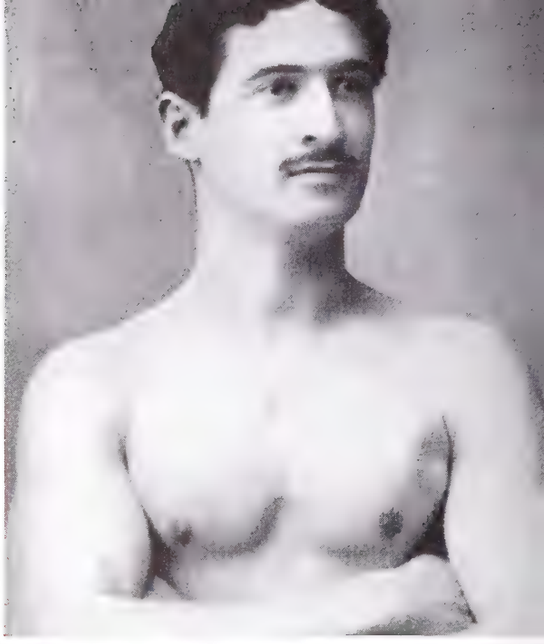
ACME

DOROTHY THOMPSON says, "The world stands in too desperate a need of fundamental rehauling for the young and able to find satisfaction in reporting the mistakes statesmen make."

ACME



MONSIGNOR SHEEN says youth must find peace and usefulness within, "for modern man makes himself secure from conflicts of the age only if he resolves conflicts within himself."



BERNARD BARUCH, the practice boxer in his twent said his athletic training made him conciliatory, tolerant patient—if all else failed he had the punch to back him

IF I WERE

"IF I were a young man today, or any day," Bernard Baruch said, "I'd hustle. I'd get a job—whatever job I could—and give everything I had to it."

We were sitting, the great planner and I, in Washington's Shoreham Hotel, in the suite which Mr. Baruch inherited from Manuel Quezon, of the Philippines. An upright and spruce old gentleman whose 76 years did not keep him from taking Andrei Gromyko, Russia's U.N. delegate, to a prize fight recently, Mr. Baruch was tussling with the fabulous question I was circulating among the eminent: "What would you do if you were 21 today?" I give you his answer first because he is much the oldest of the men and women whom I polled; because he has lived long enough and hard enough to indulge himself in the luxury of looking backward, but his youthful mind and spirit drive him ever forward -as witness the fact that he is currently engaged in the most pressing problem of our time: the control of atomic energy.

"I'd get any job," Mr. Baruch continued. "If it wasn't just the work I'd hoped for I wouldn't worry too much about that. Making a success of the job in hand, however uncongenial, is the best step toward obtaining the job you want to hold.

"I'd miss no bets at making my work a success. I'd make friends of those who worked with me. I'd be cheerful and obliging to everyone. I'd carry the brief case for the boss, or do him any useful little services, without worrying about whether these things were 'beneath me.' I've seen men rise to some of the biggest business positions in this country because, when a vacancy occurred, all the members of the board remembered them as being constantly obliging and eager to help.

"My formula would be very much the same as the one I'd recommend to a nation: 'Work and save.' Those are the words I gave to Arthur Krock, of The New York Times, in 1919, when he approached me after the Paris Peace Conference and asked my recommendations for America's economic future. They are the same today.

"I'd never let unpropitious events turn me from my course. Do you know the story of the two frogs that fell into the milk can? It's a g story for young men to know: The first frog c 'I'm drowning! I'm drowning! Help me qui And since no one came to help him, he drow The second frog went right on about his busi He said, 'Hustle! Hustle! Hustle!'—and he moving around so fast that he churned the into butter and was able to walk off the top.

"I'd say to any boy of 21, 'Young man, h like the second frog.'"

In sharp and almost stunning contrast is advice of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, of Catholic University. A priest of immense i ence among the people of his faith, he has converted to Catholicism many men and wo some of them outstanding figures in American

I saw Monsignor Sheen in the cool and pea house he has built in Washington. His bur eyes and ascetic face are those of the man sees in religion—a passionate and intensely sonal religion—the only help for humanit such an hour as this.

"If I were 21," Monsignor Sheen said should turn my back on all the values by w the modern world attempts to find peace and fillment. I should abandon a framework of th ing which has shown its inability to make happy or nations secure. I should scrap the p ises of the nineteenth century so-called libera along with all those ideas—dangerously freq in today's thought—which elevate the state a the individual and make totalitarianism seer some, the only way out of chaos.

"Society was atomized long before the became front-page news: when the individua told he might safely make his own laws and f his own impulses, with no check from a H Authority, social anarchy was the result. found, then, that living without laws was im tical; in their hunger for order they surrend to the state such powers as man-made go ments are never fit to hold.

"If I were 21, I should begin my adult life deep and searching examination of the prin according to which I wished my life to be Before I began to pursue any of the paths

76, he offers the advice he did at the 1919 Peace Conference—k and save. If 21, "I'd miss no bets. Making a success of job at hand is the best step toward the kind you want."

21

By Gretta Palmer

er teachers and employers and politicians ed on me, I should first see where these paths e apt to lead and decide whether their goals ld, if I reached them, be fully rewarding. If answer seemed to be, 'No'—if I decided that kind of 'success' enjoyed at the end of most of e routes had failed to bring peace to those ady there—then I should say, 'The world's ice is faulty. Even on practical grounds, I l reject the values of the modern world.' With decision, I should be prepared to search for as that offer some real hope of bringing me to llment and usefulness and peace.

For modern man makes himself secure from conflicts of the age only if he resolves the licts within himself."

oes this seem otherworldly? If you think so, will be surprised to hear what that very tical Hollywood star, Irene Dunne, would do e were 21 again:

Get inward order—that is the first step I'd . If you can work out your religious beliefs y, no other problem that comes up in your life utterly throw you. If you are inwardly con-d, no triumph can bring a lasting satisfaction."

talked to Irene Dunne in her Hollywood sing room, on the lot where she was playing her in the picture, Life With Father—her first nnicolor effort.

I were 21, I'd do a lot of things now differ-y than I did in my own twenties," Miss Dunne t on. "For years I wasted time, hesitating veen the careers of singing and the stage. That because I lacked internal order; as a result, I events in the outside world sway me toward purpose and that, without ever having made what I wanted to do. Because I wasn't sure as ever on the right course, I was overeager uick results. I needed an immediate triumph eassure me.

And so, when I should have been singing es, if I were to be a serious musician, I was llong in the score of Aïda. You see, I halfway ted to be a Metropolitan Opera star. But ing in the world of music seemed to break for me, and everything in the theater came my way, so I drifted into success on the stage. Because I was still divided, and uncertain that I *wanted* theatrical success, I was sullen and ungrateful in years which could have been very happy ones if I had planned, from the first, to take one career or the other and lay all my bets on that single effort."

But, Miss Dunne added, she wouldn't be so single-minded that she would rule out marriage.

"I'd marry young," she said, "and avoid, at any cost, the mistake I made: of permitting geography to separate me from my husband and break up our home. I'd have several children; and if they didn't come naturally, I'd adopt several. But never one alone.

"And I'd try—if I were 21 again—to accept whatever advice seemed intended for me in a much humbler spirit than Irene Dunne could ever take any advice at such an age. For I have always had a stubborn streak, and eagerness to tell other people how to run things instead of letting them tell *me*. If I had had this role in Life With Father when I was really 21, I'd have been telling the Technicolor crew how to set up their cameras. One of the lessons I learned later—and an important one—was how to listen, *really* listen, to those who know more than I. Very few young people listen at all: they use the time when someone else is talking to figure out what they will say next.

"If I were 21, I'd aim high; mere security is too poor a bargain to strike with life. But I'd aim accurately, and after a lot of self-examination, to be quite sure I was embarking on the thing I wanted most of all to do. That little preliminary step of cleaning out the mental drawers and setting your thoughts and hopes in order is the most important step in a person's whole career. For the world is confusing, if we let it confuse us. If we're sure of what we want to accomplish, we can avoid adding to its confusion; we can keep a little undisturbed pool of peace inside ourselves."

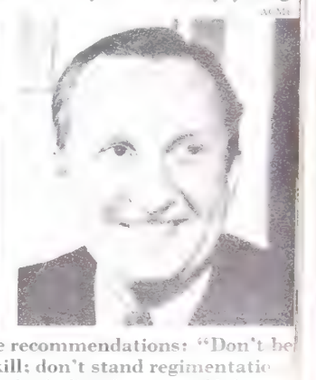
Miss Dunne belongs to the concentrate-early school, as you see. But what about a man who has had three careers *(Continued on Page 155)*

CLARE LUCE, at 21, didn't have a college degree, was married. Now she says, "I'd get a college education. And I would do this particularly if I intended marriage with no career."

BISHOP OXNAM, one-time tennis-team member at the University of Southern California, if he had life over again would "equip myself for community service, no matter what."

WIDE WORLD

JIMMY STEWART who went from architecture in Princeton to Hollywood, says, "I wish I'd stayed in college longer and studied a great deal more." Advice to youth—marry young.



WILLIAM BENTON has five recommendations: "Don't be dependent; acquire a salable skill; don't stand regimentatio don't be afraid of change; and don't live for yourself alon

REEN LEAVES

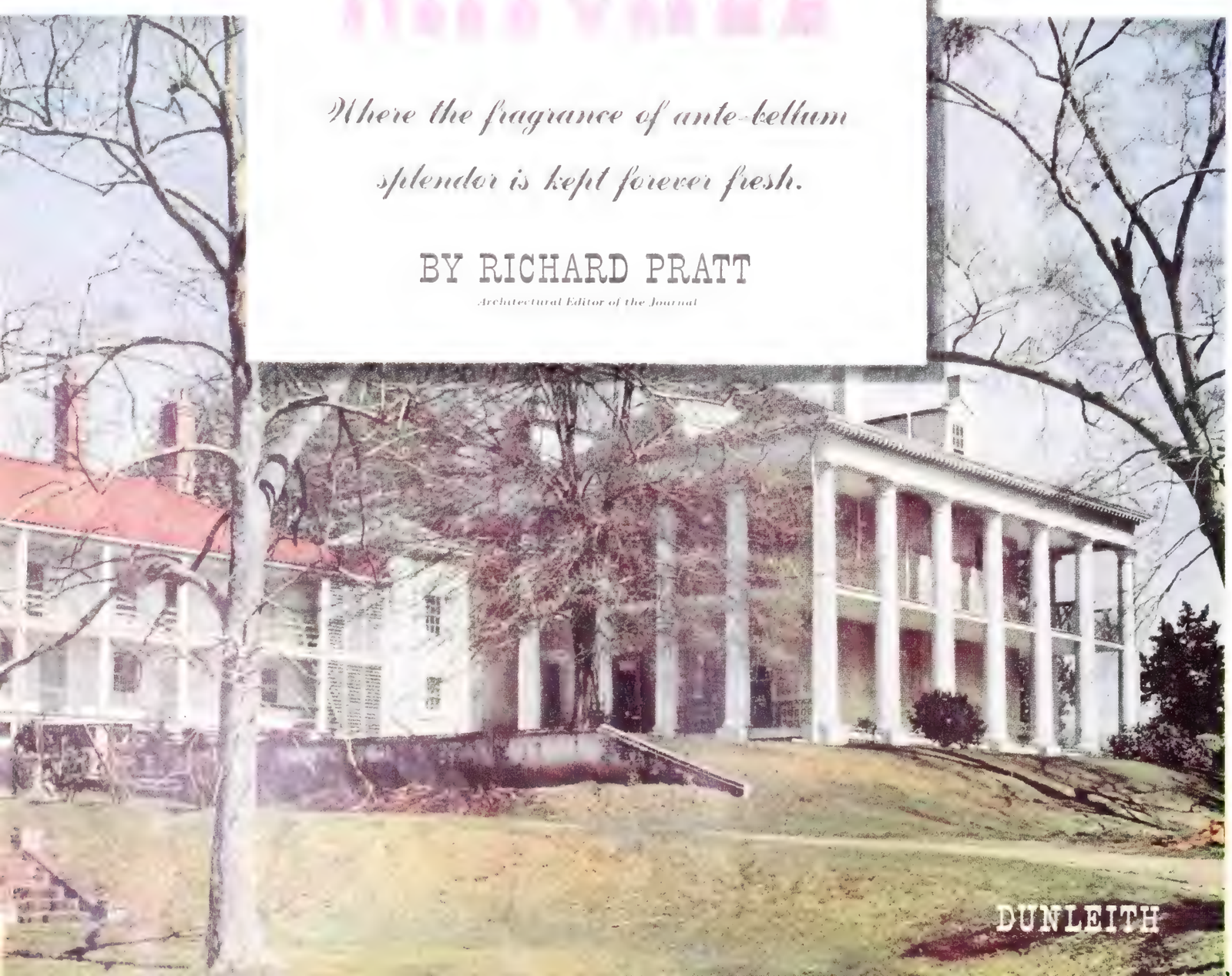
D'EVEREUX

NATCHEZ

Where the fragrance of ante-bellum splendor is kept forever fresh.

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal



DUNLEITH

The small library at Gloucester has an eighteenth-century mantel from France, Meissen garnitures from Germany, a secretary from England and paintings from Italy—typical of the importations of the time.

GLOUCESTER

The names of Natchez homes are part of their romantic flavor. Green Leaves, D'Evereux and Dunleith; Gloucester, Monteigne, Monmouth and Arlington; Longwood, Lansdowne, Linden, Rosalie, Hope Farm, Stanton Hall and Elgin; Richmond, Airlie, Mistletoe, and on and on: names and houses ornamenting the old town that stands high above the brown Mississippi and decorating the lush surrounding countryside. Gloucester is a good beginning, for it was the home of the first territorial governor, a rigid New Englander, named Winthrop Sargent, who came to this already colorful community about 1800, tried his Yankee best to resist its blandishments, and finally gave in to its luxurious delights. He now lies buried beneath a great magnolia on the lawn of his house whose Georgian manner he might have brought with him from Massachusetts—a style that the climate of Natchez embellished after its own exuberant fashion.

The upholstered pieces in the yellow drawing room at Gloucester show the effect of the Victorian fashion which found the Natchez homes such willing and wonderful settings for its romantic elegance.

The guest bedroom at Monteigne is dominated by its chinoiserie chintz: its great tester bed and rosewood combs to the best unspoiled Victorian taste of the times.

MONTEIGNE

Younger than most of the Natchez homes, Monteigne was scarcely ten years old when Union soldiers were stabling their horses in its drawing rooms. But it survived this Civil War vandalism, and its condition today, as you can see, is practically perfect, its classic portico rising as proudly as ever before its beautifully proportioned pink façade. Set against a background of enormous live oaks, Monteigne is surrounded by great gardens of roses, camellias and azaleas, the soft night air heavy with their sweet smells and the daytime brilliant with their blossoms. In point of time, Monteigne marks the close of the golden age of Natchez, much as Hope Farm and Gloucester marked its beginning. From the end of the eighteenth century to the start of the Civil War, the Natchez district was peopled with families of fabulous wealth who loved to live elegantly. The ships which carried their cotton to the Eastern seaboard, to England and the Continent, carried them, too, and brought them back with the finest of furnishings for their homes and with the most cosmopolitan ideas for an idyllic life in this faraway community.

Generations of hand polishing have produced a rich patina on the fine eighteenth-century furniture of the Monteigne dining room, where the light glitters on lavishly scaled repoussé silver and a delicate Venetian chandelier. Especially fine is the pair of Sevres vases on the mantel.

Monteigne's entrance hall, with its marble floor, its harplike balustrade and its hand-blocked French scenic wallpaper, is one of the most stunning eye-catchers in the whole stunning Natchez neighborhood.

In keeping with the scale of the house, the double drawing rooms of Stanton Hall open into a ballroom seventy-two feet long, whose full length you can see reflected in the immense gilt-framed mirror at the end, glittering with the light of the massive bronze French chandeliers.

STANTON HALL

It was typical of the flush times in Natchez in 1851 that the builder of Stanton Hall should have chartered a whole ship to bring from Europe materials and furnishings for his new home—not to mention further importations from abroad which were required during the five years before the house was finished. As handsome as are the solid-silver hinges, knobs and key plates that came from England for the doors, the lacy iron grillwork that came by the ton from Italy for the porches is handsomer still. And indoors no expense was spared on the carved white Carrara marble mantels or on the bronze French chandeliers that hang from ceilings more than twenty-two feet high. There is no record of Stanton Hall's original cost, but as a sign of fallen grandeur it was sold during the boll-weevil depression for $9700. Since then it has been bought by one of the Natchez garden clubs as headquarters for its annual tours of the famous old homes, and also serves as a rather fabulous guesthouse.

HOPE FARM

The oldest of the grand-manner homes of the Natchez district, Hope Farm dates from the days of the Spanish occupation. It is really two separate houses, joined by galleries, the older and larger built in 1775, and the smaller in 1789 by Don Carlos de Grandpré, a French adventurer who was a governor of the district during the Spanish regime. Its design is simpler, its ceilings lower, than those of the houses that went up when the United States took over the territory, but the care with which it has been restored makes it one of the most charming in the Natchez district.

The furnishings of Hope Farm show many influences, from the early Federal furniture of the dining room above, through the nineteenth-century bedsteads, chairs and dresser of the bedroom at the bottom of the page, to the elegant Victorian pieces of the cool inside parlor just below.

GREEN LEAVES The twin parlors of Green Leaves, of which the room above is one, are identical except for details in their priceless accessories. The Beltzhoover family makes everyday use of both rooms, amid the Meissen and Sevres, the Watteau fans, the ivory miniatures, rare prints and manuscripts, and autographed albums of Confederate generals and other memorabilia of the War Between the States. And in the game room at the left it is as though time had stood completely still for a hundred years or more.

No. 3
of the Journal Series called
REGIONAL HOUSES

ARLINGTON More than a century ago the library at Arlington *(left above)* was filled with eight thousand rare volumes, purchased in London, meticulously cared for ever since on the shelves that surround the room, whose tremendous scale is given away by the armchair in the corner. In the room at right, the present owner of Arlington keeps her famous collection of glass, the shelves having been effectively set against the windows of the gallery to bring out the beauty of old Bristol, Bohemian, Waterford and English crystal.

THE ELMS The back parlor at The Elms still has its original Victorian furniture intact, still upholstered in the now-seldom-seen original Windsor patterns. Also seldom seen nowadays are such items as the lily sconces above the mantel and the graceful rosewood escritoire. The bell pull beside the window rings its specially toned bell in the pantry, where each room has its own bell.

LINDEN Most Natchez homes had punkahs, or breeze fans, in their dining rooms, swung gently back and forth with strings by colored boys during the midday dinner, which is still the principal meal in Natchez homes.

LANSDOWNE The drawing room at Lansdowne represents the nineteenth century at its most fabulous, with a double set of rosewood furniture from France still covered in its original brocade. Imported at the same time as the furniture were the hand-painted wallpaper, the carpet, cornices and brocatels, making in all one of the most remarkable rooms of its period in the country.

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

I am puzzled about what is going on in U. N. It seems to me that when the Americans or British make a proposal, the Russians ignore it or make a directly opposite one. I get the feeling that we will never be able to work with the Russians. Do you feel that way?

No, I do not feel that way. It seems to me quite possible to get on with the Russians, though I think it is going to take us a long while really to understand each other. There are fundamental differences that exist between us, in our backgrounds and in our points of view, which arise very largely from the fact that Russia is a very young nation—young and virile—but, nevertheless, insecure. We have more than 150 years behind us, and we have attained a good deal of the poise and security which come with maturity.

The desire for security motivates practically every country. They need a sense that they have friends and are safe in the family of nations; that their people and their own strength are adequate to meet the demands which living in the modern world requires.

It is much easier to have confidence in people if you have a sense of security. We have gained it, and I think for that very reason we should perhaps be better able today to be generous about some of the very obvious moves which are made by the Russians, largely because of their lack of security. Only with confidence and trust can peace be a reality.

There is no question, for instance, that ultimately we will all have more security if we have a greater sense of interdependence; put more strength into the United Nations, and count less on our own individual strengths. Even we find that hard to accept, because it is such a new concept of living with other nations, and for the Russians, who have lived on the continent of Europe, where every nation has looked askance at every other nation for years, it is even harder than it is for us.

We are apt to forget the changes that have come over the world, and to judge whatever moves Russia makes to assure her security from the point of view of the world ethics of today, rather than from the point of view which was prevalent years ago when we met our own problems. In many ways, Russia is today where we were a hundred years or more ago. We did not like it when people criticized us. And it was not just because of the criticism; it was because we were a little afraid that some of the things they said were probably true!

One takes criticism better as one grows older; and if we really understood, I think we would face more realistically some of the things which Russia has done, even though we might still oppose them, because we know both the world of today and the world of our youth.

For instance, we proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine for our own security; and many of the other moves which we are reminded of as we go back through the pages of our history were made to give us a sense of security. Many a time in our history we have done highhanded things, but we have done them always with a sense of virtue because they made us more secure! They increased our economic stability, or our defenses; so, as we felt that our motives were good, we justified our self-interests.

That is something we must not forget when we watch another nation, a virile, young nation, in a period when international and national ethics have changed considerably, trying to gain some things which we have already achieved. It is far harder today to live by modern standards and still achieve these things, since the buccaneer days are over. The Atomic Age has wiped out the past in which we grew up.

When all this is considered, however, I think it is essential that the Russians also understand that the nations living around them, who have greater maturity, have set up certain standards, and that to live successfully with them the effort to understand those standards must be made. They will have to stop some of the practices which are relics of the past, and recognize eventually the basic difference between our two beliefs: We think the state must serve the individual; and they think the individual is subservient to the state. Gradually as our conceptions become clearer to each other, and as life becomes more worth while to every individual in his part of the world, we will, I believe, find a happier medium for working together and living together in peace and amity.

I was married three months ago, but up to this time I haven't made any new friends, because I'm just too shy. What can I do to stop feeling so uncomfortable with strangers?

Remember, first of all, that your husband fell in love with you and married you and that he is proud of you. That should give you some assurance. Try to forget how you feel and think only of how your guests feel and your shyness will soon disappear.

Why don't you write an article on "the perfect guest"? I would like to read it.

I think I would rather write an article on the perfect host. A guest is really only good or bad because of the host or hostess who makes being a guest an easy or a difficult task.

My friend was killed in action overseas. This was two years ago, but he is still constantly on my mind. Nothing I can do nor anyone I meet seems to measure up to Bob. What is the best way to forget the past and look forward to the future?

I know of no way to forget the past. Perhaps you can learn to live with it more happily, remembering what gave you joy, realizing that no one whom you loved and who loved you would want you to go on and lead a lonely life because you kept comparing him with the new friends that came into your life. You do not want to forget Bob, but you do want to go on living happily, and perhaps you will love someone else just as much one of these days, but in an entirely different way.

My boys are married and live not far from us in the same city, yet there are weeks at a time when I do not see them or talk to them unless I call them up. I'm certain they love me and yet they are unconsciously negligent. I don't want to put it on a "duty" basis and I try every way to be the kind of mother a married man wants. What do you advise?

If I were you, when I wanted to talk to my boys or their wives, I would call them on the telephone and I would try to make some kind of regular weekly arrangement with them. Perhaps you could have lunch or supper together on Sundays, but do not make them feel that they can never break the engagement. Sometimes it is easier to do something that you can count on and know is going to happen, which will bring you together and keep the family spirit alive.

The young people are busy and have many interests of their own and it is harder for them to find the time to call you than it is for you to call them. I would not do it too often, but once or twice a week would show you are interested and want to keep in touch. However, it is a little difficult to advise people one does not know and where one does not set oneself up as Dorothy Dix!

What do you think of the Canadian plan for subsidizing families? Would you favor legislation in this country to provide monthly payments to families of low income or to families of all incomes to help bear the cost of raising families? Do you think income deductions for children should be increased?

If a country is particularly anxious to increase the birth rate, subsidizing large families would seem to be a wise plan. However, I think it would be much better to approach the question from a different angle; namely, to put a floor under earnings and try to see that no family earned less than was consistent with a fair standard of living. Of course I realize that some people will live better on a certain amount than others, but that is a question very largely of education. It might be possible to increase income-tax deductions for children, but that, I think, should be the same for rich and poor alike.

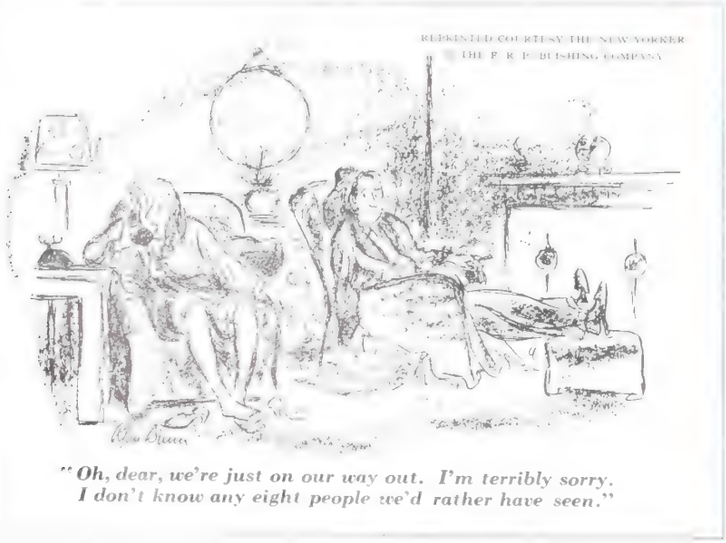
In the light of your son's recent book, were the relations between your husband and Prime Minister Churchill misrepresented as true friendship to the American people? If not, why has your son written at this time such tactless statements about the successful accomplishments of two great leaders?

I do not think you read my son's book very carefully. He explains that there existed between my husband and Prime Minister Churchill a warm personal friendship, and I have done this also in a column which I wrote on this particular subject. There can be a warm personal friendship between two individuals who, because of background and the circumstances under which they have lived, may have entirely different political beliefs, and very different approaches to the ultimate objectives which they wish to achieve through government. That, I think, was really the case where my husband and Mr. Churchill were concerned. As far as the war period went, each knew that the other was a good man, leading his people well and acting wisely to meet the needs of the war situation.

I think my husband understood and admired Mr. Churchill's patriotism and his devotion to his country. My husband had an equally patriotic devotion to the United States of America. He considered that the interests of the two countries were not always identical. There were political interests entering the war strategy here and there that were bound to cause some differences. Even more difficulties are certain to appear in times of peace.

I do not feel that my son made any tactless statements. He knew quite well where the areas of cooperation and warm affection existed and also where the difficulties lay and what caused them.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.



"Oh, dear, we're just on our way out. I'm terribly sorry. I don't know any eight people we'd rather have seen."

Paris fashion, never more lovely

by Wilhelm Cushman

D.46

Enchantment in one petal-like drape to the side; worn with short lace mitts by Balenciaga

Tea-corseted dress in black velvet, black tulle headdress, provocative silhouette by Jacques Fath

Young and beautiful dinner fashion: full rustling taffeta skirt, slim sleeved blouse top; by Jacques Fath

The ankle-length dress—very Paris, in black net over green taffeta, with a taffeta sash; by Lelong

DRAWINGS BY DELFAU

Rib bolero in [illegible] velvet, rummer [illegible] ankle-slim pleated [illegible] -waisted fashion by Schiaparelli

Bouffant dancing dress as Paris does it: pale mauve and green tulle, taffeta bodice and gloves; by Jacques Fath

COLOR AND CHANGE

MAKE A SUIT OR DRESS IN BEIGE OR GRAY . . . PERFORM YOUR WONDERS WITH COLOR . . . IN SHIRT, JACKET, HAT OR BAG. ★ BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

Extra jacket can be made in plaid tweed; bound with black or green; pattern 1980.

Long-sleeved shirt; 1999 (12 to 20, 25¢); belt, bright scarf; with suit skirt.

Collarless, single-breasted suit with big flap pockets; Hollywood Pattern 1980 (12 to 20, 25¢); dark-green or scarlet-red accents.

Striped jersey shirt: 1684 (10 to 18, 25¢), and a jersey beret make a change.

Give the dress the touch of spring with white piqué ascot, cuffs, jeweled buttons.

ther views of Hollywood Patterns
rns at the store which sells them
ostage prepaid, from Hollywood
reenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from

Two-piece beige wool dress, inspiration for change: 1998 (12 to 20, 25¢); plaid-wool bag, ascot and umbrella case, newest accessories.

Finishes

BY ANN BATCHELDER

Menu

FOR BUFFET

Caviar Eggs "On the Hour"

Baked-Ham Glacé

Apricots Stuffed With Horse-Radish

Smoked Fish and Shrimps

Hot Biscuits *or* Patty Shells

Vegetable-Salad Bowl

Pineapple-Coconut Torte **Coffee**

For 12 People

[illegible] on the road to town there's [illegible]. He runs the village [illegible] occupy about every available space on the old painted walls, hanging one above the other in the lounge, in the writing room, most of all in the dining room.

There are so many clocks that eyes and ears are bewildered at the wealth of these ancient timepieces. No, they don't strike the passing hours, nor do they record the things they have seen, the confidences they have heard. Silent, unless some curious one insists on a demonstration of their quality, they hang mute yet someway sentient, somehow concealing secrets that have lain hidden in their quiet faces too many years, too long a time for such as I to wake their latent memories. They are the custodians of hours gone forever. And for some of them the centuries have confided what must remain hidden forever behind those faces that reveal nothing, silent within those voices that will not speak to us.

The old timepieces only mark the slumber and spell out the sleeping hours of those who love and live by them. We do not count the hours. That is their job. But when an old clock stops, refusing to abide by star or sun or moon, never to go again, something in life [illegible]. A circle is completed. We start [illegible] way. Time overtakes us—we cannot overtake time.

It is time for us. But, having written [illegible] words anent time and clocks, I will bring you to the hour of your New Year's party. That hour will mark a beginning, it will inaugurate a new cycle for us all. We can start all over again, and, while we're planning for that Happy New Year and resolution-fraught occasion, let's get busy and see what's what in the way of the food you will wish to serve your holiday guests. Shall it be tea?—that comes first—or supper—that comes later, and very nice it is too. Open house or the choice, the select, the intimate circle for a New Year buffet? One or the other is likely to engage your attention at this time. At least that is the way *we've* dreamed it up. Not only dreamed it, but made the dream come true. As you will soon find out.

(Continued on Page 114)

Menu

FOR TEA

Egg-and-Avocado Sandwiches

Pistachio-Cheese Sandwiches

Fruitcake Cookies

Teatime Jelly Rolls

Tea Cornets

Brazil Chips—Bonbons or Mints

Tea—Cream—Lemon—Sugar

PHOTOS BY STUART POWELL

LINE A DAY

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Collecting—the most fascinating hobby in the world. In my next incarnation, I shall collect bells. Or *think* I shall.

2 *Maybe repeater:* Bread sauce, I mean, *l'affaire* chicken and guinea breasts. Cook two cups of milk with a cup of soft bread crumbs, a chopped onion and twelve whole cloves, in the double boiler, to the soft spreading stage.

3 From there, take out the cloves and count them that not one escapes your eye. No one wants an old clove to chew on. Season the sauce well, with salt and pepper. Add a lump of butter. Keep hot. Spread on the platter to support the lightly sautéed breasts of chicken. Sprinkle all at last with browned crumbs.

4 The real *pâté de foie gras* is with us again. Something to gloat over. Cubes of it in aspic and mounds of it on toast or diced with chicken and mayonnaise, or just right out of the pot, it is the last word. I mean *last.*

5 Scalloped apples with peanut brittle may stop you—but for only a minute. Sliced tart apples in layers with the ground-up brittle, little pieces of butter and the juice of a lemon are all. Bake until apples are tender. Wonderful with pork.

6 Turkeys used to wear bells so their owners could keep track of them. But they had to hunt for them just the same—or so I am told.

7 Take a pound of sausage and mince it fine. Add two cups of cooked rice and an egg. Mix up well. Make into cakes and fry in hot fat (frying-pan style). Don't hurry them. They're delicious for breakfast—hot stuff for luncheon.

8 And now we're on rice, one more little piece of business. You know how butterscotch sauce is on ice cream. Well, try it on a creamy rice pudding.

9 *From an old cookbook:* "Cottage cheese is that milk preparation vulgarly called smear case. It is unnecessary to use these common expressions and no lady will permit her servants to do so. As the mistress is so will the servant be." As the twig is bent, eh?

10 *News item:* Now you may order your fresh oysters, in the shell or out, iced, sent the day they come out of the beds. Ninety-six beauties in a box. In case you haven't an oyster bed in your back yard, this is a bet.

11 *Another piece of news:* Almond oil coming in from Italy. Use it for salads and frying. Just a little different.

12 When I write my book on griddlecakes (pancakes to some) there's a curried-clam griddlecake coming up, fish griddlecakes, pea "griddlers" and dozens of others. Can you hold on?

13 *For example:* Take equal parts of finely flaked cold white fish and a rich, highly seasoned cream sauce. As the griddlecakes come from the griddle, spread each one with the fish mixture. So far so good. Better to come.

14 Roll up the spread griddlecakes as you make them and set aside on a hot greased sheet. When all are done, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake them in an oven at around 350° F., until the cheese browns and bubbles. Serve with a sauceboat of cream sauce. This is a speciality. Could be of your house.

15 Stylish no end are the sardines dipped in chutney and served on toast fingers spread with rarebit.

16 I am sure you have polished the chafing dish and have the spirit lamp filled. Creamed oysters on toast, and diced chicken with asparagus tips in a good cream sauce, are two cold-night dishes. And you *know* how I feel about a rarebit.

17 For de luxe appetizers or salad fripperies, may I say a word about caviar? It's here—the real thing. Don't ruin it. A little lemon juice, a touch of grated onion, all right. But only that—and hot toast or little puffs. It's enough.

18 Those whole peeled Bartlett pears in jars, drained, covered with waffle batter, baked and served with almond-flavored whipped cream, make a dessert not to be soon forgotten.

19 *A receipt I will not give away*
Is making a dandelion soufflé.
The reason is I don't know how
And wouldn't make it anyhow.

20 Broiled oysters: Drain and dry the oysters. Dust with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg and then in fine crumbs. Brush with hot melted butter. Broil, turning over. Serve on a bed of water cress and with halves of lemon.

21 For half-starved skaters make up a French-toast sandwich plate. Have the bread thin, spread with peanut butter, put together, dip in egg-and-milk mixture and fry. It's cold, you know, out-of-doors.

22 Muffins are versatile as a tightrope artist with four billiard balls in the air. There are bran and raisin and date, and chocolate and sour cream and bacon and apple and cheese muffins. Now *you* think up a few.

23 One of the best is the old-fashioned cranberry kind. To your regular white-flour muffin mixture add a cup of cranberries and a little extra sugar. It's well to cut the berries first.

24 Stuffed roast of pork or stuffed pork chops are deliciously different if chopped cooked prunes and apple are added to the bread stuffing. And raisins, too, but not with prunes.

25 To make a good winter dish, prepare mashed sweet potatoes, park sausages on top and bake. A sprinkling of brown or maple sugar on the potato is indicated.

26 Corn-meal mush molded, sliced and fried in the sausage fat, is a cheerful thought. Homely fare, but good to the last brown crumb.

27 Little country stores spring up here and there, and once you find one you're lost to time and road maps. There's one up in the hill town of Weston, Vermont, you might know. Has water-ground meal and calico; Other things too. And scenery.

28 Did you know that you can use a broken cinnamon stick as you would a vanilla bean to flavor custards delicately?

29 I shall speak of green sauce—for fillet of sole or any fine fillets of white fish. The sauce should be as thick as heavy cream. A superb cold sauce which you'll be proud to serve.

30 Mince fine some parsley. Add a stalk of chopped celery, a small onion, three or four anchovies, cut fine. Season. Add juice of half a lemon and a grated egg yolk—hard-cooked one. Now add salad oil.

31 The snow is drifting as I write this. Since it must drift, let it drift high and spread its blanket wide. Underneath I know that, sleeping serenely, my tulips are waiting. And I can wait too. In fact, I shall have to.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

Last Words

He who loves not his native state
Never, oh, never, could be my mate.
He who adores not the valley and hill
Will not be remembered in my will.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

1947

YOU CAN SEE
YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT . . .

THE BROTH IS RICH WITH *CHICKEN...*

When you sit down to a steaming plate of chicken soup, what you want above all is—chicken. And that, in Campbell's Chicken Soup, is what you get above all. Plenty of

THE RICE IS STEEPED IN *CHICKEN...*

chicken goes into its making—fine plump chickens simmered ever so slowly to make a broth that fairly gleams with chicken richness. Fine white rice, cooked to fluffy

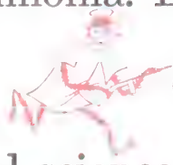
ALL THROUGH IT...THERE'S *CHICKEN...*

lightness, is then added to the broth. And, finally, pieces of chicken are measured in generously, chicken so deliciously tender it just about melts in your mouth.

That's Why—

JUST AS SURE AS YOU LIKE CHICKEN, YOU'LL LIKE *Campbell's* CHICKEN SOUP

Never neglect a cold!

That will help avoid pneumonia. But if pneumonia *should* strike,  don't let it frighten you. Medical science, aided by the sulfas

and penicillin, has reduced pneumonia mortality by about one half in the past 10 years.

If more people who have bad colds, or colds that hang on, would call their doctors, the pneumonia death rate would drop still further.

Remember, pneumonia is communicable, it works fast; and the worst months are ahead. *So fight pneumonia by guarding against colds.*

Common colds need special care!

Try to keep in the best of health during the winter, for by keeping fit you lessen the risk of colds and pneumonia. However, if you get a bad cold, stay home and go to bed if possible, eat lightly, drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids. Be especially careful not to get chilled.

Watch out for pneumonia's warning symptoms, which are usually a severe shaking chill followed by fever, coughing accompanied by sharp pains in the side or chest, and often rust-colored sputum. However, one type, *virus pneumonia*, starts slowly with a gradual rise in temperature, a feeling of chilliness rather than a shaking chill, and a slight sore throat with a hard cough, but little or no sputum.

Some types of pneumonia, like virus pneumonia, do not respond to sulfa or penicillin. Whatever the type, calling the doctor quickly permits the prompt diagnosis and medical care which afford the best chance for rapid recovery. For other important information about pneumonia, influenza, and the common cold, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 17-J, "Respiratory Diseases."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

MARY HALLAM

(Continued from Page 18)

so absolutely Letty! She came into the room now with that familiar motion which seemed to combine the walk of a self-conscious school miss wearing her first pair of high heels with the hip-swinging walk of a voluptuous native woman. Her mother and Mrs. Cotter had often enough scolded about that walk, saying that it was the "follow me" walk of a not nice girl, but they had never succeeded in modifying it. Maud had often told her that it was time she abandoned it in the interests of respectability and matronhood, but Letty said she hoped never to look like a matron and didn't care about seeming respectable. She was interested in being it, she said, only because in the long run it saved a lot of trouble. "If people misunderstand my walk that's their lookout. It's *my* walk." But from the waist upward she was the very pattern of dignity and carried herself well.

She kissed Maud on both cheeks and said in her pretty, consciously modulated, somewhat artificial voice, "How are you, Maud darling? I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting, but I was having a massage and Miss Ohlson was late."

Maud, who had never had a massage in her life, not even of the facial sort, asked what she was having it for. Had she been ill? Letty said she had not been ill; it was just that Nelson liked her to have it.

"Take off your coat," she said. "It's boiling hot in here. The central heating in this house is almost too good."

They sat on a deep sofa placed at right angles to the fireplace, where an electric fire glowed falsely among false coals and sent out an amber light and no heat. Maud took off her black coat, uncovering a severely plain black dress. For over fifteen years she had worn nothing but black, relieved, at times, by white. It saved, she said, endless trouble. With her black suits she usually wore lingerie blouses, trimmed with fine tucks or lace. These, her underwear and her hats came from Paris; her tailor-mades, furs and coats from London; and her dresses and shoes from Boston. Her hats were of the latest fashion and often frivolous and extreme, but she was quite unconcerned by the fact that they did not suit her mature and regular features. She wore them, she said, because they amused her.

"How you've changed! You used to have thick black hair and now you're bald. You used to have a ruddy complexion and now you're pale. You used to be stocky and now you're thin. I'm surprised, Mr. Gordon."
"But I'm not Mr. Gordon."
"You've even changed your name!" —FRANC, in Ireland's Saturday Night.

Letty, too, was in black, a clever French model ornamented only by a superb diamond brooch. Seeing Maud's eye on it, she said, "Lovely, isn't it? Nelson gave it to me for our wedding anniversary last year."

"It's magnificent," said Maud. "I gather Nelson is still pleased with his bargain. Dear Letty, it's good to see you. You look just as you always did."

It was true that Letty's features accommodated themselves without noticeable change to childhood, girlhood or womanhood, and Maud thought it would be difficult to guess her age. She might be twenty-five or thirty-five. Today Letty was wearing her fine, light brown hair combed upward to the top of her head, the ends neatly turned in. The effect was both elegant and naïve and gave her the look of a young girl on her way to the bath.

"I told Shaw to bring in tea," she said.

"His name's Shaw, is it? He's new to me," Maud remarked.

"His name's really O'Shaughnessy, but you can't call a butler O'Something."

"Can't you? Why not?"

"I don't know," Letty said. "You just can't. Maud, you'll stay to dinner, won't you? I meant to ask you when you rang up, but you took me by surprise."

"I can if you like," Maud said, "and if you haven't got a party."

"No, thank heaven, we're not having a party. There'll just be ourselves and Mary."

"How's Mary?"

"Oh, about the same." She put on a guarded look, Maud observed.

"Not married yet?"

"Good heavens, no! And not likely to be. I'm glad you can stay, Maud. It'll cheer Nelson up to see you. He's depressed about the war."

"He thinks it's inevitable, does he?"

"You know how people are. Some days he thinks it's bound to come, and some days he thinks it isn't. I tell him it depends on the state of his liver. Personally I prefer not to think about the war. I don't see what I can do about it. There always have been wars, and there always will be. So why worry?"

There was something positively endearing, Maud thought, about Letty's trueness to type. She looked at her with an amused smile and was about to speak when Letty forestalled her with:

"I intend to drive an ambulance, if there is a war. The children can go to the country, and we'll stay here. Nelson couldn't possibly leave London. They'd want him in the Ministry of Supply."

Maud wondered how much of London, should there be a war, would be left to live in. Finding the conversation unprofitable, she changed the subject. "Tell me about the children. How are they?"

"Ivor's doing very well at Eton. Lucille's growing up; she'll soon be sixteen. She's at school in Switzerland, you know. She's taken to writing poetry lately. I don't know why I should be afflicted with a daughter who writes poetry, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Maud with her robust laugh. "She must be a throwback."

"Well, it's very annoying," Letty complained. "She isn't even pretty; she takes after Nelson's side of the family. But I'm going to see that she's smart. It costs nearly as much to dress her as to dress me."

Maud made no comment on this, which she thought not unlike the utterance of a certain type of American mother. She merely said, "I'd be enchanted if a daughter of mine wrote poetry."

"You wouldn't be if you hoped to marry her well."

In those few words, Maud thought, Letty had packed the whole of her outlook on life, though they were spoken with her habitual air of pretty defiance. It was useless to take Letty seriously.

"You're quite incorrigible," Maud said, "and you always were. Now tell me about Mary."

There was a moment's silence during which Letty seemed to be considering how much she should tell. "I hoped we could keep off that subject," she said. "However, you're my oldest and best friend and I don't see why I shouldn't talk about her to you." She paused again and Maud said:

"Well, then, go ahead. Don't make such a mystery of it."

"Once I start on the subject of Mary, it's hard to stop me, so I don't often start. You know she's always been delicate."

"Yes. Isn't she any better?"

"Worse, if anything. Nelson sends her to one doctor after another, but they don't seem to accomplish much. She doesn't seem to have any vitality at all."

"What about her music? She hasn't given it up, has she?"

"Since the accident she has. I told you about that, didn't I?"

"You wrote that she and Lucille and Mlle. Drieux had been run into in a taxi, but I didn't know any of them were hurt."

"Mary was the only one, and it was her own fault, in a way. They were going to a concert at Queen's Hall. It was foggy, and

(Continued on Page 59)

HER RING:
a brilliant-cut diamond, set high and round. Of deepest diamonds-and-sable

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

Miss Lillian Givens

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Givens, formerly of Penn Valley, now of Germantown—engaged to Mr. Lane Frederick Warren, Jr., of the old Pennsylvania Welsh Barons. Baby Cynthia: Miss Givens lived in Caracas five years—and last winter visited Havana. Another Pond's engaged girl, she has eyes of pure forget-me-not blue, an irresistible smile, a smooth pink-and-white complexion that tans with a warm, luscious glow.

"I think blush-cleansing with Pond's is just grand," Lillian says.

THE NEW BLUSH-CLEANSING with Pond's Cold Cream that Lillian Givens loves, will give *your* skin, too

—an instant clean-sweet look
—an instant softer, silkier feel
—and bring up a rose blush of color

W TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE," your face as she does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face and throat.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings all over your face. Pond's *demulcent action* softens, loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin about 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

AT'S ALL! "I've never had anything feel nicer," Lillian says, "—and it leaves my skin really glowing clean."

Every night—give your face the complete Pond's blush-cleansing! *Every morning*—for a "bright-awake" look—a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's! Invite the Pond's "engaged look." Dip your fingers deep in a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream, you'll find a 6-ounce jar is *especially* nice.

Diamonds and Pond's! Nine engagement-ring diamonds—valued at $20,000—destined for some of the loveliest engaged girls in America

AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF SOCIETY WHO USE POND'S

The Lady Georgina Coleridge
Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont — Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle — The Duchess de Richelieu
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.
Miss Cynthia McAdoo — Mrs. Allan A. Ryan
Lady Charles Cavendish — Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Viscountess Bridport, Duchess of Brontë

Short-cut to a square meal

That's the wonderful thing about Treet!

Treet and Toasted Corn Bread

It just takes a matter of minutes to cook up a big meal—a hot, hearty, nutritious meal—with Treet! Serve Treet every way you serve ham—fried, with toasted corn bread 'n' jelly, for instance. Cut a loaf of Treet into 8 slices and fry in a little fat 1 to 1½ minutes on each side. Spread split squares of corn bread with Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine and toast them golden brown under the broiler. That's the easiest recipe for compliments in a stack of cook books!

Treet—not one but *two* favorite meats

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Serve Treet every way you serve ham!

(Continued from Page 56)

Mary lowered the window to look out. She had her hand on the sill of the window and they were run into by another taxi. Her fingers got pretty badly smashed. It was very bad luck indeed," Letty added, her voice musical with appropriate sympathy. "Very. But any other girl of her age would have pulled herself together and faced the thing. They did what they could for her—I can't tell you what Nelson paid out in doctors' bills—but they couldn't make her fingers as they were. She could still play if she wanted to, but because she can't play as well as she did before, she won't look at the piano. I can't tell you what we've been through with her in one way and another. First because we didn't take her music seriously enough, and because Nelson considered her too delicate to study abroad. I let her have the drawing room for three hours every morning, but no, she couldn't play here. The atmosphere wasn't right, or something. All I can say is, Maud, thank God I've no temperament. I've come to hate the very sight of a piano."

"But, Letty, this is a tragedy. The accident, I mean. I had no idea."

"It's been a tragedy all round, then," said Letty. "Don't imagine we haven't suffered. She's a hundred per cent liability, and I think it speaks pretty well for Nelson and myself that all this trouble with her hasn't affected our married happiness in any way. He knows I've done everything I possibly could for her."

"So your conscience is perfectly clear," said Maud.

Letty gave her a quick glance and said, "Absolutely."

"Poor Mary. I can't think of her apart from her music, somehow."

"Of course I don't happen to be musical," said Letty. "It was left completely out of my composition, and I'm thankful it was. If you knew what we've been through with that girl. Of course she ought to marry; all her doctors have admitted to me that she'd be far better married. But she's warped or something. She won't look at a man."

"Won't look at a man?" Maud repeated. "But she did look at one. You told me so, in one of your letters. I think you said he was a barrister."

"Oh, that. I forgot I'd mentioned it. It started very well, but she bungled things somehow. I'm afraid he just lost interest."

"I'd like to see her," Maud said. "Is she in the house now?"

"No, she went out this morning and hasn't been back." Letty paused, and then said, after a moment's silence, "What makes the thing still worse is that she hates us. Or anyway, she hates me. If she has any affection for her father she certainly doesn't show it. She's fond of Ivor and Lucille, but no one else."

"She didn't use to hate you," Maud said.

"Well, she does now. She tries to hide it, of course, but the whole atmosphere's full of it. Nelson doesn't realize it, but I'm afraid it's simply because he can't believe that anyone could hate me. And of course I've been very good to her."

"Why doesn't she live by herself?"

"That's what I think she ought to do," said Letty, "but Nelson simply won't hear of it. He [illegible] would be ridiculous for her to live in a flat of her own, quite apart from the fact that she's ill half the time. Besides, he doesn't trust her."

"Not [illegible]. What on earth do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say. He doesn't trust her not to turn against us completely. I know how he feels. It's like having a valuable dog and going to endless trouble and expense over his training and so on, and then seeing him attach himself to strangers and show his teeth when you go near him."

"What an unpleasant simile. I suppose she has her own friends, hasn't she?"

"Very few. She doesn't like the people she meets here, and she makes no effort to meet other people. Well, we've talked enough about Mary. The whole subject bores me. Bores me to tears. How do you like this room, Maud? Or isn't it weird enough for your taste?"

Maud laughed. "It's quite weird enough."

"All right," said Letty with good humor. "I knew you wouldn't like it. I suppose you think it's too conventional. I love those lamp shades. I've never seen any like them."

"Neither have I," said Maud.

"All right," Letty said again. "I don't care. I like them. You can't hurt my feelings. Don't you think it's a lovely house?"

"Yes, I do. Did it have to be so big?"

"Well, you know Nelson likes plenty of space, and we do have to do a lot of entertaining. You see, one of these days Nelson's going into politics. I think the Conservative Party needs men like him."

"I expect you're right about that. This staircase will be just the thing for your receptions. I can see you standing at the drawing-room door, graciously receiving the guests."

"That's one reason we bought it, because of the staircase, and the size of the drawing room."

"Well, you must have liked it," said Maud, "or you wouldn't have chosen it. It's all very handsome," she said more generously. "You mustn't mind me. You know we never did like the same things."

When Nelson came home, he greeted Maud warmly and, after a second's hesitation, kissed her cheek. She felt about Nelson much as she felt about Letty. She was fond of him in spite of a number of things. Maud thought he had thickened and coarsened in the past two years. His face was more highly colored, his neck seemed to have shortened. He was a big, rather barrel-shaped man, and she now detected a slight pomposity in his manner which struck her as new. She could see no gray in his thick dark hair, and for the first time wondered if he dyed it. His brown eyes, small but pleasant and frequently smiling, were a trifle close together; the fleshiness of nose and lips suggested a sensuality that his regular and ordered domestic life belied. (It was Letty's claim that she had found the perfect husband.) Yet to Maud there was something very likable about him.

He asked Maud how her mother was and wanted to know why she hadn't come over too. Maud explained that her mother's only sister had just been widowed and her mother had not liked to leave her so soon.

"So she came over with Lowell Pierce instead," said Letty mischievously. "I'm not sure she's nice to know."

"It would be more accurate to say he came with me," Maud remarked. "And may I remind you that it isn't for the first time?"

"Couldn't he have come to dinner?" Nelson inquired.

Maud said that he was spending the day in bed. They'd had a rough crossing and he hadn't slept well. "He takes very good care of himself nowadays," she said.

"How's his heart?" Letty wanted to know.

"Much the same. He's going to see a new heart specialist when we get to Paris."

"How long are you going to stay in Paris?"

"About two months. I've been asked to buy some paintings for the art gallery."

"Oh," said Letty, and made a little grimace. "I can imagine the sort of things you'll buy."

Maud smiled and said nothing, and Nelson remarked, "One of your great virtues, Maud, is that you don't try to convert the unconvertible."

"I hope I'm not such a fool," she retorted.

A moment later he turned to Letty and, with a troubled look, asked, "Where's Mary? Why isn't she here?"

"She went out somewhere," Letty answered carelessly. "I don't know where. She didn't tell me."

"Didn't she say when she'd be back?"

"She certainly didn't confide in me, darling. Perhaps Shaw knows."

Nelson at once went to the bell and rang for him. Shaw came, with a patient look, and said, his eyes on the carpet, that Miss Hallam had not mentioned to him what time she would be back. She had only remarked that she would not be in for lunch. He withdrew, and Nelson's face darkened.

"I don't like her to go out without saying where she's going or when she'll be back. She knows it perfectly well."

"So do I, darling, but you'll have to speak to her," said Letty with a little laugh. "She's your daughter. And she's nearly twenty-four. There's nothing I can do about it."

He turned to Maud. "We would not worry about her like this, except that she's so delicate. No doubt we've made mistakes. She's a difficult girl to deal with. But if only her general health would improve, I'd be less worried."

(Continued on Page 61)

"Well, make up your mind—if you're going to be the father, see that I be boss, too."

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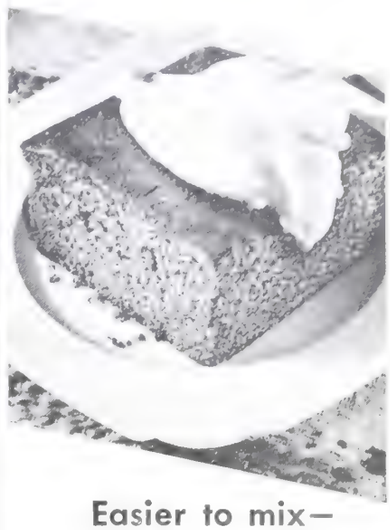

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½ cup shortening · 2½ cups sifted flour
1½ tsps. baking soda · 1 tsp. cinnamon
1½ tsps. ginger · ½ tsp. salt
1¼ cups Brer Rabbit Molasses
1 egg, unbeaten · ¾ cup hot water

No creaming of shortening. Just melt shortening in 3-quart or 4-quart saucepan over very low fire. Remove from fire; let cool. Mix and sift dry ingredients.

No beating of eggs. Just add molasses and unbeaten egg to cooled shortening and mix until well blended. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with hot water, mixing well after each addition. Pour into well-greased 9x9x2 pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 to 45 minutes or until done. 16 portions of delicious gingerbread!

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Half ham, tendered
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Finest RECIPE FOR GREEN BEANS VINAIGRETTE

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Green Beans
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1 tablesp. minced onion
¾ teasp. sugar
¾ teasp. salt
few grains pepper
3 tablesp. vinegar
⅓ cup salad oil

Drain green beans. Add remaining ingredients. Heat. Serves 4 to 5. If you're looking for a quick, new way to add vegetable variety to meals, here's your most delicious bet! That enticing, pickly sauce does wonders for the fresh-tasting goodness of tender beans. And you'll find a *sealed-in* freshness in Stokely's *Finest* Green Beans. Each firm, ripe bean is whisked from the vines . . . and the same day, often within the hour, it's packed! That's why they always ask for "seconds" of *nothing but the finest*, when you serve Stokely's *Finest*.

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(Continued from Page 59)

"I want Nelson to try to persuade her to o to a psychoanalyst," said Letty.

"Modern magic," he said. "Hocus-pocus. don't want her to have anything to do with his Freudian business."

"Well, we've tried everything else," said etty. "Personally, I'd love to be psychonalyzed. You talk about yourself for an our a day every day for weeks. What could e pleasanter? It's better than going to a rtuneteller."

The doorbell rang and Nelson said, "There ne is at last."

There was a brief silence as Shaw went to ne front door. Then the door of Nelson's udy was opened a little wider, and Mary ame in. She looked about her like a diffient stranger. Her face was thin, her features harpened by ill health; her eyes were large nd dark, but they were lifeless, like a laid ut unlit fire.

Without a change of expression she went o Maud and said, "Aunt Maud, how lovely o see you! O'Shaughnessy told me you were ere."

Maud kissed her cold cheek and took a thin nd awkward gloved hand. "My dear," she aid, "do you know it's three years since we net? You were away somewhere when I was ver last."

"I know. When did you get here?"

"You would have heard all about it if I'd een you this morning," said Letty, her voice arefully free from reproof.

Mary did not reply to this, but said, "I'm orry I'm late. I ought to have telephoned. I topped at a friend's on ny way home and my ead was aching so adly that she made ne take an aspirin and e down."

"Another headche?" said her father.

"Yes," said Mary. I'm sorry. I shan't want any dinner, Letty. think I'll go straight p to bed if you'll all xcuse me."

"Eva can take you p some soup," said etty melodiously.

"Thank you," said Mary. "Shall I see ou again, Aunt Maud? I hope so."

"I certainly hope so too," said Maud eartily. "Why don't you come and have unch with Lowell and me on Friday? We're taying at the Downshire."

"Thank you, I'd love to," the girl answered, nd she made an effort to put some warmth nto her voice.

"Well, that's fine," said Maud. "And take are of yourself in the meantime."

Mary bade them a formal good night and urned and left the room. No good-night kiss vas offered and none, it appeared, was exected. Her going left a little, troubled ilence.

Then Nelson said explosively, "Really, hese doctors are fools. Why can't they find ut what's wrong with her? The money I've pent, and absolutely no results."

"I don't think, myself, that Letty's idea s such a bad one," said Maud. "Why not ry a psychoanalyst?"

"Would you go to one yourself?" he demanded.

MAUD laughed and said, "My dear Nelson, t's no good asking me that. I'm so normal 'm ashamed of it. A lot of my friends appear o think that because I'm a spinster I ought o be full of kinks and complexes, but all can say is that if I've got any I'm just not ware of them."

"Well," said Letty, who was sitting very erect in her chair, "what Mary needs is a psychoanalyst or a lover. If she's too spiritless to get herself a lover, we ought to see that she goes to a psychoanalyst."

"Letty's prescription for almost everything," said Nelson, "is a love affair," and, though he smiled, his heavy but by no means unattractive face seemed to darken.

"They change one's whole outlook, and they're so good for one's appearance," Letty went on with the pretty perversity of a charming and indulged child. Shaw appeared in the doorway at that moment to announce dinner and she added, as she got up, "Remember I don't approve of either remedy at the moment. But then I suppose, to be discussing [illegible]." She kissed Nelson and took his arm as Maud preceded them into the dining room.

During dinner the situation in Europe and Mr. Chamberlain's efforts to maintain peace were discussed, and the words and phrases used by both Nelson and Letty seemed to Maud to be those in current use. Both said, without much conviction, what many of their friends were probably saying.

NELSON, it seemed, still had hopes of Hitler. "He's crazy on one subject," he said. "The Jews. If it weren't for that, I'd say let him go ahead and run Europe. No one else can."

"Well," Maud said, "the whole idea of it simply appalls me. What a world we live in!"

"I suppose in another hundred years or so," Nelson said, "we'll have abolished war, or it'll have abolished us. About even chances, I think."

When they returned to Nelson's study the subject of Mary came up again.

"I'm glad you asked her to lunch, Maud," Nelson said. "I wish you'd talk to her."

"What about?" Maud wanted to know.

Nelson looked quickly at her; his small shrewd eyes had a slight reproach in them. "Now, Maud, I'm not going to suggest that you turn yourself into a kind of household spy. It's just that I wish you'd try to get at her; you know, find out what makes her tick—or find out why she doesn't tick. We can't. God knows we've tried to help her."

"Why don't you let her come to Paris with us?" Maud suddenly heard herself saying.

Nelson looked at her in astonishment. "You can't mean it, Maud. Why should you burden yourself with a delicate, neurotic girl you hardly know?"

"Oh, I don't believe she's as bad as all that."

Nelson cleared his throat and replied, "Well, it's not my habit, as you know, to exaggerate. Still, I wouldn't stand in her way, if you really mean it. I'm bound to say, Maud, that I think it's very generous of you. You realize, I suppose, that she may get ill."

"What's wrong with French doctors, darling?" Letty asked him.

"That's all very well, but Maud would have the care of her."

"Well, why look for trouble?" Maud asked. "The change would probably be good for her." Having made the offer, she was now determined to see the thing through.

"Anyway," said Letty, "I want to get her room repainted. There was a leak in one of the pipes last month. It would give me a chance to have the workmen in."

"All right," said Maud. "The next question is, will she come?"

"Of course she will," Letty hastened to say. "It's only when suggestions come from us that she turns them down."

Nelson said slowly, "It might be as well not to let her know that we've been discussing the idea. Could you make it appear that you've just thought of it, Maud, when you propose it to her? If she suspects col-

"Oh, you leave that to me," Maud said. "I can dissemble as well as the next person."

Half an hour later, glancing at the clock, she said, "I ought to get back to my invalid," and Nelson rang for Shaw. When the taxi came, Maud turned to Letty and said, "Well, tell Mary I expect her at one, on Friday, and she's not to let me down."

"What about a little dinner party for Maud and Lowell before they go?" Letty suggested, her arm through Nelson's. "Just eight or ten, as there's so little time. We haven't any high-brow friends, Maud, so

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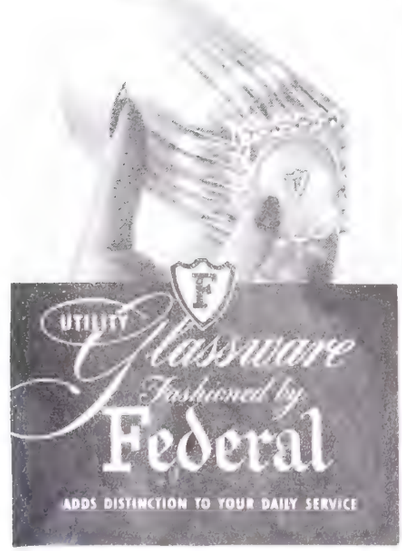


don't expect a lot of people who can talk about art."

"I know plenty of people who can talk about art," said Maud genially. "I'm with them all day long. But won't it be rather a rush, Letty? And we've got only Wednesday and Thursday free."

"Then we'll say Thursday," Letty said, "and I'll ring up Lowell in the morning. But you tell him he's got to come."

Maud had hoped to avoid a dinner party at the Hallams', but she saw there was no escape. "He'll come all right," she said. "And thanks, Letty. It'll be lovely."

Nelson went to the door of the taxi with her. "I wish you were here oftener, Maud. You're very good for Letty. Good for both of us, in fact."

Her heart warmed to him. While putting on her coat in the hall she had been thinking, *One comes away full from some houses, empty from others. Now I'm coming away empty.* The unmistakable sincerity of Nelson's words touched her. Had he, too, been aware of some lack? The role of plain businessman which he so sedulously assumed sometimes wore a little thin. Definitely there was more in Nelson than met the eye, but it was only apparent when one was alone with him, when he was off his guard.

When she reached the hotel she took the lift up to the fourth floor, where Lowell's room was. Her own was on the floor below. They usually engaged their rooms separately; not that anyone ever questioned their right to arrive and depart together or to have their meals together. It was a small convention to which they generally adhered. They were old friends and had reached a time of life that surely placed them beyond any suspicion of impropriety, thanks partly to her own matronly appearance and to Lowell's delicate health and invalidish air. She knocked at his door.

Lowell was in bed, with a dark-red silk dressing gown about his shoulders. He had a book propped against his drawn-up knees, and the reading lamp picked out highlights on his round, nearly bald head. His colorless mustache was thin and closely cut; his nose was fine, straight and fastidious. His brown eyes, unusually large for a man, were mild and seemed incapable of anger. His somewhat receding chin merged in his neck as he looked over his glasses at Maud and said:

"Back, Maudie? What was your evening like?"

She was reminded, with a vividness that made her smile, of her mother. Lowell could be, when she wished him to fill the part, either friend or brother. Now, at this moment, he was her mother and she felt a warm and amused affection for him as he looked over his glasses at her, as companionable as any woman, but so much more useful as an escort, for she disliked dining with women in restaurants, or seeing other women dining together.

She sat on the foot of his bed and began to tell him about the evening in Hyde Park Square. He had met the Hallams perhaps half a dozen times and brought to bear on them his own humorous and sometimes caustic scrutiny. He thought Letty a kind of Becky Sharp with a dash of Madame Bovary. When Maud had described the house he said:

"What fun they get out of their money I don't know. Letty's opposite number at home would have been adventurous enough to buy Matisses and Picassos whether she liked them or not, just to be in the swim."

"Nelson wants to establish himself firmly, and then go into politics. Letty's contributing her share in her own way. Probably she's the right wife for him, though just now and again I have my doubts."

"I gather from what you say," Lowell remarked, "that they suit each other well enough. As perhaps you know, I divide people roughly into two classes: those who live with an eye on their immortal souls and those who don't. The Hallams belong conspicuously, to the latter class."

"Well," said Maud, with a laugh, "you can suit yourself. But, Lowell," she continued, "you remember, don't you, that Nelson has a daughter by his first wife, who died?"

"I seem to remember. I don't think I ever met her, did I?"

"Yes, you did. When we were dining one night at the house in Kensington she came in and played the piano. She played Chopin and was very nervous, but she played uncommonly well."

"Yes, now I remember," he said. "A thin, dark young girl, not bad-looking."

"She's delicate, poor child," said Maud, "and I guess she's pretty unhappy there with Letty all over the place. They mix like oil and water. I'm going to ask her to come over to Paris with us, unless you've got some good reason why we shouldn't ask her."

"What, me?" The invalidish man looked round at her with an air of humorous surprise. "Since when have you begun looking for objections or even opinions from me? Well, she'll be your responsibility, not mine."

"Oh," she laughed, "I'd hardly expect you to make yourself responsible for her. Seriously, Lowell, tell me if you hate the whole idea."

"I don't particularly hate it. You know I don't like young girls. They make some men of my age feel young, but they make me feel a hundred."

"Well, she's not exactly a young girl. She's twenty three or four. And she's had her troubles." She told him about the accident in the taxi.

He asked, "Why hasn't she married?"

"Her health's been wretched. She's always being ill."

He said, polishing his glasses, "One of those vicious circles, I suppose. She's ill because she hasn't married and she hasn't married because she's ill."

"You talk like Aunt Chloe in some girls' magazine," she told him. "You can go into that question with her when we're in Paris."

"I'll do nothing of the sort." He put on his glasses and picked up his book again. "It's time you went to bed. Open my window before you go, will you?"

She pulled his window down from the top, thinking how often she had performed this little act for her mother, and then turned to the door. "Well, good night. I'm lunching at the Savoy tomorrow with Accrington, the art critic. Join us, if you like. It's my party."

"All right," he said, "if I haven't anything better to do."

She closed his door softly and went down to her own room. She went to the closet to hang up her coat. It was pleasant to be here again, and with Lowell. They disagreed only about minor matters, about which it was amusing to argue. Dear old Lowell. She was very, very fond of him.

Her friends and family took it for granted that but for Lowell's disastrous illness at nineteen, the attack of inflammatory rheumatism from which he had so nearly died and which had so impaired his heart, they would have married. Well, she thought, as she had thought many times before, let them think it. What did it matter now?

A freshman at Harvard at the time of his illness, he was advised by his doctors not to return there, and so continued his studies with tutors in his own home. There had been few exchanges of sentiment between Maud and himself, either before or after the event that changed his life. He had continued to be her escort to dances, though he did not, of course, dance, and she left them early on his account. He became more and more dependent on her, and she, inexhaustibly kind and tolerant, let him believe that she was equally dependent on him. Little by little he entered once more into the social life of Boston, and, more important to him at that time, its intellectual life. At forty, however, he announced that he was weary of the latter and that only the former now interested him. His mind, she knew, easily grew tired, and he fell back upon the merely amusing. He had many friends, though she was always friend in chief. He became like an urbane monk, entertained and stimulated by contact with his fellows and as fond of gossip as a fishwife. Maud often told him that he could have written good, gossipy novels, and he might have done so had he been touched, even lightly, by the spur of poverty, but his parents died leaving him well off and he was content to watch the world go by, to collect early American furniture for a house he had bought—though he could not make up his mind to live in it—near Stockport, and to interest himself mildly in scientific research.

Maud knew him better than she knew herself. She knew every corner of his life; almost, she thought, of his mind. It was his belief that he knew hers, and the fact that he did not was responsible for the one flaw in her relations with him, and for the guilty feeling that had troubled her for years in regard to him. She had kept from him—as indeed she had from everyone, with a single exception—the most important event in her life. It was highly improbable that he would ever find it out unless she herself were to tell him; nevertheless, the uncertainty as to how he might be affected by it, if he were to know, teased her and was much in her mind.

By all the rules, this piece of private history should have been discovered long ago. That it was not, in such a closely knit society as that of Boston and within their own comparatively small circle, was extraordinary. At twenty-four she had fallen in love with a well-to-do Bostonian known to all of them who was married and the father of four children. He told her that though he no longer loved his wife, he would never seek a divorce. Maud accepted this barrier to her total happiness, and though she suffered greatly with intervals of fearful and inordinate joy, they were lovers for over ten years.

In response to a certain affectionate misconception as to her musical talent on the part of Mrs. Cotter, Maud took singing lessons from a Spanish ex-opera singer named Mme. Montez. The singer, because her neighbors objected to the sounds inseparable from the giving of lessons, rented an apartment for that purpose not far from her house. When the lessons were over for the day, usually at four o'clock, the apartment was empty. Maud made Mme. Montez her only confidante, and the singer gave her her sympathy and presented her with a duplicate key to the apartment. Here Maud's emotional life, all that ever came her way, was lived with an intensity and a depth of feeling that made it a life within a life.

In the end, Martin Brewster died at the age of forty-four after a lengthy illness, during which he was dutifully cared for by his wife and inaccessible to Maud. It seemed to Maud that the agony she then suffered was the punishment she had to bear for her illicit happiness. Grief, and a grief which had to be hidden, aged her and added years to her already mature appearance. She never fell in love again, nor wished to. Martin Brewster had completely absorbed and dominated her and during the ten years that their love affair had lasted she took her views and preferences from him.

(Continued on Page 64)

Hint

By Goldie Jane Feldman

Oh, woo me with a compliment
And I may think you lie,
For many is the honeyed word
That leaves a lass to cry.

Or woo me with a fine bouquet
And I will grow afraid,
For gifts and blandishments alike
Have broken and betrayed.

But would you seek to win my heart,
Continue as you're doing
(You're letter-perfect in the part)—
Let *me* keep on pursuing!

They come first!

Your children's normal growth and development come first in all your planning. And because good nutrition is so important to them and their spread for bread is an important part of good nutrition, you'll find *we're* playing on your team.

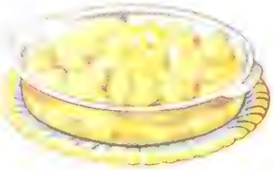
For Nucoa is made to standards set in consultation with an advisory group of leading American nutritionists. Its uniform quality is maintained by strict laboratory control. 175 tests daily insure Nucoa's sweet, fresh flavor...smooth-churned texture...high food value in every delicious pound. No other churned spread can be counted on the year round as a finer source of Vitamin A.

"That is why on bread and toast and hot vegetables—in all your cooking, you'll find Nucoa so good "it melts in your mouth." We make sure that Nucoa is good enough for your children. Could any spread be better to set before a welcome guest?

So Smooth! Easy to Cream . . . to Spread

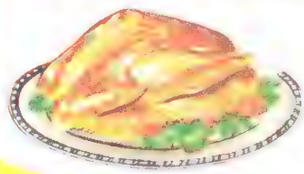
Bread-and-spread is important energy and starting health—a blessing we must share with those who are starving in war-torn lands. Prepare it with [illegible] carefully waste a crumb.

FOR FLAVORFUL COOKING, TOO!



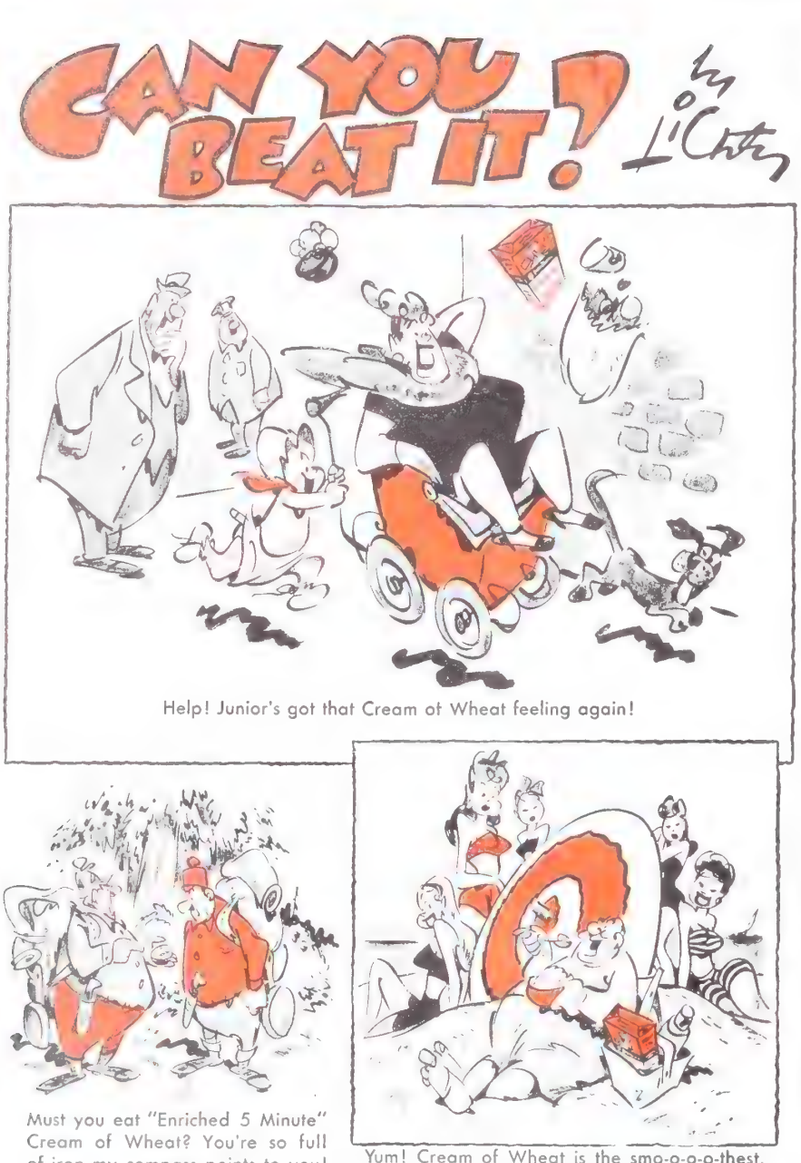
GLAZED APPLE DESSERT

(1) Melt 3 tbsp. Nucoa. Blend in 1½ tbsp. enriched flour; add 1 cup water slowly. (2) Add 6 tbsp. [illegible] and ½ tsp. cinnamon, and cook, stirring occasionally, until thickened. (3) Place 6 apples, pared, cored and quartered in a Nucoaed baking dish; pour sauce over them and bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) for one hour. (4) Stir occasionally, so apples will be uniformly cooked and glazed. (5) Serve warm or chilled with milk. Yield: 6 servings.



FLUFFY BREADLESS STUFFING

(1) Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in ½ cup Nucoa until yellow. (2) Stir in 2 cups H-O Quick Oats, 2½ tsp. salt, 1½ tsp. poultry seasoning, ¼ tsp. pepper and 3 cups unseasoned mashed potato. (3) Pack lightly in roasting chicken and roast as usual. Yield: Stuffing for 3½-4 pound chicken.


CAN YOU BEAT IT!
Li'Cotter
Help! Junior's got that Cream of Wheat feeling again!
Must you eat "Enriched 5 Minute" Cream of Wheat? You're so full of iron my compass points to you!
Yum! Cream of Wheat is the smo-o-o-o-thest, tastiest dish on the beach!
FINISH
Uglugg win big North Pole dog sled handicap again! Instead of "mush", he yell "Cream of Wheat!"
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT... GET THAT
CREAM OF WHEAT
FEELING!
TOPS FOR "GET-UP-AND-GO" FOOD-ENERGY!
ALL THE BLOOD-BUILDING IRON YOU NEED DAILY!
COOKS TO FULL DIGESTIBILITY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES OF BOILING!
COSTS LESS THAN 1¢ A BOWL!

(Continued from Page 62)

Her interest in pictures had been first aroused by him. He had bought in Paris as a young man—a young man with money and a flair—a magnificent Manet, two portraits by Ingres, an early Corot, a Van Gogh and a Sisley, and with these as a foundation he built up a small but admirable collection of nineteenth-century French paintings. As his wife took no interest in them whatever, he left them in his will to a Boston art gallery, where they were contained in a specially built wing and known as the Martin Brewster Bequest. With this bequest went the proviso, privately agreed upon, that Maud was to be made curator and buyer for the collection, a fund being allocated for this purpose.

Maud's interest in and knowledge of French painting was well known to her friends, who were not at all surprised that the choice of the trustees should have fallen upon her. Also, she had for some years been writing articles for the Amateur Collector. She had now built up a reputation as a shrewd buyer, a skillful bargainer and a good judge.

She knew that Janet Brewster had preceded her to England with one of her daughters and that she might easily run across her. In Boston their acquaintance had never ripened, but remained infertile, static. But a meeting here, Maud feared, might have different results. Conceivably Janet might welcome an encounter with two fellow Bostonians and discussion of mutual friends at home, and this Maud was determined to avoid. Even had circumstances been other than what they were, she and Janet Brewster would have had little in common.

She folded up her clothes neatly and got into bed. The Times lay on her bedside table and she opened it and studied the list of art exhibitions before switching off the light. She then turned comfortably on her side and, crossing her arms on her breast, uttered a silent, humble yet urgent prayer for those she loved, living and dead, and fell asleep.

Our lives are like waves that come up out of the ocean of eternity, break upon the beach of earth, and lapse back to the ocean of eternity. Some are sunlit, some run in storm and rain; one is a quiet ripple, another is a thunderous breaker; and once in many centuries comes a great tidal wave that sweeps over a continent; but all go back to the sea and lie equally there.

—AUSTIN O'MALLEY: Quoted in Treasury of Wit and Wisdom, by Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

Letty placed such emphasis upon the importance of looking one's best that it gave Mary a perverse pleasure to take little trouble about her appearance. Her usual costume was a loose tweed coat worn over a simple, serviceable dress, and a beret. She had four berets, one of them red; this she wore when she went to lunch with Maud.

The day was the mildest of the season so far, and the sun had unexpected warmth. As Mary had time in hand, she decided to walk to the Downshire, and she was almost dazzled by the sun. It caressed her face, her eyelids were bombarded by it, she felt it lie warmly against her mouth, she felt it penetrate to her very heart. But she was not deceived. The sunlight was a check which would not be honored; it was a promissory note given her by a bankrupt.

THE night before she had had one of her recurrent dreams, a dream which never failed to cast a deep shadow on the day that followed. It was the dream of lost spring. She had been looking forward to the spring with a longing that, she knew, was more than a mere longing for the darling season; it was a longing to which a hundred other longings attached themselves. It was a longing to possess the spring by matching it with her private happiness, and so meet fullness with fullness, and loveliness with love. And each year her fears that she would once again be found wanting brought about the dream: the dream that spring had somehow overtaken her and passed on, and before her yearning eyes had turned to dried leaf and sere, burned grass and dust. In her dream she recognized the same disaster that had overwhelmed her before, and her whole being cried out in anguish and in protest, "You've let it go by again! It's gone, and you've had none of it, not a bud, not a flower of it." And her heart had broken with disappointment and chagrin.

And now she was going to try to make herself acceptable to two nice people who meant nothing to her: "Aunt" Maud, Letty's friend, whom she could have liked warmly but that she was Letty's friend; and Letty's friend's friend, the baldish man she remembered on that nightmare evening when she had been sent for to play to them, and had played Chopin as if her fingers had been turned into little hammers.

SHE looked about her for a clock, saw one, and slackened her pace. There was plenty of time. She walked slowly, caressed by the sun, and took stock of her situation. Seen from outside, she knew she would be judged fortunate. But inside, the scene was like the opening of Macbeth—a blasted heath and three witches. She could name them: Hate, Frustration, Despondency. Three charming girls.

Her Mentor, her other, commenting and watching self, had sometimes said to her, *Get rid of the first and the other two will vanish.* A palpable lie and, anyway, unfeasible. Get rid of hate? It was in her very blood stream. She had disliked Letty from the first moment that her childish eyes had rested upon her.

Then music, the very stuff of life to the developing girl, a boring noise to Letty, washed like a sea between them. Her father was indifferent to it, and only when she talked of making it a career did he grow impatient. Her health was so unreliable as to make nonsense of such aspirations; and, anyway, she was going to be an attractive young woman with money behind her. The career for her was marriage.

The fight was long and bitter. As if to prove her father right, her health declined still more, until she was sent to Switzerland with the threat of a tubercular lung forcing her submission. Two years were spent there, two—from the point of view of music—utterly wasted years. Back again to the piano and to her lessons she came, with dogged determination.

She was nearly at the hotel and it was still too early, so she paused to look into a florist's window, but saw only pictures from her own past. She searched for happy ones, as the unhappy will; scenes with which to comfort herself when there was comfort from no other quarter. But there was only the accident, arresting all hope, all motion; zero overnight and the moving waters of her life stilled. She had asked the brisk young surgeon when her hand was taken out of plaster:

"Is it really all over? Shall I never play again?"

His answer had been, with a surgical, cruel-to-be-kind look at her, "There are compositions for the left hand, I believe."

Her father had urged a cruise, Letty a three-months visit to Maud Cotter in Boston. She declined them both. The shy girl who had been too absorbed in her music to contemplate any other life now saw but one possible route for herself out of this bitter, freezing wasteland: a husband, a home, a child. These might fill a vacuum that seemed to her otherwise without limit. She chose this way back to life as a frightened prisoner, plotting freedom in spite of his fears, chooses his best way of escape. What would Maud Cotter, Letty's friend, think, Mary wondered, if she knew about Ferdinand Walsh? But no one knew, no one would ever know.

Encouraged by Mary's changed attitude toward men, Nelson one night had brought home to dinner a young barrister who had lately won a case for him. Ferdinand Walsh was a tall man in the early thirties, with the

(Continued on Page 67)

Animal, vegetable, or mineral?

this charming little fellow is what he eats
ery day, he's all three—animal, vegetable,
d mineral.

The nutrition story on this youngster is
important war record.

He came in a year when this country was
ting an all-time high in number of babies
rn. Hospitals were crowded, food rationed,
erything pretty much topsyturvy. But
got what he needed to build that sturdy
tle body. The babies in most of the rest
the world were (and still are) badly
dernourished.

A healthy, husky boy is a good symbol of the U. S., and we're glad we had a hand in helping supply him with plenty of the right foods. National Dairy is in the food business, with emphasis on milk and milk products.

Youngsters like this one are a symbol of something more to us—*they're a sign that America is growing fast.* The population's multiplying—there are more mouths than ever to be fed.

That's a big job. But National Dairy is organized to bring to it the specialized talents of many people—people who know food and recognize its importance in building a better and healthier America.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

First thing in the morning . . .

when everybody's rushed . . .

and tastes are fussy . . .

Try Borden's-the new instant coffee made especially for breakfast!

LOOKIT! NO FUSS, NO WAIT, NO GROUNDS, NO WASTE-QUICK AS A WINK! AND PERFECT COFFEE EVERY MORNING!
IT'S NOT JUST FOR OCCASIONAL USE. IT'S A REAL BREAKFAST COFFEE. FINE COFFEE. ALL COFFEE. WAIT TILL YOU TASTE IT!
100% PURE COFFEE
Borden's
INSTANT
COFFEE

We don't have to tell you folks how nice it would be to have *instant* coffee for breakfast—for that early morning rush, when time's so short.

"Sure," you say, "but *how good* is the coffee? Show us an instant coffee as swell as our best ground coffee—and we'll buy and bless you."

"Fair enough," says Borden. "We'll waste no words. Either Borden's has it, or you don't pay! It'll taste as good as your favorite ground coffee every day—or your money back!"*

You see, Borden's was *made* for breakfast—not just for occasional use. It's all coffee—not a half-and-half café-type mixture! And what coffee! Serve it by the cup or by the pot. Serve it to the whole family. Serve it for every meal. If we aren't right, the treat's on us!

Tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee—or money back!

IMPORTANT: Don't use too much Borden's. Just remember Borden's is 100% pure coffee. Use ½ to ⅔ of a level teaspoonful.

© THE BORDEN CO.

*If you don't find a jar of Borden's Instant Coffee as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 64)

striking, heavily marked eyebrows so common among comedians and members of the bar. He had an easy, elegant way of lounging in a chair or on a sofa, and handled his long legs and arms with grace and confidence; and yet in spite of the easy grace there was a look of ruggedness too. Mary thought there was something of the actor in him, but this did not displease her, this helped to conquer her; and she could not have said whether his mind or his personality attracted her more. He enlivened what might well have been a dull evening, for good talk was not often heard at the Hallams'. Letty, charming and girlish in a lovely dress of gray-blue silk, sparkled. Nelson, pleased by the success of his guest, relaxed and lost some of his stiffness and his habit of critical watchfulness. Mary, like most shy people who are determined to overcome their shyness, sometimes startled by her outspokenness. So absorbed was she in her own feelings, in her own shy, desperate plans, that she did not know that in the first hour of that evening the relations between Letty and herself had altered. They were attracted to the same man. They had become rivals.

After dinner, when they went into the drawing room, he strode to the piano, looked at the maker's name and said, "A Bechstein! Who plays it? Do you play, Mrs. Hallam?"

Letty looked up at him and laughed. "I?" she cried. "Good heavens, no! I'm not musical in the least. I've no temperament. It's my stepdaughter who's the musical one." *And the fool,* she seemed to say; *the silly, muddled fool, who doesn't know what women are for. No, no, thank you very much, I'm not in the least like that!*

He turned to Mary, perfectly aware of undertones, and said urgently, "Oh, please play, do! If you will, perhaps I shall be encouraged to play too. I'm an amateur, but I love it. We'll have a musical evening."

Mary looked at him unflinchingly and slowly extended her hand, palm upward, like a beggar, showing the scarred fingers that would not straighten. "I can't play now. I injured my hand. I was going to be a professional pianist, but that's all over."

With an exclamation he took her hand and examined it. "What a shame! What a tragedy! How did it happen?"

"It was a taxi accident."

He let go her hand, and in his face she saw a sympathy that for once caused her no pain. On his actor's face it was vivid. "I can't tell you how sorry I am. Ought I to have seen? You use your hand so very cleverly, no one would notice. How brave you are!"

She shook her head. "I'm not brave at all. I took it very badly." She got up and went to the music cabinet. "What will you play?"

"No notes," he said. "I play mostly from ear. I am the veriest amateur." He sat down on the piano bench. "I'll play something I'm sure you don't play, so as not to offend your ear. I'll start with the waltz from the Rosenkavalier, just to loosen up my fingers. I haven't touched a piano for days."

He ran his big hands easily and lightly over the keys. The room became gay with his music.

Letty's large, brilliant gray eyes were on Walsh's back. *I'm not taken in,* she was thinking. *This is only a parlor trick. I know the sort of man he is. As experienced as the devil, and as clever. He amuses me. I like him. Mary had better look eslewhere for a husband. He's probably involved with a married woman. Any normal man over thirty who hasn't married is involved with a married woman.*

SHE reviewed her life, for now she was seeing it from a fresh angle. A mild and safe flirtation with this amusing man would be good for her, good for her appearance. It was time she looked about her a little. Nothing serious, just the gayest and most innocent of affairs, something to give a little zest to life. After all, she'd seen almost no one but Nelson's business friends for years and years. Before she knew where she was, he'd be finding her dull.

Poor Mary, her thoughts ran on; a *jeune fille,* still, at nearly twenty-four. She had had Lucille at nineteen and Ivor at twenty-one. No one looked on a *jeune fille* for more than a year or two. After that it became a subject for ribald jokes. *Poor Mary.*

It was Letty's ambition to be always cool, polished, charming, sure of herself, nobody's fool. She hated sloppiness; she hated inefficiency or muddle. Mary, she was quite certain, was going to make a tiresome mess of her life. Now she washed her hands of her. *Let her look after herself. Let her go her own way. Let her even fall in love with this young barrister and make a perfect fool of herself over him if she wants to. It's no concern of mine.*

And Mary, painfully trying to reverse the whole current of her thoughts, painfully seeking her way out to life once more, found in Ferdinand Walsh all the incentive and encouragement she needed. Yes, this was the sort of man who could make her forget what she had lost; so clever was he, so talented; so knowledgeable. She missed what Letty saw; saw what Letty missed. Both magnified what they saw.

Letty now set herself out to please, under Nelson's approving eye, this chance dinner guest, this amusing man, as she mentally called him, so obviously clever and on the way up. And saw, with amused pity, with inward laughter, how softly Mary spoke, how attentively she listened to his playing, how she emerged from the background where she habitually kept herself and let loose a little the creature she was and might be, let it out on a little chain, with growing confidence, seeing that it was met with kindness.

WHEN ANIMALS SEEK HUMAN AID

The great blue heron rose heavily from the stream edge. A metal chain dangled below the bird, trailing in the air. The heron had stepped on a steel trap which had clamped on one of its legs. A few hundred yards away the bird alighted. It rose into the air again, headed back and landed not more than twenty feet from the man with the field glasses. Although the great blue heron is usually wary of man, it made no effort to escape as he approached. It put up only token resistance as he grasped its dangerous lance bill in one hand and opened the trap with the other. Facing a greater danger, it had braved the danger of man.

—*Edwin Way Teale.*

Walsh went home shortly before midnight. "I've had a lovely evening," he said, dark eyes and brows turning from Mary to Letty, and back. "Please ask me again."

"Well," said Nelson when he had gone, "he seemed to enjoy himself. What do you think of my young barrister?"

"Darling," said Letty, "he's the perfect answer to the hostess' prayer. He'll be invaluable for dinner parties. Why haven't you asked him before?"

"I haven't known him very long. What did you think of his playing, Mary?"

"If he'd taken it seriously," Mary said, "I think he might have been a very good pianist. He's thoroughly musical and his ear is surprisingly accurate."

"Well, I thought him an amusing man," said Letty with a yawn. "And I shall ask him to a party soon. Now I'm going to bed."

And Mary, lest there should be any misunderstanding, not knowing how plainly she had let it be seen, said, "I liked him very much, father. Very much."

He patted her shoulder a little awkwardly. They scarcely knew each other, their lives were altogether separate. "I'm glad," he said. "You're looking better, my dear. See if you can't put on a little more fat."

She smiled at him and said good night.

In Letty's bedroom—it was not his bedroom, because he snored and had been dismissed to the dressing room—he said, undoing his tie, "Well, I'm very much encouraged. I must say. Do you think he's a bit to Mary? They certainly have something in common."

"Darling," said Letty, sitting at her dressing table, "don't indulge in any romantic flights about that man and Mary. He's too clever to be caught by an inexperienced young girl. He'll marry when it suits him, and he'll marry well, a rich woman, or a woman of title, or possibly both. He's about as likely to fall in love with a shy, delicate, rather neurotic girl as I am to fall in love with Shaw. So put that out of your mind."

HE looked at her reflection in the mirror rather gloomily. "I don't know why you're so positive about it. He put himself out to be agreeable to her."

"Oh, of course. He has good manners, and he's sorry for her. But fall in love with her he certainly will not. Or with anybody, if you want my opinion."

"You may be right," he said. Then he added, "But what sort of man do you think would fall in love with her?"

Letty began brushing her soft, light brown hair. "Ask me an easier one, darling. You ought to know. She's your daughter."

"I really don't think I know anything about her. I suppose I ought to have taken more trouble to know her when she was a child. I blame myself a good deal."

"Yes, darling, I know," said Letty. "You've said so before, but that's because you're a very nice man, always ready to blame yourself for what you couldn't help. If you insist on blaming yourself you'll have to go farther back; you oughtn't to have given her the mother you did."

"Well, I don't know. I was pretty young, I suppose, and inexperienced."

Encouraged by her kindness, he came close to her and, bending down, turned her face up and kissed her. She paused, brush in hand, then put her free arm about his neck and returned his kiss.

"I hope," she said lightly, "that nobody ever says the same thing about Ivor and Lucille."

"Don't," he said sharply, shocked. "Don't ever say that, even in fun."

"Darling, you're a very nice man."

The evening, the meeting with Ferdinand Walsh had pleased and stimulated her. She thought once again what a good wife she was, how she had never deceived Nelson and never denied him anything; no, nor ever would. Not many wives could say as much. He owed her a little relaxation, a little freedom.

She looked up at his reflection in the mirror and leaned her head for an instant against his waistcoat, smiling. "I'm really ridiculously fond of you, you know," she said.

Mary, turning now from the florist's window, remembered how she had gone up to her room that night, pulled aside the curtains and stood looking out at the lighted windows, shining dimly into the thin fog that half veiled them and hid the outlines of buildings. She felt the imminence of love; then, through that door, of marriage, of maternity, and had suddenly longed for them with a hunger she had never known before. Oh, if life would give her these, she would put what she had lost forever out of mind. She opened her hand, with its awkward fingers, and asked herself, *Was it for this? Was there a purpose in it after all?*

Only three days went by before a little note came for Mary from Walsh, to ask her to a concert the following week, dining first in a restaurant off St. James's Street. She had pledged herself to stay away from concerts, but to go with Ferdinand Walsh was another matter, and she readily absolved herself from her vow. It was the happiest of evenings, unforgotten and unforgettable. Rain, she remembered, had made the streets shine like canals, but it stopped as they left the restaurant. Later he had had to park his car far down Portland Place, and he was distressed that she was obliged to walk a hundred yards or so in her thin slippers on the wet pavements. She thought nothing of it, was utterly content. She was not shy

(Continued on Page 69)

A DELICIOUS SWEET WITH LITTLE SUGAR*

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

¾ cup peanut butter
½ cup brown sugar*
1 egg, lightly beaten
¾ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda
2 tablespoons water

Cream peanut butter and sugar. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add egg, dry ingredients and water to peanut butter mixture. Blend well. Chill thoroughly. Roll out into a thin sheet and cut with a small cookie cutter, or make into a small roll, slice and flatten each cookie with a floured fork. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 8 minutes. Yield: About 50 *small* cookies.

* Honey or maple syrup may be substituted for the sugar. If so, reduce the amount of water to 1 tablespoon.

NOTE: Rolled cookies may be cut with fancy cutters, such as crescents and stars. Store in tightly-closed container in order to retain their crispness.

BAKE WITH BAKING SODA

In combination with sour milk, buttermilk, or sweet milk soured with fruit juices or vinegar, it's Nature's own leavening—still the way to tender textures, delicate flavors, and soft, moist crumb, in cakes, cookies and hot breads.

ARM & HAMMER OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Baking Soda; also a set of Colored Bird Cards.

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Please print
Name _____
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Glamour cakes again! "Mix-Easy" recipes for 2 Swans Down favorites!

What cake-lover could ever forget Swans Down's wonderful Creole Fudge Cake? Double-rich layers put together with gleaming seven-minute frosting and glossed over with melted chocolate!

Or Swans Down's Marble Cake—luscious chocolate mingled with swirls of dreamy-soft white cake!

And now—the Swans Down Kitchens have turned those gorgeous cakes into "Mix-Easys"! No creaming! Beating cut in half!

Try one of these glorious old favorites—modernized by this remarkable new quick-mixing method! Other exciting recipes come with your Swans Down box.

SWANS DOWN "MIX-EASY" CREOLE FUDGE CAKE

Preparations: Have shortening at room temperature. Line bottoms of two 9-inch layer pans with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350° F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (All measurements are level.)

Measure into sifter:

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
1 teaspoon soda ½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups granulated sugar or firmly packed brown sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

½ cup shortening

Measure into cup:

*Milk (see note at right for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:

2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ⅞ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup milk.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!

Beating cut in half! (Mix by hand or with electric mixer at a low speed.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients, add ½ cup of milk, and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add eggs, melted chocolate, and remaining milk and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Baking: Turn into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Spread seven-minute frosting between the layers and on top and sides of cake, and coat with 2 squares of Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate melted with 2 teaspoons of butter.

SWANS DOWN "MIX-EASY" CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE

Preparations: Have shortening at room temperature. Line bottom of 10x10x2-inch pan with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375° F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (All measurements are level.)

Measure into sifter:

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder ½ teaspoon salt 1 cup sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:

½ cup shortening

Measure into cup:

¼ cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:

3 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with ¼ cup sugar
Chocolate mixture: 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted; 2 tablespoons water; 1 tablespoon sugar; and ¼ teaspoon soda

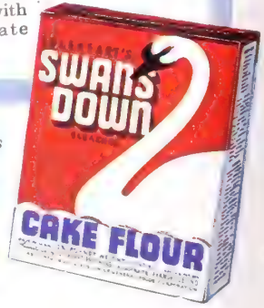
*For meringue, beat egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!

Beating cut in half! (Mix by hand or with electric mixer at a low speed.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients, add milk, and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.)

Add chocolate mixture to ½ the batter, mixing only enough to blend.

Baking: Put batters by spoonfuls into pan, alternating plain and chocolate. Then with knife, cut carefully through batter *once* in a wide zigzag course. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Frost with favorite chocolate frosting.



Product of General Foods

Swans Down is back! Fine cakes are back!

(Continued from Page 67)

him; she let out the chain a little
e, a little more. One day, she thought,
e would be no chain at all.

Then he left her at her front door he said,
ing her hand in both of his, that they
t meet again very soon, and when a fort-
t passed she told herself that a fortnight
ne life of such a busy man must seem the
fest of intervals. When they heard from
again it was to ask the three of them to
with him at the Savoy. Letty went to
trouble of getting herself a new dress for
occasion, a black lace dress that a
nish dancer might have worn. Mary had
thought of buying a new dress; she wore
one she had worn the first evening he
e to the house, and Letty made a face
n she saw it.

Haven't you something better? You've
n that for a year or more, and it never
particularly becoming."

Mary said, "Won't it do? It's too late to
nge now."

*he's going out to dine with the man she's in
with,* Letty thought, *and she says,
on't it do?" Well, she's not my daughter.
done what I can.*

hey were six at dinner, the two others
g a fellow member of the bar, somewhat
nger than Walsh, and a talkative, by no
ns good-looking, but interesting Austrian,
widow of an English diplomat. She
ned to be on very friendly terms with
r host, and Mary wondered about her a
e unhappily, but Letty had no doubts
ut her at all, and
ght, *He wouldn't ask
o meet us if it was some-
who really mattered to
Why should he?*

was Letty's evening.
had intended that it
ld be. Walsh danced
e with her than with
er Mary or the Aus-
n, and Nelson looked
ner with divided thoughts. Would she
r grow any older? How pretty she was!
a line, not a gray hair; as fresh and pli-
as a girl. His heart ached as he thought
is increasing weight, which he never
ned to have time to do anything about,
his whitening hair which she had per-
ded him to have dyed.

wasn't long after this that Mary went
alone with Walsh again, this time to the
ter and to supper after. Another magical
ning, to be remembered first with delight
then with anguish, to be blotted out
tears and shame. She sat close to him
ne car as he drove her home, closer than
would have sat if she had not loved him.
was utterly certain now that she did
him and that he would wonderfully,
aculously return her love. She sat so that
coat sleeve touched his, so that she
d even feel the arm beneath the sleeve.
wanted no more at that moment; it was
nuch happiness as she could bear. She
ted their love to ripen slowly.

the doorstep he said, "Give me your
" and she took it out of her bag and gave
him, her hand trembling. He did not
nce put it in the door, but stood close to
in the pillared windy darkness of the
t steps, and, putting his arms about her,
drew her to him slowly and, lifting her
with his hand, kissed her on the lips.
whole life, her whole being was in her
zed, marveling whisper, "Oh, I love you
He whispered back, "You're a darling.
are, you know. One day soon I'll tell
more. But not here." He opened the
, gave her back the key, smiled fondly
er in the light from the hall, and went
n the steps and got into his car. She
ed till she heard the car drive away and
went slowly up to her room, drunk and
d with happiness. She could not sleep.
lay in bed hugging herself in a half-
elieving ecstasy. Here was all that she
longed for and more, more.

etty had said to Nelson that evening,
w don't let this raise your hopes. He's
y for her. He's simply being kind."
How do you know it's only kindness?"
I simply know."

Shortly after this, Letty invited Walsh to
[illegible] party [illegible] people.
He was not put next to Mary and they
scarcely spoke to each other. He played
bridge after dinner, and she had never
learned to play. It was a miserable evening
for her, and she was thankful when it was
over, though she cried a little in her room.
Within the week he rang up to ask her out to
lunch, but she had gone to Surrey to spend a
few days with her aged Grandmother Hal-
lam and Letty answered the telephone.

NELSON was irritated at the way things
hung fire. Was Letty right or wrong? Did
Mary and Walsh like each other or didn't
they? And if they did, why didn't they get
on with it? To help matters along he asked
Ferdinand to join them at a play and to have
supper at a restaurant and dance afterward.
A night was agreed upon and Mary looked
forward to it with so much dread and so
much eagerness that when the day came she
woke with a feeling of deep depression and
helplessness, which was not made better by
the nearness of one of her violent headaches.
At noon Nelson rang up Letty to say that he
was obliged to go to Manchester on business
and wouldn't be back until the following
day. He wanted Shaw to pack a suitcase and
bring it to the office.

"Don't let it spoil your evening," he said.
"I don't want to disappoint Mary. Try and
get someone in my place. I expect Hopkinson
would jump at it if you
asked him."

"All right, darling," said
Letty, "but it's quite
ruined my evening."

She didn't want to ask
Greer Hopkinson if she
could get anyone else.
She'd been bored by him
all too often. But after
trying one or two other
possibilities with no success, she rang him
up. As she had expected, he said he'd like
nothing better than to come.

When it was time to dress, Mary's head-
ache was in full possession. She knew that
she looked her worst, her eyes sunken, her
skin sallow. Even her hair, her thick, dark,
flattering hair, seemed to have lost both life
and luster. She used her simple arts: bril-
liantine, a little dry rouge, a brighter lip-
stick. The wan face defeated them. *I'll see it
through*, she thought. She had had a present
from Ferdinand that morning, a book that
he had promised to send her. He had written
in it, "For Mary, from F.L.W." Coming on
a day when she needed comfort and assur-
ance, it had brought her infinite balm. It
was Henry James' The Tragic Muse, which
he had had bound for her very prettily. She
remembered afterward how she had touched
its smooth, polished binding with her lips
before putting it into her desk.

Greer Hopkinson called for them in his far
too handsome car. He was a successful
stockbroker, fifty-six, bald and facetious.
He made puns, he had a foolish laugh, he
pretended that he and Mary had an under-
standing, were sweethearts. He liked to talk
as though they were to be married someday.
"When we're married, sweetheart," he would
say, "we'll go to Capree on our honeymoon."
He sent both Mary and Letty expensive
boxes of flowers on their birthdays and at
Christmas, and great boxes of chocolates. He
was Nelson's friend and broker.

When they reached the theater Letty saw
to it that Mary sat between the two men,
while she herself sat on Ferdinand's right.
Greer, therefore, had only Mary to talk to
before the curtain went up, and he never
stopped talking.

Once, during the play, Letty leaned across
Ferdinand and whispered to Mary, "How
[illegible]"

"All right," said Mary shortly, and added,
"thank you." She hated the way Letty
leaned across Ferdinand to speak to her.

"It's not much of a play," whispered
Letty. "If you wanted to go home you

> **It is the best part of the man, I sometimes think, that revolts most against his being a minister.**
>
> From The Heart of Emerson's Journals
> Edited by Bliss Perry
> (Houghton Mifflin Company).

SOMETHING NEW FOR DINNER

...and ready to serve at the drop of his hat!

RAVIOLI
à la Chef Boy-Ar-Dee
Spread Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli in skillet (some prefer to melt a little butter in skillet), cover and heat on low flame. Or heat Ravioli in sauce-pan. So easy—simply delicious!

Chef BOY-AR-DEE RAVIOLI

Lady, here's *eating!* Plump, tender ravioli made with choice beef, blended-in vegetables and just a touch of tangy cheese, cooked to perfection in the Chef's own flavorsome ravioli sauce. You'll thrill the whole family with this joyfully different, ready prepared, melt-in-your-mouth main dish!

LIKE TINY MEAT PIES IN SAUCE! Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli is thrifty, too—only a few pennies a portion. Hearty, nourishing. Get a big full-pound jar today.

RAVIOLI MEAL IDEA

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli
*Mixed Green Salad**
A Crusty Bread or Crisp Crackers
Beverage

**Try watercress, endive and lettuce with French Dressing. Crumbled Roquefort or Stilton cheese is a nice addition.*

By the makers of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner and Sauces

Look What's Inside

Here's a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli just as your fork cuts through it. See the luscious stuffing of choice **MEAT** (Beef) **and blended-in vegetables.**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Copr. 1947 Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods Inc.

The Chef
tells you "when it's done"!

THE CHEF is a new and needed idea for your kitchen. It is a stylish, accurate, electric clock with an *easily operated* timer that says "when."

The Chef times any household task to a second—or up to an hour. When asparagus has to come out of the pressure cooker at a certain split second—set the Chef's timer and forget it. *You'll be reminded.* Clothes in the washer should be "activated" only a certain length of time. Set the Chef. Its timer will buzz you!

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The Chef is unique in that it may be placed *where you want it.* Mount the Chef on the wall. Set it on any flat working surface. You can *see* the Chef. You can *reach* it.

This immensely versatile electric clock-and-timer comes in four attractive colors: apple green, Chinese red, ivory, white. A-C only.

For your kitchen wall — THE GARCON

This smartly styled kitchen clock can be read from all over the kitchen, and it's no trouble at all, at all!

The GARCON is self-starting—you can say good-by to winding worries. In the same four colors, the new General Electric Garcon is today's *standard value* in kitchen clocks! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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The Clocks Most People Want Most

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ferdinand whispered to her, bending his head down close to her ear, "You don't want to go, do you?"

"No," she answered.

The play was light, foolish, empty, and Ferdinand tore it to pieces without mercy as they made their way out. "I never can see," he said, "why, because someone asks you to a play, you're debarred by politeness from criticizing it. It's like placing a nice dish of bones in front of a muzzled dog. What did you think of it, Mrs. Hallam?"

"What people usually think of a bad play," she answered. "That they could have written a better one."

"I thought it was first-rate," protested Greer Hopkinson. "I don't know what's wrong with you people. Carp, carp, carp. That little actress—what was her name?—the red haired one, was the goods. And that funny chap made me laugh like a fool. Jolly good, I thought, the whole thing. Well, come along, boys and girls. There's the chauffeur. In you get."

And now the evening assumed, for Mary, a really nightmare quality. As they sat at the supper table, there seemed to be no remembrance in Ferdinand Walsh's eyes of those moments by the front door. She might, she thought, have dreamed them. Again and again she searched his eyes, his cool and friendly and unmeaning eyes, and the whispered words became a monstrous, shameful indiscretion. Oh, what had she done, answering his kiss with all of herself when nothing had been intended by him but an instant's pleasure, as he might have sniffed a violet or stroked a dog's softear? In that whisper she had made a complete confession of love, however she might try to twist or turn the words into something else, or give them some other meaning. Her miseries, mental and physical, overwhelmed her. When she got up to dance with him her feet were leaden and the room and the lights and the other dancers swam about her.

People are pleased when praised, not for their obvious qualities with which they are as familiar as you, but for those which they believe they lack. A general will not thank you for talking to him of his victories, but his gratitude will be unbounded if you mention his flashing eyes. The famous novelist cares little for praise of his books, but if you speak enthusiastically of some obscure essay which few appreciated or of the vibrant quality of his voice, he will immediately become interested.

—ANDRE MAUROIS: The Art of Living. (Harper & Brothers.)

As they danced, Ferdinand said to her, "You're not looking at all well. We're all worried about you. Don't you think you ought to go home?"

So "we" were worried. She had not known that two letters could inflict such pain. "Perhaps I'd better go," she said.

"Poor child. We'll stop dancing. Shall we have an evening out together soon? Would you like it? I'll ring you up."

She nodded, unable to speak.

As they returned to the table he said to Letty, "This child's all in. Don't you think she ought to go home and go to bed?"

"Well, I don't think there's any doubt of it," Letty said. "Don't you think so yourself, Mary? We hate to lose you, it's a shame, but there it is. You look almost ill. Greer, run her home in your car, like a dear, will you? And then come back."

Mary looked wildly at Ferdinand. Could it be possible that he would let this happen?

Greer was already on his feet. "Come along, sweetheart, daddy'll take you home."

Ferdinand flashed a sympathetic look at her and held out his hand. "Take care of yourself. You mustn't be ill."

As she still lingered, uncertain, Letty said, "I told Eva to sit up, so ring for her when you get in. And tell her she needn't wait up for me. Not that I shall be late, but I don't like keeping her up after twelve."

Ill though she felt, Mary wanted to stay, longed to stay, but Greer stood waiting, and she knew that if she said she would stay they would continue to urge her to go. She turned without another word and left the room.

In the car, Greer took her hand and tucked it under his arm. "Poor little girl, why don't Letty take you to Egypt or the Riviera or somewhere? You ought to be in the sun."

She tried to laugh, but burst into tears instead and sat sobbing amidst the wreckage of the evening, the wreckage of her hopes. If he'd cared for her, he would have taken her home, instead of letting her go home with Greer.

"Now, now," said Greer, putting an arm about her and patting her shoulder. "Pretty girls shouldn't cry and spoil their looks. Marry me, and we'll go to the South Sea Islands. Don't you listen to Letty. I'd make the best husband in the world. Now don't cry, ducks. Here, take a real hankie."

She tried to control herself, and managed to say, "Be careful, Greer. I might take you at your word one of these days."

He laughed. "Things as bad as all that. Poor old Greer! Nobody loves him. Now that's better. I'll tell you something, sweetheart. I'm not going back to the others. I'm going straight home to bed when I leave you. I've got a busy day tomorrow. Letty won't mind. It's been a grand evening and all that, but sleep's sleep and slumber's slumber."

She wiped her eyes. This was unexpected and unwelcome. "But they'll wait for you," she protested. "Letty expects you to go back."

"Catch Letty waiting for anybody," he said. "Not she. It'll be O.K. And I'll get a good night's sleep. With boys on the stock exchange need all our wits about us these days, believe me. Here we are, sweetheart. Give daddy a nice kiss and see that you're fit and well tomorrow. The absurd, good-natured man whom she had known ever since she could remember took her key and let her in. "There you are. Sweet dreams. Bye-bye, darling."

Mary could picture herself wearily climbing the stairs to her room. She did not ring for Eva, but Eva heard her and came down from her room on the topmost floor. "Aren't you well, miss?"

"No, Eva, I feel awful. But I don't want anything. I'm going straight to bed. And Mrs. Hallam asked me to say that she didn't want you to wait up for her."

She wondered if she dare take any more aspirins. How many were dangerous? She didn't know. She didn't much care. She lay awake, listening for Letty to come in. She had left her door open a bare inch so as to be sure to hear her. It was now twelve-thirty and she supposed they might stay and dance for another hour. Tears flooded her eyes again and fell on her pillow. Then she remembered the book that had come that morning, and got up and took it out of the desk. She lay reading it, comforting herself with the feel of it between her hands, something that he had touched, liked, given her. "For Mary." Written in his own hand for anyone to see. And he called Letty "Mrs. Hallam." At one moment it gave her hope, at another it seemed to put her in her place as a young girl he liked and was sorry for. Was that how he thought of her?

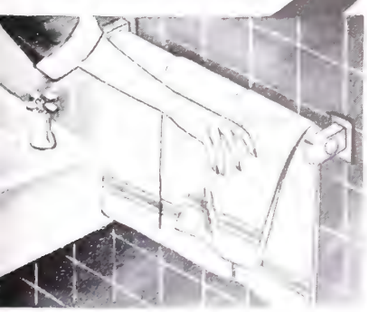
By half past one Letty had not come home, and by the throbbing of her temples, the restlessness in her arms and legs and a thirst that water did not quench, Mary knew her temperature had risen. If only, if only Letty would come home. What were they doing? Had they gone on to a night club? Were they talking about her? What would Letty say? She believed she knew only too well what Letty would say.

She thought she heard a sound and, after listening with held breath, got out of bed and ran down to Letty's room in her dressing gown and slippers, only to find it empty, abominably, guiltily empty, the bed turned down and a silk-and-lace nightdress laid across it. How it all spoke of Letty! The rose hangings, the gilt, the white fur rug

(Continued on Page 72)

Irish Linen again . . .

DRESS DESIGNED BY VERA STEWART



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THE IRISH LINEN GUILD

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Say
Shefford
for fine cheese

Pot Luck or Full Dress

Pot Luck—Shefford Blushing Bunny

Grate ¼ cup Shefford Chevel* Brand Cheese Food (so easy to melt or spread or slice). Put remainder of 8-ounce package of Chevel in saucepan; add 1 can (10½ ounces) condensed tomato soup. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until Chevel melts. Serve on 4 slices toast; top with thin slices of onion sprinkled with the grated Chevel. Makes 4 servings.

*Chevel is a trade-mark owned by Standard Brands Incorporated

Full Dress—Shefford Lobster Rarebit

ace 1 package (8 ounces) Shefford Chevel rand Cheese Food in saucepan; add 1 n (10½ ounces) condensed tomato soup. ook over low heat, stirring constantly til Chevel melts. Add 1 can (12 ounces) oster and ½ teaspoon curry powder ssolved in ½ tablespoon hot water. (Mild nevel blends so well with other foods.) eat thoroughly. Serve on toasted ackers. Garnish with finely chopped rsley. Makes 4 servings.

Simple or fancy, home folks or company, the start for any good cheese dish is *good cheese*. Shefford Cheese has the honest, genuine flavor, the naturalness of the good milk from which it is made. Old-time experts in the finest dairy country produce Shefford, in many styles and types, for people who respect quality in cheese.

STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
New York 22, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 70)

the pink roses on the dressing table, the wood fire, mostly embers now, with the underclothes she would put on in the morning laid neatly on a chair beside it. How she hated, how she hated Letty! Yet, deeply as she hated her, she had never hated her presence as much as she now hated her absence. *Oh, Letty, I could almost love you if you were here!* she thought.

Back to bed, shivering now, her head hot, her headache knocking wildly about inside her skull, like a trunk adrift and awash in a ship's cabin. Another endless hour passed, dragging itself lamely by. They must have gone on to a night club. But Letty never went to night clubs. No, because Nelson hated them. Now she was free to do as she pleased. Free to do anything.

A clock downstairs struck three, and Mary gave a little moan, an audible moan, as though there had been someone there to hear. She sat up and beat her fists upon her knees. *Come home, Letty! Letty, come home! You know what you're doing to me, you do. you do!* She did not think of her father, no thought of him crossed her tormented mind. Now there was no sound in the house; even the rumble of London had ceased, as if it had been put away for the night. She lay, fevered in body and mind, while yet another hour passed. She heard four strike, then five. Oh, where were they, what were they doing? Could a man take a woman like Letty into his bachelor flat? What was to prevent it? Of course he could. Would Letty go? Yes, if she felt safe, if she felt sure. Then that was where they were. She knew it now, knew it with absolute certainty. Then everything was ended. Worse than ended. Poisoned and made loathsome forever. She began crying helplessly, *O God, let me die! I want to die!*

At half past five she heard a taxi draw up, not in front of the house, but a little way down the square. Once more she held her breath, straining to hear. After a little interval she heard steps on the stair, soft, infinitely cautious steps, and once or twice the treads creaked a little. Then Letty's bedroom door opened, giving a faint swish as it was pushed over the thick-pile carpet and repeating the sound as it closed, with a final click. Now she was in her room; now she was home again; now it was over. The girl stood shivering at the inch-wide opening of the door, and in her mind's eye followed Letty across her room to the dressing table between the steep fall of the rose curtains on either side; saw her sit looking at herself in the glass, her face still stamped with triumph, pleasure and fatigue. She could see that look on Letty's face as plainly as if she were in the room with her. Though she had never seen it on any woman's face, she knew it would be there.

She closed her own door noiselessly and let her breath out in a great sigh, as if it were all the breath she had and all she would ever have; as though it were all she would ever need. *Letty!* Very slowly she went to her bed and crept in. She felt as though she had walked through some searing flame and was now reduced to the size of a walnut. She drew up her knees, drew her whole body into a small, trembling knot. She was beyond tears. Those she had shed earlier were the tears of a child. If she had known the trick of dying, she would have died then.

(To be Continued)

FOR A LONG WINTER EVENING

WHEN the temperature drops and your own cozy fireplace is the most inviting spot, it's time to knit. Make a sweater, a bag—or a hooked rug. You'll want to order more than one of the JOURNAL patterns listed below.

JOURNAL REFERENCE LIBRARY

FOR YOURSELF

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2197. AFTERNOON SWEATER. Sequin trim on the belt, sleeve edge and neckline. Bracelet-length sleeves, round neck. 5c.
3009. DUTCH CAP AND MITTENS. Make them in white with colored yarn embroidery. 5c.
2196. SHORT-SLEEVED PULL-OVER SWEATER. Novelty beaded belt. Sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18. 5c.
1877. BEEHIVE HAT. Small roll brim, grosgrain bow trim on front. 5c.
1987. CLASSIC TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sleeve length as you wish, shirtwaist front. 5c.

FOR YOUR HOME

2013. ONE- AND-PLOW SAMPLER HOOKED RUG. 24 by 40 inches. Two houses, farmers, oxen and a plow make up this pastoral scene. 10c.
2014. SQUARE-MOTIF HOOKED RUG. 24 by 54 inches. Design formed by concentric squares in contrasting colors. 10c.
2015. HOLLY HOOKED RUG. 27 by 40 inches. Bright berries and leaves on natural background. 10c.
2016. SCROLL HOOKED RUG. 27 by 49 inches. Graceful scrolls. Floral center design. 10c.
2017. FLORAL HOOKED RUG. 22 by 44 inches. Elaborate, many-color designs. 10c.
2018. BOUQUET HOOKED RUG. 24 by 30 inches. A soft background sets off this bold bouquet. Scalloped border. 10c.
1050. CHERRY-RIPE QUILT PATTERN. To be appliquéd in blocks. 10c.
1051. STAR-DIAMOND QUILT PATTERN. Appliquéd. 10c.
1600. IVA'S PINCUSHION. An easy quilt design worked in appliqué and trapunto. 10c.
1601. REBA'S RING. Designed for patchwork or appliqué and trapunto. 10c.
1602. RACHEL'S WREATH. Appliqué, trapunto and quilting design in four large squares. 10c.

BOOKLET AND PATTERN LISTS

List containing additional patterns will be sent free upon request. Titles, prices and numbers of all booklets and patterns are given.

1660. LIST OF JOURNAL HAT AND BAG PATTERNS. Accessories you can make.
1571. CHECK LIST OF PATTERNS FOR JOURNAL KNITTED AND CROCHETED ARTICLES.
1752. MAKE-IT-YOURSELF PATTERNS. Handicraft for your home, your children, yourself.
2076. THINGS TO WEAR.
2008. LIST OF DEPARTMENTAL BOOKLETS. About the home, garden, child care and training, beauty and entertaining.
1695. SUB-DEB BOOKLET LIBRARY.

We will gladly send any of these patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

The kitchen that saves ...a hundred different ways!

"Four Seasons" Kitchen that's warm in winter, cool in summer and fresh-as-clover all year round. For — this latest "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" design features a special ventilating system to whisk away greasy vapors, un-needed heat and unwanted cooking odors right at their source. And that's just one of the new freedoms it dramatizes for you. For instance, look at that smart new automatic Gas range built to "CP" standards. It gives you the last word in *clock-controlled cookery* plus old fashioned flavor. Even *dishwashing's easier* . . . thanks to the plentiful supply of really hot water from an economical automatic Gas water-heater. As for the best in *food storage*, just read what this new Gas refrigerator can do for you. Order one for the *first step* toward your own "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" . . . today!

"treasure" at your pleasure!

ew — completely portable — Gas rator has a frozen food locker — u can store a bushel (60 standard ts) of meats, vegetables and more ice, too. Fast freezing ds in *trigger-release* ice trays.

Food for a week — without hide and seek!

Plastic-coated sliding shelves make ... quick and ... arrangement ... More food ...

GAS

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

THE WONDER FLAME THAT COOLS AS WELL AS HEATS

Special food savers mean fresher flavors!

The Gas refrigerator assures healthful *constant cold!* As for finer *tastes* . . . there's a big tender-care Meat Keeper and two dew-action humidifiers for crisping-up limp vegetables and keeping fruits fresh and juicy.

And here's the best...its motor-less

Silent efficiency! There's not a single moving part in the freezing system to wear out . . . cause noise . . . or need costly repairs. No wonder this beautiful new Gas refrigerator is such a *money-saver* throughout its long useful life!

Copyright 1948, American Gas Association

THE WICKEDEST WOMAN WHO EVER LOVED!
The author of "LAURA" now brings to the screen
"Bedelia"
J. ARTHUR RANK
MARGARET LOCKWOOD · IAN HUNTER
ANNE CRAWFORD · BARRY K. BARNES
VERA CASPARY'S
"BEDELIA"
Directed by Lance Comfort · Produced by Isadore Goldsmith · Screenplay by Vera Caspary, Herbert Victor and Isadore Goldsmith
A JOHN CORFIELD PRODUCTION
An EAGLE-LION FILMS Release

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIGH SCHOOL?

(Continued from Page 29)

The average teacher in high school would be thankful if he had only 150 pupils per day, which is, in most states, supposed to be the official maximum. In 1934 the average number of pupils to a classroom in America was 28.3 and the average number of classes was five. Today, because of the war, the figures are much higher. Imagine yourself an English teacher marking carefully and thoroughly 140 compositions once or twice a week, besides innumerable drill exercises; and then finding time to hold even a ten-or fifteen-minute conference with each pupil, to go over the work. It is certainly obvious that your child is in the hands of a teacher who is ever conscious that he does not have the time, in respect to each of his pupil's needs, to be the kind of teacher he aspires to be. This, then, is what I mean when I say that your child is in a herded school.

III—They are Aimlessly Overprogrammed

Since for the first time in our history, nearly all youth, unselected, attend high school, we are now allowed to see the entire vast problem of public-high-school education. We can say, thus, with assurance, that World War II has brought the pioneering stage of education to an end (1830–1946). Yet at the moment when we are ready to consolidate our gains, we cannot do so. For your child is in a high school that is not clear about what its main business is. It doesn't even know what its gains are!

This aimlessness is not exactly the fault of the schools. As one by one the functions of other agencies and institutions in our society break down, the school has been compelled to appropriate these services. A few recent news items may serve to illustrate this trend. A few weeks ago at a board-of-health meeting in a certain large city it was brought out that venereal disease was alarmingly increasing, and, as usual, the chief remedy suggested was, "Every school should teach sex education." A week later parents, alarmed over juvenile delinquency, besieged the newspapers with letters that said, in effect, "The schools should give a course in crime prevention and detection." Analyzing the large number (500,000) of maladjusted young men who evaded the draft or were rejected, a world-famous psychiatrist writes: "It would not be amiss if education in the United States added to the humanities real teaching concerning the functions of motherhood."

In many small towns that steadfastly refuse to care for the recreational needs of their youth, the school has made itself responsible for a complete social program for the young, including, often, a teen-age canteen. In 1944 the Education Policies Commission, probably the chief national spokesman for American education, actually proposed: "This rural school, moreover, is the center of literary and artistic interests for the entire community—adults as well as youth and children. In Farmville there are no art galleries, no concert halls, no museums, no theaters, no libraries apart from the school, no parks other than those developed by the school." It is no wonder that President Conant, of Harvard, in the Sachs lectures delivered at Columbia University, said that educationists themselves "have quite consciously fostered the idea that education could work miracles." Today at nearly every forum and panel, the concluding phrase is—it is the only note of faith in these cruel days—"That's a matter of education"; the implication being, of course, "let the schools do it"— schools organized, as we have seen, like an assembly line, and manned by mob-harried teachers.

That the school now feeds the undernourished, visits the homes of truants, conducts an employment agency, acts as police, finds cases for the welfare agencies, mothers pupils, schematizes their play, shows them how to rouge their lips, advises them what to do when up a back road in a car, teaches them to dance, how to hold a fork, how to think and read well—that the school now assumes all these obligations, and many more—is an evidence of how totalitarian they have become. On the strength of a philosophy that "education is life," most educators glory in this so-called growth of education. But certainly not all activities are equally important, and by stuffing within school walls three times as many things for pupils "to do" we do not necessarily enrich the life of the pupil three times. The paradox is that as the school increases its range, education often becomes less.

For in an aimless school your child is likely to be a hopelessly busy child—busy for the sake of busyness. To him the filled life becomes the best life. Your child is tugged and pulled to participate in more things than he can do adequately. In truth, right inside the school these activities compete for the pupil's time. The school whirl will allow little chance for reflection. This bringing of "life" into the school has been, fundamentally, an attempt to make school real and natural, and to reach all manner of pupils; but so multifarious have schools become that they are now complex societies in themselves, unable to bring much meaning into pupils' lives. Ironically, they are busier than "life" itself! Yet meaning is the very essence of education! One is compelled to question what kind of intelligence is emerging from this whirl. The unfortunate outcome of this circus type of school is that pupils think of "study" as inconsequential to the educational process.

Pupils all over the country complain about homework. The reason is obvious. School for any pupil is a full-time job; yet out-of-school groups harass the pupil in order to enrich him or to "save" him, until the pupil cannot "get around" to his lessons. The present crisis in homework is really an indication that your child is a victim of the conflict inside the school, between reflection and ceaseless doing. Meanwhile, "right" and "wrong" are alien words to the ever-active youth.

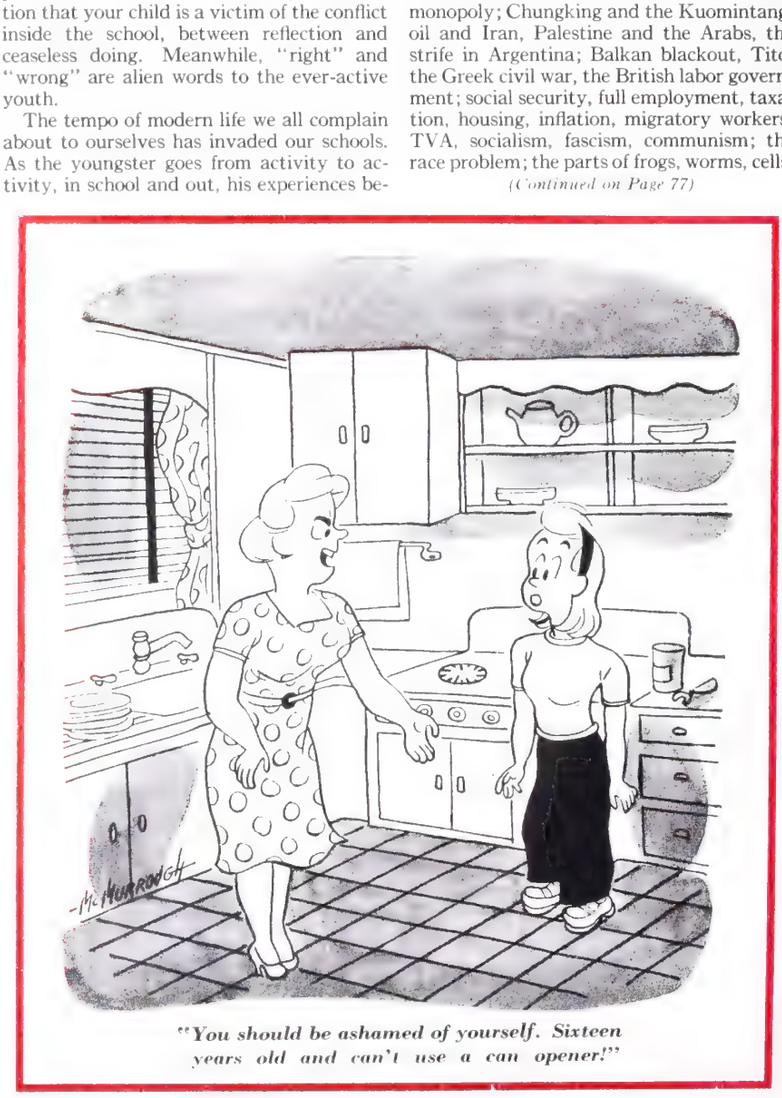
The tempo of modern life we all complain about to ourselves has invaded our schools. As the youngster goes from activity to activity, in school and out, his experiences become kaleidoscopic. He stays at no one thing long enough to suck at its marrow. One experience, properly assimilated, may become flesh and blood; a host of experiences, closely spaced, are but vaguely remembered. As Dr. Arthur G. Bills, psychologist from the University of Cincinnati, puts it, "Time is telescoped to such an extent and we have so many stimuli that the patterns of memory are broken up." "Life" has entered the schools with a vengeance, bringing its vices along with it.

IV—They Cram the Curriculum

Besides being deluged by activities, your child will be in a kind of school that expects him to acquire all sorts of knowledge that is to him bewilderingly unrelated. This knowledge will be sectioned out to him in a miscellaneous way, in sixteen to twenty different courses. To list the following items haphazardly is the only way I know of to convey to the parents what a peculiar feeling of inadequacy their child must have as he goes hour by hour from class to class, day in and day out, for four years:

Scores of literary names, both American and British, and a hundred works, many of which are studied in close detail; grammar, from the parts of speech to dangling gerunds; how to organize a paper of fifteen hundred words; the detection of propaganda; a study of the theater, the short story, the novel; the whole ancient world, especially Greece and Rome; the feudal system and knighthood; the rise of each major modern nation; the story of India and China and our good-neighbor policy in Latin America; the whole of American history, including the Constitution, the amendments, the local, state and Federal courts and the jury system; imperialism and nationalism, with the U.N.; labor versus management, free enterprise and monopoly; Chungking and the Kuomintang, oil and Iran, Palestine and the Arabs, the strife in Argentina; Balkan blackout, Tito, the Greek civil war, the British labor government; social security, full employment, taxation, housing, inflation, migratory workers; TVA, socialism, fascism, communism; the race problem; the parts of frogs, worms, cells,

(Continued on Page 77)



"You should be ashamed of yourself. Sixteen years old and can't use a can opener!"

Someone's getting a NEW BEAUTYREST soon

(WE HOPE IT'S YOU!)

IF YOU'LL TAKE one little step *today*, chances are you can get a new Beautyrest *soon*. The step? Just go to your Beautyrest dealer and *ask* for one of these luxurious inner-spring mattresses.

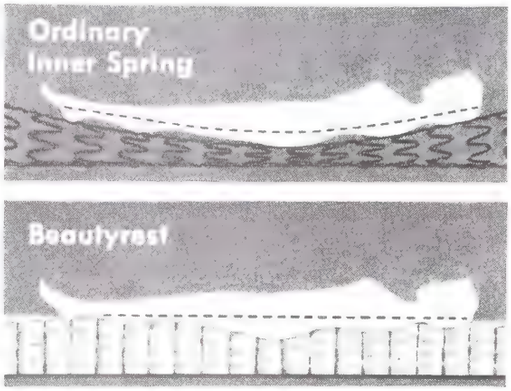
If you don't get your Beautyrest right away, you can count on getting one soon.

But *hurry!* Demand's so great for Beautyrest it's still "*first come, first served.*"

The facts below will tell you why so many other people want a Beautyrest, too.

Luxury comfort of Beautyrest, as portrayed by ANNE BAXTER, *now starring in Darryl F. Zanuck's production of* **"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"** *by W. Somerset Maugham.*

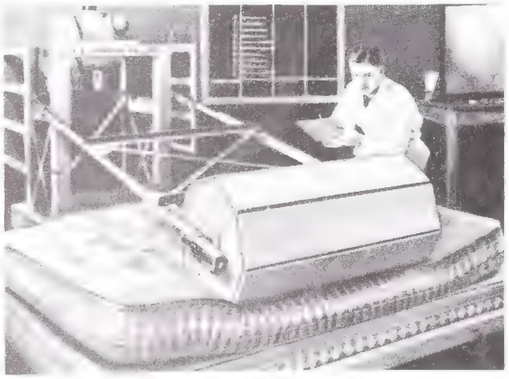
Ordinary comfort! In *ordinary* inner-spring mattresses, like the one above, *all* the coil springs *are ned together.* When one is pressed down, others joined it go down, too, make the mattress sag.



2. Compare these pictures! Above, see how the ordinary inner-spring mattress sags under your weight. But notice Beautyrest below. It cushions *every part of your body*, gives you *firm, natural, buoyant support.*

3. Beautyrest comfort secret! Beautyrest has 837 independent coil springs, *not joined together.* Each spring *separately* cushions a different part of your body, lets *every inch* of you *relax luxuriously!*

Sag-proof edges! Other mattresses may have firm edges for a while. But Beautyrest's patented edges y neat and firm for the lifetime of the mattress! autyrest needs turning only 4 or 5 times a year!



5. Lasts three times longer! In special "torture tests" conducted by the United States Testing Company, Inc., Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than all other inner-spring mattresses tested. That's *quality* for you!

6. 1¢ a night! Based on its 10-year guarantee, all a Beautyrest costs is little more than 1¢ a night. Think of it! And you get prewar Beautyrest comfort, prewar Beautyrest quality! What a buy today!

Beautyrest* by SIMMONS

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET
AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
1947, SIMMONS CO. MDSE. MART, CHICAGO

Eyes welcome more colorful meals

and eating's better when the fresh flavor and tenderness of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn come on the table

Tender squab on their bright platter have a tender counterpart in the mound of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn. The amusing blackamoor with his armload of greenery and the colorful Edam cheese add to the bright picture.

Note to very new housewives: We think Niblets Brand whole kernel corn has happy young qualities that go with happy young homes. Its flavor is fresh and natural. Its tender golden beauty is as festive as your pretty new china and silver. We grow the delicate kernels from special seed (our exclusive breed D-138). We pack them in vacuum "*at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*" to make your first meals memorable. We hope the Green Giant on the label will be your good friend—for life.

Minnesota Valley Canning Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minn.; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

Niblets BRAND WHOLE KERNEL **Corn**

©MVCCO. "NIBLETS" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 74)

ves, flowers; application of biological ideas farming, cold storage and new products; lear physics, carburetion, resultant forces, stics; rock formation, stars, seasons; formulas, quadratics, theorems, cosines, arcs; foreign tongue; salesmanship, canning ches, mechanical drawing, working in y; the story of lumber from tree to floor ards; the things men die for, the good

All these—shall I say hodgepodge?—are one tenth of what your youngster is expected to hold in his head in four years (actually 720 days, six hours a day). J. Donald ams, in the Book Review section of the w York Times, writes of "the strange, inliable appetite for unrelated information at seems to hold Americans particularly in grip." It is clear that our schools are etting this very appetite.

How did this absurdity come about? Even the days when only the elite and the gifted uld get into college, the fourteen to seven- en year old youth was required only to master the tools of learning—Latin and, by imication, his native tongue. Therefore, the nowledge just itemized above was not ndertaken until the pupil first had some pability in reading and writing; the task of nderstanding other matters *was* college education. But today, by necessity, the high hool is no longer solely a preparation for llege, but a terminal education for 75 per nt of all graduates, hence a preparation for e. Realizing this truth, well-meaning edutors have crammed practically a college ducation into the high-school curriculum at e most difficult time in a person's life, when is particularly unstable, given to spurts of nergy and to depression, overawed about x, and flighty in aspiration. It is a time fore most pupils have come to the great wakening, a time before they truly feel a eed for learning. How futile that we hope teach *everything*, once and for all, in thirty- x months—the pupil, thereafter, to live off is bill of fare for life! For the *average* youth e whole thing comes too soon in his life. We e constantly aiming over his head.

V—They are Long on Books—and Short on Readers

But, worse yet, by the policy of nonfailure the elementary grades, it all comes before lf the high-school student body has sufficient proficiency in reading. Yet nearly all e knowledge I just itemized is taught by eans of books.

Few parents are even remotely aware of w low the reading level is in our schools. o a parent who pines for the good old days the sacred three R's, I could recite figures at would make his hair stand on end. Few rents can accept the following statement ithout flinching: After every method known schoolmen is used assiduously throughout e elementary school, with clinical advice d remedial classes thrown in to boot, the rd cold fact remains that about a third of e high-school population is not at home ith print, and is unable to get the meaning om reasonably difficult books.

Letters to me from all over the country have ot challenged the statement; in truth, many achers admitted to me that they believe the gure is even higher. For instance, on the ementary-school level, we note that 50 per nt of first-graders in the St. Louis schools e retarded in reading, which is about the rm for the rest of the country; on the other nd, at the higher end of education we learn at in numerous college-freshman classes ere are as many as 30 per cent who do not ad beyond the elementary-school level.

In the main, it is likely that your youngster on't be a good reader, and even if he reads ell the chances are that he doesn't care to ad. Now, there is no use for the parent to come emotional over the situation, and amor for a change in methods and for a reurn to the good old days of drill and grammar. The dilemma is that all the methods ave been tried! All known methods of teaching reading, ancient and modern, are full of aws. The schools are in an awkward position: nearly all the influences of American e—radio, movies, automobiles, the increased tempo, comics, pictorial magazines, monosyllabic pulps, large-scale sports, recreation—tend to draw the youngster *away from good reading*. Therefore, parents must no longer expect some magic school method to reverse the very trend of events, the very pattern of our society. Before lashing out at the schools, parents must appreciate the competition that these nonverbal influences set up against reading, influences whose effectiveness lies precisely in the fact that one doesn't have to pore over and dig into print.

VI—They Need Your Help

Frankly, the classroom of the old three R's, in the light of these out-of-school channels of mass education, is becoming archaic. And schoolmen are frantic over what to do about the condition. Don't charge them with dereliction of duty. They need your help.

For you, too, stand in relation to your children as the schools stand in relation to their pupils: both school and home are growing ineffective before 200,000,000 comic books a year, 80,000,00 weekly customers of the movies, 30,000,000 automobiles, countless millions listening over the radio, 100,000,000 attending basketball. These forces need not

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Two Clocks

BY DORIS CONE

Little in the mind
Of the child running
Is the stopped hour
Of age, sunning

Itself on the void
Lawn of rest.
The child running
Out of the east

Cannot pause for more
Than a hasty grin,
Given shyly;
Then hurries on

Expectantly to trees
And weeds, where
Time moves by the number
Of bugs in the air.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

be wrong, but there they are—working every minute of the day. Despite our efforts, youth feeds on the violence of the comics; idolizes speed—rocket, jet or automobile; memorizes swing verses almost by osmosis, yet cannot quote a line of decent poetry; and imitates the materialism of the movies. Surely, parenthood is having a hard time of it. We both have a common foe. The school needs the home—badly; the home needs the school. We must not fall out over emotionally charged words like old-fashioned three R's, progressive education, grammar and drill, or phonics. In the light of past world-wide events that make us all shudder, these terms are too trivial to battle over.

Unmercifully "drilling" youngsters in grammar and in phonics or not drilling them will not alter their reading ability, will not alter the world: to be drilled or not to be drilled makes no appreciable difference in the attitude toward life of the average high-school pupil. There are many authentic studies to prove this fact.

What is more important to the education of your child, I think, is that the home and the high school have unfortunately gone separate ways. At the very moment of the discovery of phenomenal means of communication and at the very time of the presence of thousands of Parent-Teacher Associations, the high school and the home are farther apart than ever. Never was I so conscious of this truth than during rationing: literally, for the first time since the world began, millions of parents sat down at a table with tens of thousands of teachers—but not to talk education! As these parents timidly peered up into the rafters and into the glass doors, I thought of what a P.T.A. could be.

But educators have invented such a pedagogical jargon that even they have trouble communicating with one another, let alone with parents. In 1943, in Common Sense, I wrote, "The objectives of public education need the homely, substantial ring that terms like planting cabbage and making the bed have."

Also, a pernicious myth about education, that originated in the twenties, has widened the gulf between home and school: "Don't dabble into your child's homework, because you might undo these complex, involved modern methods. Let the schools alone." Anyone in school can spot the youngster whose parents have "heard his lessons," supervised his study habits, read books *with* him. He generally stands out. It is harmful to the schools that they allowed the untruth to circulate that schoolteaching is an esoteric, highly specialized process quite beyond the lay mind.

To me, nothing in education is more pathetic than to recall how in 1939, in order to save American democracy, faculties all over the country were swept by a fad of philosophy making, and then scarcely a school ever thought to present its objectives to the community for approval or disapproval.

Then, too, with the rise of statism, most parents resign themselves to their ignorance of what is happening inside these palatial buildings they pay for. Parents have been so absorbed in the dire events of the past decade that in desperation they were glad to surrender to the school nearly all their personal obligations toward the education of their children. It was that much less to worry about. As a result, parents are unaware that schoolteachers in private discuss the debasement of school standards; that principals are at their wits' ends over the breakdown of book education.

Again and again I receive letters from "the people," who seem to take a delight in lambasting the schools, and in the small towns across America the favorite pastime is to deride their local schools. In trying to diagnose this attitude, I believe it to be due to the snobbery that our high schools all unconsciously inculcate, not a snobbery of an elite but a snobbery of the white collar. Probably the greatest motivation for the diploma is this: "Get educated if you don't want a dirty job."

Wage earners who have children in schools resent a kind of education that frowns on honest work, however lowly and grimy. This is another reason for the alienation of many parents from the schools where their children are compelled to go.

But probably the chief cause of the estrangement between the people and their schools is the timidity of school supervisors to acquaint the parents about the actual conditions of their schools. As hired experts, they think that to confess their bafflement is to condemn themselves. But educators are to blame when the public-relations bureaus that most city school systems maintain are no more than propaganda devices that justify school procedures or divert parents from a realistic appraisal of their schools.

Again and again school principals and the public need to sit down and discuss the issues I have raised here: How the regulation of education by credits, courses and units is only one way to run a school, only a convenient way, not necessarily the right way. Why consolidation, now the trend, may be but herding in more virulent form. Why schools take on still more services when they fail in so many that they now assume. How the presence of millions of poor readers has created a crisis in our book-centered schools. These are the trade secrets among educators that all parents ought to know.

If parents uncritically let the schools go unchecked, their schools, in time, will be bureaucratic-propelled institutions, grimly efficient, without any vital, popular use to our republic.

MOM!!! WHAT'LL I DO?
JACK JUST PHONED THAT HE'S BRINGING TWO MEN HOME FOR DINNER... AND IT'S TOO LATE TO SHOP!
DON'T GET PANICKY, SUE!
GIVE THE BRUTES TUNA CUTLETS... THEY'LL LOVE 'EM!

"They're an old standby of mine when your father stampedes in with his men friends unexpectedly. Tuna cutlets are a good hearty, he-man dish. Jack's friends will think you're a wonderful cook. And I know you have tuna...I saw it on the shelf when I was there yesterday." Yes, tuna cutlets are always a favorite with men, if you use these brands of *quality* tuna. Keep a supply for emergencies!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC
Terminal Island, California

THE BRANDS

THAT MADE

TUNA *famous!*

Buy EITHER Brand... the quality is the same

PHOTOS BY STUART

These kitchens come ready-made and ready to use. Individuality is added to the modern mass-produced utility unit, which includes kitchen, laundry and bath, through skillful placing in the house plan and personal preferences in color for floor, walls, counters.

KITCHEN IN A PACKAGE

BY GLADYS TABER

T O MI

I saw a dream come true. There, on the rolling Michigan hills over which I was sloshing knee-deep in mud, were twelve small charming houses designed by eight different architects and in each of them plopped, abracadabra fashion, everything a house needs in one utility core!

I saw, in my imagination, the gay small houses as they would be with children running across the newly seeded grass, puppies ripping out the just-planted bulbs, brides hanging out those silly embroidered dish towels that

And I thought the famous architects, who designed those model small houses to demonstrate the adaptability of the steel-core unit, had spent their time in a happy carouse.

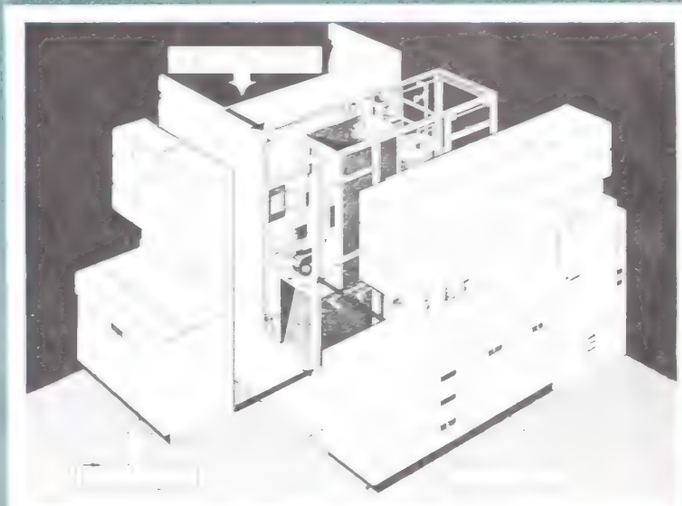
It really did seem like a dream come modern. For the single unit consists of a compact steel core containing the heating unit, water heater, plumbing, wiring and other domestic utility fixtures, and around this core are complete kitchen, laundry and bath appliances and fixtures. The core and its cabinet attachments and paneling form an L-shaped wall which completely closes off the kitchen-laundry area from the bathroom. And with practically a wave of the wand, the assembled parts can be trucked directly to the site of the house, quickly installed and placed in operation. As long as one end of the core is left open for service, the L wall with its attached kitchen and bath can be adapted to houses of as many different types and sizes as those in Kalamazoo. Add four walls and a roof, whisk your belongings in, and you can start housekeeping!

The unit permits cubage reduction, which lowers the housing cost. The estimated cost of the complete unit installed is around $1500. This single-purchase way for everything is simple and less expensive. It would seem that one could remodel a house without pulling out all the plumbing and main wires.

I was glad that the JOURNAL had chosen the lowest-cost house in the group as the location for their kitchen this month.

Continued on Page 80

Easy to work in this kitchen. Roomy [illegible] counter space. Double [illegible] washing. Wide plumbing [illegible] with drawers and shelves. Added storage above for supplies. Dining area right at hand, with sufficient privacy for entertaining.

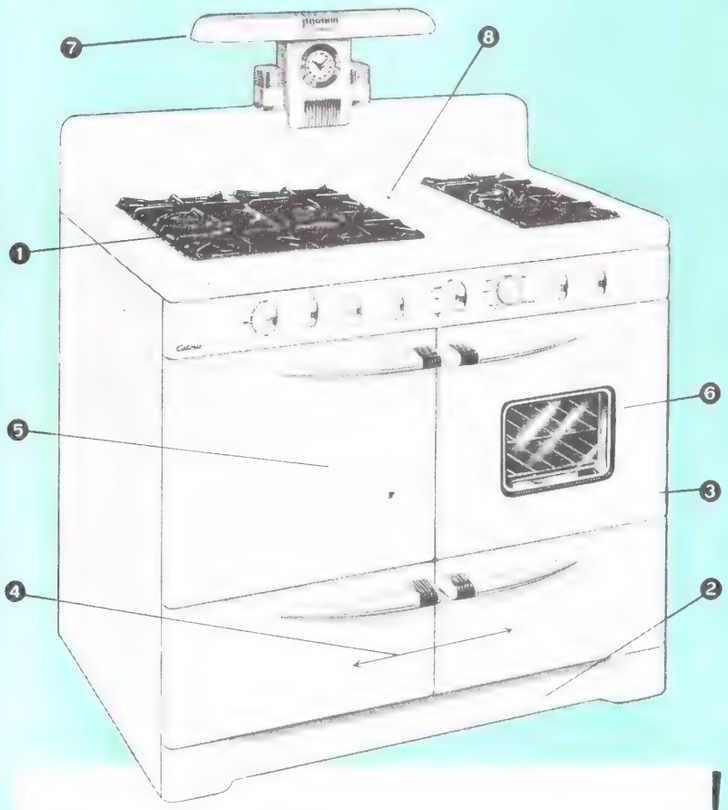


Neat as a pin closet—busy as a bee on Monday morning.

Laundry is done around the corner in the washing machine. Folding cover converts the space thriftily to a work counter. Ample tub for soaking or hand-washing is also concealed under the counter. No running down cellar on washday. Broom and supply closet with shelves [illegible] and space above. [illegible]

The One Range With

New Features Every Woman Wants



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SERVING HOMEMAKERS SINCE 1890

Mr. L. Morgan Yost, the architect, designed the little red house so that the uses of interior space flow from one area to another, with a minimum number of bearing partitions.

The dining area can be expanded into the living area when there is a party; the table is near enough to the kitchen work surfaces so the housewife may sit at it comfortably while she looks up a recipe. The laundry area doubles as a hall to the bedrooms, so there is not an inch of waste space.

The kitchen itself is efficient. In size it is 9½ feet long by 8 feet wide and accommodates everything. Steel cabinets are ample, well designed and well planned. The wall opposite the sink gives additional counter, cupboard and drawer space.

The laundry unit, when covered, makes a whole additional work surface, and the cover of the small but compact range, which may be either gas or electric, slides out to add more work space. The slide is cantilevered and will support any reasonable amount of weight. Beneath the upper cabinets is a strip in which outlets for grill, coffee grinder and toaster are located. At the right of the refrigerator are two narrow cabinets, the upper one a towel rack, the lower one for trays.

Two drop panels above the counters provide easy access to motor controls for servicing and adjustment. Troublesome replacement of fuses is eliminated by a circuit-breaker panel conveniently located on the laundry wall.

> **There is no exercise better for the heart than reaching down and lifting people up.**
>
> —JOHN ANDREW HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses (University Publishing Co.).

The one danger in any mass-produced thing, I think, is that it may lack individuality. The kitchen may be the factory of the home, but nobody wants it to seem like a factory. It should have the atmosphere and charm of a specially made item for a special family. There is a kind of cold impersonality about most things that are made in large numbers all alike.

While I feel that this core idea may be the forerunner of a fine new era in American homes, I would hate to see American families regimented into so many million peas in a giant pod. I love my own prerevolutionary farmhouse, with its uneven floors and lopsided doors and windows that are thicker on one edge than on the other. I like a handmade look about even apple pies, not fluting that is run on with a machine.

However, I needed only to see the finished kitchen in this particular house to assure myself that individuality may be added to a modern, mass-produced unit. First of all, color. A dramatic pattern in clear singing red and strong confident green used for curtains and place settings gives a quality to the whole kitchen and to the dining area. A bride, struggling with how many times she should fold over the batter for the angel cake, would look up and see the sun through the beautiful fabric and begin to sing as she worked.

Color in accessories too. Hanging pots of scarlet-and-green geraniums suspended like old-fashioned lamps from the ceiling under the clerestory which lights the passageway add a note of gaiety. If the canisters are scarlet, instead of hospital-white, and the herbs stay in red jars, and the pot holders are red, you have more lilt to the room. The high stool and the dining chairs, glowing with red upholstery, give a singing tone to the kitchen. For a third color, touches of yellow are just right.

Modern is the little house, modern the kitchen, so modern should be the dining table and chairs. Simple design gives a feeling of spaciousness, too, and allows for clear clean color on the chairs. It would be easy to have company in this dining area, for the hostess can serve easily from the range, slide used dishes back to the work counter, and not seem to be rushing about too much.

It is a hopeful sign of progress, I think, for engineers and architects and designers to turn their energy toward making better homes for less. A completely planned kitchen unit would be a boon to many women, and many families might afford a home of their own under the low-cost planning when they might rent uncomfortably all their lives otherwise.

When I left the little red house in Kalamazoo, the rain had diminished and laid a fine silver gauze over the gentle hills. The twelve houses were shining with silvery drops, as if indeed a silver wand had been waved over them. The sky had that cool look which Michigan skies have in the autumn, and it was nearly time for supper. Freshly picked sweet corn, I thought, and pot roast simmered with carrots and onions, and fluffy dumplings with chopped young parsley in them. And apple Betty, crusty with sugar and cinnamon and a bowl of yellow cream to ladle over it. Milk in the green glasses for the young, and black coffee for the not-so-young-any-more.

AFRAID OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from Page 21)

She hurried downstairs. Kitty wasn't home. On the second floor no Whittakers responded to her knock. She went slowly back up. *Of course they can't put me out—it's my home.* The phone was ringing and she ran the last few steps. It was Sidney inquiring about Johnny.

"Oh, Sidney"—she couldn't get her breath from the climb—"I'm—I'm being evicted. I just got a paper. They can't do it, can they? I *couldn't* leave here!"

"I'll be right over, Mathilda. Don't you worry now."

Why must this happen to *her?* Surely there were other apartments that were just rooms, that didn't mean to anyone what this meant to her. She stood in the middle of the room, looking about as though she would barricade the doors, pile up the tables and the couch.

The door swung open. "Fellow *évacuée*, I presume." Kitty must have seen Mathilda's wild look. "Oh, Til," she said quickly, "we'll do something. This Joe Morando can go climb a tree."

Kitty stood squarely on her two feet. You felt her strength, her invulnerability at first glance. She had deep-set unwavering eyes, straight-drawn brows, strong face bones. She wore, as always, a tailored suit with a boy's round-neck lisle shirt. She was funny about these shirts—they had to be immaculate. With her short straight hair she should have looked masculine, and yet she really didn't. From the front her hair might have been caught back like a peasant's—or a madonna's. She had a large mouth with square corners, a tender mouth. And for all their level look, Mathilda thought her eyes were the kindest she had ever seen.

When the news came, Kitty, who was just that strange-looking girl who had moved into the floor below, came right up. There were Mathilda's friends and Press' friends and their wives, but Kitty was the only one who made sense. She stayed right there for two days and nights. She was wonderful with Johnny.

The last time she came for dinner Johnny had a tantrum. "Why don't we eat in here?" Kitty asked. "The bed's our banquet table and Johnny's the centerpiece. Get Cloon to bring two trays."

"How do I be a centerpiece?" Johnny asked, instantly calmed.

"Just act like a bunch of roses—sit still and give off delicious odors. Here"—and she doused him with Mathilda's most expensive perfume. "These flowers cost a lot," she explained. "They cost twenty dollars a dozen."

"I did? I cost twenty dollars a dozen?" Johnny asked, awed, and of course sat so

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Be BRILLO wise!

Clean that messy roaster *fast*—with Brillo! Brillo *licks* off grease and crust. Neat! Easy! Use Brillo every day! The special *shine* ingredient in Brillo soap keeps pans *sparkling!*

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still—or maybe he was dazed with the perfume—anyway, he went right off to sleep.

Now Kitty came in and sat on the small chair by the fire, her feet straight out on the hearth. "It has to go to a magistrate. He'll give us three months, maybe six. This Morando has bought the house, you see, and wants to make it into a private house. Sounds phony. He may be a veteran; if so, it isn't so good."

Mathilda felt weak in the pit of her stomach. "Suppose we do get three months or six, if in the end we have to go? It isn't just that it's hard to find another apartment; I can't give this place up—ever. It's all I have left of Press. I mean it's not just an apartment—it's ——"

She couldn't explain. That mark on the floor was where Press put down a kettle. He built that shelf the radio sat on. She could look at these things and know that it had all not been a dream. She could sit here and pretend he was in shaving, any minute would burst into song. She could listen for his step on the stair. In another place, in rooms he had never been in—she would die.

SIDNEY knocked and came in breathing hard from the stairs, his voice hushed as always when he came here. "How do you do, Miss Towne, so nice to see you again," his hand ready for the handshake he was so good at.

Such conventions were wasted on Kitty. She jerked her head at him, friendly, but still it was a jerk. "H'lo, Sidney. The guardian angel at the first rub."

He took the cue for lightness. "If I remember my Aladdin, it was a genie who answered the rub. Not the genie with the light brown hair." That was pretty clever for Sidney. "Now what's this about evictions?"

"The crib won't be put on the sidewalk tonight."

Mathilda tried to smile and join them in their kidding, but she couldn't. Solid ground was slipping from under her. She was scared through and through.

"As I understand it, any magistrate can give six months if it can be shown the tenant has nowhere else to live," he said. "Under the circumstances, Mathilda might get more time. These magistrates are subject to pressure. I have a friend, a publicity man, who'd help. A widow, with a small child ——"

Mathilda sat up. "No, thank you. Black veil, lead Johnny by the hand—pinch him to make him cry. Let them take the apartment. I might have known it would go too." She was sickened at the torrent, but was powerless to stop it. "It's better to have nothing—expect nothing." She buried her head on the back of the couch, making horrible noises. Those awful words had done it—she a widow—a widow ——

"My dear—now, my dear—come, come." Sidney was beside himself with sympathy. "You're tired—don't, don't. We'll do something. We'll fix it. There, now."

"I don't want you to do anything. Let them put me out. I don't want a home—not without Press."

"Johnny might like a home." Kitty's words were a quick sharp slap.

Mathilda sat up. "I'm sorry. I don't know why I went to pieces."

She went into the bedroom. Johnny was a skinny little figure under the covers of his bed in the corner. Suddenly she realized he was wide awake, his eyes on her. It gave her a guilty jab, as though he had said that accusing "Johnny might like a home." She felt his head. The fever had gone completely.

"Would you like a drink, darling?"

"No, thank you."

She had an instant's foolish resentment that he wouldn't let her get the drink—she'd feel less guilty. As she brushed up her hair she could hear the two outside talking. Sidney poured words over all situations. Kitty never spoke unless she had something to say, and even then had the most diabolical way of making you say what she was thinking.

She tucked Johnny in, kissed him and went back into the other room. She sat on the edge of the couch.

(Continued on Page 83)

"Look what I got for believing a perfume ad!"

"I KNEW marriage wouldn't be all moonlight and roses. But nothing prepared me for that bluest of blue Mondays when life seemed to stretch ahead like a never-ending clothesline. Then suddenly in walked my husband and two strange men carrying a new Easy Spindrier washer.

"What a difference. My Easy is two washers in one! Its two tubs work as a team to do my week's wash in less than an hour! One tub washes a full load while the other spins a full load damp-dry. Whirls out up to 25% more water than a wringer!

"Clothes dry faster and are lighter to handle . . . I save ironing time . . . no deep-creased wrinkles to iron out. I save mending . . . the Spindrier can't bust buttons. I save cleaning bills . . . because it safely does washable drapes and slipcovers.

"Shirts are so much whiter. Undies last longer. Blankets come out like new. And it's so wonderful not to have to feed diapers through a wringer!

"There's more time for moonlight and roses when you have an Easy!"

MORAL: See Easy in action! Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, New York.

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YOU ♪ MAMMY ♪
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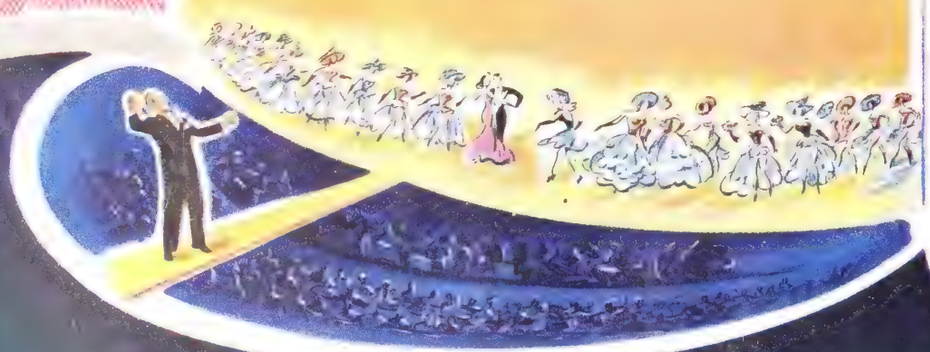
TO NINE ♪ I'M SITTING
ON TOP OF THE WORLD ♪
TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE ♪
LIZA ♪ ROCKABYE
YOUR BABY ♪
BY THE LIGHT OF
THE SILV'RY MOON ♪



SCREENPLAY BY STEPHEN LONGSTREET · Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY · Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

(Continued from Page 34)

"I love Johnny," she told Kitty, defense in her voice. "I know I get irritated with him—he's a difficult child at times. I come home nights so tired I could scream—but I want to do the right thing for him." She looked up.

Kitty's eyes were kind, but her mouth was firm. "Johnny has to have more than that."

"More than love?"

"More than you wanting to do the right thing. Johnny's in a very bad way."

Mathilda gestured hopelessly. How could she explain? "It just isn't there. All the feeling—the warmth, the ability to care about things, to enjoy them, to give—all that died with Press. I'm just a—shell." Kitty didn't answer. Sidney squirmed uneasily. "But I want to do the right thing for Johnny. You tell me what to do—I'll do it."

"No," said Kitty. "I'm not going to tell you what to do. You have to tell yourself."

"You don't think I should give up my job? Oh, Kitty, I couldn't. I'd go crazy with no job. It keeps me from thinking. And what would I live on? I couldn't live on my insurance. How would I pay the rent?"

"You have been invited not to."

Mathilda stared at the floor. The land was breaking under her feet. Life was rushing on, tearing away everything she loved.

Kitty was quiet for a minute, seeming to consider whether to speak or not. Finally she looked up. "I suppose everyone who has lost someone they loved feels that they have died too. It is a fantasy that keeps you from facing what must be faced. The fact remains that you haven't died. You are a living, breathing human being and you have a job to do. You have to stop taking these sedatives. Johnny needs a living, breathing mother, not a doped one."

"Oh, now, Kitty," Sidney protested.

Mathilda nodded. "I know you're right. And if I give up my job, then what?" Her voice was colorless.

Kitty looked at her. "You need roots. Living things have to have roots. It's the way you get sustenance."

"You mean—religion?"

"I mean family. Johnny ought to tie you to life, but he doesn't seem to. You have to connect—see that you have a place to fill between what was and what is to be."

"I haven't any family. Press' mother lives out on the Coast—she's an invalid. There's Aunt Ada," she added. "Nothing could be worse than going to her."

She tried to explain Aunt Ada. When she lived with her mother in Brookline they used to visit her mother's aunts: Aunt Harrie, a dashing, handsome, dominating woman; Aunt Ada, a mouse. Aunt Ada seemed to feel that she had been born to wait on Aunt Harrie. Aunt Harrie thought so, too, and she scolded Aunt Ada for being slow and stupid and clumsy. And yet Mathilda adored Aunt Harrie and had little if any love for Aunt Ada. Aunt Ada seemed to enjoy being scolded. And she stuck right at home, said she didn't want to go gadding, she'd rather hear Aunt Harrie tell about things. Silly!

WHEN Mathilda was away at school her mother died, and immediately afterward Aunt Harrie. Mathilda went to New York then and didn't see Aunt Ada again. She wrote her now and then and received greeting cards addressed in a fine scrawling hand. Once in a while Mathilda wondered about her. She never went up to see. There was nothing she could do, Mathilda told herself. Aunt Ada had her home and a small income.

"Where does she live?" Kitty asked.

"Stonehead. A little town on the coast. I don't like small towns and I can't bear New England." Certainly nothing could be more depressing than to go live with an old woman—she must be eighty.

Kitty seemed to be considering that objection, but when she spoke she didn't answer it. "Children need roots," she added to her former statement.

Sidney got up. "You don't have to decide anything tonight. Sleep on it, Mathilda. I'll call my lawyer in the morning, and a real-estate chap I know. Anyway"—he held her hands and looked down at her—"you're not to worry, little lady. We'll think of something. And if this eviction should go through, you could stay in my apartment. I'd go to my club," he added hastily, color flooding his already pink cheeks.

SHE smiled up at him. "You're a darling, Sidney. I couldn't turn you out of your apartment. I'll be all right. You two are awfully patient with me. I know I'm behaving badly but I can't seem to follow the rules on mourning." She bit her lip. "If my arm were cut off you could tell me all night that I ought to use it this way or that. It isn't there." Tears welled up in her eyes.

Sidney was still holding her hands and he patted them, his face, his so-kind face, puckered almost as though he were about to cry like a boy. "Now get a good sleep, and don't think about anything. How about a good hot drink? Kitty, you'll—you'll do something?" he asked as he left.

"He would have tucked you in if he had stayed five minutes more," Kitty said. "Personally, I think you have a lot of thinking to do, but maybe not tonight. Want me to stay?"

Mathilda shook her head. "I'll sleep. I promise."

She did think in the next few days, constantly. She had no answer to Kitty's arguments. Johnny *was* in a bad fix. He was shrill and tense. He had an upset stomach every few days and cried horribly every time he threw up. Mrs. Cloon reported tantrums almost every day. Of course she was no good, but try to get anyone else! If the apartment had to be given up eventually, it would be better to give it up now. It was March. Summer wouldn't be so bad in Stonehead—lying on a beach sounded pretty wonderful, as a matter of fact. So finally she wrote Aunt Ada. Having cast the die, she was scared to think Aunt Ada might say no.

She took Aunt Ada's answer downstairs so Kitty could see for herself what a grim thing she was getting Mathilda into. The letter would be funny if it weren't all so important to them. It was entirely concerned with train schedules, with how to get from the station to the house and the right day to travel. Aunt Ada showed no surprise that the niece who had been so little concerned with her in all these years was suddenly asking to come to stay. And she showed no pleasure in it either, Mathilda noted.

"There are no trains on Sunday," Aunt Ada wrote. "The laundry goes on Monday and Tuesday is dump day."

"Do you suppose that means we shouldn't come then? That's the day to leave, I'd say. Out we'll go some fine dump day."

Mathilda read on. "'It has been cold and rainy, but I presume it is just as bad everywhere. I waited and waited for a southwest wind. It came and blew down my grapevine. I'm told the best train is the two-thirty-five, but that doesn't run on Saturday.'"

Who Would Be Free

By Leonard Snyder

Who would be free will love the
wind—
The fickle wind, and wild—
And never bolt his oaken door
Or hold his own strong child;

And, free, will walk the tropic
dawns
Thickened with scent, and pink,
And sit him by no narrow hearth
With long, long thoughts to
think.

Who would be free is lonely, too,
And kin to wind-tossed wave;
And cool a stranger's tear will fall
Across his narrow grave.

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Beauty is the Avon Representative's business. And she feels privileged to help you with your individual beauty problems... to advise you on the latest fashion in lipsticks and face powders ...show you informative charts on make-up and skin care... and fill your orders promptly with Avon Cosmetics that are fresh and of the finest salon quality. Welcome the Avon Representative when she makes a friendly call... *be a hostess to loveliness.*

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—Why Not Buy an EXTRA Package?

"Yes, an EXTRA package on the side, keeps a family well-supplied." Let that slogan be your New Year's guide to comfort. Then, when muscular aches and pains, headaches, upset stomach and the discomforts of a cold cause you distress, Alka-Seltzer always will be on hand for quick, comforting relief. Why not "Buy 2 packages instead of one," the next time you visit your drug store? Keep one at home and take the other with you wherever you go.

Alka-Seltzer

Ease simple Headaches, like we sometimes get

Settle your Stomach when it gets upset

Discomforts of COLDS now are in sight

Ask for an EXTRA start the year right

"It's a very excellent bit of prose," Kitty said. "New Englanders must be descended from Jeremiah. 'I waited and waited for a southwest wind. It came—and blew down my grapevine.' Stunning. Either she doesn't want you and hasn't the courage to say so or she wants you so much she doesn't trust herself to touch on the subject. That's the answer, I'd say."

"New England—'new' short for 'neurotic,'" Mathilda said.

The office became unbearable as the time to go drew nearer. She had said she loved her job. Of course she didn't. She never had. The artists were sweet, but she was thankful she was through being a wet nurse to grown men. Everyone gushed over her. It was wonderful. "Surely you'll come back in the fall." She didn't say.

Winnie Logan gave her the biggest surprise. She came into Mathilda's office one morning slightly embarrassed. "I was wondering—could I have a talk with you?"

"Why not? Sit down."

"Oh, not here. This is the nosiest office. I wondered would you have lunch with me?"

She never had lunched with Winnie—they just had nothing in common—but she could. They met at the Ritz—Winnie's choice. And Winnie was dressed up to it. Mathilda wore the same tweed suit she wore most of the time.

"I guess you think this is pretty fresh of me. And you'll think me fresher still when you hear what I brought you out for." She dropped her eyes to the menu—nice clear eyes she had, but made up too much for daylight. "Of course you know how much Mr. Gree-eer thinks of you. It's going to be an awful blow to him having you go this way."

Mathilda was startled. What right had Winnie to discuss his personal affairs? She froze.

"You're awfully good for him. I mean you sort of take things lightly." *Good heavens,* thought Mathilda, *so I take things lightly!* "I mean he's sort of serious and old about things. I think his mother has something to do with that. She was forty years old when he was born. Did you know that?"

"No, I didn't."

"And he's the only child and no father. If people understood that—I mean really he's a wonderful, wonderful person. If people knew what I know—the things he does ——"

"Look, Winnie, I don't know what this is leading to, but if you're asking me not to go ——"

"No." Winnie buttered her roll with rapt care. *As though she were buttering it for her boss,* Mathilda thought. "No, I think it's just as well you're going, because Mr. Gree-eer ought to get married. The only women he knows outside of you are his mother's friends. What I was wondering—don't you know someone like yourself you could introduce him to before you go? Someone young and—bright. It would be the making of him—he's so fine himself underneath."

She was too astonished to answer properly. She said she would think it over. "But of course introducing him to a girl and having him fall in love with her are two different things."

"I know. But there's lots I can do. You'd be surprised what a secretary can do."

I am, Mathilda thought. *I'm surprised out of my boots this minute.*

Sidney came over almost every evening. Always with an excuse which he carefully explained: "Thought I'd better bring you the address of that storage company I told you about." Then he settled down for the evening. "I met some people who know Stonehead," he said one night. "They say it's pretty gay up there. Yacht club, all that. You'll meet people."

She shook her head. "Aunt Ada isn't in the yacht-club set. I don't want to meet people," she protested seriously.

"These friends of mine have a little cabin cruiser, a Diesel job. Pretty nice. I thought I might go along sometime. You wouldn't mind if I dropped in on you, would you?"

"Probably fall on your neck. I'll miss you very much."

He reddened. "It means a lot to me—to think you may miss me. There's been so little I could do, Mathilda. But you know ——" He stopped. "Johnny's been better lately, hasn't he?"

She held up the small pants she was mending. "He's so excited he can't stay in his clothes. But he hasn't up-chucked for days."

It was funny the trouble Johnny had understanding what it would be like in Stonehead. He could not imagine living anywhere but on the top floor of a high apartment.

"If I don't take my sandbox, what will I play with on the roof?"

"You don't play on the roof. You play down in the yard. You sleep upstairs and you eat downstairs. And then you go out to the yard to play.

"Do you sleep upstairs too?"

"Yes. You'll have your own room and I'll have mine. I think."

"Will Aunt Ada sleep in the kitchen?"

"In the kitchen? Of course not, darling. She'll sleep in *her* room."

"And Mrs. Cloon won't be in the kitchen?"

"No. She isn't coming."

"But you are. You'll be there every single day."

"Every single day."

No matter how many times she told him this, he came back to it for reassurance. He'd call her in after he was in bed. "You won't go anywhere at all, not even an office, not any day? Monday or any day?"

"Not any day in the week."

Her things were going to storage, a few she was selling. Precious possessions turned into so many cubic feet of *things!* It was like digging growing things up from a garden—cutting off their roots. Prescott's books—how could she pack them away? He wouldn't like that. *Suppose he came back and found them treated thus.*

She made lists endlessly. She went back again and again to the Thrift Shop. Toys and more toys. Johnny's first rattles. The stuffed dog bursting his seams. Things she never could decide to part with she had to decide about now. Tearing up a home is tearing out a piece of your heart, ripping, watching yourself do it, being sensible about things that have nothing to do with sense. Only with everything that matters in this world. If Prescott had known it would end like this—their heaven!

The movers came at nine. By eleven the apartment was a horrible place. A body picked by vultures. Would she remember it like this? Get away quick before she broke down!

"Come on, Johnny, the taxi is waiting." *Oh, quick—quick, Johnny, I'm going to cry.*

"I just remembered that pigeon with the lame leg. I want to take him—he'll miss me."

"No, Johnny. That pigeon wants to stay here. He has friends here—his mother lives here. Come on, Johnny."

"I have to get him." Johnny was halfway up the stairs to the roof.

"We'll find a lame sea gull in Stonehead. . . . *Johnny! Come this minute!*" So she lost her temper and they left with Johnny in tears and her ashamed. Good-by to all that. Good-by and good riddance.

Kitty was on the sidewalk with the bags, her hair blowing in the cold March wind.

Mathilda threw her arms around her. "We'd have gone under if it hadn't been for you."

"Send me chronicles, Til. Good-by, Johnny. Have fun."

Sidney, solemn, solid, made his way to them in the station. He managed porters and gatemen with his usual suavity. You can't laugh off having a man to run things. "You'll write me, Mathilda? Let me know how it works out?"

Winnie's work. "You'd be bored to death. There won't be a thing to write about."

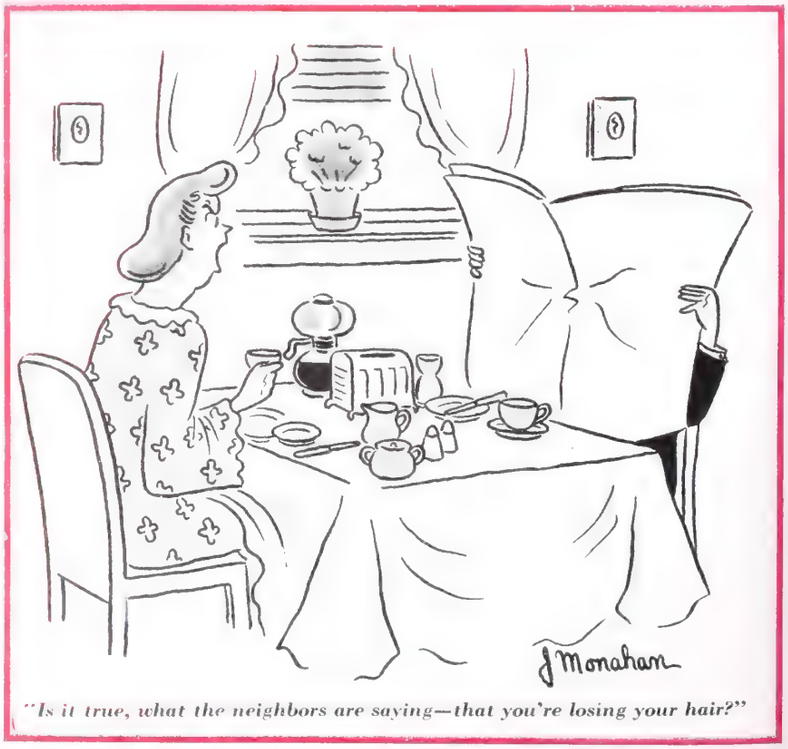
"I can't imagine being bored with anything you'd write. You have a way of putting things—in spite of—I mean even though you may not be exactly cheerful—a wonderful spirit. You've really been wonderful. Everyone thinks so. You don't like to have me call you brave but ——" He switched to Johnny to avoid having to make a complete sentence. "Good-by, old man. Take good care of your mother."

Johnny turned from the window and considered it. "I don't believe boys as small as me can take care of grownups. Anyway, she doesn't need anyone to take care of her."

"I wonder," Sidney said and blushed. "If there is anything, Mathilda, anything at all—ever ——" In his earnestness his brow was moist.

Dear old Sidney! As the train pulled out of the station she leaned her head against the seat back and closed her eyes. Why not—why not just let Sidney take over? No man ever had a kinder heart. He would move heaven and earth to give her what she wanted. She knew she was tired to think of such a thing, but he would be a wonderful father for Johnny. Johnny wasn't exactly enthusiastic about him, but he would learn to be. Sidney wouldn't expect that she would love him, after Press. Nothing like that at all. Just an arrangement—and not,

(Continued on Page 86)



"Is it true, what the neighbors are saying—that you're losing your hair?"

"...not a creature was stirring..."

(None, save the doctor going out on a call.)

You remember how it starts – that beloved old Christmas poem:

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not
even a mouse.

Well, that isn't always true for the doctor. Sometimes there's just no rest at all for him – even on Christmas Eve.

Blizzard or heat wave . . . December or July . . . night or day . . . near or far . . . early or late . . . no matter when you call, he comes!

According to a recent nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

● Not a single branch of medicine was overlooked in this nationwide survey made by three leading independent research organizations. To 113,597 doctors from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific went the query — *What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?*

The brand named most was Camel.

Like anyone else, a doctor smokes for pleasure. He appreciates rich, full flavor and cool mildness just as any other smoker. If you don't happen to be a Camel smoker now, try Camels. Let your "T-Zone" give you the answer.

Camels *Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Just like getting an extra pair of stockings!

LUXED stockings last twice as long, strain tests show!

Wouldn't you like to get double wear from your stockings? Well, some amazing tests show you how.

Dozens of sheer stockings were washed repeatedly the Lux way—the same number with a strong soap. Then all the stockings were given strain tests to see how soon they'd run. The Luxed stockings lasted and lasted—more than twice as long as the others! That's just like getting an *extra* pair of stockings every time you buy one.

Nylon, rayon, silk, cotton stockings all showed similar results. Be wise—use Lux.

Lux contains scarce materials. Don't waste it!

(Continued from Page 84)

of course, for a long time yet. She would have been asleep in a minute, but just then they pulled out of the tunnel.

"Look. Mother—look. It isn't going to be dark all the time. We came out." He pointed to the rows of tenements with the bedding hanging from the windows. "Look—isn't everything beautiful?"

As they drew near Stonehead she found herself more and more excited. It was just plain physical reaction, of course. The emotional strain of leaving, three days of packing—then suddenly nothing to do but let the engineer pull levers and blow whistles and take them somewhere. *That's the silly thing about traveling: just because the train chugs on you think you are getting somewhere. You may be just goin g in circles, or going backward.* But her cynicism didn't stop her from looking out one side of the train and then the other, recognizing places.

"Look, Johnny. See the children at the crossing waiting for the train to pass. I guess they're coming home from school."

He studied them gravely, blinking with sleepiness. "Yes, I guess they are."

"Look at the dog. He's barking at the train. As if a dog could stop a train."

"I don't believe he could."

She pulled him to her, into the curve of her arm, and he leaned his head back and smiled up. They two off on an adventure. They two against anything that was ahead. They stopped at stations surrounded by little white houses; long tree-lined streets led off into a plum-blue distance. Lacy fans of elm boughs, smoke from someone's supper fire. *New England has something,* she admitted.

But their arrival wasn't to be so smooth as it had seemed. Clouds that had been racing across the sky collided and spilled their burden. Rain was coming down in such torrents they could hardly get across the tracks to the overhanging roof of the little station.

The only waiting car turned out to be a taxi. "Get right in, sonny. Climb aboard. Guess you didn't figure on a welcome like this. Strangers, aren't yer?"

"Not exactly. We're going to visit my aunt, Miss Peet." She gave him the address.

"Ada Peet. You must be her niece. Doris' daughter, aren't yer? Got a look of Doris around the eyes."

What a funny thing to become suddenly. Doris' daughter. Johnny looked up at her as though Doris' daughter were a stranger.

"I remember Doris. Pretty girl. She useter come to visit when your grandmother was alive. Seems to me I remember you, too, when you was no bigger'n this young man." He shot up a hill and down again. "Your aunt is getting on." He shook his head sadly.

THEY turned another corner, went up another hill and stopped. Mathilda looked out. "Here we are, Johnny."

She spoke gaily, but she felt utterly sick. The glimpse she got was too awful. The house had gone completely to pieces. The white paint was gray, blue-green shades were pulled down at the windows, two shutters were tied together with a string.

"Run, Johnny, up onto the porch. Never mind the bags."

There was no sign of Aunt Ada. She started to ring and then saw the door was ajar. She pushed it open and they went in. The hall was dark, but a dim light shone from the kitchen.

"Aunt Ada," she called.

Aunt Ada came out into the hall, a little figure no larger than a nine-year-old girl. She held her two hands, obviously dirty, away from her and peered out to the front door as though it were in the far distance. "Doris, is that you?"

"IT's Mathilda, Aunt Ada. Here at last."

"Well, there—didn't I know we'd have a downpour. And didn't my stove lining have to go and fall out just now. I had to put the fire clean out. That stove is the worst thing I have to contend with. Put your things in the cluset. Is the little boy soaked to the skin?"

"This is Johnny, Aunt Ada. Pretty tired from the train, but not too wet. This is your Great-Aunt Ada, Johnny." Great-great actually, but that would only confuse him. Poor child, what was he to think of this weird little old gnome? Her sleeves, rolled up, showed arms like brittle twigs. Her gray hair, drawn down, made her skull stand out, made her nose seem enormous.

Johnny stared up at his aunt. "What made the stove lining fall out?"

"She's deaf," Mathilda whispered, but Aunt Ada seemed to hear his high treble.

"Don't I wish I knew. I've got a good fire in the furnace though. I suppose you'd like to wash up."

They took their bags and climbed the stairs. Poor Johnny; this was horrible for him, after all she had said about Stonehead. "Come on, Johnny, remember I said we slept upstairs." She must pretend everything was all right.

"Just these little stairs?"

"That is all, just one flight."

"I thought we could put Johnny in the pink room. And I fixed up Aunt Harrie's room for you." Aunt Ada pulled a string and a dim light revealed the pink room. Gray, cracked ceiling, old wooden bed, colorless walls, worn painted gray floor. What was pink about it? A pile of window screens in the corner covered with newspapers. Limp curtains. The windows obviously hadn't been opened in weeks.

Aunt Harrie's room was still worse. A hodgepodge of furniture, more screens covered with a sheet. Mathilda thought she had never seen such depressing rooms in her life. She sat on Johnny's bed and put her arm around him.

"Look, darling, we're tired and it's raining, but tomorrow the sun will come out. We'll walk down to the harbor. I'll get you some toys—a boat maybe."

He hugged her. "I like my room. Do you want to see me put on my light myself? And look how big my bed is. What's that closet? Is that a little boy's closet?" He pulled open the door of the cupboard under the eaves. "I can keep toys in here." He hugged her again, wide awake now. "I like Aunt Ada too. She isn't much bigger than me. Can I go down and watch her fix the stove lining?"

So—Johnny perfectly happy! She felt he had let her down. Couldn't he see what a terrible place it was? All he cared about was that his light had a string on it. She looked about the room and she listened to the rain

(Continued on Page 88)

NEXT MONTH

His head bowed, his face burning with shame, Brian stood with his arms up and the offending hands turned out to the class. He raised his head and saw that every eye was on him. But it was not just the children who were watching him, Brian felt; he was aware of a vague knotting at the back of his head, as though an unseen watcher were looking on.

This is the story of things which grew: a town which needed a greater ideal; a family who thrived on the depth of its spirit; and a boy who harbored a grown man's soul—a small boy who asked big questions, like ——

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

By W. O. Mitchell

Complete in the February JOURNAL

Add Rit Yellow to a navy and white stripe. Result—a navy and yellow print.
Add Rit Turquoise to a black and white print. Result—a black and turquoise print.
Add Rit Rose Pink to a light blue and white print. The light blue becomes lilac, the white becomes rose pink.

a fashion future for your dated print with ALL PURPOSE RIT

Heavenly days! You can dye a print and *keep* the pattern with All Purpose Rit. Even if the fabric is Celanese*, spun rayon, nylon (originally "undyeable" at home), you can now dye it to your heart's content, because All Purpose Rit results are *guaranteed*. All Purpose Rit is making millions of wardrobes sparkle because it's a wonderful new kind of dye. Forget everything you ever knew or heard about dyeing—All Purpose Rit will make an expert of you with the first package. So hurry, hurry, hurry!—beauty is waiting in your closet!

Don't trust precious clothes to anything but Rit. Only Rit "will work." Get *guaranteed* All Purpose Rit.

ALL PURPOSE RIT—the finest dye that money can buy 25c

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DYE PRINTS

If you dye a dark pattern on a light ground, *only the light shade* will take the new color. If you dye a print combining two light colors, the pattern will remain, but *the result will be two exciting new colors.*

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Please send me your new All Purpose Rit fashion booklet, "Prints Can Change Their Colors, Too."

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Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Give yourself a beautiful TONI Home Permanent

for your date tonight!

Easy as putting your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in!

You'll want to know *all* about this new easy way to look lovelier . . . win compliments. These questions and answers tell you everything!

Does TONI really work?
Answer: Yes! Toni will wave *any* kind of hair that can be permanent-waved, even grey, dyed or bleached hair.

Can you do it yourself?
Answer: Yes! If you can roll up your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. Directions are easy to follow.

How long will it take you?
Answer: The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's dyed, tinted or bleached, or for baby-fine hair. And all of that time you are free to do what you please.

Is TONI really a permanent?
Answer: Yes. The Toni *creme* wave is a genuine permanent, and the wave will last until the hair grows out.

Why is TONI a Creme?
Answer: Because Toni *Creme* Waving Lotion gives a curl that looks natural . . . is "frizz"-free from the start.

Will TONI work on children?
Answer: Yes! Mothers find Toni's gentle *creme* waving lotion is ideal for children's silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while the permanent is "taking"!)

Is TONI guaranteed?
Answer: Yes! Your Toni wave *must flatter you* or you get back every cent you paid. Toni can make this guarantee because the Toni Wave is laboratory controlled for uniformity and high quality.

Good idea! Give your daughter a Toni Home Permanent today—you'll both be thrilled with results! Toni is ideal for children's hair.

Every hour of the day another 1,000 women use Toni

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

At all leading drug, cosmetic and notion counters

$1.25 *plus tax*

(Continued from Page 86)

on the window. How could she possibly spend a night here? She took a few things from her bag and opened the closet door. In the back of the closet hung dresses—Aunt Harrie's dresses, saved all these years. She shut the door again. How utterly creepy! How could Aunt Ada have let the house go like this? Had she no pride? It had been a cute little house, bright and clean and quite gay. Just because Aunt Harrie died did she have to act as though she were dead too?

She heard Johnny downstairs. "You know how to make a fine fire, don't you? What are you cooking?"

"I figured a chowder might taste good."

"What's a chowder?"

She must have turned to him in amazement. "My stars—you don't know what a chowder is? Well—I wouldn't know what to say. It's just a chowder."

"I think I'll like it all right. In New York I had shredded wheat and sometimes an egg and milk—and bread and butter and shredded wheat. Our fire didn't get built, it just went on. I don't believe Mrs. Cloon would know how to build a fire."

Johnny was often shy with new people, or sullen. Here he was talking to Aunt Ada as though he had known her all his life.

Aunt Ada brought the chowder in in the old purple tureen. There was a fringed damask cloth on the table. The spoons were coin silver. There were some beautiful things in the house if you could sort them out from the junk. Aunt Harrie used to keep luster pitchers on those cupboard shelves. Now they were crowded with jelly glasses, pillboxes, a flashlight and a few clothespins.

I'll clean that off tomorrow, Mathilda thought. Then, *No I won't. I won't get caught in this dusty old spider web,* she told herself. *I won't stay that long.*

> **All affection and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms, because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses.** —SYDNEY SMITH.

"It's been an awful winter," Aunt Ada said, serving the chowder. "I don't know when I've known the cold to hold on so long."

"Was it cold enough for snow?" Johnny asked.

"Snow? It seems as though I no sooner got my path shoveled than down it came again, thick as feathers. I don't know where all the snow came from."

"I think it comes from the clouds," Johnny told her.

"Well, wherever it came from, there was too much of it. My pipes nearly froze a dozen times, and the ice broke that limb off the tree in the front yard. Harrie liked that tree. I don't know what she'd say."

Johnny listened, fascinated. "I think spring is coming now," he piped cheerfully.

"That's what the calendar says. I guess the weather man hasn't looked at the calendar."

JOHNNY considered that, then he laughed. "I think you're joking, Aunt Ada."

And where do I fit into this? Mathilda asked herself. *They are having a swell time.* She was ashamed. Johnny able to take it and she not? Johnny able to talk to Aunt Ada. When she tried to make conversation, Aunt Ada asked "What? What did you say?" On the third and fourth repetition any comment she thought up sounded silly.

When Johnny went up to bed he threw his arms around Aunt Ada and hugged her. Was there nothing repulsive about old age to him? Apparently not.

"I'm glad you and Aunt Ada get on so well," she remarked as he lay so tiny in the huge bed. She was frankly fishing, and her voice must have showed it.

"Why wouldn't I love her?" he asked defensively. "She's my very own aunt."

Was that what Kitty had meant when she said Johnny needed roots? He would like this house, dark and dingy as it was, because she had stayed there as a little girl, because it was to a certain extent his house as the apartment never could be, even though it was the only home he had ever known. *Perhaps children do need roots,* she admitted. She didn't.

She had never had a strong family feeling. Her mother had been the tie with the aunts. Aunt Harrie had interested her as an individual, but not as an aunt necessarily. It gave her the creeps to be called Doris when Aunt Ada got mixed up. She was herself, not Doris' daughter. Her father died when she was twelve, but she felt no similarity between her mother's loss and her own. Her father had been a quiet, hard-working accountant, gentle and affectionate, but not very important in their lives. Or so it seemed looking back now. When he died they lived on in the same apartment. There was no great change. It was nothing, nothing in the slightest degree like the horrible loss that had come to her.

BUT there was no getting away from family in this house. In the parlor—a stiff little room with horsehair furniture, dark brown walls, tan flowered carpet, bay window—hung two portraits. One was of her great-grandfather, John Peet, painted when he was still young. On the opposite wall was little Johnny, painted when he was three. She had seen these paintings for so many years she did not think of them as portraits of real people. They were just two pictures.

After supper the first night Johnny saw the child's portrait and stood considering it. "Who's that, mother?" he asked.

"That's another Johnny." She had not thought of the names as being the same until then. "He was Aunt Ada's brother."

"Brother! Did he like to dress like that?"

The child wore a blu dress with a low neck well off the shoulders, short sleeves with a frill, a tight waist and full skirt. Below his skirt hung pantalets with deeply embroidered ruffles. It was a beautiful old painting, nearly life-size, too late to be a primitive but with some of the naïve quality of a primitive. The little boy faced slightly sidewise, holding an open book but with his face turned to the painter, his chin up, his round doll-like cheeks pink, his eyes wide. He had a spit curl on his forehead and another over his ear. You could practically count the hairs in the curls and the stitches in the embroidery.

Johnny sat on the floor before it, his cheeks pushed out of shape by his fists. "Did he live here in this house?"

"Yes, I guess he did."

"Maybe he slept in my room." Louder: "Did he sleep in my room, Aunt Ada?"

"I don't know. He died before I was born."

"He did?" they both chorused.

"Oh, yes. He died before that was painted. It was made from a daguerreotype."

After Johnny was in bed Mathilda tried to read, but she could not get away from the painting. It dominated the room. Grandfather Peet's painting was all grays and browns and olive greens and blacks, but Johnny's was red and blue and gold with a wide elaborate gold frame.

After his death his father and mother sat here evening after evening with their child looking down on them. With death so fresh a wound in her own heart, she could not bear it. Those pink cheeks, those round little arms. She would move her chair, but she could not get away from little Johnny.

Johnny must have died more than eighty years ago. Don't be so silly, she told herself, but she could not escape the feeling that Johnny's death was still fresh tragedy there in that room.

She looked for something else to read. The books were drab and uninviting—and dusty. The Water Cure Manual, published in 1852. It set forth the idea that all ills could be cured by water. She put it back. *They*

(Continued on Page 90)

Introducing *Mrs. Les Pretend*

She's a lovely little fibber
She's a story teller born

Birthday secrets she refuses to share even with her mirror. A gay deceiver, she loves it when people guess her to be years younger. They do because her skin tells little white lies about her actual age. She's over thirty, but shh! . . . that's her secret. In the scant few minutes it takes her to apply Bonne Bell's Plus 30 Cream, with its natural skin-enriching hormones, she keeps her years unapparent.

Overnight your skin can absorb the active hormones in Plus 30 Cream. The result? A fresher, younger look—in only a few wonderful "story book" days.

You'll love it. Imagine! Your age a guessing game and you the winner by 10 years! You'll find Plus 30 a real luxury cream for your skin at night—not greasy or sticky but richly emollient, fragrantly fresh and softly creamy.

You can look younger in one month

Every night take 3 minutes to apply this youth-awakening Bonne Bell Plus 30 Cream on face and neck—using gentle upward stroke.

While you sleep, the active hormones in Plus 30 can be absorbed to replenish and bolster nature's own failing supply—help the skin resist the passing years after 30.

In one month, or even less, you'll awaken to a thrilling sight. Your skin has a softer, smoother, younger look—no longer tells the *real truth* about your age.

Bonne Bell CLEVELAND, OHIO

10-day supply $5.00, 30-day size $3.00

"In Mexico I found my Love"

At Hotel Reforma, we'd been dining, dancing. "*Marry me,*" you whispered. "*I can't let go of these soft hands.*" Thank goodness I used Jergens Lotion, darling! . . . Favorite hand care of the very loveliest women.*

In Taxco, you bought me a bracelet. "*Not one is good enough for this dear hand,*" you said. I want you to love my hands always, my dearest. So I'll always use Jergens Lotion.

For delicious, smooth, soft hands, Jergens Lotion is more effective now than ever—thanks to wartime research. Protects even longer, too, against roughness that discourages love. The two fine ingredients many doctors use for skin-smoothing are part of this even-finer Jergens Lotion. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No—no oiliness; no stickiness.

*Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

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YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now finer than ever. Mail [illegible] (or just a penny postcard if you wish.) Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

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(Continued from Page 88)

probably could, she thought. *With enough water. If you jumped into it.* She then tried Salem Witchcraft in Outline. That could hardly be called jolly reading. She finally resorted to the family Bible. The first item in it was made in 1723 and was, curiously enough, not a birth, death or marriage, but the fact that on May the second there was a heavy snowstorm and the pear trees all in bloom, "the ice so thick in the hogshead I could stand on it." This was apparently entered by Samuel Sawtell. In the same wavy handwriting, the same purple ink, he entered the fact that his wife Rebecca passed away at three o'clock in the morning, four years later. It was strange, Aunt Ada complaining about the long cold winter and her great-great goodness knows how many greats -grandfather getting out the family Bible to record the spring snowfall.

She turned the pages, reading the old names. "Thomas Clifton, lost at sea, aged 23. . . . Mary Sawtell married Thomas Braden. . . . Lucy Sawtell married Jonas Gray." Was Lucy in love with Jonas? Was she perhaps in love with Thomas Clifton who was lost at sea? Was Jonas perhaps like Sidney, a kind friend? Apparently not, for Lucy had eight children. One named Mathilda. Mathilda married Stephan Armstrong. They had she read it amazed two Stephans . . . two Williams . . . and Grace . . . four daughters named Grace. The first Stephan, the first William and the first three Graces all had died in babyhood.

She saw it was the custom to name a baby for a baby that had died. The infant mortality in those early days was appalling, but no mother had equaled this Mathilda Armstrong for perseverance. "So, God, you have the power of death," the poor mother had cried "but I have the power of life. Take my little Grace and I'll bear me another and another." The father had probably begged her this time to name the baby Mary or Ellen or anything but Grace. "No—I won't accept death. This is Grace." And the fourth Grace had lived to grow up, for twenty-three years later she married Silas Bowden.

Muttered While Manipulating a Granny Knot

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Full oft, sweet sir, do I agree
To masculine supremacy
In such fine arts as parking cars
And wrenching stubborn lids off jars;
In curing water taps that drool
And shooting grizzly bears and pool.
Most humbly I concede the male's
My better, whether driving nails
Or tennis balls. But if I strive
With all ten thumbs, I may contrive
To wind and knot a piece of cord
About this package, dear my lord,
Without suggestions from a guy
Whose wife must tie his dinner tie!

Aunt Ada looked at the clock. "Eight-thirty—my bedtime." Mathilda decided she would go up too. She looked out the window at the rainy street. Few lights showed from the little houses down the hill. Aunt Ada locked the front door, then she latched it and fastened a chain across.

You're too late, Aunt Ada. Little Johnny died. Aunt Harrie has been dead ten years. Three little Graces died.

Aunt Ada's movements were automatic. Every night she went through the routine of shutting out evil, of locking herself in with her fears. Slipping the bolt on the cellar door. Locking the windows.

I shall be raring tearing mad in two weeks, Mathilda told herself, getting ready for bed. *Only I shan't stay two weeks. I'll write Sidney; he'll come and get us.* Of course she wouldn't. She wasn't ready for that yet. In the fall maybe. She'd just have to take it until then. After all, she had said she only wanted to be alone so she could think about Press. She didn't need people. Johnny could play outdoors and make friends among the neighbors' children. She'd take him for a walk every day. It was absurd to think it could hurt a child that his mother loved his father so much she couldn't forget him.

As she got into bed, suddenly through the rain came the sound of the bell in the town hall. She remembered it from her childhood, ringing the curfew. When the wind was east it sounded next door, when it was west it seemed to be far out at sea.

"Mother"—Johnny's voice through the open doors—"what's that?"

"That's the bell in Abbey Hall. You should be asleep, darling."

"It sounds happy, doesn't it? I think it's glad we came."

She could see the spire rising above the climbing roofs of the town. She thought of all the people listening to it, setting their watches, saying it was time for bed. She could feel alone in the house, but there were people all about; in small towns they press around you—you can't be alone. The bell clanged on. Need it be so gay? She took a last look at Press' picture by the bed; that way she was almost sure to dream about him.

The morning was vivid with the sharp spring sunshine. Johnny was wild to get out. He rushed from window to window. Mathilda succumbed and washed the luster pitchers and cleared off the shelves.

"Now doesn't that look corking? I've been meaning to do that for a long time," Aunt Ada said.

For ten years, to be exact. And in six weeks the clothespins and the pillboxes would be back. She put Aunt Harrie's dresses away and unpacked.

"Come on, mother."

Mathilda stood on the front steps and looked about. The house sat on a corner at the top of a twisting hill. One street went by the parlor windows up the hill, the other dropped down sharply, leaving the little front yard sitting up high like a stage. It was a tiny square yard that should have been prim. The pickets in the fence had fancy scalloped tops. She used to think it was like embroidery around a green handkerchief. Now the fence was gray and shabby.

Behind this upper yard was the back yard, a full story below. Behind that the land dropped over still another wall to "the lower garden." This was a long plot stretching back to the giant apple tree which reached from one fence to the other, its branches drooping to the grass. Mathilda looked at it sadly. The paths were gone, the pear trees half dead, the grape arbor broken down. There had been a row of rhubarb against the fence, and peach trees along the wall, and a little hanging swing. How could Aunt Ada let it go like this?

Johnny hurried her out the gate and they went down over the hill to the town. The streets were so narrow you had to push back against the fence when a car went by. You climbed up and up and then you went down. On one side the houses sat high above you, on the other you could look down the chimneys. The March wind blew Mathilda's hair and whipped her skirt. Johnny's red muffler waved like a banner. He ran ahead and he ran back. He held on to fence pickets and stared through at ducks and cats and children. There were the stately Federal mansions where the ship captains lived, and the rows of houses so close to the sidewalk you could knock on the windows.

They ended up at the post office. In the hushed building Johnny's voice echoed.

Coverall apron

in Gay Colorful Patterns

● When scrubbing an I-drubbing
. . . cleaning and tubbing,
You'll need a gay Coverall!
For mocking at grime, for laughing at drips,
It's the best big apron of all!
Made to take both wear and tear,
It offers you ample protection.
Side twin pockets . . . floral print pattern,
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People turned and looked at them—[illegible] in town. [illegible] everyone would know who she was and recall her history for two generations back.

At the desk Mathilda put down the broken pen and looked in her purse for her fountain pen. A man opposite offered her the pen he had been using. It was a slight encounter, too trivial to record. She didn't hear him and he offered the pen a second time; she looked up, misunderstood, understood, saw that she had made him repeat, thanked him, started to take the pen but didn't take it as she then found her own. Her hair was blown, her nose probably red, she was sniffing, Johnny was talking, pushing against her skirts, she blotted the address insignificant every bit of it, but her eyes had met his in one of those strange concentric meetings of glances in which you seem to drop through the other's eyes, seem to lose your eyes in his and with an effort disentangle.

When she came outside, she wondered about it. He couldn't have been a local inhabitant, but it was too early for the summer people. He had a cosmopolitan look very foreign to the town. His clothes, the careless yet sophisticated flannel shirt, the chamois jacket. He looked like Someone. Most striking, of course, were the eyes, the amused, friendly, philosophical, frank, gentle —— She stopped herself. Why in heaven's name was she thinking so concernedly about a man in a post office? Merely, she explained to herself, because she had thought of the town as made up of natives. Perfectly nice people, but natives. He wasn't like that—obviously.

"Mother—why don't you answer? See if you can beat me to the gate."

"Of course I can—pooh-pooh for you. I'm a runner from way back. Get set, go."

They came running up the front steps, hilarious, boisterous, to be met by Aunt Ada, her eyes popping out of her head.

"What's the matter—what happened?"

"Happened?" Mathilda repeated. "Nothing. We're just running for fun." She might have used a language never heard on this earth before. Had Aunt Ada ever done anything for fun, much less run up a steep hill for such a silly reason?

The old lady turned away and then remembered that something had happened. "Look, Mathilda—look what came." Excitement and, always with excitement, fear. "I didn't know what to think. The man said it was for you. I took it, but—I don't know what it can be. I hope I did right."

Flowers—from Sidney, in a box large as a small bathtub. Tulips, daffodils, iris, a bunch of saucer-sized pansies, another of primroses. All crisp and fresh and sweet. It was his belief that every woman should receive flowers every day; they deserved it, bless them, just for being women. He practically supported two florists, but he had done himself proud this time. She lifted them out, burying her face in the mass.

Aunt Ada stared. Probably flowers had never entered this house before except for a funeral. "Oh, my fury," she said. "My fury. What are we going to do with them?"

"Put them in vases. Enjoy them."

"They're probably covered with ants."

"Ants? Why, Aunt Ada, of course they aren't."

"We'd better put them all in that old basin down cellar. If there's one thing I can't contend with, it's ants."

Mathilda laughed. She'd write Sidney a long funny letter about how his gift was received.

"Did you see anyone downtown?" Aunt Ada asked. She rarely went out herself.

Mathilda didn't know just the answer to that. If she said, *Oh, yes, crowds,* Aunt Ada would feel bad that she couldn't go. If she said, *Not a soul,* Aunt Ada would think the town was dying off and she left alone.

She wrote Kitty:

I said it would be grim, and I was right! Aunt Ada is afraid of everything—rain, lightning, wind, fire, men. Especially men. "There's a man at the front door!" From her voice you'd [illegible]

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and peers at him. Yesterday she was looking out the window with opera glasses. "I was just wondering what day of the week it is," she explained. I thought she was really nuts then. She was looking to see if it was dump day; that would make it Tuesday. She looks each day until she catches Tuesday, apparently. Imagine having your only contact with the world through ash cans. I'll be that way myself soon.

When she mailed the letter that man, that tweedy, youngish, professorish man, was in the post office again. He smiled a wide friendly smile and she returned the merest modicum, just the slightest stirring of the corners of the mouth, acknowledging that she recognized him as the man who offered her a pen. At least that was what she hoped the smile indicated.

As they left the post office she said idly to Johnny, "I wonder what time it is."

Johnny said, "I don't know," as of course he hardly would, but then off he darted. "I'll find out." The only person in sight was Mr. Tweeds.

"Johnny, no. Don't bother. It doesn't matter. *Johnny!*"

On he went. When she caught up the two were talking. She realized then that Mr. Tweeds not only wasn't a native of the town, he was probably not a native of the country. He had a slight, slight accent.

"If I lift you up thus, you can see the clock in Abbey Hall."

Johnny explained that that was no good because he couldn't tell time.

"It isn't important, really," she said. Both ignored her.

"Then you are very fortunate"—he said *tu-nate*, not *chinett*, speaking English better than an American, as so many foreigners do—"for you can learn to tell time by the clock in Abbey Hall, and I am told whoever learns to tell time by that clock will always live within the sound of its bell."

"He will?"

"That's what they tell me."

"Did you learn to tell time by Abbey Hall?" Johnny asked.

"No. My bad luck."

"Where did you learn to tell time?"

"Johnny." She reached for his hand, but he ignored her. "Come on, Johnny."

"I learned to tell time in a town called Frederikshavn, a town in Denmark."

So he was a Dane. He looked up at her and smiled as though he had caught her thinking what he was, and she quickly showed that she didn't care two bits if he were Danish or Ethiopian.

But Johnny spoiled it all. "Good-by. I hope we see you again. And I'll certainly learn to tell time. By that clock, I mean," as though he were an old friend, and because she was Johnny's mother she could be presumed to be seconding the thought.

"I'm so sorry," she said coldly. "Thank you very much." Which didn't mean a single thing, as she realized all the way home.

"Did you see anyone downtown?" Aunt Ada's poll parrot remark at supper.

"Not a soul."

"Why, yes we did too," Johnny contradicted her shrilly. "You know, my friend, that nice man. I'm going to learn to tell time by Abbey Hall so I can always live here. He said so."

"Who was this man?" Aunt Ada asked.

"No one. No one at all. Just a man Johnny asked what time it was."

But Aunt Ada wouldn't let it drop. "Did you ever see this man before? What did he look like?"

"Really, Aunt Ada, I can't remember," Mathilda said.

"I can. He had blue eyes—blue as that gravy bowl. And he smiles like this." He made up such a grotesque face, such an obviously poor imitation of Mr. Tweeds' really nice smile, that Mathilda laughed aloud.

Johnny, encouraged, went on. "I'm going to see him again. I think he'll teach me to tell time."

"You're going to see him again?" Aunt Ada asked Mathilda.

"No. Of course not. I don't even know his name." He would have a Danish name. She could probably find it in the town telephone book, if she wanted to, which of course she didn't.

Later, when she was looking up the grocer, she came across Olaf Gutekunst. Was that Danish? Then she saw it was followed by Plumber. That seemed particularly funny and she laughed right out. So he was Olaf the Plumber, was he? Then she went upstairs and wrote Sidney a long affectionate letter.

Spring was coming to Stonehead in a rush. The old apple tree in the lower garden threw a flowery fascinator over its head, little whips of peach trees turned into bouquets pink as coral. In the pastures back of town they found violets and anemones and bluets.

Lavender smoke went up from the gutters where neighbors burned the leaves that had blanketed their gardens all winter. The air was filled with the smell of freshly turned soil, acrid and clean as the smell of the sea. Mathilda learned new faces as women hung pillows and rugs and blankets on their clotheslines.

"Couldn't I get a rake, mother, and rake up the yard?" Johnny asked.

"Oh, Johnny, what's the use? It would be so hopeless—the garden is such a mess. Why not just play with your trains?"

But the life under the sod would not be suppressed. Green spears stabbing through last year's leaves—under the Judas tree lily-of-the-valley shoots, under the elm the first prickings of the common day lilies. Between the house and the street, in the midst of the dried plantain and burdock of last year, the dark red curls of peony. Silly spring!

Aunt Ada didn't care whether the garden bloomed or not. She never looked at the flowers, and certainly she wouldn't pick them. They'd be covered with ants. But the peonies and the lilies pushed on up and shoots opened into leaves and buds became flowers. Spring was as indomitable as the mother of the four little Graces.

Mathilda could see that Stonehead had been wonderful for Johnny. The April winds blowing off the sea had brought color to his cheeks and a bright gleam to his eye. Only occasionally did she remember how sullen and difficult he had been in New York.

Their walks were fun. Who would ever believe a boy six years old could be such fun?

(Continued on Page 94)

"Sure I'll make up with you . . . if you'll just be reasonable and admit it was all your fault."

Something clicked!

At first I just sort of circled around you—saying "Yes, how lovely" to the fenders, and being impressed with your silvery grille-front. They *are* lovely fenders. It *is* an impressive front. But—

It wasn't till John started talking Engine that this feeling happened! I'd sneaked away, slid behind the wheel into this soft seat, and suddenly—everything seemed so right, so natural, *I reached for the key.*

That impulse sealed the pact between us, there and then, Plymouth! I knew you were mine—and you knew it, too. Even the lights on your jewel-case instrument panel flashed a friendly wink to prove it!

Now it's official—because you're installed at my own front doorstep where all the world can see. Beautiful, obedient car—ready to carry me on any errand, in cozy luxury. Off we go at the turn of a key. Plymouth—you're for *me!*

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Are you in the know?

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- ☐ *Tell the crowd Dad insists*
- ☐ *Say you need your beauty sleep*
- ☐ *Mention an early A. M. appointment*

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, pressed ends* that don't show . . . that prevent revealing outlines. And the exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means extra protection against accidents.

How should you cope with hickeys?

- ☐ *Squeeze with fingertips*
- ☐ *Cover with heavy makeup*
- ☐ *Let them alone*

You're all set for next Saturday night, and horrors!—a hickey rears its ugly head. Never squeeze pimples. Just dab with antiseptic and let them alone. Unless they're chronic, needing medical care, they'll soon disappear on their own power. Well-scrubbed skin gathers few blemishes. And bathing's especially important if you'd be clover-sweet on certain days. Kotex helps keep you dainty, because in every Kotex napkin there's a *deodorant* . . . locked inside so it can't shake out.

After making an introduction, then what?

- ☐ *Follow through*
- ☐ *Let them take it from there*
- ☐ *Start talking for talk's sake*

Spare your friends the pause that distresses —after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!

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(Continued from Page 92)

They egged each other on to climb steep rocks, to slide down slippery ones, and then guiltily examined the seats of each other's dungarees.

And Johnny wasn't so stupid either. He asked questions that made sense. She figured out the connection with what she had said to his next question, astonished at the ground he covered in that little head.

But evening came, Johnny was in bed, Aunt Ada rocked in her chair slowly falling asleep, and Mathilda sat facing little Johnny on the wall. He hung there, the symbol of the cruelty, the finality of death. Her burden of grief pressed down on her again. She had found in the family Bible a fact that made Johnny's death seem even worse than before. After Johnny died, John and Eliza Peet had seven daughters: Jane, Eliza, Susan, Mathilda—her grandmother—Harriet, Abigail, Ada. Never another boy. Father and mother and their seven daughters sat in the little parlor and looked up at their treasure, their jewel.

She turned to Grandfather Peet and asked him how he stood it. The portrait was painted before Johnny died, so his smile gave her no clue. *Did you ever get used to his death?* she asked him. *Did you learn to remember he wasn't going to run out to meet you when you came home from work? Did you forget to listen for his voice? Did a day ever come when you woke and knew it was true as you woke, spared the sudden stab of remembrance as sharp as the first stab on the day he died? Could you ever say "Thy will be done," Grandfather Peet?*

Grandfather Peet was dead. That was only a painted canvas. She would never know.

In April a telegram came from Kitty:

PERSUADE AUNT ADA TO LEAVE THE WINDOW SHADE UP TOMORROW NIGHT ABOUT NINE AND SEE WHO STEPS OUT OF THE TAXI

"Johnny—Johnny. Kitty's coming." She shared it with him instantly, not realizing how unlikely she would have been to do that before.

After the first excitement she began to feel guilty. What would Kitty think of their life here? *Those roots she talked of, have I gotten anything from them?* She couldn't see that she had.

Johnny was awake at nine, so she let him come downstairs and look out the window. Passers-by would see him in his pajamas, Aunt Ada objected, in the very words they had anticipated to each other aloud. They laughed. Just after the curfew rang, the taxi pulled up and there was Kitty, bareheaded, blue ulster—she might have walked from New York, or at the most come on a bicycle. They ran out and the three embraced on the porch. It was like a good cool drink after having a parched puckery mouth for weeks.

"Hello, my friends. Johnny, stop giggling and let me see you. My soul and body, it isn't Johnny—it's the boy next door. It's some tough guy you're trying to fool me with. . . . Hello, Miss Peet. I'm Kitty."

"Then I guess, if you're Kitty, I'm Aunt Ada."

Everyone laughed. Every so often Aunt Ada brought out a saucy humor.

They led her into the parlor and Kitty saw Johnny on the wall and Aunt Ada had to tell his story: "My father thought the world of him. That's my father there—a fine-looking man he was. Aunt Harrie always used to say so—she favored him, you see, and she'd say how fine-looking he was and then say how much she resembled him. Fooling, you know. She was a holy terror."

Mathilda looked at her, amazed. This was more than she had ever said before. Kitty studied Grandfather Peet.

"I suppose you know you are the very spit of Grandfather Peet yourself," Kitty said to Mathilda. "He has nice hands," she shouted to Aunt Ada.

"Now I'm glad you noticed that. What he couldn't do with those hands! He was just a wizard! He made all our toys when we

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(Continued from Page 95)

d, or this place wouldn't get on my nerves
"

"I hand out advice," Kitty said dully. Five hunks for five cents, assorted flavors ick on a stick. I don't like your thinking can help you. I can't. No one can. But I know this: Nature doesn't like freaks. does something about it. You have to be usting, receptive, and somehow—well, life kes care of it."

"I stop being a freak. You mean you ink I may fall in love with someone else." e sat forward and spoke angrily. "Well, u're wrong. I never will. Never."

Kitty looked at her, surprised at her hemence. "Lock the doors," she said. Nail blinds over the windows. Old women n do that, you can't. You can't stuff life o a box and sit on the cover."

Johnny had wandered up and was squat- g beside Kitty. "What would happen if u sat on the cover?" he asked her.

"The box would bust open—blow you up o a tree."

Johnny considered that, looking up at the gh elm by the street. Both girls were silent. ien when Johnny had gone back to the ver garden Mathilda said slowly:

"There's one answer. is may sound like a ny idea—I hope you n't misunderstand. there was someone o was just a good end, someone you ed well enough, you ght make a sort —arrangement."

Kitty rolled her eyes Mathilda, startled. "I mean you would arry him, but it uldn't be a real rriage, of course. He uld know that you dn't love him and ver possibly could. t it would mean a me and a father for ur child—it would a kind of life."

Kitty pulled at asses by her feet, t looking up.

"Are you shocked?" athilda asked her.

"Yes, I think I am. I haven't been ocked many times in my life, but I think m shocked now."

"I don't see why. Of course you know o I mean. Really he's a terribly nice rson."

"That is why it shocks me," said Kitty ickly. "He is a terribly nice person. That one reason why you couldn't do it. The ier reason is—two people sitting on a box e just two people sitting on a box. One tra person gets blown into the tree."

That afternoon they wandered about the wn—keeping away from the post office. ey stood high on Glover's rocks and looked wn at the empty harbor. Later it would filled with smart yachts, with the white ls of hundreds of racing boats, and jammed cursion boats. Kitty fell in love with little black shanty on a rock. They nt up crooked lanes and stopped in ops that were just the front rooms of old uses. A fat man in a shanty fried clams for em. "And we want a pickle, don't we—a t one." The potato chips had just come om the factory down the street, he said. Kitty shook her head. "And you want to me back to New York!"

HE fire alarm blew, a block away, raising e hair on their heads. They counted the wling blasts, exchanged information with e people who rushed out and ran to watch e trucks go by.

"I could hear the whole town counting," itty said. "The town united against fire. 's a good little world here."

In the evening Kitty had a glimpse of the her side of the story. Aunt Ada went about e house pulling the window shades up, ecking the locks and pulling them down again. At the same window, in the same voice as every night, she said, "It's an awfully dark night." She asked three times if the downstairs door was locked and the gate latched. "Do you think we're going to have a storm?" She asked that every night too.

But of course it all seemed slightly amusing with Kitty there. To have Aunt Ada perform exactly as Mathilda had described it. Funny and pathetic, of course, too. And it wouldn't seem so bad after Kitty left, Mathilda told herself. Kitty had helped a lot.

But alas, a week of rain followed. Cold, drizzly, inexhaustible rain. Mathilda stayed in bed late and went to bed early. She got books from the loan library—novels. One a day. At the end of three days all the good Kitty had done was gone, the place was worse than it had ever been.

JOHNNY, shut in the house, was bored, difficult, complaining. He wandered through the house looking for amusement, in the cellar, in the cellar kitchen and the cellar-kitchen closet, then finally up the ladder to the attic.

"Johnny, don't go up there. You'll get all dirty. That ladder isn't safe."

"Why isn't it safe?"

"It just isn't. And the attic's all cobwebs. There's nothing up there."

"How do you know?"

She couldn't bother to explain she had looked up there as a child. "I just know. Come down."

He waited, and when she said no more went on slowly up. And she couldn't be bothered to scold more. The rain came in sheets against her window. It dripped, dripped, dripped from the gutter onto the bay-window roof. She lay on her bed and tried to read a silly book. In her room Aunt Ada snored.

"Mother—come here." Johnny's voice indicated something important. He sounded not frightened, but awed. "Come quick."

She put down her book and went to the ladder. "What is it?"

"Come up."

She climbed far enough to put her head through the opening.

"Wrapped up here in a sheet is something very wonderful. It's a house, a beautiful little house."

She went all the way, crossed the rafters and squatted beside him. It wasn't so little. The sheet seemed to be covering something as large as a small chest. She opened one corner and tore the paper inside.

"Why, how extraordinary. I never saw it before."

"Can we take it down and look at it?"

"I don't know why not. I'll ask Aunt Ada."

But Aunt Ada cut her short. "Yes, I know all about it. It's the little house."

"But what is it? Where did it come from?"

"My father made it." Tight mouth.

"He did! Why, it looks simply wonderful. Can't we take it down and look at it?"

"Oh, no—no. Don't you touch it. You'd better come right down out of the attic." It made no sense.

Johnny, on the ladder, was listening, his mouth drooping in disappointment. "Why, can't we touch it? We won't hurt it." Aunt Ada had let Johnny play with anything in the house. Why suddenly act this way?

"Father made that for Johnny. It wasn't finished when he died and father put it up in the attic. He said no one was ever to touch it, not even to look at it. He wouldn't let us even talk about it." She looked as frightened as though she thought her father might be listening now. "You'd better come right away from it."

(Continued on Page 99)

WITH THE CHILDREN

Our son had his heart set on a fancy box of lollipops in the village sweet shop. I explained they were not worth the price and tried to establish a sense of value in the five-year-old, which was no light chore. I finally persuaded him not to spend his money for them by saying anyone who paid that price for lollipops was plain stupid. A short time later guests brought our son the desired box of 'pops. Beaming, he said, "They are nice stupid people and I am glad everyone isn't smart."

Going out to help with some gardening, I was getting into an old pair of dungarees, when my young four-year-old feminist pleaded, "Mommy, please don't wear those awful pants. How would you like it if father put on one of your dresses when he helped you do the dishes?"

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

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(Continued from Page 97)

Mathilda and Johnny looked at each
er. "We can't bring it down?" he asked.
She shook her head and went downstairs.
e sat on the horsehair sofa and looked at
brown wallpaper, the muddy water
ors Aunt Harrie did, the pressed autumn
ves with the velvet frame. On the center
le was an Atlantic Monthly for August,
3. Jean Ingelow's poems. The sofa cushion
ind her was made of little biscuits of silk,
bably fifty years ago. A house of the dead.
nt Ada's dead, I'm dead, Johnny's dead.
ndfather Peet—she had looked to him
help. And what help could he give her?
en his son died he had to kill something,
t little house he made. He had to scare
children, even reach ahead and try to
re her Johnny. *I can't stand it—I won't*
here. You can't keep me here, she told
ndfather Peet. She'd go pack, she and
nny would leave right away, go back to
w York, go anywhere.

She ran up the stairs, pulled her suitcase
vn from the closet shelf. It had the tags
it from the hotel where she and Press
nt their honeymoon. She choked down a
, then dropped the suitcase and sat on the
. Where was she going? Back to that
el—back to try to find Press? There
sn't anywhere to run to. They were
oped right here.

ohnny came to the door. "Mother,
at can I do now? I'm tired of playing
h my pencils."

"There isn't anything to do. Not for
ner of us." She hardly recognized her own
ce. Johnny's eyes widened and fear
ead over his face.

HNNY's eyes blinked and his face puck-
d. It changed slowly to a baby's face—
t baby she used to hold, the baby she used
nurse, wrapping the blanket tight about
pressing it close to her. That baby that
ked up at her so solemnly. "Look, Press—
k at him. What do you suppose he's
nking?" He was the baby and he was this
nny and he was the Johnny that was
ad somewhere—that tall, strong Johnny
o was going to be the man his father was.
Such a flood of love for him came over her
t she could scarcely breathe. *I never*
w—I never realized. He's all there is— he's
rything. He's life. She was trembling so
held one hand with the other to steady
self. She mustn't look at him. She mustn't
hten him.

"Johnny"—calm, calm—"Johnny, dar-
g, there *is* something we can do. I was
ong. There's lots we can do. Right now
ll go up to the attic and get the little
use." She laughed, half sobbing. "Come
shall we? Get it down and
y with it. And then, after the
n stops, we'll make a garden,
ll we? And we'll fix up Aunt
a's house. Paint it—pink and
low and white."

ohnny looked at her sol-
nly and said, "I'd like to
ke a garden, but we mustn't
the house down. Aunt Ada
d no."

"We aren't going to tell Aunt
a."

He hesitated.

"Look, Johnny, Grandfather
et said no one was to touch it,
t he was wrong. Aunt Ada's
ong. It's our house. We're
ve and we're the ones that
nt. His little boy died, but
didn't—you didn't, I didn't.
me on. We're going to get it."

She climbed up the attic lad-
r; she could have climbed on
a mile.

"Come on, Johnny—you take
t side. I'll go down a step
d you hand it to me."

They took the great sheet-
apped thing into Johnny's
om and shut the door.

"Now"—she smiled at him—
ou lift one side."

"You lift the other." And
ere was the little house.

Johnny's eyes shone with excitement. "Oh, mother—isn't it beautiful!"

It was a Victorian house about three feet square, three stories high, with a cupola on the top. About the roof was a railing of the most delicate carving. The windows were all of real glass, and inside every window were tiny shutters, some folded back, some closed. Window shades rolled up with little red wool tassels hanging. She shook her head at the wonder of it.

"Look at the front door," she said in a hushed voice. Slender pillars, cornices, brackets. Over every window was an intricately carved shelf with tiny scrolls.

"Oh, mother, how could anyone make it?"

"I don't know—I don't know, Johnny."

They moved around and saw that the back wasn't finished. There was no door, no steps, the windows were out. Before that could be done little Johnny died. Inside the house were pieces of railing, bits of lattice, pieces of lead cut out like wrought iron.

Every evening he sat working on it. Johnny was sick; if he had this to play with he might feel better. Then Johnny was too sick to see it, finished or unfinished. Did Grandfather Peet stop work and sit outside the child's door, or by his bed? Or did he work on, forcing his fingers to be steady enough to handle the tiny pieces, until one night they came and told him—the doctor, or maybe his wife? And then he stopped. He never touched another piece. Dry-eyed—he would be dry-eyed—he wrapped up the house and took it to the attic. "No one is ever to touch it."

The little girls came one after another and there would be rainy days like this one. Little Abigail or little Harrie or Ada had nothing to do. But the little house stayed wrapped in a sheet in the attic. He was never reconciled. He never said, "Thy will be done."

I had to do it, she told the picture later. *I'm right. You know I am. My Johnny is alive—he mustn't be hurt.*

They put the house in Johnny's closet and he played with it afternoons when Aunt Ada was taking her nap. He had never been rough with toys, but Mathilda watched him with the house, amazed. He had collected all the little pieces and put them in boxes. Up in the attic he found others that had fallen out. He would sit looking at it, talking to himself as children do.

"Now I am going up to my room—this is my room here. I look out this window and I see mother coming, so I go downstairs again and then I come out the front door."

It was all too amazing, like some plan working out after all these years. Another little Johnny playing with the house—like the second and third and fourth little Grace. Like the lilies under the Judas tree pushing up through the soil.

"How did Grandfather Peet happen to make the little house?" she dared ask her aunt.

"Well, it was just built and everyone was talking about it, the finest house in town it was considered."

"Oh, you mean it's a copy of a real house?"

"Yes, the Punchard house."

On the first clear day after the long rain they started out to see it. "Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to buy that house and live in it," Johnny said. "Then I'd have the big house and the little one just like it."

"Oh, Johnny—it's so big."

"I like big houses, full of people."

Poor Johnny!

They followed Aunt Ada's directions down through the town, around by the shipyards—so far they had been before. Then beyond that to a little colony of houses, a cove with a few boats, a pebbly beach with Swampscott dories pulled up. Then the road turned and went over salt marshes. The road was edged with large granite boulders—once the sea had come in here—and with old twisted willow trees. Johnny ran ahead, standing now and then to sniff the smells from the cove.

"There it is," Johnny called excitedly. "Look." He had seen the cupola over the trees.

Together they ran as though the house, having nestled there comfortably for eighty years, might suddenly flap its wings and fly south.

The marsh ended and there were a wide lawn, enormous beech trees, a driveway and the house! They stood and stared as though it were their long-lost home and they had wandered through jungle and desert to find it.

"Remember that front door? It's exactly the same. Just exactly." He climbed up onto the stone wall to see better. "And remember that window? That's the one with the glass unglued. And the shutters fell out of that window on the end, remember?"

She nodded. Grandfather Peet must have stood here as they were, studying it, making notes, or perhaps making sketches—there were no cameras then. He must have come again and again.

"That window there isn't right," Johnny said. "That ought to be a door. Someone changed it."

"I don't believe so."

"Yes, it's wrong. I'm sure it's wrong."

"What's wrong with my window?"

They both jumped and turned. They had such feelings of guilt about the little house they felt it here too. It might be Aunt Ada saying, "You took that house down. There will be a curse on you." But it wasn't Aunt Ada. It was Olaf the Plumber. Mathilda felt foolish even thinking that, he was so completely unplumberish.

"Hello, Johnny," the voice went on—the nice European voice. "Have you learned to tell time by Abbey Hall clock yet?"

And then Mathilda remembered, not with her brain but with her pulses, that she didn't like this man. She had hoped they would never meet him again. Why did *he* have to be the one to live here—as he apparently did?

Johnny was greeting him warmly. "I can *almost* tell time. I know where twelve is and I can count around, but the other hand is hard. Do you live here?"

"I do. What is wrong with my window?"

"I should explain." Mathilda took over. "You see, we merely ——"

"Do you have to explain?" he asked. "Let me think you are

(Continued on Page 101)

"My advice is snap it up while it's in stock and then look for a husband."

For those who love to play with fire Hearts may burst into flame at the sight of this lovely Lady Catherine Terrycord Robe. But the fabric? Never! For light and fluffy as it is—this gorgeous creation is treated with a new substance resistant to flame. No need to worry about flying sparks when you curl up in front of the fireplace. Washing or cleaning will destroy flameproofing. We will clean and re-flameproof for $1.50.

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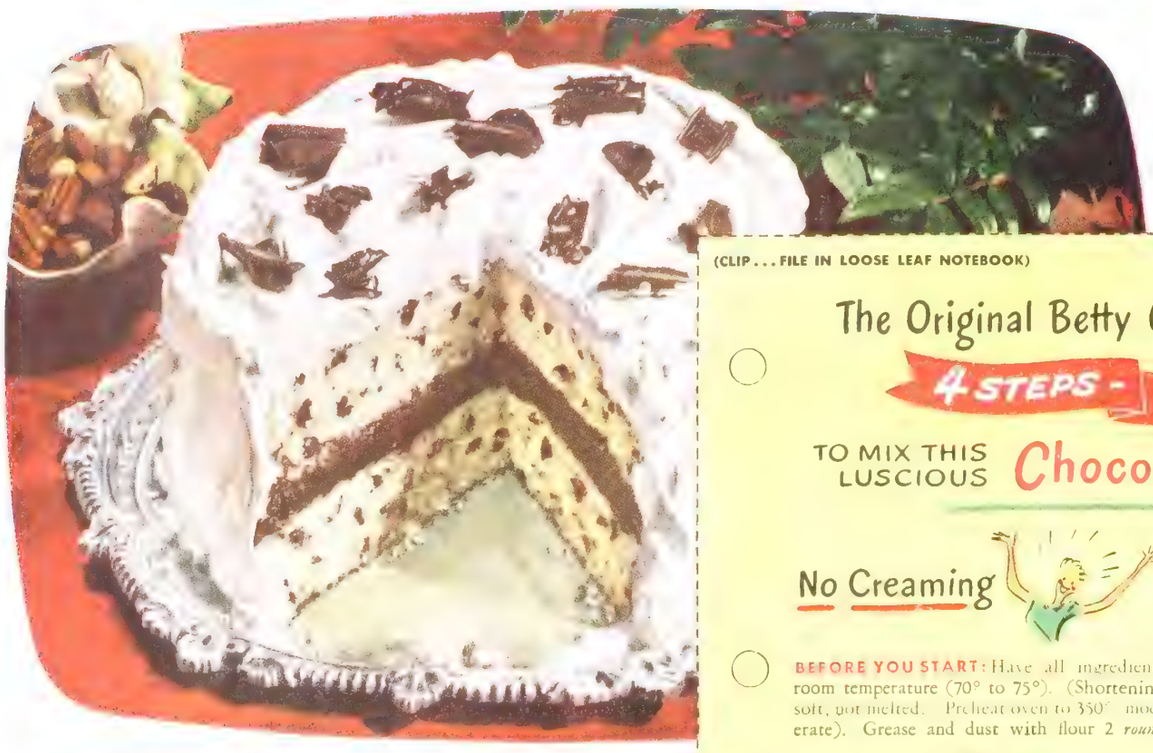
IN CELEBRATION OF HER SILVER ANNIVERSARY...

Betty Crocker reveals ABC's of her

Double-Quick CAKE METHOD



Our new "double-quick" method gives you *lovelier, lighter, better* cakes in ½ the mixing time with Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Try my special Silver Anniversary Chocolate Chip Cake below. It's delicious!

(CLIP...FILE IN LOOSE LEAF NOTEBOOK)

The Original Betty Crocker New Method

4 STEPS - 4 MINUTES

TO MIX THIS LUSCIOUS **Chocolate Chip Cake**

No Creaming

No Egg-Beating

BEFORE YOU START: Have all ingredients room temperature (70° to 75°). (Shortening soft, not melted. Preheat oven to 350° moderate). Grease and dust with flour 2 *round layer pans*, 8-in. diameter, 1½-in. deep. Sift GOLD MEDAL FLOUR before measuring. Measure all ingredients accurately (level) before starting to mix.

1. Sift.....TOGETHER INTO BOWL..

- **2⅛ cups (2 cups plus 2 tbsp.) *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour**
- ***1½ cups sugar**
- ****4 tsp. double-action baking powder**
- ****1 tsp. salt**

2. Add.....

- **½ cup high grade vegetable shortening**
- **1 cup milk**
- **1 tsp. vanilla**

3. Beat.....vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per minute). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. *Or* mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium speed* for 2 minutes. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.

Add.....

- **½ to ⅔ cup unbeaten egg whites (4 large)**

4. Beat.....2 more minutes, scraping bowl frequently.

Fold in CAREFULLY

- **½ cup sweet or semi-sweet chocolate cut into very small pieces (about ⅛-in.) (about ⅔ of a 4-oz. bar)**

Pour into prepared pans.

Bake *30 to 35 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°). When cool, spread cooked white icing between layers, over top and sides. If desired, make Fudgy Chocolate Filling (*recipe below.*)

***TO SAVE ON SUGAR:** Use ¾ cup sugar and ¾ cup white corn syrup. Reduce milk to ¾ cup plus 1 tbsp. Add syrup with milk to dry ingredients.

FUDGY CHOCOLATE FILLING

Mix *thoroughly*, in saucepan *1 egg yolk*, *3 tbsp. cream*, *½ cup sugar*, add 1 sq. *unsweetened chocolate* (*1 oz.*), *1 tbsp. butter*. Cook over moderate heat *only until bubbles appear around edge*, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; beat until thick.

To make chocolate curls to decorate cake—have a bar of chocolate (either sweet or unsweetened) slightly warm . . . but not melting. With sharp knife cut off long shavings from smooth sides of bar . . . they will curl up.

**NOTE: If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.

If you live over 3000 ft. altitude, write to Betty Crocker, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis 1, Minn., for adjustments for Chocolate Chip Cake recipe.

Perfect results assured only with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour

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and your grocer's got it!

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Superb, snow-white Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour! A flour for *every baking need!* Tested from wheatfield to kitchen to *insure* your baking success. With an exciting new set of recipes in the sack, perfected by General Mills' Betty Crocker staff.

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Get your Gold Medal now—and join the celebration!

General Mills

FREE! WHILE THEY LAST!

Midwinter Carnival Recipes At Your Grocer's

Exciting new Betty Crocker recipes for Carnival Marble Cake, Coeur, Peach Cobbler, Bohemian Raisin Bread, Orange-Fig Bread, and Lemon Heaven Pie. Hurry, costs but the asking!

If your grocer doesn't have them, write Betty Crocker, Dept. 60, General Mills, Minneapolis 1. Ask for Mid-winter Carnival Recipes.

- *Triple-Tested!*
- *Perfection-Blended!*
- *Recipe-Sure!*

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(Continued from Page 99)

iring my house. Let me think Johnny budding architect."

A what?" Johnny asked, his head on one his face screwed up. "A what?"

An architect. A man who plans and ds houses."

He doesn't build *arks?"*

Sometimes arks," the man said, laughing. t *he* doesn't think so."

think I'd like to build houses," Johnny "but I'd *never* like any other house the I like this one."

athilda could not let Johnny get her in deeper. "You see, the reason we are ested in this house—we have a model of home."

e turned to her, as startled as though she said she had a trained lion. "A model of house! You have a model of my house?"

Yes. My grandfather made it."

But I am amazed. Why didn't I know existed a model of my house? The rical society did not know it. We spent s looking for old photographs, records, hing at all. It was in bad shape—I ed to restore it to its original condition. ound only a few very faded prints. And you calmly tell me you have a model."

No one knew about it. It was hidden in attic. I don't believe anyone ever saw

How large is it?"

e indicated with her hands. "We could ly get it down the ladder," Johnny said. Really—that large? An inch to a foot might be. When may I see it?"

'm afraid you can't see it," she told him. one is allowed to see it. Not even us."

But you said"—he gestured with both ds—"you said you had been studying

athilda colored. And then laughed. "We it and we hid it in Johnny's closet. You —" Sobering, she told him the story. e showed great sympathy, exclaiming in slightly foreign way he had, "Ah—how his only son—poor man. And so the e was put away. But another Johnny rrected it."

hat a nice word. They *resurrected* it. now we shouldn't have done it—I mean people would think so."

Not at all. I think you did quite right. ple's mistakes must not be perpetuated their death. It is one of the great evils of world that the dead are allowed to con- the living. It is not right."

That's just what I think! It's *horrible* to ne dead hold living people back. Johnny es that little house." He looked at her she realized that she had been speaking ily, that her cheeks were flushed, and it dawned on her that she was talking m as though he were an old friend. "Any- , that's why we can't show you the se. Aunt Ada would never allow it."

M-m-m. We must think of some way. ould introduce myself," he suddenly re- mbered. "I am Anders Zorn—an ar- ect, incidentally."

A budding architect?" Johnny asked.

ELL, I thought once I had blossomed." smiled. "I build modern houses mostly. friends find it very amusing that I should e bought this for myself. One says so tively, 'I like this, I abhor that, I must e thus and so,' and then—one falls in ."

It's beautiful," she agreed. "We did not m it would have such a beautiful setting."

You must come in, Mrs. ——"

Avery—I'm sorry."

You must come in. See the inside of r house."

Oh, no—no, really. We must go. Aunt 's alone."

le walked down the road with them. "I think up some way to see the model, do fear."

We could set the house on fire and you ld pretend you were a fireman and save Johnny said. They both laughed.

hat evening Mathilda finally got up her rage. "Aunt Ada," she said, "I want to up this house."

Fix it up?" Aunt Ada asked. "How?"

"Every way. Paint it inside and out. New wallpaper. New curtains. I can paint—I'll do some of it."

"My fury," Aunt Ada said—"so that's what's gotten into your mother."

"Did you think he could be a painter and come to paint my room?" he asked in a whisper.

"Harrie had it all painted just a little while ago, but I suppose it could be done again. It means having strange men and they make such a mess. But it might give the neighbors something to talk about."

Before the work was started on the house a letter came from Kitty:

Met a gal today who tells me Inky Taylor is living in Stonehead. She married a Dane named Zorn and lives there in a beautiful old house. I'm writing Inky now to look you up. She's a swell kid—about your age.

Mathilda dropped the letter in her lap. *Well, I'll be darned,* she thought. *How utterly funny life is.* So he was married—to a girl about her age. He was probably thirty-four or thirty-five. *An attractive age.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lesson

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

An old woman told me,
An old woman said,
"Love's an ill soon over with."
I wept and shook my head.

An old woman told me,
An old woman sighed,
"A broken heart mends quickly."
"Oh, no! Not mine!" I cried.

But now I know, who didn't
When my pain was new,
She was right and I was wrong,
And weep because it's true.

But now I know, who didn't
When I was very young,
That time's a cure for anything,
Though bitter to the tongue!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A man is settled then, you know what he is heading for, he has ideas. If he had a wife, a young wife, it didn't seem right to feel antagonism toward him. She didn't understand just why she had felt like that anyway.

Inky phoned the very next day. "Kitty says I'll like you."

"Kitty says I'll like *you.*"

They arranged that Inky was to come to call the next day at four. Mathilda broke the news to Aunt Ada.

"Oh, my fury—what shall I wear? That Mrs. Zorn coming here."

"You sound as though you knew her."

"I do—everyone does. She was president of the Red Cross. She wrote me lovely letters—I kept them all. I never met her."

Mathilda helped Aunt Ada get ready, since she was making it so important. She found a silk dress old-fashioned enough to have real style. She looked very distinguished.

"I wish the painting was done. We'll have to give the parlor a good cleaning. Shall we get out the good tea set? What are you going to wear, Mathilda?"

Mathilda shrugged. "Oh, a dress."

"Well, at least you won't wear those pants."

Inky pulled up in a red roadster just after four. With her was her husband. They were talking and sat in the car a minute after it stopped to continue. Both laughing. The most absurd stab went through Mathilda's ribs. Other couples were so happy!

Inky was not raven-haired, but blond as a broom. She was a tall girl with fine wide shoulders; her blond hair she wore in a long bob only slightly curled. She had poise and self-sufficiency and a lovely large mouth filled with beautiful teeth. No wonder he fell in love with her!

"I told Anders where I was coming and he jumped aboard," Inky explained. "It seems he knows you. Something going on behind my back?" she laughed. "And where is Johnny—who knows the small hand on the clock already?"

"Johnny is napping still. He will be down."

Then Aunt Ada came in, with quite an air, really. He was charming with Aunt Ada—natural, easy. Aunt Ada, who did not like men in the house, was arch as a kitten with him.

THEY talked about Kitty, they talked about the town. Mathilda showed her lack of enthusiasm and they pointed out its charms as Kitty had. "I shall make it my personal responsibility to see that you appreciate your town, Mrs. Avery. I come from Denmark and show you about. You would not resent that? I do not know that I would like it if an American tried to show me Denmark."

"That's very good of you, Mr. Zorn. I think I have seen Stonehead. It's just that I like cities. I like New York."

"Oh, no. Or rather, like New York but stay here. I have a car. I will drive you about. I have a boat also. Perhaps you should see it from the water."

How extraordinary for him to talk thus! His wife looked amused. *Foreign husbands certainly have strange notions of the way one talks to other women. Not "we" will drive you about, "we" have a boat.*

"I'm afraid I am going to have to live in New York when Gunnar comes back," Inky said. "I'm dreading it."

"Gunnar?"

"My husband. Anders' brother. He is in Paris now. He is a member of a frightfully imposing commission," and she explained its purposes.

Mathilda did not hear. She was feeling too much the fool. And struggling that she should not show what she had thought; or if she did, that she should immediately and emphatically show, by a simultaneous expression, that it was not of the slightest interest to her whether Anders was Inky's husband or not. She caught his eye, and his amused expression told her that her efforts had been wasted.

Of course, like everyone, they raved over the portraits. "And this is the unhappy man," Anders said.

"Yes, and his Johnny. I'll see what I can do about the house," she said. "The first step. Be prepared to get nowhere." Louder: "Aunt Ada, the Zorns live in the old Punchard house."

"They do? I didn't know that."

"Yes."

Silence.

"I told them about the wonderful model your father made. Mr. Zorn is an architect, and so he was very interested."

"Yes, I don't doubt it."

Silence again. Mathilda exchanged an amused glance with him. Johnny was right. His eyes were bluer than the gravy bowl.

Then Aunt Ada spoke. "I expect he'd be still more interested to *see* it."

Anders took over. "Oh, I would indeed. I cannot tell you how much I would like to see it."

"Well—I'm willing you should," Aunt Ada said. "Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a goat."

"Now what does she mean by that?" Mathilda muttered to them. "You mean, Aunt Ada," she asked, unbelieving, "we can take it down from the attic?"

"Attic? I wasn't born yesterday. I think you'll find it in Johnny's closet. You needn't look so scared. I'm glad you had the gumption to get it. I couldn't sleep, I felt so badly about keeping it from Johnny."

Mathilda jumped up, enormously relieved. "We'll get it right down. Johnny must be awake. He'll be so excited." She started for the stairs.

(Continued on Page 103)

Treat Yourself

TO THE TASTE-THRILL OF A FRESH RIPE PEAR!

It's a "gourmet's adventure" to bite into a luscious ripe *Winter Pear!* Rich-flavored, tender, juicy *Anjou, Comice* and *Nelis* pears are in season now . . . "ripe" for your enjoyment!

★ Serve fresh *Winter Pears* with crackers and cheese for an easy, refreshing dessert!

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And it's the flavor of Del Mont
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Extra care where? Right in the natural "wrapper" that protects Del Monte Corn in the fields. It took thousands of experiments to develop a husk that would close tightly over the tip of the ear, protect the kernels, and allow them to grow uniformly sweet and tender.

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2–You get extra flavor here

Give round steak a break with the rich goodness of Del Monte Brand Corn in

ROUND STEAK ROLL—CORNPATCH STUFFING

- 2½ lbs. round steak, cut ½ inch thick
- French Dressing
- 2 tbsps. butter
- ½ cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 12-oz. can Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel Corn
- 1 tbsp. chopped onion
- 3 tbsps. thinly sliced celery
- 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento
- 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
- ¼ tsp. thyme
- ½ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper

Trim steak; pound both sides well. Pat into 11x15 inch rectangle. Brush both sides with French Dressing and let stand. Brown bread crumbs in butter; toss lightly with remaining ingredients. Spread stuffing on steak; roll up, securing with toothpicks. Brown in skillet, in fat trimmed from meat, turning frequently. Add ½ cup hot water and cover skillet tightly. Simmer gently for about 2 hrs. or until tender, adding hot water as necessary. Remove roll from pan; make gravy from drippings. Slice roll. If desired, serve with another can of Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel Corn, heated and seasoned, and sautéed green apple wedges (as shown). Serves 6.

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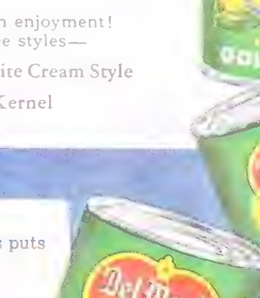

Extra flavor? Sure—Del Monte always puts

flavor first

Del Monte CORN

(Continued from Page 101)

Let me help." Anders followed her. And
ny waked up to find them bringing the
e out from the closet. "Oh, really,
—oh, I had no idea." Anders could not
ain his enthusiasm. "I never dreamed
s anything like this. Look at that cor-
Look at the delicacy of that carving.
at the architraves over the windows.
did he do it? With what tools?"
nt Ada could not understand him, but
could not miss his astonishment and
ration. Mathilda asked his questions
im. "I've always heard he used mostly
a penknife. What tools he had he made
lf."
ook at this curve. Inky, look—look at
curve. Look at this infinitesimal finial.
t hands he must have had! Miss
"—he turned to Aunt Ada, then
oked up at the portrait—"your father
n artist." Aunt Ada beamed, not know-
what to say. "I hope Johnny has in-
ed some of his talent."
Mathilda used to be cute with her hands
she was little. I have a valentine she
me. Pictures cut out and pasted up. I
ys thought it was wonderful work for a

never was a tot," Mathilda protested.
ders was considering her seriously.
y do you not finish the house?" he
h, I couldn't." But right away she
she could and knew that it would
e greatest joy that she could imagine.
think you could. I
noticed your hands.
I think"—he looked
Grandfather Peet—
hink he would be
ed." When they left
ked her, "Have you
om you could work
I have a drafting
—a large one."
h, no, I couldn't take it there." Then
ought. *The cellar kitchen doorstairs a workroom that would make!*
e was to dine with Anders and Inky
llowing Tuesday. Anders had offered
rvices if she needed advice as of course
ould.
ome see our ducks, Johnny," Inky said.
y look just like ferryboats, covered
feathers."
hey do? We had ferryboats in New
. Can your ducks toot too?"
y laughed. "No, they only quack.
ps you can teach them to toot too."
hey left with everyone laughing.
this Stonehead? Mathilda asked. *Can e I?*
e house was completely transfigured the
month. The bedrooms were painted
clean colors, the heterogeneous furni-
was all painted white, except for the old
gany, which was oiled and waxed.
e were simple small-figured chintzes,
d organdy curtains. "My fury," said
Ada over and over again. "What
l Harrie say?" The cellar kitchen Ma-
a and Johnny did themselves. They
ed it out, they painted the floor red,
opened up the big fireplace.

R the back fence Mathilda asked Mr.
next door, if he knew a boy who would
in the garden. "He'll have to be a
g boy. There's a lot to be done."
she talked the slat of the fence came
her hands. She got a hammer and nails
ailed it back. Then she went around the
n mending other slats. Who would be-
it would be such fun to mend a fence?
put the hammock under the apple-tree the swing will hang from that big bough

thur came. A fourteen-year-old with
curls like a cherub. Johnny's idol. She
o interfere once or twice and explain
Arthur wasn't hired merely to direct
ny how to dig a garden, and eventually
t the idea. At Arthur's suggestion they
a patch and planted vegetables. And
ny on his hands and knees watched the
in the ground widen and the great
s push their heads up through. The bleeding heart. Toddled and bloomed. Johnny picked a spray and brought it in.

"The poor thing look at the drops of blood, mother." His voice dripping with pity.

"Drops of blood, my eye. That's just a silly name, Johnny. It's only a flower. How could it be blood? There are [illegible] of something."

"I'd *rather* think it's a bleeding heart," he said haughtily.

"O.K., feller. If you enjoy weeping over something that isn't so, go ahead. But it's a bad habit." She heard herself. *I sound like Kitty*, she said. *I must not be Kitty to me.*

THAT was June. A month so different from the June she expected that she could not believe that she was she. Suddenly it had become a different stage, she wore a different costume and had different lines. She could not think back and see how it happened. Inky this friend who had, it seemed, always been her friend knew such interesting people. The Cecils and the Thomastons. Aggie Fitzgibbon, blunt, violent, good-hearted, and her charming delicate sculptor husband, Cedric. Maggie Tyler and her brother. They had boats. There were picnics, races, tennis at the yacht club.

Then it was July and everything slightly more so. Then it was August. She sat one morning in her workroom. She had been neglecting the little house too much. Now - and from now on, she told herself firmly - she would stick at it. The boys were down in the garden. She could hear their voices. Arthur was boasting about the money he had made.

"What are you going to do with it?" Johnny asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Get a boat maybe, or put it in the bank, or" a trifle smugly—"buy my mother a new dress."

"My mother used to make money and buy herself dresses. Now she doesn't work, she stays home with me except when she's with Anders. She'd rather stay home with me than have new dresses."

So Johnny still remembered New York, remembered and still worried a little. She picked up the chimney she was about to copy. It was a little masterpiece. It even had a lightning rod running up the side. She almost wept when she saw that. "Johnny will like this," Grandfather Peet had said.

She heard the bicycle tires in the road outside above the innumerable noises that might have drowned such a minor sound. Anders leaned his bicycle against the gate and came into the back yard. He stopped for a minute to speak to the boys below and then came in the door. She bent over the chimney, waiting, and then looked up in surprise as he entered. He sat beside her work table, asked if she minded his pipe, and then watched her work.

"I'm trying to figure out how he made the chimney wider at the bottom. What do you call it?"

"A corbel."

"It is just a bit of veneer glued on, I think."

He took the chimney and studied it. "Yes. It seems to be. And look, Tilda, on the edge here, unless I am mistaken, he sprinkled a bit of sand into the paint to represent the mortar. You almost have to take a magnifying glass to see it." Their heads bent together over it. "He did it to please himself. That is the difference between an artist and a workman."

"The row of pointed bricks stumps me."

"We call that tessellated." She wrote it down as she had written "corbel." His eyes were amused at her interest. "Do you realize that if your grandfather had finished the house, you wouldn't be doing it now?"

"No, I wouldn't, that's true."

"You wouldn't have known about this wonderful ability you have."

"You really think I have?" She looked up, but looked down quickly. "Sometimes as I work I can almost swear Grandfather Peet is standing over me, suggesting things.

> Few men ever have all the suffering they can bear; many think they have.
>
> From The Countryman's Year, by DAVID GRAYSON (copyright 1936 by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.).

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THE *DR. PEPPER*
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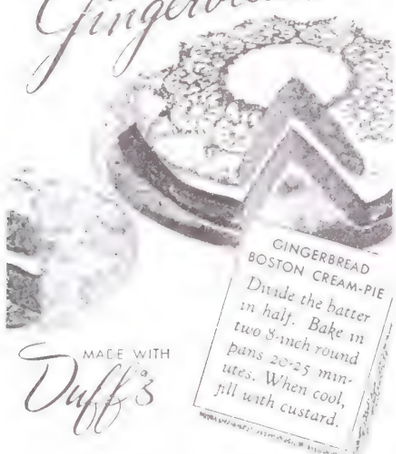
PARTY MOOD
Gingerbread



GINGERBREAD BOSTON CREAM-PIE
Divide the batter in half. Bake in two 8-inch round pans 20-25 minutes. When cool, fill with custard.

MADE WITH Duff's

From its sugar-frosted top down to the last spicy morsel, this Gingerbread Cream-Pie is a party treat de luxe. And, at the same time, *it's amazingly simple* to prepare. The gingerbread is made quickly and easily with Duff's, and the festive topping is powdered sugar sifted through a paper doily. A filling of creamy custard completes the "easy does it" story.

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All Duff's Mixes are fully-prepared
JUST ADD Water - THAT'S ALL!

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PRIZE PACKAGE!

Try leather for that, Mathilda, it's more pliant than wood. Or, *I'd make that a little more curved.* And sometimes I think I am my grandfather, making the house for the other Johnny. If I finish it he won't have died. It seems so funny to me now that I could ever have thought that it was wrong for us to look at the house, or that I should have hesitated to finish it. I'm doing it for him because I know, as firmly as I ever knew anything, that he would have wanted it."

He said nothing, but she knew he understood. They had talked about it so much. Finishing that little house, making every detail just as perfect as Grandfather Peet would have made it, seemed to her the most important thing she had ever done.

"The historical society is counting on exhibiting it in September. It will be done then, won't it?"

"Oh, yes. I have only the trellis and the back porch to finish."

There was silence for a few minutes—a bee buzzed on the pane, a lawn mower whirred outside.

"I was wondering, Tilda, if you had ever thought of doing this as a profession." She looked up, thinking he couldn't be serious. "Models for architects. There is a great demand for them and there will be more. People like to see right before them the house they plan to build—most people can't make sense out of blueprints."

"Do you think I could do it?"

"After this? You certainly could. You might have to study a bit, learn to work from blueprints, study the materials that are being used, but you would work closely with an architect. He would help you."

"People would pay me for this—*play?*"

"Pay you very well."

She looked out into the yard. What a wonderful thing that would be, too wonderful to imagine. She could do it—not in a glass cage, but right here; not directing capricious artists, but being the artist herself. She could put in more shelves, get better equipment—a fire in the fireplace in the winter. He was watching her look about the room, reading her mind as he so often did.

"There are some models on exhibition in Boston now. Modern houses; not like this, of course—you'll never be asked to make anything as difficult as this—I wonder if you wouldn't like to see them."

"Oh, I'd love to."

"We could drive up tomorrow. Have dinner on a roof maybe—or perhaps a show."

It was almost as though a wind had blown through the room, slamming the door, blowing out a light. They would drive home afterward. Last night she had leaned on her window sill and looked up at the moon, hearing that faint, faint music that comes from a full moon looking down on a sleeping town, and on a quivering sea, music as faint as a pulse beat. She had been close o tears at such beauty spread so richly before her—until she came to her senses. A sophomore in high school, she had called herself. A fifteen-year-old breathing heavily over nature. That thing there in the sky like a brass tray, just a big vulgar light, just an astronomical fact. She had jerked down the shade as though she were Aunt Ada and the neighbors were lined up outside. Tomorrow night there would be a moon—and no shade to pull. And she wouldn't be alone to hide her face in a pillow.

"I'm sorry, Anders. I'm afraid I can't go."

He smoked and watched her. Her fingers were shaking and she knew he saw it. "It's working into a rhythm," he said. "I think I begin to see the pattern."

She looked up. "A pattern?"

"Accept one invitation, refuse two."

"That's absurd. It just happens I can't go tomorrow."

"And if I had asked you to go the next day?"

"I'm sorry. Aunt Ada doesn't like to be alone—Johnny doesn't either." It was weak, but it had to do. She *wouldn't* go.

Lately it had got so that they were continually being left alone. Inky would swim off out to the float and there they were, she and Anders. Johnny would run off to see the ducks and there they were again. It would start as a big gay party. It ended with her alone with Anders.

He isn't in love with me, she told herself. *I'm not foolish enough to think that. And of course I could never be in love with him, but it's just better to stop now.*

He was silent so long she looked up. *It's funny about men. They don't do things to make themselves attractive, like trying their hair different ways, or reshaping their eyebrows, or working on how they'll hold their pipe so when they smile their teeth show white against the tan, and their lips curl so—so cutely, and yet they can be so attractive. They just sit there not knowing it, not thinking about themselves at all. A girl cut out of stone couldn't help but be affected.*

In the middle of August Gunnar came home. Inky phoned and asked Mathilda over for supper Sunday night. Mathilda thought hard as they chatted.

"After a year—you must be simply beside yourself, Inky."

"Beside myself all in a row. I'm *bien* cuckoo. I can't even think. I make no sense. You'll come, Til?"

Inky and Gunnar so much in love, reunited, the very air throbbing with their happiness. Inky and Gunnar, and she and Anders, watching, listening. But how could she refuse? It would have to be a good excuse.

"I'd love to come, Inky, but—I'm so sorry. I'm going to New York."

"Why, how come? How sudden! Anders didn't tell me."

"Anders had no way of knowing."

When she hung up she was ashamed that she had been so abrupt, but it was a good idea. An inspiration. She would call Sidney. He would get some tickets for shows—give her a whirl.

And when she came back? There would still be Gunnar and Inky and Anders and Mathilda. She couldn't go to New York every time they invited her to dinner. Sooner or later, there she would be caught. It made her knees weak to think of it. She just plain *wouldn't* accept. She would get sick, she would —— She sat and thought. If she let Sidney know that his dream wasn't impossible, she would be safe. Anders was very honorable. *I'm engaged to Mr. Greer—Sidney Greer.*

She put in a call for Sidney quickly. He didn't answer. Not then or an hour later. She called Kitty and told her she was comin down.

"What's wrong, Mathilda?" Kitty asked

"Wrong? Nothing at all. Why shoul there be anything wrong? I just thought trip to New York would be fun." She wa talking very fast. "I haven't seen Sidney i *ages.* I was *so* disappointed he never cam up. And it's not too early to start lookin around for an apartment for the fall. Wh shouldn't I? Is there an epidemic or some thing down there?"

Kitty's silence was heavy. Darn he what did she know? Nothing. "Til—wouldn't call Sidney. If you have the urg to come to New York, come on. You ca stay here. But let's leave Sidney out of it.

That made Mathilda mad. Kitty wa altogether too full of smug, well-meanin advice. This act—protecting Sidney fro Mathilda—was a joke. He would be furiou if he knew. "Sorry, Kitty. It's Sidney I a coming to see. I have thought it all over. know how you feel—it just happens yo don't understand the situation at all. Sidney and I are happy I don't know wh you should care."

"Til," Kitty said, "I thought he ha written. He said he would. I'm sorry t come out with it this way. Sidney is bein married next week."

Mathilda sat down on the step behind he Winnie had done it. "*Mr. Gree-eer ought to b married . . . there's a lot a secretary can do.* Winnie knew her strength all right.

"Is it Laura Something-or-other, suppose to be a friend of mine? He wrote me abou her."

"No—he's marrying his secretary, Winn Logan."

She gasped. "Winnie—Winnie! So sh pulled that off. Oh, Kitty, that's terribl Can't someone do something?"

"I don't think it's terrible at all," Kitt answered coolly. "I think it's the finest thin I've heard in months. I've met her. I thin she's swell. And so terribly in love with hin It's Sidney on the receiving end at last. don't know what you mean, 'pulled it off She never thought of such a thing. *He* di it."

She didn't know what to answer. She st couldn't believe it.

"When are you coming down, Til?"

"I guess maybe I won't come."

"Til—oh, I wish I were there. Loo love, get off that cover. Let it out."

"I don't know what you are talking abou Everything's fine here."

She hung up and went into the parlor. Sh felt as though the floor had vanished and le her balanced on rafters. Sidney. Sidney's lo for her—that had been like two and tw make four. To have him marry someone els And Winnie! *What do I do now?* she aske

She looked out the window ar there was Anders coming up th hill pushing his bicycle.

"Inky says you are going New York. The most remarkab coincidence. I have to go dow tonight—to see a client."

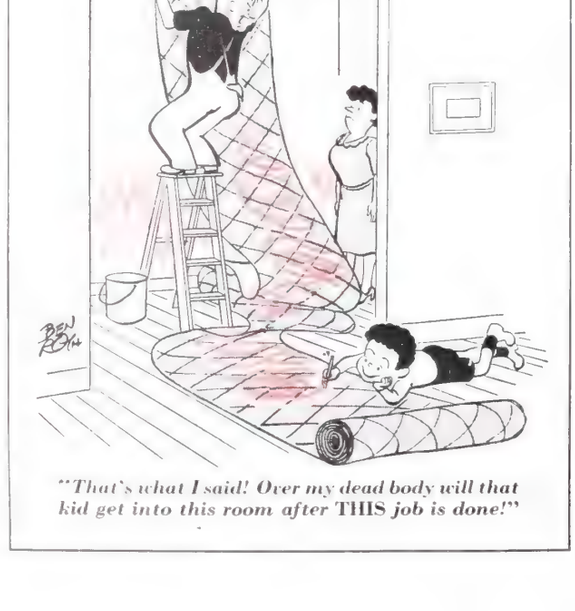
"But I'm not going. The frien I was going to see—is away."

His face was a mixture amusement and anger. "As matter of fact," he said, "m client would prefer to see me ne week. And of course if yo aren't going, you can come supper Sunday."

Sunday was one of tho summer days that seem to h just out of the tub. Cloud squeezed out of soapsuds an hung up to dry. Sky painted wit fresh blue paint. The haze August had gone out to sea, b all the richness of August w left behind. Gardens were burs ing with phlox, with late delphi iums and early asters. The holl hocks had long since gone.

Every summer hollyhocks i vade Stonehead, an army ha again as tall as the town's talle

(Continued on Page 106)



"That's what I said! Over my dead body will that kid get into this room after **THIS** *job is done!"*

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(Continued from Page 104)

man. They surround the houses, they march down the sidewalks, the gutters. Why they so love that town, of all the towns on the seacoast, no one knows. Their stalks were standing now, golden brown, shedding their seeds for next year's attack.

Anders drove slowly through the twisting streets. It was a beautiful day, he told her twice, and she agreed. A beautiful, beautiful day. She was going to be all right. She had had a good stiff session with herself. Everything would be perfectly all right.

The willow road was dappled with sun. Unseen hands were throwing golden coins drunkenly and the air was filled. When he started into the drive Mathilda stopped him.

"Just a minute, I want to look at it." He stopped, pleased. "You know, I think I like my chimney better than the original—it's a trifle slenderer."

He nodded. "Yes, I think it is better-proportioned."

"I never would believe I could have such an affection for an inanimate object—as I have for the little house," she added.

"You could safely have an affection for my house," he said quietly.

"You have done quite a bit since I first saw it. Do you call that a summer-house?"

"You could call it a gazebo or a belvedere. Your grandfather would have enjoyed copying that with all that lattice-work and the domed roof. I did these things," he went on, "not for myself, but because I had a hope ——"

"Of course, Gunnar was coming. Shall we go in and meet him?"

"Gunnar was coming," he agreed. "But Gunnar and Inky are leaving soon and I shall be alone in my big house." He wasn't being pitiful. Just a statement of fact.

Gunnar was taller than Anders, with a wiry build. Some might have thought him handsomer. He hadn't the kindly squint to the eyes, or the healthy brown skin, or the sensitive mouth with its swift smile. He talked rapidly in a very amusing fashion more foreign than his brother. They were a gorgeous couple, Inky in black organdy with a narrow blue ribbon about her waist.

GUNNAR was still catching up on the news. "And what happened to the kitten, my girl?" An odd endearment for one's wife, but he had a curious pronunciation for "girl" that made it a very loving word. "And did you get the bathing suit? Your sketch"—he turned to Mathilda—"Een-kee makes the most delightful drawings. To have a wife who writes such vunderful letters is a great joy—but not entirely. She seems so near as you read, it is hardly to be endured."

"And now poor Gunnar, home and no letters," Inky said, laughing.

He took her hand and kissed it. "Letters are but the distillation. I have the flower itself."

Mathilda looked away and met Anders' eyes full on her. It was as though he said, *Thus two may love.*

They had supper with the paving-block garden court with a saucy catbird curious about the whole affair.

"Reporter for the local paper," Inky sai

"Lobster," Gunnar told the bird, pointin to the small casserole on his plate. "Wi alligator pear and sherry. My wife can gi you the recipe. The hostess in black organd Mrs. Avery—you know Mrs. Avery." H was completely serious. The bird cocked h head and studied Mathilda. "In crea Liberty silk smocked."

The bird flew away, frightened by th laughter. It was gay—it was heaven. Th ducks swimming silently in their pond, th birds in the shrubbery, the breeze from th cove—that Stonehead breeze compounde of salt sea and summer flowers.

AFTER supper, inevitably they broke in two and two, although Inky went throug the gestures of being hostess. Mathilda d not know whether or not to think up an e cuse for going—she didn't, frankly, want go back to Aunt Ad but she didn't wa to stay and wat Gunnar and Inky ar she didn't want to b alone with Ander She didn't know wha she wanted. Withou figuring out how happened, she foun herself walking wit Anders across th road to the little cov

Now say you mu go home, she told he self. *Now say it late.* He walked b side her and now an then their arm touched. She must g *O God, Who mak moons rise*, sh prayed, *stop this on Keep it down und the sea. Blot out th stars. Send tida waves to wash th star shine from th cove.* If only she we blind! *Do blind pe ple fall in love or a they spared that agony*

Anders stopped t light his pipe and sh saw his face tens she saw his hand u steady. "You did n really think to g back to New York? he asked her.

"Yes. Of course.

"But—we talke of your makin' models. Here. Yo seemed ——"

"Oh, that was just midsummer madnes One of those silly things you think up i vacations. You go to Vermont and you d cide to stay there and raise maple sugar c paint barns and you go to Maine and yo get all excited about taking up deep-se fishing and writing a novel. You figure it a out as seriously as though you really mean it, and then fall comes and back you go t the old job. When I was in high school thought I wanted to be a drum majorette. He said nothing and the words came bac to her as the silliest sort of chatter. "It ha been a lovely summer, but now it's ove Summers always do end." A touch of bitte ness. That was her life. Love had been jus a season, a single summer and then winte bleak, unending.

"Tilda, I can't bear to see you strugglin this way."

"Struggling?"

"Torn."

"Why, I'm not torn at all. I don't kno what you mean."

"Why are you afraid to love again? Yo know how deeply I love you. That first da that very first day in the post office, it wa like a curtain pulled. It was a sudden revela tion of what life might be with the on woman." His voice broke. "There you wer with no warning. I knew you at once for m love."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sonnet

BY E. V. GRIFFITH

And I shall love you when my other loves
Have passed and gone the way of passing seasons.
When autumn maples flame in all the coves,
And their dark leaves, found guilty of high treason,
Are gruffly sentenced and condemned to death
By hissing winds which rave and rant and blame—
I shall love you, my love, until my breath
Is stopped with earth from which my body came.
I shall love you though I am corn which clashes
And grasses which the warm winds bend and quiver.
I shall love you till time's key locks your lashes
Though I am years of leaves to drift down-river.
I shall give fallow earth my strength and passion,
And, doing, love you in another fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Anders—don't, don't. Please."
Why not? Why shouldn't I tell you I
e you? I think you love me, but your
s are clouded with fear. Is it fear of me?
o not think so. It is fear of yourself.
r of life. Why won't you let yourself
e me?"
he had to speak now, quickly. She must
o this. "I don't love you, Anders. And
re is no chance that I ever will. None
atever. I'm sorry—I don't know where
ever got such an idea. I loved Prescott
I still love him. *I always will.*" She had
ted calmly, intending a dignified, kind,
definite, speech. But her words were
ing faster and faster. "How *could* I love
one else? How could you *think* such a
g of me? You don't understand. Press
I were in love. *Terribly* in love."
My darling." His tenderness stopped her
t into anger. It was a barrier, taking her
ngth. "Do not hold so firmly to that
."
The idea that I loved Press?"
No. That it is a sin to love again. Of
se you loved him, but he cannot return.
t is over. You must face it. Be true to
rself—not to this martyr you have
ted."
You think I am not sincere? That this
pose?"
Of course you were sincere. I think you
e suffered greatly and have been very
ve, but now you hold to that suffering.
hold it before your eyes to blind you to
I think you are afraid to look at happi-
."
I don't want happiness," she said quickly.
hat right have I to be happy when he
e up his chance at happiness?" she asked
gnantly. "He gave up everything for
It is the least we can do to be faithful to
."
e said no more, and they sat on the over-
ed boat silent, looking not at the water
the lights of the distant shore, but at
black sand at their feet. The stars stared,
ressing nothing. The wind went and left
otiness—a vast and empty cavern.
I must go." She got up and he followed.
the way home he said nothing.
When shall you leave for New York?"
sked when they reached her porch.

DON'T know." He had no right to ques-
her. She was shaking with anger, weak
h her anger. At him for saying things he
no right to say, at herself for listening
words she had sworn she would never
n to. She wanted only to rush into the
se, throw herself on her bed and think
ut Press.
Good-by," he said.
Good-by. I'm sorry ——"
No, please. Just good-by."
Good-by, Anders." She went in.
unt Ada had not gone to bed. She sat in
window of the back room with only the
t from the street lamp. Her thin hands
e relaxed in her lap, her head back
inst the slats of the rocker. The little
se, finished at last, had been brought up
n the cellar kitchen that day. She was
king at it now.
he started when she saw Mathilda. "Is
t you, Harrie? Did you have a good
e at the party? I was just sitting here
king at this." She smiled at her child-
ess. "It just seems as if I couldn't look
t enough."
Mathilda sat and looked at the little
se too. In that pale light it was like
king at Anders' house from a distance.
tood out against the shadow on the wall.
opened front door dark, the porches dim.
e of the windows shone as though there
e a light inside. Was Anders in there un-
e to sleep?
I never can be thankful enough you had
courage to bring that down from the
c," Aunt Ada said.
But Anders said she had no courage. She
courage the day she brought the house
vn. She had felt she was going mad,
ocating, but it was Johnny's suffocating
t made her rebel. She had to save him.
would have fought anything for him
er that day their whole life here was
set in stone, like nothing could ever be
wrote saying you were coming. You don't
know how near I came to saying no. It
write you to come. And there I was so lone-
lonesomeness, scared to let it go."

A BRANCH of a tree blew across the street lamp and the leafy shadows scurried over the house. For a minute it looked as though people were coming out the door, running across the lawn. Johnny had said he wanted "a big house, full of people."

"I'm glad you didn't stop us from coming, Aunt Ada. We needed you. Coming up here mad me see lots of things I didn't understand before."

"Well there, I didn't think you needed any help from anyone. You're like Harrie. She wasn't afraid of life she just went right to it. Well, I guess it's past my bedtime." She got up. "I'll probably be dreaming I'm a young one playing with the house and father not caring if I do."

Have I courage or haven't I? Mathilda asked, going up the stairs. *Have I strength to go only so far and then give up? Why have I courage for others and not for myself?*

She looked at Press' picture. "I don't know what to do," she said aloud. "You know I haven't forgotten you."

Aunt Ada used to talk aloud to Aunt Harrie, shut in her room. *I'm just like her, trying to hold onto the past, pulling down shades, shutting out life.* It was so easy to see weaknesses in others. *If I'm not going to be afraid of life,* she said, *then I mustn't be afraid of love. If I do love Anders.* It was so strange to put it into words. *If I do love Anders.* Oh, how she loved him! What right had she to kill anything so beautiful as love?

She jumped up to phone him, but went back to bed. For one night she would hold this wonderful secret in her own heart. The morning would be time enough to tell him.

It was nine-thirty when she woke. The dog across the street was barking at the postman. Mrs. Blaney was going down the hill to do her marketing. The same world—but oh, how different! She hurried down the stairs to telephone Anders. He would want to come right over. In an hour—in half an hour maybe ——

Inky answered the phone. "Oh, hello. Gunnar and I were rude as get out last night."

"That was all right. Is Anders there?"

"No. The darnedest thing. I found a scribble this morning saying he was off to New York. He's been planning to go for some time. Something seemed to hold him something to do with the tides, no doubt."

There was laughter in Inky's voice, but Mathilda couldn't laugh back. It wasn't supposed to go this way. "How long will he be gone?"

"I haven't the faintest notion."

"But he'll be back in a day or two, won't he?"

"Maybe maybe not. He's an independent cuss. If we hear anything I'll let you know."

After breakfast Mathilda went down into the lower garden. Johnny, in a pair of trunks, was busy with hammer and nails. She stretched out on a beach chair beside him. She would be nothing. She would live in a vacuum until he returned. It was a mistake, time out, he would come back and then life would go on.

She turned her head. "What are you building, Johnny?"

"Well, it's a kind of cage. And it's either

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It was a place where the impossible happened over and over again. Johnny had insisted that the peas they planted were just little brown pebbles. And then they so obviously weren't. He was completely astonished that flowers on trees could turn into pears. How could they? It was impossible. But they did. Into large golden pears that dropped down in front of him when he was hungry. The place was enchanted, obviously. She looked at his sturdy brown shoulders. A thin unhappy boy had turned into a husky happy boy here. From now on there would be nothing but happiness for him. He would grow up in this town—learning to tell time by Abbey Hall clock had been a true augury. He would lead a normal family life. She lay soaked in sunshine and happiness, not allowing herself even to think what those words meant. They would find someone to live with Aunt Ada—they would come to see her often.

As though on cue, Aunt Ada came down the path holding a letter. She looked startled—mail always scared her a little. It *could* tell of a death.

It was from Sidney. Mathilda laughed. How many years ago was it that she had thought of going to New York to maneuver Sidney into proposing to her? Did anyone ever cook up a crazier idea?

The letter was Sidney at his Sidneyest:

> I have approached this marriage with the consecration of a young priest entering the Church. . . . I intend to make her as happy as my father made my beloved mother.

Dear Sidney! Who else could write such things? From him it was rather sweet. He said he and Winnie planned to go on a cruise and might stop over in Stonehead Harbor. She lay back thinking of Winnie and Sidney. He was her prince—how she must have felt when he asked her to marry him, and she hunting the right girl for him all the time! Sidney would think she was the cleverest person that ever lived. She remembered how Winnie copied her tweed suit, after they lunched together. She dropped the high heels. She was taking some courses at night school. Mrs. Sidney Greer would get along all right.

I have seen a hedgehog trying to collect crab apples, which he was unable to do with his feet or mouth, extend his spines and roll on the apples, thereby collecting three of them, which he carried away; presumably to his family.

—L. R. THODAY
N'importe. (Heath, Cranton, Ltd.)

The phlox was honey-sweet—a jangle of reds and magentas and corals and clear strong pink. The pears hung on the pear tree like presents wrapped in gold paper, arching the limbs, more like a fountain than ever. There was a wasp on one, complaining. An apple fell and lay red and inviting. She was too lazy to pick it up. Three back yards down, neighbors were talking. Aunt Ada's neighbors. Her neighbors now. Her town.

She saw it as though she were miles off, in time and in space. Little girls going to school late—running, their curls bobbing. Down the hill, by the gate, around the corner. As their mothers had run just a few minutes ago, down the same hill, around the same corner. Men dropping their tools to answer the fire alarm as their fathers and grandfathers dropped theirs to run to protect the town. The boy and the father and the grandfather were one and the same—Doris and Mathilda were the same—and Johnny in the painting on the wall sat there beside her alive, building a cage.

She started up. She must have slept. That must have been a dream that Anders had gone for good. But he had gone. How did she know it wasn't forever? She didn't know that he intended to come back. He could wire Inky to sell the house. She had been so positive last night: "I can never love you."

She hurried up to the house and called Inky again. "If you had to reach Anders"—her voice sounded so scared she swallowed and started again—"if you had to reach Anders, Inky, what would you do? Where does he stay in New York? Isn't there someone there he would be likely to get in touch with?"

Inky was all seriousness this time. She called to Gunnar, and Mathilda could hear them discussing it. "Gunnar says New York is so jammed he is probably staying wherever he can get in. Might be any hotel. We don't know his client's name. He has a friend who has an office on Fortieth Street." They wanted to help her, but they really couldn't.

Mathilda was getting more and more frightened. He was gone. This was the end. She had had happiness offered to her last night and she turned it away. You don't get second chances. He would never come back. He would never know that she loved him.

She knew it was futile to telephone New York hotels blindly, but she did just that. She just *might* find him. The clerk in the first one knew nothing of Anders and hung up before she could leave a message in case he came in. How many hotels are there in New York? Hundreds. Long distance was patient—with an effort. She was tying up circuits needed for more important things. Was there anything on this earth more important than reaching Anders?

She left the dinner table three times to talk to the operator. She spent most of the afternoon by the phone. Aunt Ada asked no questions.

Johnny offered suggestions. Anders might be feeding ducks in Central Park. "He likes ducks. Or maybe he's calling on Kitty."

"He doesn't know Kitty. But—oh, Johnny, you're wonderful. I could call Kitty and ask her to try to find him. Oh, darling, you're so smart." She gave Johnny a playful punch and ducked his answering uppercut and hurried to the phone. It was five o'clock. Kitty might not come until six.

But it was eight before long distance called back, "On your call to New York——" and Kitty's voice.

"Oh, Kitty, I've been trying to get you so long. I want you to help me. I need you *terribly*."

"Need me up there?" No surprise, no objections. She would take the next train if Mathilda said yes. Mathilda could imagine her sitting on a low stool or on the arm of the chair—at ease, assured, able to do anything.

"No, I need you to do something for me in New York. I want you to find someone for me. Anders Zorn. He's Inky's brother—brother-in-law. I never wrote you about him because—well, I thought you would misunderstand. I knew you wouldn't approve——"

"Of him?"

"Oh, no. You'd like him." She felt Kitty was smiling. "But you'd think I was acting foolish. And I was. Oh, Kitty—I was such a fool." She stopped. No time for that. "He went to New York last night and I have to reach him. I've been calling hotels all day. Johnny thought of phoning you. If you could call hotels I haven't called. And I have a number in Rye."

"If I find him, what do I say?" Kitty made it sound so simple.

Mathilda hadn't thought what she would say, finding him had been such a hopeless thing. "Tell him—oh, just tell him to call me. Just say I want to get in touch with him right away. Oh, Kitty, I was such a complete fool."

"Just a minute. Hold on."

Silence. Then, "Tilda?" Her knees collapsed. Every nerve in her body responded, but her voice would not come. "Tilda, Kitty says you have been trying to reach me." There was tenderness in his tone, but caution.

She forced an answer. "I just wanted to talk to you, Anders—I wanted you to come back. I made a mistake—I——"

"Shall I come back tonight?" A schoolboy's voice now, as though he would take a flying leap through the phone. "I'll take the next plane."

"Oh, Anders, I think trains are safer."

He laughed. "My darling!" Three hundred miles away it was as if he kissed her.

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Before they finished breakfast Anders was t the door. He had followed the milkman p the path and had the two bottles in his and—a fact that would confuse Aunt Ada or the rest of her life.

Johnny ran out and leaped on him. "Did ou bring that duck?"

"I don't think we need any cream," Aunt ada said.

"If you can't spare a duck it would be all ight, because I might find a wounded bird omeday."

"Why, it's Mr. Zorn. You haven't been delivering our milk before, have you?"

"And of course wounded birds can't swim, o I won't need a pond."

He stood in the dining-room door, nonensical talk all about, breakfast-table dishes, alf-empty coffee cups. Johnny's eggy dish, melting butter, crumbs. No stars, no waves, o velvet night. She looked up, their eyes held—what could a romantic setting add to what they said?

"Won't you have some coffee, Mr. Zorn? Set another place, Mathilda."

She couldn't—she couldn't move. She didn't dare speak. Happiness makes you drunk—you do foolish things.

Anders pulled up a chair and sat at the table with great self-possession. Johnny would have his duck that very day, he said. He took neither coffee nor cream in his sugar, e told Aunt Ada. Laughed and corrected. So he was drunk too.

"Kitty is coming tonight, Tilda," he said. "She thought there might be something happening here she would not want to miss."

With her brain whirling, she forced a remark that would sound normal. "You liked Kitty, didn't you?"

He nodded. "I went to her in blackest despair. I [illegible] and you phoned. How could I not like her?" He smiled. "She said to tell you, if she had known what was in the package ——"

"In the package?"

"Or box, perhaps. If she had known what was in the box, she would have kicked you off the cover long ago. Does that make sense?"

Mathilda laughed. "A little."

"She also said she would be flower girl, but that unfortunately she could not carry Johnny's favorite flower because it is now out of season. Johnny, what is your favorite flower?"

"Oh, she means roses," Mathilda said quickly. "Johnny loves roses."

"No, I don't," Johnny said. "I think she means bleeding heart."

"Oh, my dear," Anders said softly.

"Are you going to be bringing the milk every morning?" Aunt Ada asked.

"Can we go get the duck now?"

"No, Johnny, not now. The duck will come later. Your mother and I are going for a ride. I have something to tell her, she has something to tell me, and we have much to plan. Kitty can be here only a few days," he explained to Mathilda.

Mathilda looked up at him. "But, Anders—you don't mean—in a few days ——"

"I do mean just that. Inky and Gunnar are leaving. And I am a stubborn cruel man. Aren't you afraid?" he asked her.

She took the hand he held out and followed him out the door. "Not a bit," she said. "Not the least bit in the world. Not of anything, ever again."

(THE END)

THE RIGHT WORD

(Continued from Page 23)

and a hired girl did every speck of work while his father and mother did exactly as they pleased. The book slid unheeded from his knees. Why, all he had to do to make his parents rich was to find out about these herbs and things and go see Mr. Parvin, who ran the drugstore, and maybe make a deal with him. Probably no time at all after that before big-city druggists would be hearing of him, *Laurence John Wall*, and sending in big orders.

His father's shadow fell across his warm bare legs. "Nice lot of wood you got chopped there," his father said in a voice of ominous quiet. "Ought to be pretty proud of yourself, big boy like you, lolling in the sun like a lazy tramp while your mother waits for wood and works to feed you."

He could feel his blood rush into his face as he got to his feet; feel a hideous choking lump come into his throat. *A lazy tramp.* He picked up the ax and a log of wood and began to chop into it blindly. He had been going to make them *rich* and his father had called him *a lazy tramp.* But he couldn't tell his father that because he didn't even seem like his father any more. He went on chopping, winking back his tears, as his father walked away with the book beneath his arm, placing a distance between them.

That was long years ago, but he could still remember and he probably always would. That day his father had said *too much, too hard.* And no matter how they tried, neither he nor his father had ever managed to shorten that unspoken distance between them. But if his father had come back that day, if he had said just one right word —— *Kids,* he thought. *Queer little packages. Never really knew what they had inside them.*

The train pulled into the terminal and Larry walked slowly through the crowds to the telephone booths in the waiting room. He stood for a moment staring at the telephones. *I hate my father.* Kid stuff, of course, but all the same —— It would have been a different matter altogether if John had been the one to say a thing like that. John howled his hurts right out of his system and forgot them. But not Eileen. More times than not she fought back tears. He could see himself, worse luck, in Eileen; and while he knew he loved both kids and could never have chosen between them, he also knew that Eileen made pulp of his heart as John never did.

His hand went into his trouser pocket and he drew out a handful of change. The thing to do was to call her up; talk to her. He jingled the coins in the palm of his hand. Easy enough to say "talk to her," but what would he say? What could you say to an eight-year-old that would make her understand? Maybe he could just say he was sorry and let it go at that. But merely saying he was sorry wouldn't be enough. Empty, just saying you were sorry. Something special was what he needed. But what? You couldn't let yourself spill over to a kid, and after all he *was* her *father.* His eyes strayed nervously to the station clock. If he called at all, he'd better snap into it. Maybe he could wait till tonight, take her something. [illegible] Maybe if he talked to Mae, let her fix it for him; but no, that wouldn't do either. It was Eileen he had to talk to and he knew it. *Whoever heard of such a thing?* he thought desperately. Here he was in an absolute sweat over calling up his own child! He studied the handful of change and his face suddenly brightened. He had it! The very thing. He knew what he could tell her; knew exactly: *All he had to say was that he'd seen a nuthatch from the train window.* She'd know by that that he'd been thinking of her, that he hadn't forgotten. Relieved and relaxed, he dialed his number. Mae answered.

"Look," he said, "get Eileen to the phone, will you?"

"Eileen?" Mae repeated blankly. Then after a moment her voice warmed and lowered and she drew him over into their world, the children's and hers. "Darling," she said, "I'm glad you called. Just wait a moment, will you? She's still upstairs."

I saw a nuthatch from the train window. I saw a —— Yes, that would do it.

"Hello," Eileen said.

But when he heard her voice, small and reluctant, unsteady still with tears, he forgot about the nuthatch and the right words came.

"Eileen," he said, "*it's your daddy calling.*"

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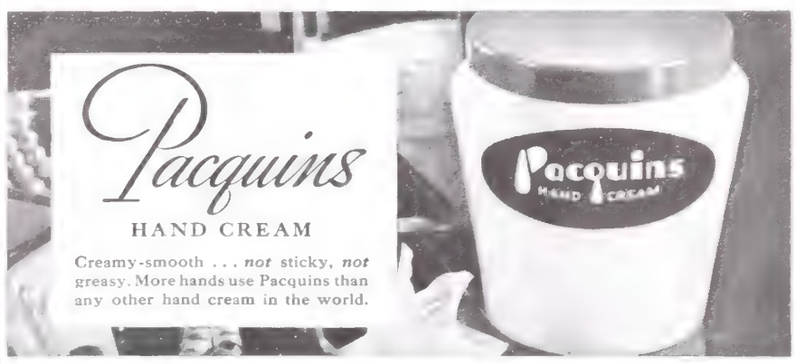
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Prize luncheons make for prize-winning bridge. And even the hostess (that's Mrs. Teague serving) can enjoy these party recipes for the really well-planned luncheon.

Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

Apricot-Sponge Camilla with golden egg-yolk filling and a wreath of grapes. Could there be a better incentive for the very best bridge?

PHOTOS BY STUART

BRIDGE is a social but not a very sociable game—that is, if you take it seriously, as most bridge players do; and yet a bridge *party* should be a gay and convivial affair. The coziest plan is to precede the game with lunch; enough good food to be just right but not too much, all the good chatter you want and you're ready to sharpen your wits, deal out the cards and go to it.

I think most of us will agree to the excellence of this formula, but many of us are stopped by the "it's just too much trouble, what with no help and so on" attitude. So let's plan a bridge luncheon—two tables is my choice—that will leave the hostess as bright and merry as her seven guests.

"Do everything the day before" is, of course, a must in this case. One o'clock comes pretty early in the day, and house, tables, food and yourself must be ready when the doorbell rings. But that's no problem with this menu—and here it is.

Avocado-salad ring, to be served either as a first course or with the hot dish. It's a mold of avocado that really tastes like avocado because there's little else in it. The center is filled with grated carrots and French dressing and the salad is served with a piquant sour-cream-and-shrimp dressing. Very special, if I do say so.

Poulet en Casserole will be the main dish, a creamy blend of chicken, mushrooms and sauce. A border of grilled toast points will provide the what-to-eat-it-on. For a soupçon of bread to go with it we'll have thin-as-paper Melba-toast curls, and very good they are.

(Continued on Page 112)

For a designing woman: mushrooms artfully arranged on a chicken casserole; curled Melbas and an avocado super salad.

"Hello Darling!"

I've just seen something marvelous

"Hello, John!
I've been looking at silverplate patterns
...and guess what, honey?
You were right as usual... modern,
they showed me *all* kinds.
And did you know John,
there is a kind of silverplate that just wears,
and wears, and wears?
... ...no John, it's not the reinforced
or extraplated kind.
It's the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid
...and darling!
wait till you see my pattern.
It's Youth. You'll adore it!
... ...why John, you darling...
here's one for you, too
...bye, bye!"

Something Marvelous: [illegible] backs of the bowls and the handles. Like this!

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GOLDEN BUBBLE FRENCH TOAST—To your favorite fritter batter, add 2 tablespoons melted Butter. Moisten (don't soak) bread in batter. Fry in Butter. Serve piping hot, generously Buttered. Bubbly, golden-crusty edges glorify appearance—just as Butter glorifies taste! Try it!
BUTTERED TOAST—Serve it "Buttered all over." For variety, spread with creamed Butter and honey. Good! Um-m-m-m. Good!
MILK TOAST—Serve hot ... in hot dishes ... with Butter in the Milk, and on the toast. It takes Butter to give toast that
IT'S BETTER WITH BUTTER
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20 N. WACKER DRIVE

(Continued from Page 110)

The dessert, Apricot-Sponge Camilla, not too rich, and good as it is beautiful—two assets not to be ignored when planning a bridge-luncheon dessert. It's a combination of apricots, golden sauce and pale green grapes.

There's a lot to be said on the service end of this party, so we'd better move on to recipes—and a full-orchestra cooking day, as you'll see.

AVOCADO RING

This should be prepared the day before. For a fairly large ring mold you will need 4 cups of mashed avocado. Select ripe, dark-green fruit: the number needed will depend on their size. Cut in half and remove pulp with a spoon, scraping the bottom of the shell thoroughly. This is a better method than peeling, because it insures getting every bit of the bright green pulp next to the skin. Sprinkle at once with 4 tablespoons lemon juice. Press first through a ricer and then through a fine sieve.

Soak 3 tablespoons gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add 1¼ cups boiling water, stir until gelatin is dissolved and chill until it begins to congeal. Blend gelatin mixture with avocado and add 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper and 3 tablespoons onion juice. Set in refrigerator until partly congealed, beat for three minutes with rotary beater and add ¾ cup mayonnaise. Now taste for seasoning and add more if needed. The mixture shouldn't be flat, but it should taste like avocado, and that's a pretty delicate taste. And, too, remember it's to be served with a highly seasoned sour-cream dressing. If the mixture isn't a soft lovely green add a drop or two of green vegetable coloring. Pour in greased ring mold, or individual molds, and set in refrigerator.

> What a man does not understand he does not possess.
>
> —From Maxims and Reflections of Goethe, Translated by Bailey Saunders. (Published by the Macmillan Company)

CARROTS

The day before, grate enough bright orange carrots to fill the center of the mold, wrap loosely in a towel with several ice cubes and store in refrigerator. Just before you arrange salad, dry carrots and toss with French dressing.

SOUR CREAM-AND-SHRIMP DRESSING

Rub a small mixing bowl well with garlic and pour into it 1 pint heavy sour cream. Add ½ cup catchup, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1½ tablespoons grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons horse-radish—cream variety if possible—1 teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Stir until blended, but don't beat, and add ½ pound—or more—frozen shrimp cut into pieces. Fresh cooked or canned shrimp may be used. Set in refrigerator ready for use the next day.

To serve the salad, turn out the mold on a chilled platter, fill center with grated carrots and garnish outside with plenty of crisp salad greens. Serve the dressing in a bowl, or spoon it into a border on the outside of the avocado ring. The salad can be arranged an hour or more ahead of time if it spends that hour or more in the refrigerator. The salad plates should be there, too, or outdoors where they'll get good and cold—but you know that.

POULET EN CASSEROLE

Cut 2 large chickens, roasters preferably, into pieces. Cover with 7 cups boiling water, bring to a boil and add 1 carrot, 2 stalks celery with leaves, 1 clove garlic, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 envelopes chicken bouillon powder and 1 teaspoon gourmet powder. If you can't get gourmet powder, substitute an extra envelope of bouillon powder. When the mixture again comes to a brisk boil, lower the heat and let the chicken cook gently until very tender—about three hours. Add a little water from time to time to keep the water level about as it was when cooking started. Remove chicken, strain broth and set in cold place to let fat rise to the top.

Separate chicken from bones, fat and gristle and break or cut into fairly large pieces, not cubes. Slice 1½ pounds mushrooms, but save 8 of the best-looking caps for the top of your casserole. Melt a little butter or margarine in an iron skillet and put in the 8 fancy caps upside down. When they are golden brown remove, add the sliced mushrooms and sauté for ten minutes. Drain them into the bowl of chicken pieces. (We're saving dishes.)

Into the same skillet put 4 tablespoons butter or margarine and cook until slightly brown—a light yellow-brown—and blend in 5 tablespoons flour. Add 4 cups chicken broth, all fat removed, 1 tablespoon fresh sweet basil leaves, finely chopped, or 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil, a pinch of cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper and ½ cup heavy cream or undiluted evaporated milk. When mixture has thickened, remove from fire and add 4 egg yolks beaten until light in ½ cup broth. (If you like a wine flavor in the sauce you may use ½ cup Madeira or sherry wine instead of broth.)

Mix sauce with chicken and mushrooms and taste for seasoning. Pour into casserole, top with mushroom caps, put cover on and keep in cold place until next day.

GRILLED TOAST POINTS

Remove crusts from 5 medium-thin slices of bread. Cut each slice into 4 even squares, then cut diagonally across each little square to make 2 triangles. Thus 5 slices of bread will make 40 triangles. *What* arithmetic! Grill the points slowly in a little butter or margarine until they are a strong golden brown on both sides. Set aside for next day.

Along toward noon the day of the party put the covered casserole in a 400°F. oven. When chicken is piping hot, reduce oven to very low temperature, arrange toast points in a spiked border around rim of casserole and return to oven until ready to serve.

MELBA-TOAST CURLS

Make these the day before and let them spend the last ten minutes in the oven with the casserole. Cut day-old bread into the thinnest possible slices and remove crusts. Spread lightly with butter or margarine that has been creamed until soft. Then roll over two diagonally opposite corners a little past the middle, the way napkins sometimes are folded, and pin them in this napkin position with a toothpick. Place on a cooky sheet and toast under broiler, but not too close to it, until brown on both sides, and leave in a low oven until completely dry. Remove toothpicks while toast is still warm.

APRICOT-SPONGE CAMILLA

With this dessert you'll have to start the night before the day before. Cover 1 pound dried apricots with cold water and let them stand overnight. Get fancy fruit for this if you can, but the variety found in the average grocery store is all right. The next morning, boil them gently with cover on until they are swollen and very tender. Strain off and reserve juice and press fruit through a fine-meshed sieve.

Soak 2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water, add 1 cup boiling apricot juice, 1 cup boiling orange juice and 3 tablespoons sugar, and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Combine this mixture with apricot pulp, add 4 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 cup marshmallow whip, and when thoroughly blended beat with rotary beater a minute or two. Chill and fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped until stiff. Rinse a bowl with cold water, pour in apricot sponge and place in refrigerator.

GOLDEN SAUCE

In top of double boiler melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir until blended. Add slowly 1 cup boiling water, stirring constantly, ¾ cup sugar, a pinch of salt and 2 teaspoons vanilla extract (2 inches of vanilla bean may be used, but should be removed after the sauce is cooked). Place pan over boiling water and stir until thick. Take double boiler from heat, add well-

(Continued on Page 114)

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Canned

FLORIDA ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT
BLENDED JUICE

(Continued from Page 112)

beaten yolks of 5 eggs and beat with rotary beater a couple of minutes. Cool, and when very cold fold in 1 cup cream beaten until stiff and, if you like, 3 or 4 tablespoons of good brandy. (Note: Obviously an angel-food cake is indicated in the near future. We've been mighty gay with our egg yolks.)

But we aren't through with this dessert. A large bunch of pale green grapes is involved. If you peel the grapes—I think it improves them—sprinkle with a little lemon juice.

Now we're ready for arrangement. Turn the sponge onto a serving platter and make a deep indentation in the center. A small wet bowl is handy for this operation. Now take a spatula and push the sponge around until you've made a nice big hole in the center for the sauce. Don't make it look too much like a mold. The crater of a volcano is more or less the idea. Use the grapes for decoration—maybe a border and clusters running up the sides of the mound of sponge. The grapes will stick wherever you place them, so go to it and make a lovely sight of your Apricot-Sponge Camilla. If you prefer to have it already served in compotes, do the same thing on a smaller scale.

Service. Here we have a wide choice. This can be a sit-down meal, of course, with all eight at one table. Or we could follow the pattern of seating everyone at card tables and bringing plates in from the kitchen already filled. But we're going to be pretty stationary all afternoon, and I think it's more fun to work out some sort of buffet service which will be gay, informal and, incidentally, give everyone a chance to see these food arrangements you've cooked up. There's no getting around it—seeing beautiful food glorifies the eating of it. Why does an expert waiter bring an especially fine roast or bird or whatever to the table, remove the cover with a stylish flourish and let all have a good look before he takes it aside for carving? Well, you know and so do I.

If you have a tea cart, arrange the food on it and place it between the two tables. It can be wheeled from one table to the other, you can do the serving or each guest can serve herself. Or you could move a serving table into the living room, arrange the food on it and let everyone serve herself. In both these cases the card tables would be set up with linen, silver, water goblets and so on. But you could dispense with table setting entirely and have your living room free of clutter when guests arrive. The buffet could be set up in the dining room, the meal could be served in three courses, salad first, and conversational groups could form at will.

Whatever method you choose, if you plan carefully and follow through, there'll be no luck involved in making your luncheon a complete success. As for luck at the bridge table, you should be in fine form to deal with it as it comes.

TIMEPIECES

(Continued from Page 53)

Variety at teatime. I suppose a tea table is capable of more whims and fancies in the way of food than anything else in the world. Cakes and cookies; tarts and turnovers and sandwiches—all as appropriate to the time and the table as an apron at a barbecue.

Sweet things and those that are anything but sweet, all will fade away in less time than it takes to say "butter," especially if you're holding forth at an open-house tea party. You'll find out if you don't have a lot. So *have* a lot, of all the kinds you choose; and now I shall give you the ways and means to some little sweet and not-so-sweet things that Sarah and Polly may not know about. *Then* you'll hear some oh's and ah's. And that should be music to your ears.

EGG-AND-AVOCADO SANDWICHES

For 3 dozen small sandwiches.

Buy unsliced bread the day before. Fresh bread doesn't slice so easily. Slice thinly.

Before Buying Yo

NEW RANGE

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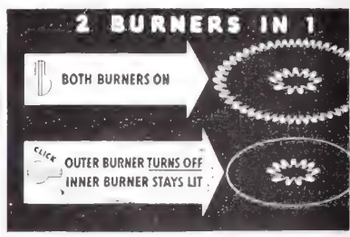

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KVP Dusting PAPE

2 hard-cooked eggs fine. Add ... of lemon juice, a pinch of salt, ... of pepper and 1 tablespoon of mayonnaise to make the whole thing spreadable. ... add 2 tablespoons of finely ... do. Add another tablespoon of mayonnaise if the spread seems too dry. Cut ... read into small 1½ inch rounds. ... nters out of half the rounds. (Think ... dear old doughnut cutter right now.) ... d circles with soft butter or margarine. Put together with the filling. Keep ... covered with a damp cloth. Just before serving garnish the top openings with ... strips of avocado or small sprigs of ... y.

PISTACHIO-CHEESE SANDWICHES

For 3 dozen small sandwiches.

... ½ package of cream cheese, add 2 ... poons of sieved blue cheese and a ... of salt. Thin, so it will spread, with ... e cream. These are open-faced sand... s, and smiling ones too. Use any ... cutter for the thinly sliced bread. ... d with softened butter, then the ... e. Sprinkle with finely chopped pista... nuts (and if pistachio nuts aren't ..., *some* nuts *will* be—all good) and ... h, if you please, with strips of pi... o.

BRAZIL CHIPS

... r ½ pound of shelled Brazil nuts ... ater. Simmer 4 minutes. Drain well. ... thin lengthwise slices with a sharp ... The cooking softens the nuts so ... an be sliced without crumbling. ... them out in a shallow pan and dot ... or 2 table... s of butter or ... rine. Sprinkle ... alt. Toast in ... derate oven, ..., until light ... and crisp. ... on absorbent

CORNETS

... 3 dozen cor...

... 1 egg till very ... Add ¼ cup of ... ittle by little, ... well after ... ddition until ... hick. Sift to... ⅓ cup of flour, ... oon of baking ... and a pinch of salt. Fold into the ... ixture. Flavor with a few drops of ... flavoring. Drop by teaspoons on ... eased cooky sheets, several inches ... (The cookies, not the cooky sheets.) ... n a moderately hot oven, 375° F., ... 5 minutes. Loosen from the sheet ... spatula and, while hot, roll them ... at one end, pinching together with ... ers to resemble a horn or lily shape. ... become too crisp to roll, put them ... n the oven a minute or two and ... soften up for rolling. (And they'd ... roll, or else.) Cool on a rack. Make ... butter icing or hard sauce, using ... ioners' sugar flavored with lemon. ... red sugar is just as good.) Start ... tablespoons of butter or margarine, ... cup of confectioners' sugar and a ... rated lemon rind. Put a little of the ... the hollow of each cornet. Garnish ... ttle pieces of candied cherry.

EATIME JELLY ROLLS

... 2 eggs in a bowl, add ... teaspoon ... ng powder and a pinch of salt. Place ... smaller bowl of hot water and beat ... s until light. Add 6 tablespoons of ... gradually until mixture becomes ... nd light-colored. Remove the bowl ... er the hot water. Fold in 6 table... of cake flour and add ... teaspoon ... lla. Turn into a greased shallow ... ll pan, lined with well-greased wax ... Spread evenly. Bake in a moderate ... 50° F., about 9 minutes. Turn ... ... at once onto wax paper sprinkled ... onfectioners' sugar. Remove ... and cut off the crisp edges of the ... ect of cake. Cut the cake into ... rs. Spread each quarter thinly with ... elly. Roll up. (Have you tried that ... plum yet?) Cover with a cloth. ... Chill and slice when it is needed.

...one bakes fruitcake. ... ...dy bakes a fruitcake—or more than ... r the holidays. Can you ...

DEAR ME

Probably even the saintliest of us swears unknowingly. Although the mild-mannered and God-fearing cleric who says "Dear me" may not be aware of it, he is none the less guilty of swearing. The expression is derived from a corruption of an Italian phrase, *"Dio mio!"* literally, My God!

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

... ...ing one ... ...

"My right arm could be pensioned," says Mama

since S.O.S., the magic cleanser, does my clean-up chores

"Tie one hand behind me," says Mama, "then give me S.O.S.—and I'll have those blackened pots shining like new in a hurry. Easy as easy. For with magic S.O.S., no matter how crusted your aluminum may be, *burned-on food goes, shine comes!*"

Look for the YELLOW and RED package

"My favorite helper on the sink-shift," says Mama, "is S.O.S. It's a *complete* cleanser. It's handy, thrifty, husky and fast. It has soap in the pad. I use it on dull aluminum —*dullness goes, shine comes!*"

"No more overtime," says Mama. "No more struggling with old-style dishrags and gadgets. Just S.O.S. for me! It cleans, scours and polishes in one simple operation. A dip, a rub, a rinse—*grease goes, shine comes!*"

S.O.S the magic cleanser of pots and pans

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. • S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 115)

d as popular at your New Year supper as e new parson at the Ladies' Aid.

To strike the right note

AVIAR EGGS "ON THE HOUR"

Stuff the eggs with a well-seasoned yolk ixture beaten up with mayonnaise, to hich plenty of chopped onion has been dded. Cover each half with a layer of red black caviar. (You remember that so-lled *red* caviar is just salmon roe. But 't's call it caviar.) The clock business is ade from fine toothpick-width strips of ard-cooked-egg whites. Follow the pat-rn—you can't go wrong.

BAKED-HAM GLACÉ

Bake the ham as usual. Take off the skin nd score the fat while hot. Stud with oves and glaze as you always do, but don't se brown sugar. Use a light sirup. I think pricot sirup such as is used here is about ps. You have to add enough sugar to boil own to a glazing thickness, around ⅔ cup sugar to the sirup from a can of fruit, nd boil 5 minutes. Baste the ham with e glaze as it bakes for 30 minutes in oderate oven. It will catch on. Now ill the ham as cold as can be—and that eans chilled like all get out—or it won't ke the aspic glaze. You'll do all this the y before, or maybe even two days before. hat is, if you are wise you will.

Aspic Glaze: Now r the aspic glaze use nned consommé. it's the condensed nd, take 2 cans and lute it with 2 cans water. And add salt, epper and a little orcestershire sauce. ave it well seasoned. oup is soup—it's a am you're dealing ith now. Heat to a oil. Soften 2 enve-pes of unflavored elatin in 6 table-oons of cold water. dd to the hot con-mmé and stir un-l it is all dissolved. ool to a thick sirup. our the first coating ver the ham by oonfuls. Put the am back in the re-igerator to chill. eep your aspic at oom temperature. (If should get to mak-g jelly by itself. aping ahead of you, hy, just put the bowl a pan of warm water. That'll learn it to ehave itself and stay pourable.) From me to time as the aspic "sets" on the am, add another coating. Keep this up ntil you get a real winter overcoat on your am. Decorate the ham to fit your taste nd hold the decorating in place with nore coatings of aspic. And keep up that illing business or you'll eat the decora-ons, aspic and all, with your best silver oup spoons. So—chill it. When you serve he ham, chop up all the leftover aspic nd garnish the platter with it.

hese for company. To go along with the am, in all its glory, there *ha* to be something ot, best in a chafing dish. For *my* money, ve me a fine oyster stew or a great dish of calloped or fried oysters. Or creamed ysters with oyster crabs. But I have written *many* words on all these things, that this me I've branched right out and gone in for uite *another* kettle of fish, as they say. And very appropriate saying it is too.

SMOKED FISH AND SHRIMPS

Soak 1 large smoked finnan haddie over-ight in water enough to cover. Drain and oach in milk until tender. Drain again nd flake the fish, removing the bones and kin. Also cook and shell 4 pounds of hrimps. Mix the fish with a good rich ream sauce and season to taste. Serve ery hot with biscuits or in patty shells.

Just a small thing. But very good, I do ssure you.

HORSE-RADISH APRICOTS

Use the drained canned whole apricots. Remove the pits without completely split-ting the fruit in two. Drain and stuff with—well, guess! Horse-radish and such, of course. Add 2 tablespoons of horse-radish to 1 package of cream cheese. Add a little sugar, salt and pepper to taste, then stuff. And these, my dears, are good at any meal, with any meat. I love fruit with meat, anyway, don't you?

Now the dessert. Come to think of it, there *has* to be a dessert. No dinner, no supper is half the meal it ought to be, if the last course turns out to be the tail end of the vegetables or something. There's only one reason for such goings on. One, I mean, that ought to be accepted and glossed over by the honest and tactful guest. That is when the dessert is a soufflé and has gone to the bottom of the dish, flat as a flounder. The *other*—if there *is* another—excuse for dessertless dinner is that the cook has packed and left right after the string beans were passed. Only commiseration is indicated here.

Well—where is that dessert? Right here—and right good too!

PINEAPPLE-COCONUT TORTE

Cream ⅔ cup of shortening with 1 cup of sugar until very light and fluffy. Add 3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Mix very well. Flavor with 1 teaspoon of vanilla, or you can use part lemon or almond flavoring. Sift 1¾ cups of cake flour with 2 teaspoons of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Add alternately to egg mixture with 6 tablespoons of pineapple juice. Spread into three pans, well greased and floured. Use kind that have slip bottoms. Now make the meringue: Beat 3 egg whites with ¼ teaspoon of salt until they hold a peak. Add 1 cup of sugar a spoonful at a time, until the meringue will hold its shape. Keep up the beating. Add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Now add ⅔ cup of dry coconut—don't use the moist—and fold it in. Spread the meringue over the cake batter. Sprinkle 1⅓ cups coconut over the top. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 35 minutes. Cool a few minutes and remove from the pans onto a rack. When really cool, put the layers together with a pineapple filling.

And this is the filling, and I will tell you just how it is made—thuswise:

The Filling: Heat a large can of crushed pineapple. Mix ½ cup of sugar and 3 tablespoons of cornstarch and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Stir into the hot pineapple and cook, stirring until thick and clear. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly. Add the hot mixture to the eggs. Stir well, put back on the heat one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice. Cool and chill before putting between the layers of the cake.

So to time. As the years move along, what sadness can there be? Does one hate to grow old—or wonder what the years have done in achievement and in happiness? The clocks strike the passing hours. The seasons come and go and come again. The moments of our joys and sorrows are ephemeral. We can treasure them or let them go. They are ours only while they last and we remember them.

These are very old thoughts—and very long thoughts. We cannot see their end. But the brand-new year is here—the cycle is completed once more. Like the smell of soft leather in the firelight of a high dim room, the indefinable grace of a day that is gone assails us. And with all this, once more I wish you a glad, gay, Happy New Year. Don't make too many resolutions. Bet you won't keep them.

I sometimes think mothers get more pity than they require: There is much talk lately about how difficult it is to bear a child, and too little talk about how nice it is to have one. If babies were not worth the pains and confinements they cause, there would not have been a billion of them born in the past hundred years. Motherhood is never honored by excessive talk about the heroics of pregnancy.

—LEONARD FEENEY, S. J.:
The Leonard Feeney Omnibus.
(Sheed & Ward).

The best way that a man could test his readiness and encounter the common variety of mankind would be to climb down a chimney at random, and get on as well as possible with the people inside. And that is essentially what each one of us did on the day that he was born.

—G. K. CHESTERTON.

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LAWRENCEBURG VERDICT

(Continued from Page 6)

of course, be entrusted for any solution it is likely to have.

The one thing I felt to be perfectly valid in Mr. Bumpus' thesis was the idea which lay beneath all the vituperation, to wit: that this is primarily a Southern problem and the intrusion of any element from the other parts of our society is likely to be resented—and, being so resented, is likely to make things worse rather than better.

The Negroes have a long, hard row to hoe, but those who wish to help them will have to learn how to appeal to the good will of Southern white men, our brothers and our fellow citizens, who have so magnificently proved their mettle by their verdict in this case.

Where did the twelve good men and true get the spirit that brought in this verdict? They got it from the whole complex of American life, which is still, in spite of many contradictions, the best life yet achieved on this planet for masses of men.

They are like Beryl Sellers, the Associated Press reporter from Chattanooga, who used to work side by side with Negroes on his uncle's farm in Georgia, shaking peanuts for fifty cents a day, and has nothing but compassion for them.

They are like the Thigpen brothers, who have the taxi stand a block away from the county courthouse: Oren was a crew chief on a C-47 in our Troop Carrier Command in England, and his brother Jimmy was a machinist's mate on the Maryland in the Pacific.

The man who drove me to the Nashville airport, Ed Lane, jumped on D Day in Normandy with the 82nd AirBorne. These people have no use for racism of any kind. Their inherited problems are tremendous, but so are their energies and their will. It all depends on them.

THE TERRIBLE MISS DOVE

(Continued from Page 31)

he is able to go many days without water." And they knew what was meant. "Above the fiftieth parallel," sixth graders wrote in their notebooks (keeping the margins even), "life requires hardihood."

Occasionally a group of progressive mothers would nearly rebel. "She's been teaching too long," they would cry. "Her pedagogy hasn't changed since we were in the third grade. She rules the children through fear." They would turn to the boldest one among them. "*You* go," they would say. "You go talk to her."

The bold one would go, but somehow she never did much talking. For under the level gaze of Miss Dove she would begin to feel—though she wore her handsomest tweeds and perhaps a gardenia for courage—that she was about ten years old and her petticoat was showing. Her throat would tickle. She would wonder desperately if she had a clean handkerchief to cough into.

And then there was the little matter of the state achievement tests. Cedar Grove always placed first in geography.

Occasionally, too, there would be an independent child who did not yield readily to group discipline. Miss Dove knew how to deal with him.

Once she had overheard two small boys talking about her at the drinking fountain. (They had no business at the fountain; it was their library period. But the librarian was lax.)

"I bet Miss Dove could lick Joe Louis," one of them had said.

"Who? That ole stick?" the other one had jeered. "I could beat her with my little finger."

He had glanced up then to see Miss Dove looking down at him. She had looked at him for a long time. Her light gray eyes were expressionless. Her long nose was pink at the tip, but no pinker than usual. At last she had spoken.

"Thomas Baker," she had said in the tone of one making a pure observation, "you talk too much, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Thomas had said in a tiny voice. He went off without getting any water. Seven years later he sweated when he thought of it. He could not know that Miss Dove also remembered. But she did.

Ever since Pearl Harbor Miss Dove had been troubled. She lived quite alone, for her sisters had married and her mother had departed for a place not on the map. (But decently, with every possible comfort. Miss Dove liked to remind herself of that.) And one evening while she was correcting papers she sensed, with that uncanny perception of the teacher, that something intruded upon her solitude. She turned quickly and looked about the room. A starched white curtain rustled in a puff of wind; her grandmother's rosewood whatnot cast a curious shadow on the polished floor; a finger of lamplight picked out the gilt titles of her father's old brown travel books. There was nothing else. But the red correction pencil was shaking in her fingers; for a moment her throat ached with a spasm of desolate, unaccountable grief, and—less familiar still—with a feeling of her own unworthiness. Miss Dove had never felt unworthy before in her life.

After that the thing happened frequently, until at last she saw who the intruders were. They were the children she had taught long ago.

War had scattered those children. There was a girl—a vain, silly little piece she had been—who was a nurse on Corregidor. At least, when last heard of she had been on Corregidor. One of the boys was dead in Tunisia. Others were on the Anzio beachhead, or in the jungles of New Guinea, or in the flak-brightened skies over Germany. But they came back to Miss Dove. She saw them as they had been at seven, at ten, at twelve. Only they had a beauty she had never seen in them then. They lifted their faces like starry morning flowers. Their limbs quivered with the unreasonable joy of childhood. And as Miss Dove looked at them they grew still. Their faces paled. Their eyes stopped dancing. They folded their little hands. They faded and were gone.

The child who came oftenest was Thomas

What Your Dime Does

WHEN the dreaded infantile paralysis strikes, the victim and his family do not need to fight alone. They can call on the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Through the funds voluntarily contributed each year to the March of Dimes, the Foundation maintains 2712 local chapters covering the 3070 counties in the United States. At these local chapters, a family will find factual information to allay their panic, concrete dollar assistance for the best available medical care, to give the patient a fighting chance for full recovery and to keep the family financial structure from foundering. No one, insists the Foundation, must go into debt or make drastic changes in his way of life before being eligible for help. The cost of infantile paralysis is considered a deep-rooted part of the disease; and in the all-out war on infantile, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is aiming to wipe out not only the pain, but the costs of pain.

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Baker. The town paper had been full of Thomas. His slap had been heard, the officers killed, and Thomas had taken over. A hundred men owed their lives to the peculiar of mind. For days he had floated on a raft with no food and only the water in his canteen. When they picked him up his tongue had protruded from his mouth black and swollen with thirst. That was what got Miss Dove he had run out of water.

The Thomas who came to stand before her now was a sturdy boy in knickers. He held his chin at a cocky angle, but the dimple in it trembled. He ran the tip of his tongue over his lips. He looked thirsty.

But they came only at night. When daylight returned Miss Dove could believe she had been imagining things. She would eat her customary boiled egg and her whole-wheat toast; she would take an extra vitamin pill with her orange juice; she would walk forth at her usual measured pace and assume her usual role of unshakable authority. The children at the school would seem plain and ordinary. They would have little in common with those graceful and evanescent figures that haunted her. And no intruders dared come into the geography room. Or they never had until this morning.

> "Research" is a high-hat word that scares a lot of people. It needn't. It is rather simple. Essentially, it is nothing but a state of mind—a friendly, welcoming attitude toward change. Going out to look for a change instead of waiting for it to come. Research, for practical men, is an effort to do things better and not to be caught asleep at the switch. The research state of mind can apply to anything: personal affairs or any kind of business, big or little. It is the problem solving mind as contrasted with the let-well-enough-alone mind. It is the composer mind instead of the fiddler mind. It is the "tomorrow" mind instead of the "yesterday" mind.
>
> —CHARLES KETTERING.

A boy on the back row cleared his throat. One by the window followed suit. Soon the whole room was dotted with the sound, a rough "h-hrmph," like frogs in a distant marsh. Miss Dove knew what the sound meant. It was the school's traditional signal—a kind of dare. She had heard other teachers speak of it in exasperation. It had never happened in her room before.

Slowly Randy Baker raised his hand. The sounds stopped. Silence like a caught breath hung on the room. Miss Dove could see a fine dew pop out on Randy's brow; his open palm was damp and gleaming.

"Yes, Randolph?" she said.

Randy stood up. Miss Dove's pupils always stood when they addressed her. He smoothed his round stomach with his hand. "I got a letter from Tom yestiddy," he said.

"*Received*, Randolph," said Miss Dove. "You received a letter from your brother *yesterday*. That was nice."

"Yes, ma'am," said Randy. He paused. He was clearly floundering. "He sent me a dollar he won playing poker in the convalescent hospital."

"I am sorry to hear that Thomas gambles," said Miss Dove, "but we are all very proud of his war record. If you have nothing more interesting to tell us you may take your seat, Randolph."

"H-hr-rmph!" went the boy behind Randy.

"He's been decorated," said Randy, "for bravery beyond the call of duty." The high words seemed to inspirit him. "He sent a message to the class."

"Did you bring the letter?" asked Miss Dove. "If so, you may read that part aloud."

Randy took an air-mail envelope from his hip pocket. Miss Dove noticed that Thomas' handwriting was as sprawling and untidy as ever. Somehow the observation pleased her.

The class stirred. The ghost of a titter rippled the air.

"Attention, please," said Miss Dove.

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Randy opened the letter. The paper was smudged and crumpled. Obviously it had suffered many readings and many hands. Randy cleared his throat. The sound was not a link in the chain signal. Miss Dove could tell the difference. "It's sort of long," Randy demurred hopefully.

Miss Dove knew there was naughtiness afoot. The frog noises as well as Randy's hesitation had told her that. But she did not believe in avoiding an issue. She made a practice of facing impudence in the open—and facing it down.

"We can spare the time," she said.

Randy began to read. His voice was high and clear; it had the girlish sweetness that comes just before the breaking point.

"The funny thing about the world," Randy read, "is that it looks just like you think it does. When they flew me back to Cal. in a hospital plane I looked down and, heck, I might as well have been looking at those diagrams on the geography board back in dear (ha, ha!) ole Cedar Grove. I spotted a peninsula just as plain. A body of land almost entirely surrounded by water. I saw some atolls too. And they really are made in rings like doughnuts, with palm trees sprouting out of the cake part and blue water in the hole in the middle. The water is the color of that blue chalk I swiped once and drew the picture of Miss Dove on the sidewalk with. Remember?"

So it *was* Thomas who had drawn that caricature. She had always suspected him. "Proceed, Randolph," she said.

"You want to know if I was scared when the little yellow insects from"—Randy swallowed and went on—"from hell" in his embarrassment he brought out the word with unnecessary force—"dive-bombed us. The answer is, you bet. But it came to me in a flash that I wasn't much scareder than I was that time ole lady Dove caught me bragging about how I could beat her up at the drinking fountain. 'I didn't run that time,' I told myself, 'so I won't run now.' Besides, there wasn't any place to run to."

The class laughed nervously.

"And later," read Randy, "when I was bobbing up and down like Crusoe on my raft, what do you guess I thought about? Well, it wasn't any pin-up girl. It was Miss Dove. I thought about that fishy stare she used to give us when we needed a drink of water. So to make my supply hold out I played I was back in the geography room. And even after the water was all gone I kept playing that. I'd think, 'The bell is bound to ring in a few minutes. You can last a little longer.' It took the same kind of guts in the Pacific it did in school. Tell that to the kids in Cedar Grove." Randy stopped abruptly.

"Is that the end?" asked Miss Dove.

RANDY looked directly at her. For a fleeting moment she thought he was going to say yes. If he did, the incident would be closed, of course, for Miss Dove never questioned a child's word. That was why they generally told her the truth. He shook his head.

"No, ma'am," he said. "There's a little more." His face turned the color of a nearly ripe tomato. "He says here"—Randy gulped—"he says"—Randy took a deep breath—"he says: 'Give the terrible Miss Dove a kiss for me.'"

"Well, Randolph," said Miss Dove, "I am waiting."

There was an electric stillness that was followed, as the full meaning of her words penetrated the children's consciousness, by a gasp. Randy folded the letter and put it back into his pocket. Then he began to walk toward her. He walked with the deliberate stoicism of a martyr going to the chopping block. Miss Dove inclined her head and turned her cheek in his direction. He did not come any closer than he had to. He leaned forward stiffly from the waist and placed his puckered lips against her cheek. (*He smells like a last year's bird's nest,* thought Miss Dove. It was strange. However frequently a twelve-year-old boy was washed, he always smelled like a bird's nest.) Randy smacked. His kiss resounded, a small explosion in the room.

"THANK you, Randolph," said Miss Dove. "You may give Thomas my regards." She straightened up and faced the class. To her surprise, nobody was grinning.

Jincey Webb spoke. She did not raise her hand first for permission. She just spoke out. "It's like a medal," said Jincey softly. "It's like he pinned a medal on Miss Dove."

For a moment a lamp seemed to burn behind her face. Then over the light swept a shadow, a look of awe. It was as if Jincey had glimpsed some universal beauty—of sorrow, perhaps, or of nobility—too poignant for her youth to bear. She began to cry. She flopped her head down on her desk with her red hair falling forward and spreading out like a crinkly fan.

All the other girls were weeping too. All the boys were trying not to.

For the first time in her teaching career Miss Dove was at a loss. She wanted to make a speech. She wanted to say something beautiful and grateful about what life really meant to her, about the overwhelming generosity of children. No, not generosity. It was something better than that, something much harder to come by. It was justice. And Miss Dove did not know how to say what she felt. She had never thought it dignified to express emotion.

But as she stood there waiting for the words to form in her mind, she realized that she was neglecting her duty. The first duty of a teacher was to preserve order.

She fished a piece of string from a receptacle on her desk. She walked down the aisle to Jincey Webb. She took Jincey's hair, that marvel of art and nature, and bunched it in her hand. She tied it securely at the nape of Jincey's neck with the little bit of grocery string.

"Now it will be out of your way," she said.

At the sound of her voice, cool, precise and natural, the children rallied. They sat erect. They blew their noses on clean handkerchiefs. They folded their hands on their desks.

"Get out your notebooks, class," she said.

A transient mist came over her eyes. Through it, as through a prism, the children glowed. Freckles, cowlicks, pinafores and polo shirts seemed bathed in a rainbow iridescence. Her love flowed out to her children—to those opening their notebooks before her, and to those in the far places she had once helped them locate on the map. It did not flow tenderly like a mother's coddling love. It flowed on a fierce rush of pride and hope, as an old general's heart might follow his men into battle.

She went to the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk. "Above the fiftieth parallel ——" wrote the terrible Miss Dove.

This Kind of Growing Pain

BY MARY POOLE

"You must be growing!" you
mock me.
"See, now we are mouth to
mouth;
And once I remember clearly
Your head was a shoulder
south.
I thought of you, one hour,
As an arrow-eyed weather vane;
Now you're a brazen sunflower
And gaze and gaze again."

You hold me again, tiptoeing,
A kiss is a crisis now;
And the pain of perpetual growing
Is worse today, somehow.

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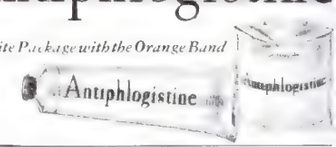

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THIS IS FOR KEEPS

(Continued from Page 51)

give her hand to B. B. Bunting. said, "Who is it?" and then she saw n standing very tall and broad- ldered and she smiled again and ed.

Sally," B. B. Bunting said, "this is Jack n, from Texas. Jack, Sally Barton. He ed to meet you, child; why, I don't ."

lly Barton said, "Hello."

Hello," Regan said.

it down, for goodness' sakes," B. B. ing said. "Gods! Young people are be- ng more like totem poles each passing Bore each other to death. You asked his. I'll see you later," and B. B. Bunt- as off through the bar, shouting helloes ty people as he passed from sight into obby.

it down," Sally Barton said. "Do we a mutual friend who told you about

gan found a chair and sat beside her, some little distance from the table. " he grinned. "I heard you buying a and I liked your voice, that's all."

Thank you,"she said. "I'd introduce you y friends, but they're arguing about the n dances and would only grumble and t your name."

That's all right," Regan said. "I don't mber names myself."

What are you doing up here, Mr. Regan?" Barton asked.

Call me Jack," Regan said. "I'm looking sh skeletons and impressions."

Call me Sally," she said. "You're ?"

gan grinned sheepishly. "I'm sort of an eur ichthyologist, Sally. I thought be I could dig around in the hills and dry es and maybe find something. I'm ing on a theory that all this land was under water."

t was," a skinny young man said sud- y, turning from the general knot of heads arms. "How are you, my name's Brown, might find 'em at that, call me tomorrow I'll show you around." And with a flash- grin, Brown dived back into the discus- around the table.

You've met one of them," Sally said ly. "Jim Brown is one of our best an- thropologists, Jack. He knows this country like a book."

"Well, look," Regan said. "What do you do? I mean, couldn't you show me around a little bit?"

She smiled vacantly and Regan decided he wasn't making much of an impression on Sally Barton, and he also wondered if it was the fact that he seemed quite sane and sensibly dressed in comparison to her friends.

"Yes," she said. "I'll be happy to show you some of our nicest spots. Are you here in the hotel, Jack?"

"In the hotel?" Regan said absently, staring at her. "Oh, sure I am. Room three-eleven over the patio. Nice view of people viewing other people very quiet, only about ten outbursts per night. When do we go to the woods?"

"You say you were from Texas?" Brown asked, turning again from the table.

"Houston," Regan said firmly.

"Oil or cattle?" Brown asked.

"Why?" Regan asked, and then he remembered how people in other states felt about Texas, how they resented the confidence and state love every true Texan carried with him like a coat of armor. Texans had a bad habit of listening to the attributes of other states and then calmly telling of something in Texas which was so much bigger and better no one could find an adequate comeback. People always thought every Texan had two hundred oil wells and fifty thousand longhorns just running wild in the hills, and most of the Texans did little to discourage this idea. It made it hard on Regan, who, not for the world, would ever tell a soul his father just happened to have fifty oil wells and countless cattle running wild. Regan never spoke of his state; although he loved it dearly, he was the silent Texan who bided his time, and to those who knew men he was by far the most dangerous type.

"Well," Brown grinned, "aren't you going to tell us about Texas?"

"What for?" Regan asked timidly. "Everybody knows."

"Jack," Sally Barton said, "I am beginning to love you. Let us leave these nitwits and go hunt fish impressions."

"Without me?" Brown said, turning again.

"Mind if I walk outside and see if anyone whistles?"

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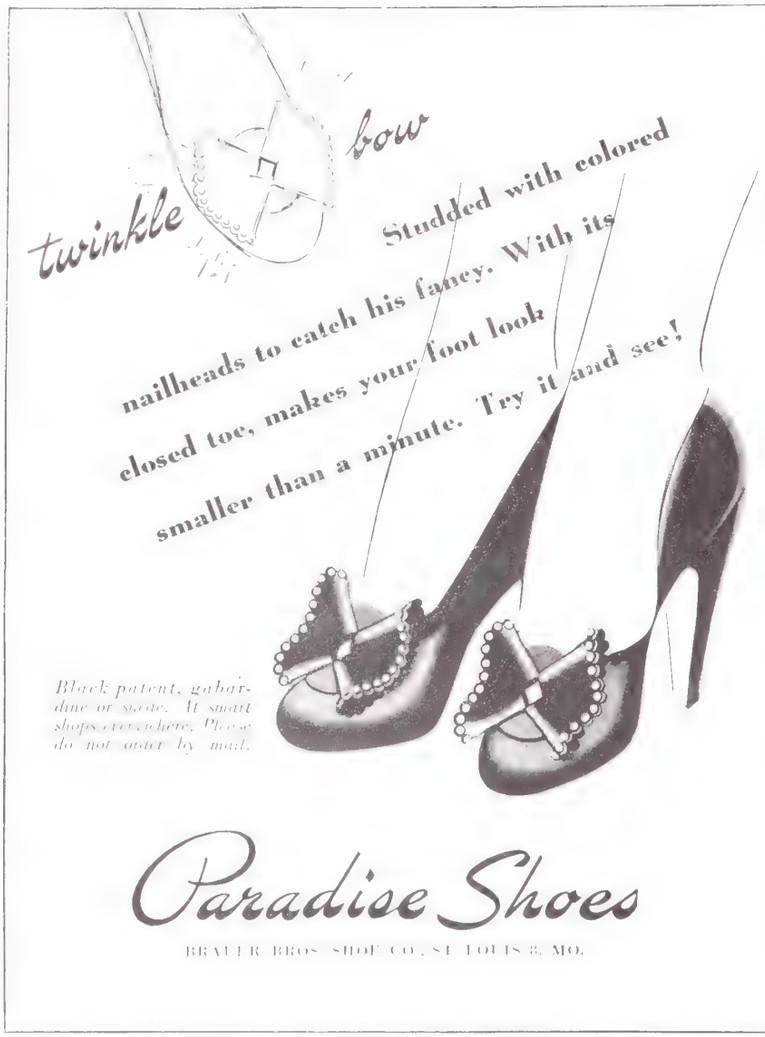
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Regan thought that Brown must have four ears, two to carry on one conversation and two to tap another which did not concern him. He had missed Brown's look toward Sally Barton before and the certain twang in Brown's cultured, polished voice.

"Harvard?" Regan asked innocently.

"Quite," Brown said. "How did you guess?"

"Your intelligent conversation," Regan said. "Your ears maybe."

"My ears," Brown said, fingering his small, well-shaped lobes. "I say, I never thought of that before. Do we have a definite shape, Regan?"

"Something like aircraft pickup equipment," Regan said sweetly. "So much goes in that should be filtered out. You ready to push of., Sally?"

OUTSIDE, standing in the sunlight of the fall day, Regan knew he would not like the man named Brown.

Sally Barton said, "You put Jim in his place. That's the first time I've seen him bested. Now where would you like to go first?"

"Anywhere," Regan said. "With you."

"Silly," Sally Barton said. "Don't start so fast. Let's get to know each other a little bit. I'll tell you all about my horrible life and you tell me about Texas."

"Don't you want to know about me?" Regan asked.

"Jack," Sally Barton said, "if you just tell me about Texas, I'll know all about you, won't I?"

"You win," Regan said. "Just tell me about yourself and show me some good places."

"Do you have a good car?" Sally Barton asked. "You'd better. Some of these spots are a little off the beaten track."

"You point," Regan said. "I'll drive."

Regan had occasion to regret those words in the following days. Sally Barton directed and accompanied him to Taos and far up into the Sangre de Cristos to such places as Truchas and Cordova, and west across the valley to Abiquiu and Chama and Capulin Peak. They drove to Hyde Park and had hamburgers and coffee sitting on the veranda bench and watching small boys climb to the ski run and slide down the slick grass on their behinds. They drove south into the dry-wash country around San Felipe and Cochiti, and prowled eastward toward Las Vegas and the Tererro Forest. Regan saw the country around Santa Fe in minute detail, and he saw Sally Barton in minute detail, wearing green one day and blue the next, and most of all he liked her in an old gray sweater and faded Levis, her hair pushed under an ancient felt hat. Regan saw her and forgot the mountains and the parks and the towns; he looked for signs of fish long gone and the only thing gone when they returned to Santa Fe on the fifth day was his heart. Sally Barton had that, much as the mountains and canyons had swallowed all signs of ancient fish that might have cavorted in some ancient ocean over this mountain land.

On the fifth day they pulled into town about midafternoon and stopped at the Pink Adobe for a hamburger and coffee and apple pie with cheese; and Regan wolfed his food and lit a cigarette and stared meaningly at Sally Barton. Regan screwed up his courage and pointed one thumb at her Adam's apple.

"Back in Texas," he said, "I know fifty women."

"How wonderful," Sally said. "I'll bet they're all eight feet tall and have red hair."

"Wait a minute," Regan said. "Let me finish. I know fifty women back home and every one of 'em is prettier than you are."

Sally Barton made a face and the wrinkles on her nose made little scallops of golden brown.

"That I grant," she laughed. "But you know, Jack, my father once told me I was an ugly little girl and the only way I could get a man was to make him believe I was beautiful. That's my deep, dark secret."

"Every one of 'em," Regan said, "and I could marry any one of them, and you know something?"

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"I know," Sally Barton grinned. "You nt to marry all of them, and Texas won't nge their laws for you. You poor boy." "Look here," Regan said desperately, m trying to say I have fallen in love with —why, I'll never know, but that's how s. What do you say to that?" he added ligerently.

For the first time in five days Regan saw amazing spectacle of Sally Barton with- words. She held her coffee cup halfway ner mouth and looked at him wide-eyed, mouth open and trembling, and then she the coffee cup on the table and leaned ward.

Jack," she said, "don't you ever say t again. You know all about me and you say that. You know I'm a bad little girl here from the East, a sort of fugitive n a debutante gang. I don't spin or sew eap. I just live on my father and love it. an't buck a horse or steer a rope or do atever your Texas gals can do. I can't boil ee in a can and I won't sing The Eyes of as and I refuse to love oil and cattle. You w all this and you tell me you love me"— looked down at the table and got red in face—"and you know doggone well I'm ng in love with you."

Regan had wilted and now he blossomed a quick-rising sun. He said, "Why didn't say so?" and reached for her.

Wait, Jack," Sally Barton said. "Not so . I said that I was falling, but I could er go all the way. Do you want to know ?"

Regan plummeted into the depths of ckness. "Why?"

You're a big strong man," Sally Barton . "You have brains and money and nice s and the most lovable, level, un-Texas osition I ever saw in my life. That's the ible with you. Remember these last five s? That cop stopped us and you smiled took the ticket and didn't argue. The tress browbeats you in the hotel dining m. Jim Brown sneers at you and you just like a sick calf and let him insult you t and left. You just go along on that l plane of yours and you don't care what ple say about you. I thought Texans got l and fought anything at the drop of a I want some spirit in the man I love."

GAN edged back from the table and ed weakly at Sally Barton, and snubbed his cigarette and wished he could tell her w things he dared not mention in Santa such as his summer roustabouting with father's oil crew and busting cattle on the eau west of Kerrville and fighting on the versity boxing team and doing a few odd s in Italy and France and Germany; and t of all, he wished he could tell her that doctors and his father had warned him to lose his temper as he had when young very hotheaded, and tear up three or buildings and send twenty people the nearest hospital. All these things e behind Regan, by choice and command, and he had been riding rough herd on his own temper for over a year.

"All right," Regan said weakly. "I'm sorry, Sally. I ——"

"That's the business in a nutshell," Sally said. "I [illegible] That's all you ever say or do. Now you listen to me, Jack Regan. I'll be your friend while you're here, but that's all. I won't let myself fall for you, you great big hunk of jelly." She brushed at her nose and said, "By the way, we are invited to a dinner party tonight. Mrs. Crafthouse, of New York you know, the Crafthouse bonbon fortune. She wants to meet you. Will you go?"

"Why not?" Regan said sorrowfully. "As one bonbon to another, what can I lose?"

REGAN returned to the hotel after dropping Sally at her home, and arriving in his room, he packed his bags and placed a long-distance call for his father in Houston. He ordered coffee, and some minutes later he sipped a full cup and talked to his father, who said:

"Well, Jack, what's the dope?"

"I'm leaving tonight," Regan said. "Right after a party I've got to attend."

"Never mind the parties," his father growled. "How about the business? Anybody suspect you?"

"No," Regan said. "I told 'em I was an ichthyologist and ——"

"What's that?" his father shouted. "Talk English."

"A guy who studies fish," Regan shouted back. "I met a girl and she went all around with me. I mentioned names and she thought going to the different places was her own idea. I saw every one you charted."

"Any good signs?" his father asked.

"Some," Regan said. "I marked all the spots. We can shoot the seismograph crew up in the spring and double check. After that it's lease and gamble. Okay?"

"Good boy," his father said. "You say you met a girl?"

"Met is right," Regan said. "I'm leaving tonight."

"H'm-m-m," his father said. "Get in any fights?"

"That's the trouble," Regan said. "She thinks I'm a cream puff."

"Never mind that," his father said. "Come on home and we'll talk about it then. Good-by."

"Yes, sir," Regan said. "Good-by."

Regan slammed the phone on its hook and started dressing for the party. He didn't care if the roof fell in or fifty people insulted him; he was licked and he was going home before he lost his temper and tore up the town. He cursed manfully over his collar button, squirming into tails and white shirt, and barely made it to Sally Barton's in time to pick her up and pull into the Crafthouse front yard on time.

Mrs. Crafthouse was a large and ebullient lady, veteran of several marriages and some six or seven odd full-grown children, and somewhat of a wit on various subjects. Regan

Back and other views of Hollywood Patterns on pages 50 and 51

1980. Two-piece suit: 12 to 20; 25c. (35c in Canada.)

1998. Two-piece dress: 12 to 20; 25c. (35c in Canada.)

1999. Blouses: 12 to 20; 25c.

1684. Blouse, bolero and skirt (the bolero and skirt are not illustrated on pages 50 and 51): 10 to 18; 25c.

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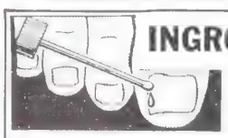

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met most of the usual crowd in the living room, among them Jim Brown and his retinue of arguers, and he withdrew to a corner through the predinner hour of sparkling conversation.

Sally joined in the festivities with her usual verve, talking animatedly with Mrs. Crafthouse and dodging the attentions of Jim Brown, who pursued her about the room with all the enthusiasm he would have had for a rare and just-dug-up anthropological bone of great value.

Regan was placed at the far end of the table during dinner, and found himself on the left of a slender, beautifully voiced gentleman who carved the roast with delicacy and who, as far as Regan could tell, was unable to do much else. Regan chewed his roast and ate his peas and finished with his coffee, thinking of the drive home and hoping it would be clear weather all the way so he could leave the top down and feel the cool night air.

Dinner broke up and Regan followed the others into the living room, and then he got mad, a slow, burning anger that started building up in him, and he wanted to get out and go to the hotel and grab his bags and go home. He didn't want to look at Sally Barton any longer, and he didn't like Mrs. Crafthouse and her bonbons, and he was afraid he would pinch Jim Brown between his thumb and forefinger if he looked at that gentleman just once more.

Regan walked across the living room and stood before Mrs. Crafthouse, who was bending over a large tank of water with Sally and Jim Brown. Regan said, "Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but I'm not feeling so well. I'll have to say good night."

"Just the man I'm looking for," Mrs. Crafthouse boomed, not hearing a word he spoke. "My goldfish are dying and Sally tells me you know fish."

"Pretty well," Regan said. "Why?"

"Here," Mrs. Crafthouse said. "This one has passed to the other land. Won't you take it along in the interest of science, Mr. Regan, and perform an autopsy and tell me what the poor dear died of?"

Regan accepted the dead goldfish and wrapped it in his handkerchief. "I'll take a look," he said. "Don't know what I'll find."

"Hmph," Jim Brown said.

With effort Regan held himself gentle. He said, "I'll say good night now, Mrs. Crafthouse. Thank you for a fine time."

Sally Barton turned and said, "Jack, are you going?"

Regan grinned weakly and said, "Time to push along, Sally. You'd better go home with someone else. Good-by."

"Good-by," Sally said.

"Adios, then," Regan grinned. "Be good."

REGAN went through the hall and outside to his car before she could say another word, and driving fast down the driveway and into the road that led to town, he remembered her face and eyes and how her mouth had trembled for no reason at all when he said good-by. He thought of the goldfish in his pocket and growled, "In the interest of science, Mr. Regan," and turned the corner into the hotel parking lot.

He slammed the car door and walked across the sandy parking lot toward the rear door of the hotel, and his nose tickled and he grabbed for his handkerchief and blew mightily, stopping the sniff and making his ears ring; and then he remembered the goldfish and felt for it.

The goldfish was in the sand and Regan was no spoilsport; he had played the fish lover for a week and he intended to take that goldfish to Texas and have his friend, the professor, examine it, and then send the data to Mrs. Crafthouse.

REGAN got out a package of matches and began lighting them and looking in the sand, and after ten matches and no goldfish, he looked up and saw the policeman standing over him with a curious, suspicious glint in his fat face.

The policeman said, "And what are you doing?"

"Looking for a goldfish," Regan said.

"A goldfish," the policeman said. "Look, bud, don't take another snort. Just get along home with you."

Regan was in no mood to dicker. He said, "I lost a goldfish. I had it in my handkerchief, where I put it when Mrs. Crafthouse gave it to me, and I blew my nose and the thing slipped out."

"Something slipped out, all right," the policeman said. "I think maybe it was you."

"Got a match?" Regan said. "I'm all out."

"Come on, bud," the policeman said. "I don't like jokes. Goldfish in the middle of the night and you want a match. I'll match you. We're going to the station house."

"Look," Regan said. "I lost a goldfish and I want it. Stop standing there with your bare face hanging out and give me that flashlight. All flatfeet carry 'em, don't they?"

"Flatfeet," the policeman said. "First it was goldfish, now I'm a flatfeet."

"Foot," Regan said. "And also in the head. Well, where's the light?"

"Where's the fish?" the policeman said. "Now wait a minute, this has gone far enough. Come on."

The policeman reached out for Regan and that was the beginning of the end. Regan had held everything back for a long time, and now it all seemed to boil up and blow through the crust of his timidity. The policeman had one hand on Regan's arm at the same time the patrol car stopped, and several curious people hesitated in the hotel patio to see what was happening. And Sally Barton and Jim Brown, with several of their friends, drove into the parking lot and saw Regan and the policeman, and came that way as if drawn by a magnet, which was mostly Sally hunting for Regan.

"Come on where?" Regan said, his voice very soft and sweet.

"To the station," the policeman said, and then the fun began.

Regan threw the policeman a good ten feet through the air into the nearest cactus plant. The policeman blew his whistle and the two policemen in the patrol car blew their whistles and came running, and all the curious people in the hotel patio came running, and Jim Brown and his friends came

Old Man in the Shade

By Ethel Barnett DeVito

Listening to young men, sometimes
he thought
How arrogant their talk through
which was strung
The creed that courage was only
in the young,
Their special province, nowhere
else begot—
Whereas he knew, how well he
understood
That only the old lived danger:
when Death stalked
Behind their chairs, by every road
they walked,
Masked as a stairway, or as a
favorite food.

But sometimes he guessed this
notion was no more
Than one of an old man's vagaries;
no doubt
He'd pluck Death's sleeve a
hundred times before
Death had the time to come and
hear him out,
When, likely, Death would
grumblingly be led
To find him where he best
belonged—in bed.

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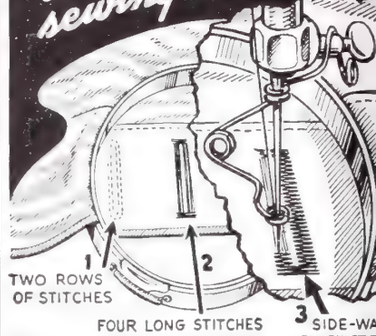

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unning; and Regan turned in the middle of hem and breathed a deep, happy sigh and lexed his shoulders.

Jim Brown came too close and Regan aught him by the nose and belt and swung im around three times and tossed him into he laps of the two fresh policemen; and then Regan began methodically, and with great elish, to take the joint apart.

He banged on the heads of the policemen vhen they tried to get up, and threw Jim Brown into the cactus beside the other po-iceman and tore the pants off Jim Brown's riends—an old and treasured trick of his—nd finally engaged in a beautiful and won-erfully satisfactory brawl with six new olicemen, the hotel detective, the assist-nt manager, and one traveling man from lbuquerque who got too near the center f the whirlpool and lost his balance and he sight of both eyes for seven days from hat date.

They finally roped and hog-tied Regan ith their arms and legs, and carted him ff to the police station, and Sally Barton ollowed, trying to make a decision between aughter and tears.

Regan paid his bail and came into the uter corridor some three hours later, after aking several long-distance phone calls to arious people in Texas who made several ng-distance phone calls to various people n New Mexico; and the policeman came in with the battered and practically unscaled goldfish and apologized profusely, and Regan gave the sergeant a hundred dollars to pay for cuts and abrasions and a few drinks for the boys.

Regan paused in the corridor and a timid voice said:

"Jack?"

Regan growled, "Yeah?" feeling very good inside, and then he whirled and saw Sally, and everything was black and no good for him. "Well," he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to be with you," Sally Barton said softly. "Do you mind?"

"Mind!" Regan said. "How do you mean that?"

"You're so timid," Sally said. "So very timid, Jack. Why didn't you tell me how you went wacky?"

"What for?" Regan asked testily. "If you mean with me, that means for keeps. Right?"

"Right," Sally Barton answered him. "For keeps."

Regan took her arm and they went out to face the rising sun.

Sally Barton grinned then and said, "One thing, Jack. Do you really know anything about fish?"

"Not the first stinking thing," Regan said happily. "But I'll show you a lot about something I really understand."

Bringing up Parents

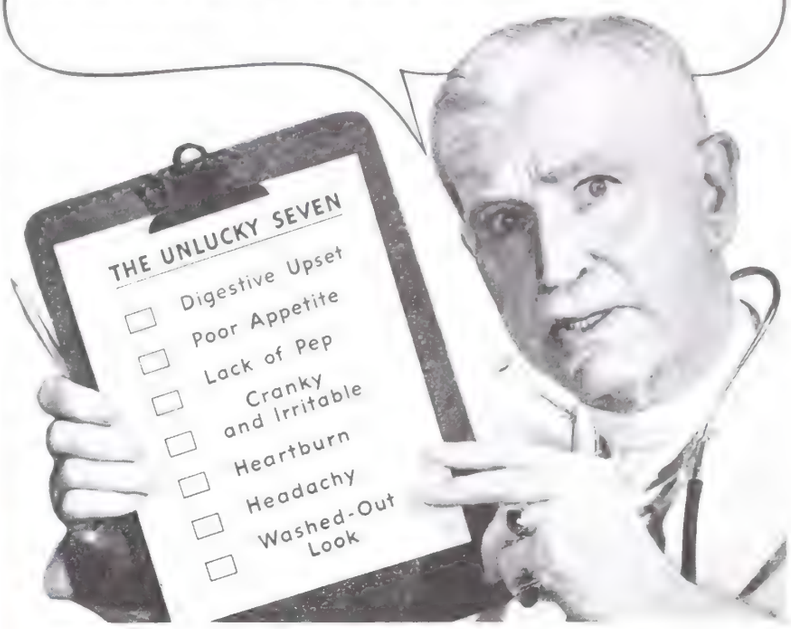
BY DR. BARBARA BIBER

Consultant Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

You can make double trouble for your first-born by turning away his "embarrassing" questions about where the baby came from, with some story about the stork, the department store or the doctor's satchel. To a child, the appearance of a new baby on the family scene is like an act of magic, and his natural and healthy reaction is to want to know how it's done. Unless you want to take the chance of making life a perpetual mystery to him, he deserves a straight answer. Even very young children are ready to know that babies are born from their mothers—and that fathers play a part in the process. It's hard enough for any child to adjust to a new baby. He ought not to have the additional burden of confusing answers to his natural and important questions.

"His mother told him she got it here, and he insists on a refund."

WHICH OF THESE SEVEN SYMPTOMS DO YOU HAVE?



Each is a sign you may need the prompt gentle relief of Saraka!

Don't ignore *any* of the unlucky Seven Symptoms due to irregularity. They are nature's way of telling you that you may need the benefits of pure vegetable Saraka! At the very first sign of any of the Unlucky Seven, try Saraka! Millions know Saraka is so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure!*

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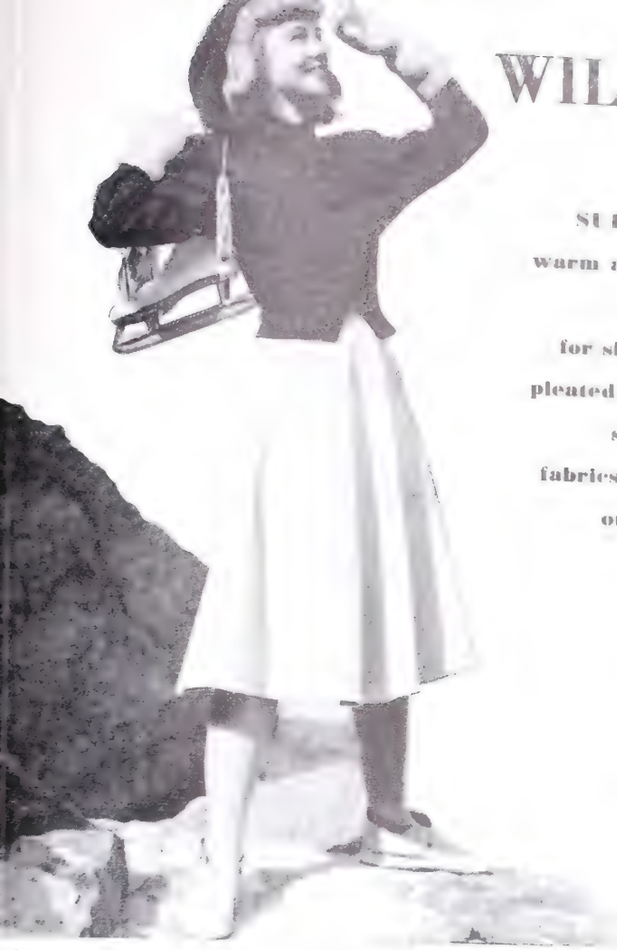
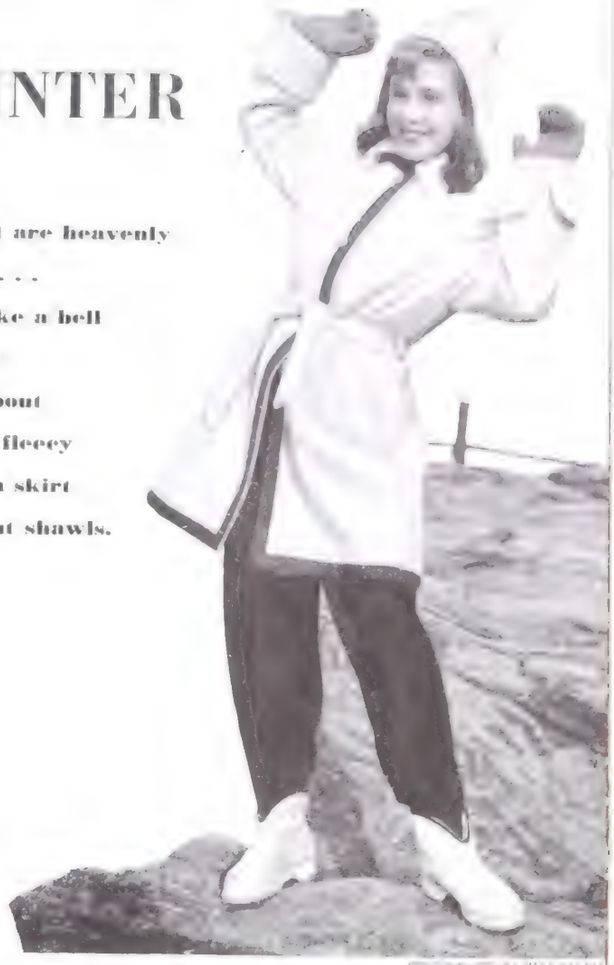
WILD ABOUT WINTER

By Josette Daly Lutz

SUB-DEBS are wild about hoods that are heavenly warm and do wonderful things for faces . . . about skirts that flare out like a bell for skating . . . about short, short plaid pleated skirts and tight, tight belts . . . about shoe-boots made of plaid or fur or fleecy fabrics . . . about bright yarn fringe on a skirt or a shawl . . . and really wild about shawls.



Skating belle: circular skirt in bright yellow wool with black wool basque top: Ceil Chapman design.



The haunting hood on a white fleece coat lined with green; matching snow pants; Mackey's white fur boots

***Fun by the fire:** fringed wool skirt and shawl by Greta Plattry, with felt slippers by Renée Montague.*

Strike a new match with plaid wool shawl and slippers to wear indoors with slacks and shirt.

Rave notices for short pleated skirt by Helen Morgan; Greta Plattry's cable-knit sweat

"I got kissed for this lighter cake but I could have kicked myself!"

"Jim simply raved about that cake I baked—and no wonder. It was as light as a cloud—moist and tender—and o-o-oh so deliciously rich! And all because I'd learned a bit of baking magic.

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"And think of it—Crisco's new recipes are *quicker* than old-fashioned ones, too. It takes only 4½ minutes to mix a Crisco Success Cake. Of course, Crisco is perfect with any recipe, but pure, all-vegetable Crisco plus the quick new Success Cake method is absolutely tops.

"I sure COULD have kicked myself! I [illegible], not [illegible] tried Crisco for cakes *long* ago. Why, I've *always* used it for frying. 9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say Crisco is digestible. And I'll depend on it for [illegible] cakes, pies and fried foods—Crisco improves all 3."

[illegible]

WHITE MAGIC CAKE WITH CHOCOLATE ICING

Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way before. Measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . be sure to use Crisco. Only with new Crisco can we promise you a better cake or your money back!

Measure into mixing bowl (*All Measurements Level*):

2 cups cake flour*
(sifted before measuring)
1⅓ cups sugar · ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt · ⅔ cup milk

Blend vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in eggs, all by itself:

3½ tsps. baking powder**

Add: **4 egg whites (unbeaten)**
⅓ cup milk · 1 tsp. vanilla

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (360° F.) about 25 minutes. Frost with your favorite chocolate icing. Decorate with chopped nuts.

*Do not use emergency flour with this recipe.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davies, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With cream tape (Royal, etc.), use 4½ tsps.

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From generation to generation—at Green Leaves, "welcome" is more than a word; it's a way of life.

MEET THE BELTZHOOVERS, of Natchez, Mississippi

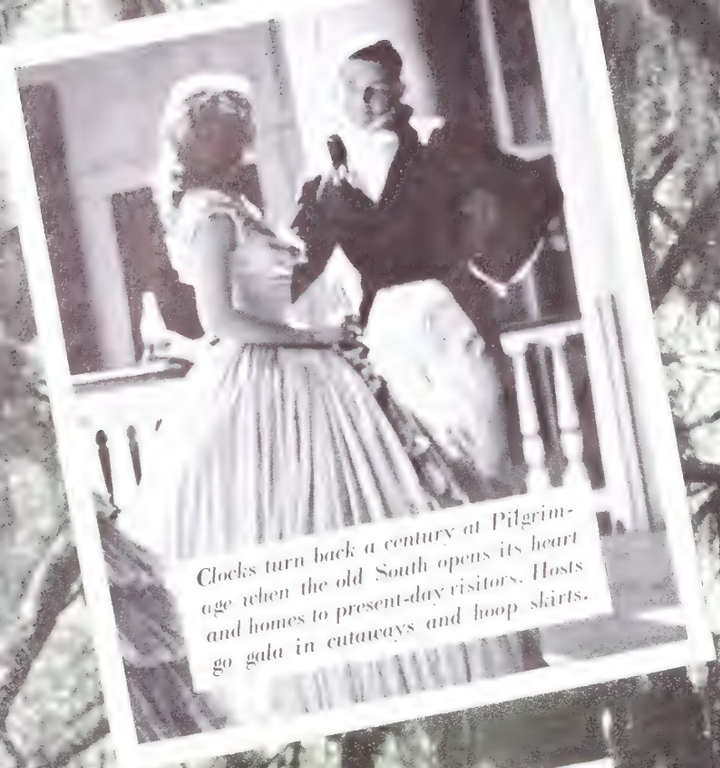
By Struthers Burt

IN the garden of Green Leaves, the Beltzhoover house in Natchez, Mississippi, is a live oak 351 years old. Tradition says this tree was the council oak of the Natchez Indian chiefs. Strong, verdant, catching and holding the light in the delicate fashion of live oaks, the tree seems a symbol of the South's finest qualities, endurance and regeneration, and of the endurance and courage of the family which for four generations now, ever since 1849, has owned and inhabited the gracious, tree embowered plantation house. A plantation house, like most of Natchez's plantation houses, situated in the town itself. The house is warm and solid and a part of the family; the family is solid and affectionate, and a part of the house. The tree, with its garden, a tapestry of iris and azaleas and camellias and japonica in the spring, completes the trinity. Along the huge lower branches of the tree the Beltzhoover spaniel and the Beltzhoover cat romp and chase each other in perfect amity. The tree, and the family, and the house have known much vicissitude and storm, along with many sunny, tranquil days. Many people have been born in the house, and have been married there, and have died in the house. Green Leaves witnessed intimately a terrible war. But the house still stands, and so does the family, and so does the tree.

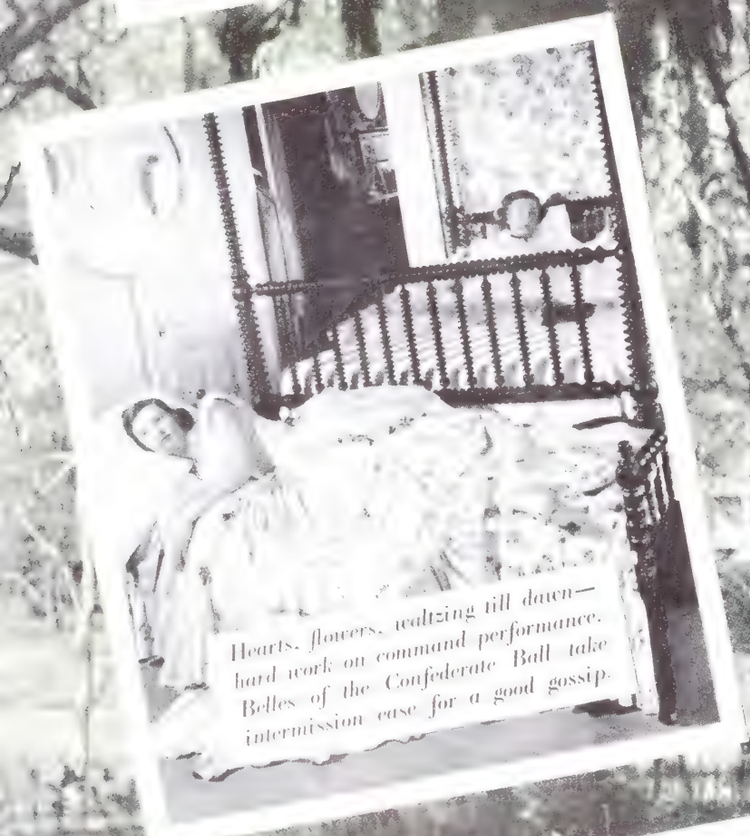
If the house has any ghosts—and it is old enough to have them—they must be gentle and affectionate ghosts, warmly approving of the young life that with each generation fills the house with laughter and hospitality.

No one can understand the South, especially such pools of tradition as Natchez, unless he understands the passion certain Southerners, a large

Yesterday's enchantment lives today at Natchez hospitality



Clocks turn back a century at Pilgrimage when the old South opens its heart and homes to present-day visitors. Hosts go gala in cutaways and hoop skirts.



Hearts, flowers, waltzing till dawn—hard work on command performance. Belles of the Confederate Ball take intermission ease for a good gossip.

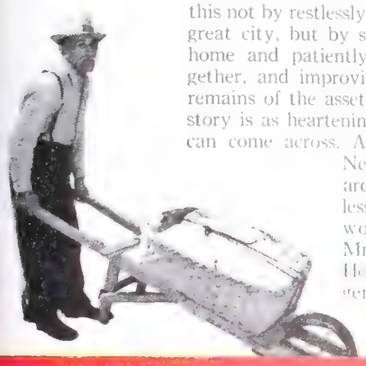
Crinoline meets up with a workaday world. Beruhoovers recapture bygone glamour to guide Pilgrimage tourists through shrines of Confederate gaiety.

"In the South, a man's ancestors are his best friends"—and a century of festive ghosts are said to return for gala doings on Green Leaves' white-grilled galleries.

and widespread class, have for their texture and the coherence of their families. They wear their houses like their skin and bones. Nowadays, Green Leaves has entered another cycle of its existence and is once more largely in possession of a younger generation.

THOSE living there now are the golden-haired, still-young widow of Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, Sr., born Ruth Audley Britton Wheeler, of Natchez; her only son, Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, Jr.; his wife, born Mary Jane Butler, of "down country" Mississippi; and the youngest of the family, Virginia Lee Beltzhoover, aged eighteen. The household, however, circles about the elder Mrs. Beltzhoover and her invaluable adjutant, Crissie. We'll come to Crissie presently. Gently but firmly, unobtrusively, Mrs. Beltzhoover is still very much in control. But she is wise as a mother as in other respects. She recognizes her son as the male head of the house and is gradually turning over to him the numerous family affairs, including the family business, a most successful one, for which she was directly responsible.

Mrs. Beltzhoover is a remarkable person. She is a "career woman," and a brilliant one. A career woman, to be sure, made by chance, not choice, but one who through intelligence, and audacity, and grim, yet smiling, bravery turned the darkest sort of ill luck into good fortune. And she did all this not by restlessly fleeing to some great city, but by staying right at home and patiently gathering together, and improving, the broken remains of the assets left her. Her story is as heartening a one as you can come across. And yet, by all New York standards, no one seems less of a "career woman" than Mrs. Beltzhoover. Her soft voice, her gentle manners,



practical wisdom of men are typically Southern. So [illegible] "no head for figures." Perhaps; but she has a very clear and imaginative head for buying and selling, and feminine styles; and for ten years she has run the biggest store of its kind in Natchez, and one of the leading stores in that part of the South: the Beltzhoover store, now known as the Natchez Department Store, but originally, and for many years, the old Famous & Price Store.

An odd name for a store, and one, naturally, that has led to the suggestion that under its present excellent management it should change its name once again, into Famous in Price. But not so odd, the original name. It was merely that one of the original partners was named Famous and the other Price.

Southern women are deceptive. They always have been. They are among the most resourceful and executive of American women. After all, it was they who for generations ran the hardest end of the huge plantations: the household end, in a period when most food was grown and processed at home, when most clothes and materials were homemade, and there was a multitude of house servants and field hands to be looked after. And after all, it was the Southern women who had most to do with lifting the South out of the dreadful slough of Reconstruction. Today it is the Southern women who are back of most of the reforms now spreading slowly but surely through the South; reforms in whose path are entrenched difficulties the rest of the country has difficulty in imagining.

To get the full impact of Ruth Audley Britton Wheeler's story it is necessary to remember that she was born to the complete tradition of the non-working Southern lady. She was a Natchez belle, and a belle still means something in the South, especially in places like Natchez. Furthermore, until ten years ago she was a wealthy and protected woman, the center of a fashionable circle in both Natchez and New York. She had had a fairy-tale youth and a fairy-tale marriage. She had married a gay, handsome, charming young man, the greatest catch in [illegible] Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, the son and grandson of rich men. "From the first time I set eyes on him when I was a little girl," says Mrs. Beltzhoover, "I knew I was going to marry him." She had gone to a children's party at Green Leaves. At the time the Beltzhoovers owned, in addition, an elaborate estate, Roachroane, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Green Leaves was their winter home.

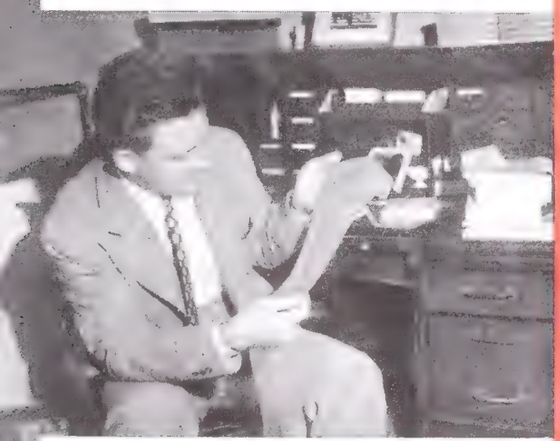
Like so many early Mississippians, bankers or cotton magnates, their family was part Northern and part Southern, although it speedily became Southern by tradition and point of view. Until 1803 and the Louisiana Purchase, Mississippi, like Louisiana, was foreign country, French and Spanish by turns. After 1803 it became a new American frontier; where the great river ran, an Eldorado of rich black soil, into which poured ambitious young men, many of them with their families, from all over the Southern and Northern seaboards. They found wealth beyond their greatest expectations, and within the next five decades indeed, until the very eve of the War Between the States built the magnificent mansions and plantation houses of which Natchez contains some thirty or more examples, for the most part beautifully preserved. Natchez was one of the centers of this princely wealth and princely way of living. And, to its good fortune, Natchez, because of cotton, has maintained throughout most of its history a fairly close connection with New York and the other financial centers of the country.

THE founder of the Natchez branch of the Beltzhoovers was George Washington Koontz, a young Pennsylvanian, born in Washington, in the western part of the state. He was the grandfather of Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, Sr., the beloved and charming, whose presence, only recently removed, still so dominates Green Leaves the house and the garden. George Washington Koontz immigrated to Natchez in the 1830's, and entered the bank of

The past goes on parade at the Confederate Ball, where the old Natchez rules again in scenes from the 1850's. The $3.00 admission tickets sell out twice weekly and, gendering a well-earned round of applause, even Skeptic admits that the pageant has given a pressed-out life to tarry and traditions.

"It certainly stretches" say those in the know about Southern hospitality. Weekdays, the Beltzhoovers' heirloom silver and hand-painted Audubon china are on display for connoisseurs of the antique. But Sunday evenings Ruth Audley "relaxes" with a probable minimum of forty guests. Any invitation is "standing" in Natchez, and no matter what the turnout, the edibles hold out.

"I had a career by chance, not choice." But in ten years as director of the Natchez Department Store, Ruth Audley has maintained her home, educated her children, convinced hard-to-convince local belles that fashion can flourish on Main Street.



"Getting down to business" is a welcome change for Melchior Beltzhoover, Jr. As a water tender on U. S. S. Bennington, he saw months of Pacific service. Now trading an engine room for an office, he'll learn from mother what puts the n in nylon.

Audley C. Britton, the present Mrs. Beltzhoover's grandfather. In 1849 he purchased Green Leaves. After the War Between the States the Britton Bank became Britton & Koontz, and flourished mightily, even after 1865, partly because of New York connections.

No one knows just how old Green Leaves is, but it was built sometime prior to the War of 1812: a long, spreading, one-story house, whose classic portico you reach from the street by a series of steps, ascending terraces planted with azaleas and live oaks. The house is in the shape of a square, one side missing, and the garden in the rear fills the missing side. The people of Natchez like their gardens in the rear, hidden and unexpected, so that they can make of them outdoor sitting rooms. From the front door, you look straight through a long hall, hung with family portraits, to the blaze of bloom which is the garden. To one side of the front door, at about the height of a man's head, is a bullet hole. This marks where George Washington Koontz stood, shortly after Appomattox, defending his house from a band of looting renegades.

But if no one knows just how old Green Leaves is, it is known who built it and his story.

The house was built by Jonathan Thompson, a wealthy cotton planter, and in a single day Jonathan Thompson and his entire family, his wife, all his children, were wiped out by one of the yellow-fever epidemics which, in those days, stalked on ghostly feet up the river from New Orleans. Jonathan Thompson's wife fell ill, and Jonathan Thompson sent for the doctor. By the time he came, Jonathan was dying, helpless beside the other members of his family, already dead.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KOONTZ married Mary Roane Beltzhoover, who had also been born in Pennsylvania, but whose family had moved to Natchez shortly before 1839. This was the first marriage between the Koontzes and the Beltzhoovers. George was a brilliant man, a leading figure in the Confederacy, an intimate friend of Jefferson Davis. During the war, he was sent by the Confederacy to Europe to negotiate loans.

Like all the old houses of Natchez, Green Leaves is a museum of priceless furniture, silver, portraits and mementos of all kinds. The Natchez families have persisted in an obstinate refusal to sell their beloved possessions. This has turned out to be a fortunate obstinacy. Among the various heirlooms at Green Leaves is a set of Audubon hand-painted china, a hundred pieces. In the library at Green Leaves is a glass-fronted cabinet containing a memorable Jefferson Davis and Lee collection: letters, documents, even a button from General Lee's uniform. In the cabinet, also, is the letter of amnesty, signed by President Johnson, restoring George Washington Koontz to American citizenship.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KOONTZ'S youngest daughter, Virginia Lee, married Melchior Stewart Beltzhoover, of Pittsburgh and New York, a cousin of her mother, and so we come again to Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, Sr., the son of this marriage. But first it is necessary to relate an incident concerning Melchior Stewart Beltzhoover, the father; to explain how the Beltzhoovers, like the Koontzes, came to make Green Leaves their permanent home, instead of merely a winter one; to point out and emphasize the curious family trait of instant audacity and courage. The ability to rise to the occasion—the refusal to allow malign Fate its way.

In 1905 Mississippi cotton was stricken by the boll weevil and Natchez money began to be ruined. In 1913 the town's First National Bank failed, and Britton & Koontz would have failed, too, had not Melchior Beltzhoover, the First, but without the Roch as a middle name, liquidated most of his New York assets and rushed them down to save the family institution. It is said that he even shipped barrels of gold and silver. When the run began on the bank, there was Melchior Stewart Beltzhoover, with all the money in the world, to meet it. After that, he lived in Green Leaves most of the time with his family.

His son, young Melchior Roch, graduated from Princeton in 1914, and a couple of years later married Ruth Audley Britton Wheeler, his childhood sweetheart; the little girl, grown up, who, seeing him first at a children's party, knew she "was going to marry him."

For twenty-eight years it was a perfect marriage. Everyone says that. Green Leaves

Startling white was this pre-antebellum mansion in the friendly eyes of the great live oak. Under its boughs, the Natchez Indians once gathered for their tribal ceremonies. Spanish grandees outlined their bodies. Confederate planters discussed their crops. Now, festival guests sip drinks—coffee in the morning, Bloody Marys at noon, Daiquiris at the pool. Designed by Melchior Beltzhoover, Sr., to set off his famous gardens, the long, low lines of the house flow like a cascade between waterlilies, azaleas and crimson and white camellias drift with the wind. gardens. In long, low lines of the house flow like a cascade between waterlilies, azaleas and crimson and white camellias drift with the wind.

"We've got three industries in Natchez—cotton, oil and the Pilgrimage." And never believe that the last of these isn't a practical crop. In 1946, visitors left more than a million dollars behind with 75% divided among the 22 houses on display and 25% going to the Club. But town stresses its best profit: "By sharing it, our heritage can never die."

is a lovely place for a continuing honeymoon; a lovely place to entertain. Three children were born. The Beltzhoovers traveled a lot; they were in New York and at Irvington-on-the-Hudson a good deal, but Green Leaves was their home. Distinguished friends from all over the world came to stay with them. But Melchior Roch Beltzhoover was not an idle man. He worked hard in the family bank, took care of the large family interests. Like mos Mississippians—like his son, young Melchior Roch, Jr.—he was a great sportsman, a fine shot. In the hall at Green Leaves is a gun case filled with magnificent shotguns. And then one spring the Beltzhoovers drove over to the Kentucky Derby, and, coming back, out of a clear sky, Melchior Beltzhoover was stricken with a rare and fatal illness. For six months he was in a hospital, his wife by his side, and when he came back to Green Leaves, it was to stay most of the time on the wide, white-pillared gallery which, at the rear of the house, on two sides, faces the garden.

He was told he could no longer exercise. He was told he would have to take constant care of himself. If he did this, he might live several years longer. As a matter of fact, he lived nine. And sitting in a long chair on the gallery, this active, still comparatively young man changed his life. The garden became his main interest; his strong, flame-colored hold on reality. Before long he was one of the leading camellia experts of the world, developing ninety-nine new varieties. His other especial care was the live oaks. By scientific watering he proved you could increase their growth by many inches, no matter what their age. Botanists from everywhere came to see him, and interesting people of every description. He had always been a popular man. Now the garden gallery of Green Leaves grew to be a mecca. Jonathan Daniels, in his book, A Southerner Discovers the South, mentions as one of the high points of his travels sipping mint juleps with Melchior Roch Beltzhoover.

Another thing the man on the gallery did was to add the blue-walled swimming pool. In the spring, flame-colored azaleas drop into the swimming pool, and crimson and white camellias, and drift with the small winds.

Misfortune, however, does not come singly, as most of us know. These were the days of the depression, and gradually, at first almost imperceptibly, what with one thing and another, the family wealth began to slip away. Presently, with a shocking finality, there was not a single asset left but the shares in the Famous & Price Store, in which the Beltzhoovers until then had never taken more than a nominal interest. It was the least considered of their possessions; now it became an anchor, a rock, a lighthouse. Mrs. Beltzhoover did that. She saved Green Leaves, she protected her husband, she finished the education of her children. Before long she took over the store completely and became its owner, and began to expand it greatly with the help of an extremely capable young manager, a Northerner named Karl Brofofsky. Like all capable executives, Mrs. Beltzhoover knows how to choose her assistants.

But remember again that she was a mature woman when all this happened, and that she had had not one moment of business experience. She was unarmed except for her good taste, her desperate courage and her experience of the world. Calm outwardly, trembling in wardly, she went to New York to buy. The description of that first buying trip is a saga. Ruth Audley Wheeler Beltzhoover did not even know the terms used, the necessary quantities, in this strange new world, seen now no longer from the bird's-eye view of a rich and protected woman. This hard-boiled, competitive world of buying and selling! She learned as she went along by keeping her eyes open and her mouth shut, and by asking carefully thought-out leading questions. The sellers taught her, unaware that they had an innocent in their hands. But she bought beautifully from the first, spring and autumn, and pretty soon the store she had taken over, and all Natchez, began to respond. Tradition, and good taste, and knowledge of the world are, after all, important assets.

And so Ruth Audley Wheeler Beltzhoover protected the remaining years of her husband, and educated her children, and preserved Green Leaves. That's something of a story, isn't it? It shows what a woman can do, especially if she has a stricken husband, and children to educate, and a home to preserve.

Now Mrs. Beltzhoover is as well known in New York buying circles as she was once well known in New York drawing rooms.

Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, Jr., ever since his discharge from the Navy, has been working in the family store, preparing eventually to take over. The youngest member of the family, Virginia Lee, a tall, quiet, good-looking blond girl, has also entered the store. She has just graduated from Finch Junior College, in New York, where, very wisely, her mother sent her to study fashions and merchandising. The fourth member of the *(Continued on Page 160)*

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presents

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FEMININITY BEGINS AT HOME

By Louise Paine Benjamin

FEMININITY, in spite of the title of this article, does not begin at home, but in back of that, in the *mind*. It is an attitude. It is a feeling about living and, in particular, a feeling about one's relationship to people—including men. As nearly as I can discover, it is a true and delicious womanliness which causes its possessor to feel she is lucky to be a woman and, therefore, a potential sweetheart, wife and mother.

Just being born to wear skirts doesn't make a woman truly feminine. It is, rather, the conviction on the part of a girl child from her kindergarten days upward that she should take pride and satisfaction in her sex. Her whole future happiness will be largely determined by this ability, and willingness, to respect herself as woman, instead of feeling that she is in a race against man, and handicapped, at that. True femininity does not *compete* with man, but prefers to *co-operate*, or, better yet, to *enlist his co-operation*—charmingly.

It has so often been said that Southern women have a knack of developing and utilizing their feminine attributes, that it is worth while to consider their viewpoint. Not that they have a monopoly on engaging manners, but natural aptitude plus training has given them a well-deserved reputation. Nor is it all done with droopy eyelashes and a cream-caramel accent. The girls go about it with practical realism. They probably always did, in spite of the magnolia-blossom tradition about fragile Southern womanhood.

The truth is that in the days of great plantations and innumerable servants, the woman whose husband was a big landowner needed to be a gifted executive. She had a whole community to watch over. She had to understand wholesale planning and ordering and be thoroughly versed in all sorts of domestic crafts that machinery and electricity have done away with. She had a working knowledge of first aid, for the doctor was often miles away by horseback. She helped the servants with their spiritual problems. She had to be as ready as a hotel owner to entertain unexpected guests.

With it all, she held tightly to her femininity. She refused to look like a high-powered executive. Instead, she was canny enough to see that her setting, clothes and manners bespoke her a cherished woman; she recognized blandishment as a better weapon than any bludgeon.

In the South of today the words may be different, but the music, so to speak, is the same. Girls are still taught that there is nothing lovelier in the world than a lovely girl. So why not be one? At Southern Seminary, in Virginia, where there is a perfect flower garden of girls under constant cultivation in the direction of well-rounded womanhood, the director, Mrs. Margaret Durham Robey, mixes tradition with a nice sense of present-day needs.

Here are examples of some of the nuggets of wisdom Mrs. Robey deals out as occasion arises:

First step to pretty manners is a thorough grounding in conventions. Etiquette can be treated lightly only after you know all the rules. Learn the accepted way to meet and introduce people, say good-by and go through the other routines of polite society before you introduce any casual touches. Even then, remember there is a lot of difference between informality and intimacy.

"Dress up for a fight"—which doesn't mean a scrap, but a challenge of any kind. The better groomed you are, the more confidence you have in yourself on an important occasion. And if you look your best all the time you will be ready for an unexpected opportunity!

Be especially nice to older people, not only for their own sakes but because you are quite likely to learn something from them that will make you more interesting to your own generation.

A man may not keep chasing the trolley he has caught, but neither does he run after one that is *standing still*. Give the illusion of pursuit—delicately!

Never ignore your current partner in favor of more attractive possibilities in the stag line. Make yourself look so sweetly engrossed in the person you are with that every man watching you will wish he were that man.

A pleasing voice is one of woman's greatest assets. Only an empty mind resorts to slanginess or profanity.

Learning games that can be played only on teams doesn't make a true sportswoman. You can't count on having a team around all your life. Learn at least one sport that is socially useful: riding, swimming, tennis, golf and, of course, dancing. The more things you know how to do, the more easily you fit in with a crowd. This makes you a much pleasanter guest to have around.

As to being a guest, the first rule about being one is to be *sure* you have your invitation, and that you know exactly when, and how long, you are asked to stay. Don't ever take an invitation or the length of your visit for granted.

Cultivate the spiritual side of your life by regular attendance at some form of worship and by faithful participation in charity activities. There come moments in every life when there is need of spiritual strength and comfort, and it will mean much to you to be able to find a steadying belief within yourself.

While the teen age is admittedly more susceptible to training than the later years, it is still a wholesome idea to check up once in a while and see how one is making out in a given field. If you feel you are growing more—or less—feminine with the passing years, take a look at the following questions. They do not offer a complete diagnosis, but a few good clues.

HOW FEMININE ARE YOU?

1. ***Do you consider yourself complimented when you are told you "have brains like a man"?***

Why should you? Men have wonderful brains for all kinds of powerful enterprises, but women are generally conceded to have a sensitivity and special kind of quickness all their own. Even in the animal kingdom. Remember, the best Seeing Eye dogs are female!

2. ***Do you resort to tears as a useful weapon in an argument?***

A woman's tears have all the weight of tradition behind them, but a modern woman who can't find a better method of persuasion admits to a highly limited diplomatic equipment. The honeyed word was ever better than dripping eyes—and nose. Dreadful destroyers of beauty!

t that, a weeping woman is to be ed to a shouting or sarcastic one.

you expect extra consideration traveling just because you are a n? The services of the only bag- porter? First chance at the sta- axi?

ances are that if you are a pleasant- ing, nice-mannered sort of per- ou will find things made easier for tomatically. But if you demand spe- vors as your right, you may get a gh snubbing from an otherwise decent male. Do you really blame

you resentful when a man fails move his hat in an elevator, or you are not offered a seat in a subway?

gallantries are undoubtedly agree- ut not always practical. Consider an in a crowded elevator: even if by ni-like manipulation of his arms he nem enough to get his hat off, where oing to hold it? Also, we must ad- owever regretfully—that in being ed the opportunity of hustling right t the male elbow in pursuit of a pay e, we may have forfeited some of tler considerations.

you often use the excuse of ng a headache" when you wish out of an irksome duty?

lest you fall into a pit of your own g. By leaning too heavily on this excuse, you will have nothing to hen an occasion of real distress ar- and will get very little sympathy ou crave it most.

hen a man pays you a heavy- d compliment in public, do you graciously (however bored), t him lightly, or pin back his ith a sharp quip?

ore foolish *you*, if you give way to of the latter temptations, for no how stupid the offender or how lit- care for his particular opinion, you ourself down in the eyes of the by- rs as a woman of uncertain temper ould rather be clever than kind. ery mother's son shies away from a with a two-edged tongue.

you think quickly on the tele- when pressed to do, or buy, hing which doesn't interest you, so that you can say "No" without leaving a sting?

Ah, there is woman's wit at its best. They must be so, since most men declare they would rather be shot than have to extricate themselves from a high-pressure telephone approach.

8. *Are you tempted to offer to go Dutch on a meal check when you know your escort has a small salary?*

Don't do it. Make it up in other ways: with return entertainment in your own home, or with other forms of hospitality which your woman's ingenuity can devise. No proud male wants to feel that his dinner companion believes he is financially inadequate—but he appreciates a smart girl who keeps a kindly eye on the right-hand column of the menu!

9. *Do you give instructions to the waiter, or the taxi driver, when you are with an escort?*

At the risk of biting off your tongue, *don't*. Deference to male authority in public places is one of the prettiest gestures a woman can make—also one of the best investments, since a man feels like doing ten times as many things for an agreeable companion who acts pleased with his management as for a bossy one.

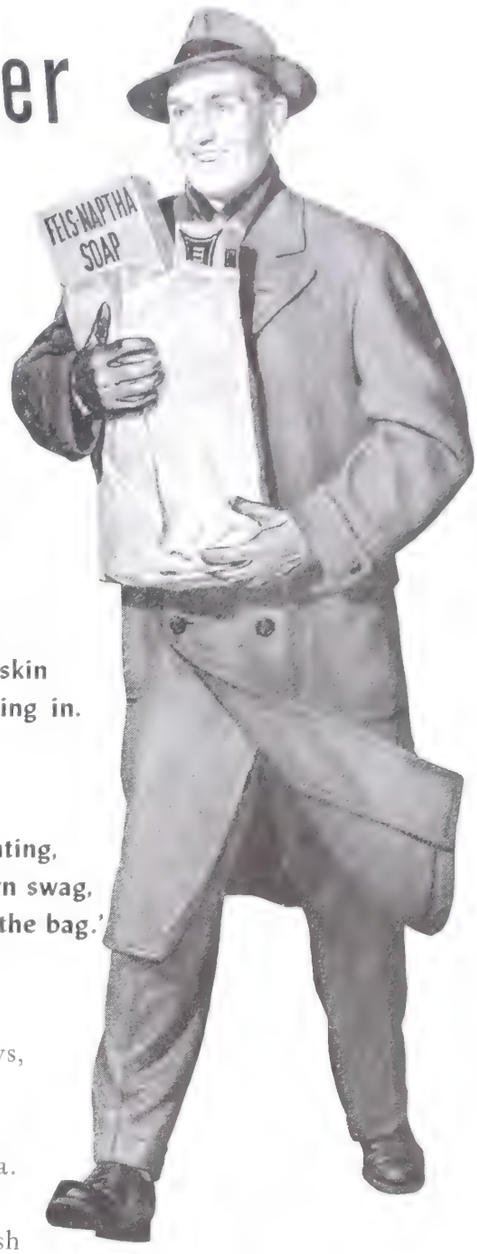
10. *Do you make a point of proclaiming, in mixed company, "Thank goodness, I know how to look after myself and don't have to ask any favors from anybody!"?*

That is probably the No. 1 rule for what *not* to do, if you wish to reap the delightful rewards of true femininity. No, *silly*, no one wants you to go simpering around with downcast eyes and a look of being too, too helpless. But any man worth his salt has inherited a touch of the When Knighthood Was in Flower strain from his forebears, and thrives on having a sense of responsibility where womenfolk are concerned. Why freeze willing males off with a loud boast of independence, and do yourself out of a lot of pleasant and helpful attention? Of all laborsaving devices ever invented for women, none has ever been so popular as a devoted man!

You may not accept all the foregoing conclusions, but if you are in agreement on the majority, it is a safe bet that you are equipped with enough femininity to hold your own in any market, including the matrimonial. If you are too much out of line, better relax a little. You may be too aggressive for other people's comfort, and your own happiness.

"Mom, I've decided NOT to be a bachelor!"

The Good Provider



Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

* * *

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's *back* from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag,
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

Even if a man can't manage mink these days, he might do a fair job just keeping 'the little woman' in Fels-Naptha. To a housekeeper faced with a big wash this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

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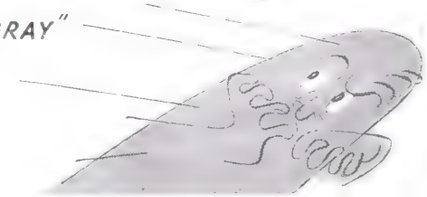

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PHOTOS BY ST...

Mrs. Melchior Beltzhoover inspects just a bit of the magnificent old silver t... adorns the dining room at Green Leaves. It is used and enjoyed constan...

Shining Example

BY JUDY BARRY

SILVER gleaming like satin, furniture of rich, mellowed woods are truly a joy, but also a care forever, as the mistress of many a great Natchez mansion could tell you. Here are the secrets of keeping them beautiful, whether they're heirlooms or wedding-present new, some told to us by the curator of the American Wing in New York's Metropolitan Museum, some gleaned from generations of practice at Green Leaves.

MOST of us possess only one or two or three of such precious heirlooms and antiques as completely surround Mrs. Melchior Beltzhoover, mistress of beautiful Green Leaves. Quantities of softly gleaming old silver, quantities of richly hand-carved furniture, hundreds of pieces of fragile Audubon china painted by the great man himself, enormous mirrors framed and festooned with gold leaf—these are the daily bread of the Green Leaves family. Mrs. Beltzhoover says casually of these treasures that leave most of us breathless:

"Antiques are easy to live with. One more ring on a table that's held mint juleps for generations doesn't really matter. The tip of a French porcelain angel's wing broken? We'll mend it with a bit of tape—that angel has been flying for a hundred years! They've all lived so long I just enjoy them and let them live longer happily!"

In many of the great Natchez houses, museum pieces of old silver, china, furniture and bric-a-brac are thus taken for granted by their possessors. They're lived with, loved and used every day, as they have been for generations. This, indeed, probably accounts for much of their beauty—that extra bloom that china, wood or silver, no less than children, acquires with love and constant devoted care.

Use it, polish it, use it. This truly is the best protection you can give silver. Silver is no fragile flower—much of the Green Leaves silver has lived through five generations of washing and polishing.

Because it is a porous metal, skillful polishing not only removes tarnish but tones down and blends together the tiny scratches that come with use, giving it depth and luster.

There are many good silver-cleaning creams and liquids, and some good polishing cloths. The museum uses a fine soft cream, or a polishing cloth which is impregnated with jewelers' rouge. Other experts like a liquid type because there is no deposit left to remove from the more ornate pieces, as there is with cream. Just be sure that whatever type

choose is fine and velvet-smooth, out any coarse gritty abrasives.

e chemical method of silver ning consists of putting it into an inum pan containing boiling water a tablespoonful each of salt and g soda to each quart of water. It is sary that each piece of silver touch r the aluminum or another piece is in contact with the aluminum. re is a new product for cleaning chemically which may be used hot, not boiling water, and a small inum plate or piece of aluminum This method removes tarnish ly and easily, and according to ex- who have performed careful tests, grains of silver are removed than

the mirrors—hot water, am- nia, chamois, tissue and Henry.

bbing. Many connoisseurs do not ove of it, however, for they feel in time it destroys the satiny n and aging "tone" of the metal. emical methods should never be on patterns with an oxidized finish h outlines decorative details, or on are with hollow handles. It should ed on the plainest of patterns only when the metal has become blue- with tarnish.

arnish is caused by sulphur its compounds. They are pres- n the air and in many foods, es- lly eggs, as you've undoubtedly ed after breakfast each morning. e are little packages of treated r, very convenient to use on the

[illegible] tipped tip of [illegible] just wipe them off with a fresh sheet of the paper while they're wet, then rinse thoroughly.

Some tarnish makers can be avoided by being a bit careful. Don't handle polished silver if your hands are perspiring freely. Don't put your silver on a rubber mat, or use rubber bands around its flannel or tissue-paper wrappings. And never let a pencil with a rubber eraser stray into the silver drawer.

Salt is another enemy of silver. Instead of leaving a tarnish film, as sulphur does, it's corrosive and actually etches the surface, making it very difficult to polish the silver smoothly. Don't keep salt shakers in the same drawer with silver if there is any possibility that spilled grains may sift about among your forks and spoons.

The silver was the butler's pride and joy in the days of butlers, and its beauty one of the means by which his efficiency was judged. Often hours of hand-rubbing, actually with the bare hand, using no cloth or polish, produced the rich color and mellow finish of silver that is now museum treasure. A present-day bride's new silver very likely already has a "butler finish." This is the name of a fine lustrous glow applied by modern methods of manufacture to simulate the effect achieved by the long hand-rubbing of olden days. It's produced by buffing with carefully selected abrasives. Thus our modern

Continued on Page 111

Cora gives mahogany polish occasionally, plenty of elbow grease.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

bor of love. Anne and Virginia, great-granddaughters of Green Leaves, finish an antique cradle for the new great-great-granddaughter.

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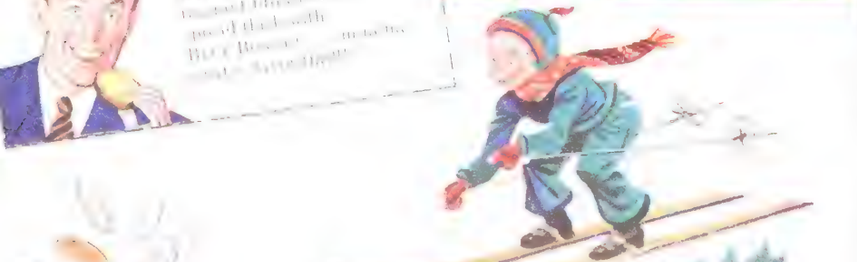

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BLUE BONNET comes white—color for table use.

Econom-e-e– yes, you save real money with BLUE BONNET! And you get so much in return... delicious flavor, proved nutrition!

Charming Ruth Tudley Beltzhoover, mistress of Green Leaves, takes great pride in this family treasure—the famous china service hand-painted by Audubon. Each piece is different.

CULINARY COLLECTION

By Louella G. Shouer

THE spacious high-ceilinged dining rooms of the romantic old houses in Natchez, Mississippi, tell a story of their own—a story of gracious living, hospitality and fine food beautifully served. In the old-fashioned kitchens adjoining, generations of colored cooks have produced an endless array of the good food for which this part of the South is famous. They are proud of their cookery traditions, handed down from mother to daughter, and a family recipe is considered just as much a treasure as the mirrored mahogany dining table or the stately silver candelabras that grace it.

If you collect regional recipes with as much enthusiasm as you do Chelsea teacups or first editions, you'll want to add these few from Mississippi kitchens. Collections grow. That's the thrill of it.

No collection of old Southern dishes would be complete without a jambalaya, which is a rice specialty laced with oysters, shrimp, ham or chicken. There are many variations of this dish. It mostly depends on who is making it and what you have on hand.

In the collection of old family Natchez recipes, we found a recipe for Miss Mary's Oyster Jambalaya. I can't tell you about Miss Mary, but I'm sure you'll agree she was an excellent cook.

MISS MARY'S OYSTER JAMBALAYA

Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a skillet. Add 4 slices bacon cut into pieces. Cook bacon until just about done; remove from pan. Fry 3 tablespoons chopped onions in the fat. Return bacon, add 3 dozen oysters. Cook over low heat until oysters are just plumped—no more than 4 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons tomato paste; stir in 3 cups freshly cooked rice. Season with salt and pepper. Mix with 2 forks. Cover and set in warm place for 20 minutes before serving to blend the flavors. A double boiler would be good. Serves 6-8.

Hope Farm Jambalaya, according to Mrs. Balfour Miller, is usually made with ham. This dish appears on the table when the time comes to use up the last of a baked ham. There's no set rule as to quantity of ham. With the jambalaya, you will want to serve delicious little corn cakes if you want a truly Mississippi meal.

HAM JAMBALAYA WITH CORN CAKES

For the jambalaya, grind what ham you have left—it will probably be about 2 cupfuls, if you've eaten the ham about down to the bone. Measure half as many onions (1 cupful), chopped. Sauté the onion with 2 or 3 slices bacon cut into small pieces. Add 1 quart canned tomatoes and 2 tablespoons minced parsley. Simmer together about 15 minutes. Add 3 cups freshly cooked rice that has been rinsed in boiling water and drained. Season up well with salt, pepper, Worcestershire and Tabasco sauce. (All Mississippi cooks lean heavily on Worcestershire and Tabasco—use it as New Orleans cooks use herbs.) Add the ham. Pour into casserole and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until liquid is absorbed and rice browns on top—about 45 minutes to one hour.

For the corn cakes: **Sift 2 cups white corn meal (down South they use nothing else but! Yellow corn meal just isn't considered) with ½ cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups milk to make a thin batter. Then add 1 egg, beaten, and beat up well. Drop by tablespoonfuls into hot shortening or salad oil. The fat shouldn't be as deep as for fritters or doughnuts, but deeper than for sautéing. When brown on one side, turn lightly and brown on the other side. Drain. Serve with butter or margarine as an accompaniment for jambalaya and**

en vegetable. They are wonderful for eakfast, too, with butter or margarine, ple sirup and sausages.

With the Mississippi right at their very or and the Gulf of Mexico not too far ay, it's no wonder the colored cooks of tchez work so many miracles with fresh and sea food. Their ways with shrimp d red snapper as well as river bass rival se with ham and chicken. Here's a ipe for a subtly seasoned baked stuffed , a way to use up leftover fish—specialty the Monmouth House—and a way I'll ger you never thought of serving shrimps.

BAKED STUFFED BASS

Wash a 1½ to 2-pound bass (any bakable could be used). Brush it inside and out h salad oil. Sprinkle with salt and pep-. Make a stuffing of following: Cut 2 es bacon fine. Fry. Add 1 cup dry bread mbs, 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped, 1 on, chopped, 1 tablespoon melted but- or margarine, 1 teaspoon chopped pars-, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon Wor-tershire sauce and 3 tablespoons chicken ck or broth made from chicken-bouillon es. Season well with salt and pepper. uff the fish and sew or skewer edges to-her securely. Place fish in a well-greased king pan; dredge lightly with flour and with butter or margarine. Bake in hot n, 400° F., 30 minutes. Serve with lemon tter. Serves 4. Double quantity of stuff-for larger fish.

MONMOUTH FISH WITH RICE

To 2 cups flaked cooked fish add ½ cup am, 1 cup cooked rice. Mix well and son with salt and pepper. Heat up well. r in 2 beaten egg yolks. Stir until thick-ed over low heat. Serve with lemon. ves 4–6.

BELL PEPPERS WITH SHRIMP FILLING

Split and seed 4 large green peppers. rboil them in salt and water. Fry one all onion until golden in 2 tablespoons tter or margarine. Add 1 clove garlic, nced, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 3 ge peeled tomatoes, chopped, or 1 No. can tomatoes and ¼ cup fine bread mbs. Simmer until all are cooked. ason with 1 teaspoon salt and some pep-r. Stir in 1 well-beaten egg and 1 cup arsely chopped cooked or canned rimps. Stuff peppers with this savory xture and top with additional buttered ead crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, ° F., about 20 minutes. Serves 6–8.

If you ask for potatoes down South you get sweet potatoes. Here is one way they are sometimes prepared way down upon the Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI SWEET POTATOES

Boil 6 medium-sized sweet potatoes or yams in their jackets until tender. Peel and slice them ¼ inch thick. Place in greased baking dish. Make a sirup of 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add ¼ cup butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon salt. Pour over the potatoes. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until the sirup glazes the potatoes and they are clear and shiny looking. Baste occasionally. It takes about 45 minutes. Serves 6–8.

The sideboards in the Natchez dining rooms are so ample in length one dreams of the days when they were graced with crystal bowls of sillabub, trifle and quaking puddings, silver baskets of black fruitcake, delicate slices of yellow spongecake. I'd like to think brown-sugar cookies were placed there, too, for the children in the family.

PLANTATION SOUR-CREAM COOKIES

Cream ½ cup shortening and 1 cup brown sugar together. Add 2 eggs, beaten light, ½ cup thick sour cream and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sift together 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt. Add gradually to first mixture. Mix well. Drop from a spoon onto well-greased cooky sheets and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 12 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.

Southern pies and tarts are *really* sweet—more of a confection than the fruit or custard tarts of the North. Did you ever eat molasses pie, sirup pie with pecans, transparent or jelly pie? The following recipe is a handed-down specialty of one of Natchez's famous families.

LINDEN-CLAYTER TARTS

Line small tart pans with pastry. Put a spoonful of strawberry jam in each. Cream 6 tablespoons butter or margarine with ⅔ cup sugar. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 tablespoon flour. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and a pinch of salt. Fill tart shells with this mixture and bake in hot oven, 425° F., 8 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake until set (about 5 minutes). Makes 10–12 tarts.

Here's a lucky catch—a string of beauties from the Mississippi. Melchior Beltzhoover and his wife, Mary Jane, both ardent fishermen, enter the sport on other continents, too.

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2 (7-oz.) pkgs. semi-sweet chocolate
1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nut meats
Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir until well blended. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and nut meats. Pour into pan which has been buttered or lined with wax paper. Chill for a few hours. When firm, cut into squares. Makes about 2 pounds. (Note: Salted Spanish peanuts may be used in place of nut meats.)
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QUICK AND EASYS *for Two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

YOU'RE just starting out on a brand-new career of making a home and cooking for two. You've made up your mind you're not going to be a slipshod, indifferent cook, even though your time in the kitchen may be limited.

You've bought a basic all-round cookbook that is your guidebook when you're puzzled about a cookery operation. You steer clear of complicated dishes until you're more experienced and have more time, but you aim to make the simplest dish superlatively. Making good coffee, a really smooth custard, a perfectly combined salad, is much more important to you than turning out perfect cream puffs.

You serve your meals with a certain amount of style, but you simplify them. You aim to be a good plain cook first—but you don't want to be a dull one.

Your resolve is high, as a resolve should be. And here are some suggested meals that I hope will fit in with your way of life and that will help you live up to your ideals.

January Thaw

Bouillon Demitasse
Veal Kidneys Continental
Buttered Asparagus Tips with
Soft Egg and Lemon
Radish-and-Scallion Salad
Parsley Dressing
Compote of Rhubarb
and Bananas
Coffee

You don't look for robins yet, but there's a mood about occasional warmish days in January that makes you want to buy a gay new hat. You want some new fresh tastes. The market stalls may tempt you with out-of-season fresh rhubarb and asparagus—a little puny-looking, but its price isn't. You settle for a bunch of radishes and one of scallions, but satisfy your yearning for rhubarb and asparagus at the frozen-foods counter. The frozen variety is just as enticing. You can have spring for dinner without the chore of cleaning and cutting these two, and at less cost. A meal on the quick side with fresh trimmings is what you're after, and this little one above is so easy and effortless you'll have plenty of time to dream of pussy willows and daffodils while it's in the process.

When you first get home, cook the frozen, cut-up pink rhubarb according to directions on the package, adding sugar or honey as desired. It takes only a few minutes. Get it into the refrigerator to chill, for it should be cold if it's to be refreshing. Just before serving time, lace the sauce with sliced bananas. Their smooth texture and mild flavor blend beautifully with the sweet sharp tang of rhubarb.

Next comes the salad dressing. All you'll do to this tonight is to add a good quantity of quickly chopped parsley to your usual French dressing, which you make up whenever your dressing bottle is empty. It's just right for a salad of greens, sliced radishes and sliced scallions—use the green part of the scallions too. Scissors make the quickest work of cutting the scallions. Get your salad together, but don't combine it until you're ready for dinner.

Of course you could have bought lamb chops to broil, but it may be you've had them frequently of late. Tonight try your hand at doing kidneys the way they are often prepared abroad.

SAUTÉED VEAL KIDNEYS

Remove the fat and membrane from 1 large or 2 small veal kidneys. It's easy—just sort of peel it off with your hands. Slice the kidneys very thin. Snip out the white membrane in center of each slice with the scissors. (There are the scissors again. If you don't keep a pair handy in the kitchen, you ought to. You'd be surprised at the many, many jobs they do with quick dispatch.) From here on, the dish takes only 8–10 minutes' cooking. Sauté the kidneys in hot butter or margarine, with 2 tablespoons chopped onion. Stir frequently as they brown. Season with salt and pepper. After about 3 minutes' cooking, add the juice of 1 lemon and put a lid on the skillet. Simmer over low heat about 5 minutes. Add another tablespoon of butter or margarine and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon juniper berries that have been crushed to a powder. Serve on toast with the juices poured over the kidneys. The juniper berries are optional, of course, but they do add an interesting flavor, if you can get them. Juniper berries are used more in flavoring meats in Europe than they are here. It's fun to learn to use new seasonings, don't you think? If you feel inclined toward sophistication, you may use 4 tablespoons white wine instead of the lemon juice in the simmering process.

The asparagus should be cooking while the kidneys are simmering if you want everything to finish up together. Package directions will tell you how. And here's a way to serve the asparagus that is simply delicious.

Have ready 2 three-minute soft-cooked eggs. Season and butter the asparagus after you drain it. Put it on a small platter. Scoop out the soft eggs onto the asparagus—the eggs should be nice and runny, just barely cooked. Pour a little more melted butter or margarine over the eggs. Next squeeze a lemon over that. You're using the three things that make a hollandaise the good thing it is. This is simpler and much more unusual.

And that's why I've suggested Bouillon Demitasse. It isn't always what you have that makes a meal fun to cook and eat, but how you do it. Change is the thing. Just for tonight, heat up some canned bouillon, or make it in a jiffy with boiling water and a bouillon cube or a spoonful of meat paste. Serve it in your after-dinner coffee cups just for fun. Surprise him with this while he's reading the paper. You haven't time to sit just now. Things are brewing in the kitchen.

ou'll sip yours on the beat. It'll perk you while you're cooking and won't be too ich before the main attraction. Try it and e. It's just an idea.

Minute Meal à Deux

Deviled Fish Fillets—Lemon
Quick Creamed Potatoes
Peas
Chicory Salad
Hot Cherries with
Sliced Oranges
Coffee

Some cuts of meat are just right for two, t you are more limited in choice than ger families—who don't have any too ch choice, either, these days. If you two ve ever tried to use up a leg of lamb, you ow how boring the same meat can be day er day. Two or three appearances are ough of any one meat for anyone.

Filleted fish is a good buy for two and you n't have to worry about leftovers. Don't ays fry it. There are many gourmet ways. ached and broiled with flavor additions, quickly done. Here's one way:

DEVILED FISH FILLETS

Buy 1 large or 2 small fillets of flounder or er mild fish (about ½ pound). Wash, e dry and place in small shallow pan. son with salt and pepper. Spread with ixture of 2 tablespoons prepared mus- d, 2 tablespoons chili sauce and 1 tea- on horse-radish. This same sauce, led and with the addition of Worcester- re and Tabasco sauces, is good to keep hand in the refrigerator for oyster and imp cocktails. Broil the fish just long ugh for the flesh to turn white and for frosting to brown a bit.

The potatoes are a quick-to-make version Ann Batchelder's special creamed pota- . And they are something!

eel and shred 1 large potato. Use the edder that has holes in it the size of the of a pencil eraser. You should have 1 ful. Put on to cook in a small pan with up cream and 2 tablespoons butter or rgarine. Season with salt and pepper. hey thicken—the starch in the potato s it—add 3–4 more tablespoons milk. minutes is all the cooking they need. t is certainly quick enough for anybody.

or the salad, use chicory—the green with permanent wave. Toss sippets of toasted d in with the greens and the French sing. Slice an orange apiece for the des- Heat pitted canned black bing cherries a piece of lemon rind and pour them the oranges.

Dinner in 1-2-3

Quick Mushroom-and-
Oyster Soup
French Bread
Apple-Celery-and-Grape Salad
Puffy Dutch Pancake with
Lemon and Honey
Coffee

ou could have dinner in 1-2-3—just open a of salmon, make some coffee and section apefruit—but that isn't what we mean. ou strive for interesting meals—and I v you do—at least once in a while you a meal that has a punch to it, one you kick out of preparing as well as eating. this isn't the only meal you could pro- with this sort of qualification, but it is -and one that will appeal to you, I hope. ake the salad first, as it will improve by ding in the refrigerator. Once done, you forget about it till serving time. You how it goes, you've made it before:

diced apple, chopped celery, and seeded grapes—combined with salad dressing or mayonnaise and the whole thinned to the just-right stage with lemon juice. (Your efforts had best be concentrated on the soup.)

MUSHROOM-AND-OYSTER SOUP

Bring to boil 1 can condensed mushroom soup and 1 cup rich milk. Season with a little grated onion, about 1 stalk celery cut fine and salt and pepper to taste. You will have bought just 6 oysters for this soup. Bring the liquor drained from them to a boil, add the 6 oysters and cook for only about 2 minutes. Combine the 2 mixtures. Turn off heat until you're ready to serve. Then bring it to bubble stage and serve hot with French bread. The celery stays crispy, for it isn't really cooked. You'll like the crunchy texture, I think.

You could very easily skip dessert entirely, since the salad would be a perfect entremets with crackers and cheese, but as a finish you might like to take this light-meal opportunity to whisk up a Dutch pancake. Wait until you've both finished your salad, however. There isn't much do to this once you have ingredients measured, but what you do and how you do it is the secret of success. It's a last-minute quick trick. Keep your dinner partner busy with some really good strong coffee—the kind you always make.

PUFFY DUTCH PANCAKE

Put 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ cup flour and ½ cup milk in a bowl. Beat all together hard with a rotary beater or an electric mixer beater until very light and well blended. The beating is most important. Heat 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a 9 or 12 inch skillet. Let it get very hot—sputtery hot—but don't let it burn. Pour in the batter and cook 1 minute, just to brown it on the bottom. Transfer to a very hot oven, 450°–475° F. Reduce heat to 375°–400° F. after first 5 minutes and bake until it rises well up on sides and is nicely browned—about 10 more minutes. When you remove it to a serving plate, dot with butter or margarine while hot and pour a mixture of ¼ cup honey and 1 tablespoon lemon juice over the pancake. Or if you have a fruit sauce such as apple or rhubarb in your refrigerator, spread some of it on the pancake and fold it over, pouring the lemon and honey over all. Eat the pancake while it's hot.

Food and a Friend

Ham Sticks—Tomato Juice
Veal Parmesan
Hot Red-Cabbage Slaw
Buttered Noodles with Croutons
Green Salad
Yellow Cake
with Black-Raspberry Sauce
Coffee

You and yours like to have a guest for dinner now and then, but it isn't like you to plan the menu days ahead, spend the evening before the event composing a casserole, making the dessert, and so on. You have too many other things to do in your little leisure. Your favorite guests are the ones you can ask to come and share whatever you have, but you make sure you ask him or her when the meal planned has more substance than poached eggs on toast. For such semi-impromptu occasions you like best the kind of unstudied meal you can get on the spot, allowing no more than an hour from start to finish with time out in between to chat. Your kind of meal is one to which you can add a cozy first course that can be enjoyed elsewhere than at the dinner table, and one that won't put your budget too far off the beam.

Well, this little meal is a candidate—chosen because you can sail through its making with the greatest of ease. The red cabbage is all cooked and comes in a jar. Add a little water, a cut-up apple and maybe a little butter or margarine and salt if it needs it. It will simmer along while you get the rest of

This ONE stands out...

the one with Tender BEEF Added!

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ENDEVIDEAL MEAT LOAVES—Combine 1 can Swift's Prem, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into 4 individual loaves; place in shallow baking pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes. Serve with sizzling platter of crisp-cooked bacon and tomato halves. 10 minutes to serve.

BETTER FLAVOR! Fine pork or beef alone tastes good. Combined, the flavor is *doubly good* . . . really *extra* fine eating—as these individual Prem loaves will prove.

BETTER NUTRITION! Prem gives you the important nutrients of both pork and beef . . . high quality proteins, minerals and B complex vitamins.

BETTER TEXTURE! Prem is firm, tender and juicy. Cuts cleanly and evenly—cold or hot—slices, or loaves as shown.

3 TO 1 PREFER BEEF ADDED! Tender, flavorful beef has been added to Prem because homemakers wanted it—by better than 3 to 1. From their experience they knew that beef and pork combined was bound to be better. So try Prem soon . . . see how much better you like it!

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To get that real maple sugar flavor, we first choose a maple sugar that has a rich, full flavor; then we blend it with cane and other sugars.

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Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.,
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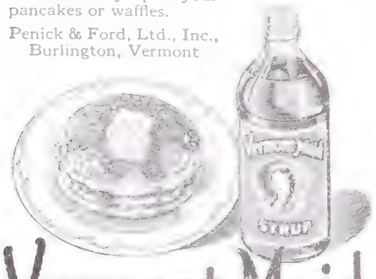

Vermont Maid
Syrup

the food going, as you can't overcook it. It improves with time. If you don't like red cabbage, there are lots of other vegetables to choose from. Tomato juice is a stand-by predinner choice because you always have a can ready in the refrigerator.

If you had a spaghetti supper a couple of nights ago, you probably have some bread sticks left. If you don't, this little trick is worth getting the sticks for especially. Wrap one end of each stick with a two-inch-wide strip of thin-sliced boiled ham (the delicatessen variety). It holds together by itself.

Instead of potatoes tonight, settle for noodles. Noodles don't call for peeling and they are quicker to cook. When they are drained, toss with melted butter or margarine—be generous—and toasted croutons cut from 3 slices of bread. If you want to get this dish out of the way ahead of the last-minute dish-up, put the noodles on a heat-proof platter or in a shallow casserole after you add the butter. Sprinkle with the croutons—you had the oven on for them anyway—and the whole dish will wait well in a low oven—particularly well if you pour ¼ cup cream over all.

The yellow cake is bakery-bought unless you are the kind of person who bakes cake as Sunday-morning recreation. I don't want to discourage you, but you're better off to buy a plain unfrosted loaf cake and save your sugar for other things. It's harder for families of two to get by on their sugar ration than larger families. The following sauce is sugarless and delicious on plain cake—dresses it up too.

RASPBERRY CREAM SAUCE

Mash ½ banana with pastry blender. Add ⅓ cup raspberry jam, the grated rind of ½ lemon, a pinch of salt and 2 unbeaten egg whites. Beat all up light and quite thick. Fold in 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon cream. We call this raspberry cream sauce, but its only claim to being called a cream sauce is that it has a creamy texture. Leave it unnamed, and it's still good.

VEAL PARMESAN

Have your butcher pound and flatten out 1 pound thinly sliced veal cutlet. He does this with the flat of the cleaver. One pound is just right for three; ¾ pound will be enough for another time when you are just two. This dish takes less time to do than to tell about it, once you get started. Whether it's your habit to buy a chunk of Italian cheese and grate it yourself or whether you buy it already grated in a jar or package doesn't matter, as long as you have it. For it's the cheese that gives this dish its distinction.

The butcher did his share of pounding, now it's your turn. Put the thin meat slices on a board. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and pound the grated cheese into each piece with a mallet or edge of a saucer—doesn't matter how, just so you get in as much as it will take. Warning: don't pound so viciously you cut through the meat and tear it.

Now about 8 to 10 minutes before you're ready to serve and after your noodles are all ready and waiting in the oven, heat 2–3 tablespoons salad or olive oil in a skillet. Have a clove of garlic in the pan too. Brown the cutlets quickly with heat high—turning them as soon as they brown. The emphasis is on speed, as the meat is thin and you want to keep it tender and juicy. Just before removing from pan, add ½ cup water and let it boil up once. That's all there is to it, but it's really special-tasting. Don't forget to fish out the garlic, and you may use ½ cup white wine instead of water if you wish.

SHINING EXAMPLES

(Continued from Page 139)

silver may come to us with the bloom of years of meticulous care already upon it; all we have to do is keep up the good work.

Since a factory-applied "butler finish" is actually formed by microscopic scratches running parallel to one another, it's important to polish in the direction of those lines. Flatware and trays are polished lengthwise; hollow ware—bowls, water pitchers, and so forth—are usually polished round and round.

More skill than energy should be applied, always rubbing in the proper direction—for polishing in dibs and dabs and little circles robs silver of its even luster.

Silver should be washed in hot soapy water, as soon as possible after it is removed from the table. The fewer pieces in the dishpan at a time, the less danger of scratching. Rinse in plenty of clear hot water (silver dried out of soapy water will tarnish much faster than silver rinsed well), dry thoroughly with a soft cloth. If you don't use it every day, keep it in a tarnish-preventing chest or flannel wrappers.

Some decorative silver is lacquered at the factory—candlesticks, centerpieces or things of that sort. As long as the lacquer is intact, it won't ever need polishing; but when it looks as if the silver were peeling, plunge the whole piece into boiling water and the lacquer will peel off in strips, like unglazed Cellophane. After cleaning, you may relacquer it at home with one of the preparations which are now sold for this purpose, or take it back to your jeweler to have a professional job done again. Much of the silver at the Metropolitan is lacquered, and little boxes containing camphor crystals are kept in each glass case.

Furniture is never "finished," in the sense that once a finish is applied it can be forgotten. The care of wood is surface care, and the kind of wood makes no difference in its treatment. Whatever the finish, it must be "fed" occasionally to keep it from drying out, and old-fashioned elbow grease is still the best method of building up a beautiful surface.

Again, as with silver, the rich patina of the furniture in many old Natchez houses was acquired by patient rubbing with bare hands, using no cloth or polish.

It is often impossible for even an expert to tell what type of finish has been applied to wood, so it's well to find out when you purchase a new piece. Usually the finish is oil, varnish or lacquer, often with wax applied in addition. Shellac is used only on custom-grade furniture, as the basis for French polishing, a hand-rubbed finish applied at the factory.

There are new synthetic-resin varnishes which produce a very fine finish, resistant to heat, water and alcohol.

Four types of care are necessary to wood, regardless of its finish: regular dusting, periodic cleaning, polishing and rubbing.

You Are These Things

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Your face is as the lighting of
candles in a cold gloom;
Your voice is as the folding of
hands, the shutting of wings;
Your step is as a Mosul prayer rug
in a narrow room—
You are these things.

If, after three years, I should knock
in a wind at your door,
Lift the gnarled little knocker and
let it rustle the wood,
Bringing the gaunt fragrance of my
dreams to you once more—
Oh, if I should ——

Would you remember . . . forget . . .
remember . . . stand there,
Shivering, inarticulate, your
mouth twisted with pain,
And then, like the lighting of candles,
like hands and wings and prayer,
Color my dreams again?

The kind of duster you use is most important, for a harsh one will scratch, a damp one will cloud the wood's surface, an oily duster will leave a dust-catching film, and a dirty one is worse than nothing, for it soils and scratches as it dusts.

A good duster can be prepared in this manner: Pour two tablespoons of furniture polish into a glass jar, and shake it around. After the inside of the jar has been well coated, pour out the polish and place in the jar a piece of soft, old, clean silk or chamois, and allow it to stand for a day or two. The cloth will absorb the polish lightly and evenly.

When the duster has become soiled, wash it, and repeat the process.

At Green Leaves, where much of the furniture is heavily hand-carved mahogany, a soft brush is often used to dust the carvings.

The American Wing's precious furniture is polished with a mixture made of equal parts of boiled linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar—all the fine-grained woods, that is. Wax is used on the oak and pine furniture. Scratches, which do happen even in museums, it seems, are painted in delicately with a fine brush and artist's oil colors. This oil-and-vinegar polish must be rubbed and rubbed until the surface is thoroughly dry. All experts agree that results of any polish depend chiefly upon rubbing, and that the surface must be clean and dust-free to begin with. Two or three times a year is enough to apply polish, if in-between care is given regularly. It should be applied sparingly with a soft clean cloth or cotton waste, then the excess wiped off with another clean cloth. The surface should then be rubbed with the grain until the wood is thoroughly dry and the fingers leave no mark on the surface.

At Green Leaves, polish is applied to the carved furniture with a soft brush, very sparingly so that no sticky accumulation will remain in the crevices, then polished, first with a stiff brush covered with a piece of flannel, finally buffed with a flannel polishing cloth.

Between polishings, wood surfaces need to be rubbed up often with a soft flannel polishing cloth, rubbing with the grain of the wood, until the surface is lustrous and the beauty of the wood's grain revealed.

White rings on a varnished surface, those heart-rending after-effects of dishes too hot, water or alcohol spilled, may often be banished by rubbing them lightly with flannel dampened with spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint or a drop or two of ammonia on a damp cloth. After a few minutes, follow this treatment with an application of furniture polish.

In many damp climates, varnished pieces often develop a milky film. Rubbing with linseed oil sometimes helps this condition, but usually the piece has to be entirely refinished.

A satin sheen on varnished wood, rather than a harsh gloss, may be produced by rubbing with a paste of rottenstone or powdered pumice and boiled linseed oil, working with the grain, until the desired finish is obtained. After wiping off with a clean soft cloth, rub it up well with a flannel polishing cloth.

Treat your own precious silver and furniture in this manner, using it, polishing it lovingly, caring for it well—and while it may never wind up in a museum, it will respond gratefully by being a joy forever to you.

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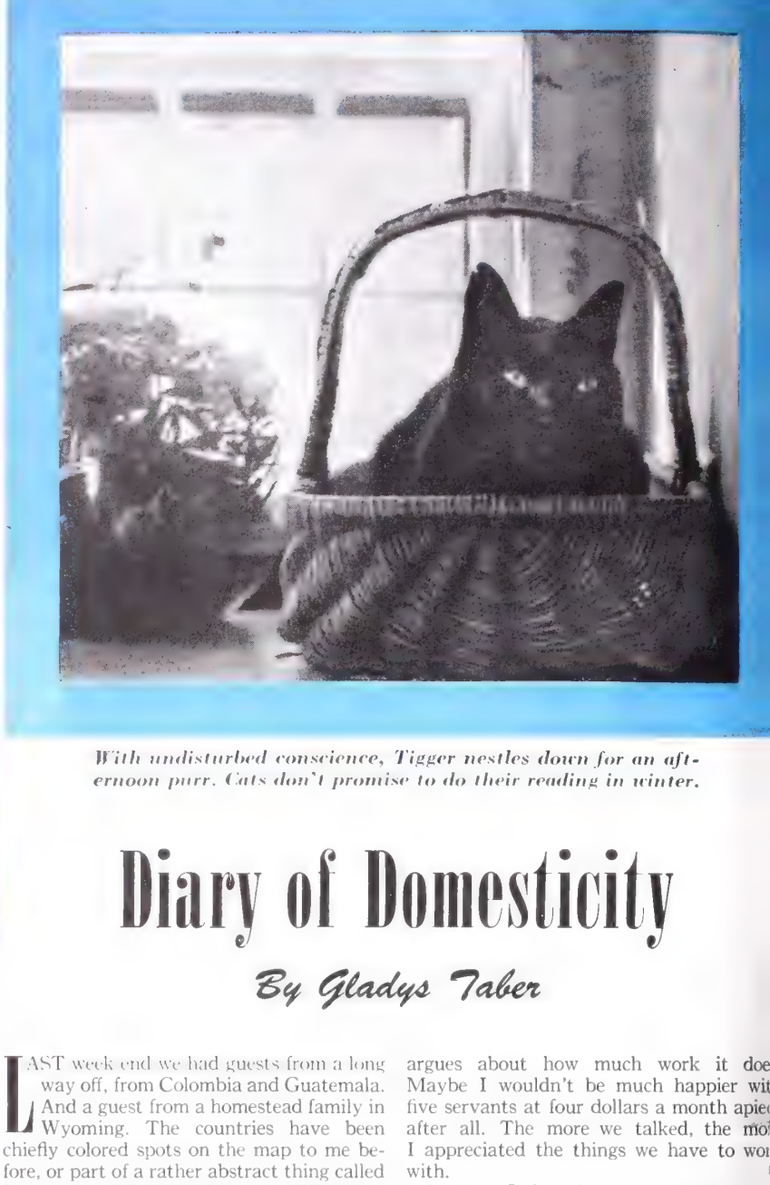

With undisturbed conscience, Tigger nestles down for an afternoon purr. Cats don't promise to do their reading in winter.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

LAST week end we had guests from a long way off, from Colombia and Guatemala. And a guest from a homestead family in Wyoming. The countries have been chiefly colored spots on the map to me before, or part of a rather abstract thing called International Relationships. And Wyoming has just been a state I have never seen, but which has to do with the old wild West.

Sitting in front of the apple-wood fire in this little New England house, we ate rosy home-grown Baldwin apples and toasted-cheese sandwiches, and comfortable talk filled the room, while two cockers tried to sit on Carlos' lap and a black cat perched on Luis' shoulder. Bettina was curled up with Cicely, my own daughter, on the sofa, hunting up the best Latin-American records to play.

Cicely put on Noche de Ronda, and brought in another bowl of apples. The men began to talk of home, and suddenly Colombia and Guatemala were no longer colored sections on a map; they were the places where our friends lived. The houses, the families, the way of life began to seem real. I imagined the servant going every morning to the market, everything fresh every day, because refrigeration is so rare. And everything growing all the seasons round, so canning and preserving are unnecessary. So Carlos had to see the freezer with six months' supplies packed in it—broccoli, corn, spinach, chicken, strawberries, raspberries, mince pies. Then the ironer and the washing machine and the electric range and the heaters fascinated him. Of course, in his home a family of two has five servants, but, he said, each servant does only one thing. One markets, one cooks, one makes beds.

"I like this way better," he said. "Here you have everything in equipment, everything so clean and efficient." He said, "When you have many servants, you have many difficulties also."

I looked at the washing machine with new respect. It never quarrels or talks back or argues about how much work it doe Maybe I wouldn't be much happier wit five servants at four dollars a month apie after all. The more we talked, the mo I appreciated the things we have to wo with.

Later on, Luis, a doctor, got out pictures his wife and two grave-eyed lovely babie He had left them for a long time in order study in the United States and go back carry his knowledge to his country. H wife had a lovely delicate beauty and inte ligent wide eyes. And a wistful mouth. Ar suddenly I thought about this little fami and their contribution to the world, and wondered how many North Americans t doctor would meet would respect this.

When we had dinner, the two men wip the dishes for the girls, and half the tin Spanish and half the time English sounde over the rattle of the silver. And the laught was in the same universal language. The in the morning, Carlos said proudly, "I up my bed."

I wondered whether many North Amer cans would adjust so easily and gaily to different way, for simple housework mu have been very strange and new to the

After breakfast the two girls and Carl went for a walk, so Bettina could see t trees. How wonderful were the trees, s said. She had never seen a tree except t Chinese elm at home. The great lattic branches of the old quiet trees were a my tery and a wonder to her. They are a my tery and a wonder to me, too, and yet th are so familiar one easily takes them f granted.

The doctor said shyly, "May I play t phonograph, please?"

I nodded, and went on peeling the pot toes for dinner. Then I laid down the kn and listened in amazement. He was r playing Borrachita, or La Comparsita. was playing, "I am the Lord High Exe tioner," from The Mikado. I went into t front room and he was beaming over t phonograph, radiant. Gilbert and Sulliv

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he had heard as a child in Guatemala and he loved them!

I did not need any lectures on World brotherhood, it was right in my lunchbox. *The world,* I thought, *is not full of hills, and all those far-away places. I may not see really the home of my friend ... but as all are kin, no matter what tongue we speak, and just as soon as everyone realizes it, what a world we shall have!*

My father sang those songs to me when I was a child in Wisconsin, and the doctor from Guatemala heard them when he was a child in Latin America, and now we hummed the gay tunes together. "*A wandering minstrel I – a thing of shreds and patches* ——" "*He polished up the handle so carefully, that now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee.*"

"Thank you very, very much," he said, as he turned the last record.

And with a burst of pride, I summoned up my best. "*De nada,*" I said. "It's nothing."

Actually, though, if we speak the same language with our hearts, the language we speak with our lips is not so important!

Week-end cooking for guests is not too hard if part of it is done in advance and if the main meals are simple. Our guests from the south found no difficulty in eating New England meals.

A real Russian dish tasted very good. Which seemed also to me to bear on this whole world problem, though I know folks who would say international relationships and cooking have nothing in common! This dish is from my friend in South Dakota, Esther Konotopha. Inexpensive except for the eggs, but the eggs take the place of meat.

To make this, you use 1 quart cottage cheese and add 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, and salt to taste. Cook a box of noodles as directed on the package, mix in the cottage cheese and put in a greased baking dish – the two-inch-deep long one is best. Over this pour a mixture consisting of 1 cup thick sour cream and 4 eggs. Mix this but do not beat it. Fork it lightly through the noodles and cheese and bake one hour in 325° F. oven, or until the center is quite firm to the touch.

> When you have children of your own you will wonder how father could have been so patient.
>
> From What This World Needs, by John W. Raper
> (Copyright 1945 by The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York).

With a green salad this is the whole meal. It ought to serve four or five, but my sister Jill and I ate a whole batch the first time we made it. For the last helping, the dish becomes dessert with a sauce made of thick sour cream, a dash of salt, and jam, jelly, preserves or fresh sugared fruit. This is a wonderful dish, and easy to prepare, and saves meat. We like the bulk cottage cheese, so the top is rather rough in texture, and I bake it until the top begins to brown a little like a soufflé.

For afternoon tea on a winter's day, nothing is better than Alice Adams' coffeecake. The first time we had this was at her house in early autumn when it was still warm enough to have tea under the grape arbor. Tea was boiling hot, fragrant and nicely steeped, and there were thin bread and butter, cherry jam and this hot spicy cake. There were a gay young Irish-English actor, a lovely Frenchwoman, the stately and gentle English setter around the tea table, all enjoying the cake, especially the setter.

The coffeecake recipe came home with me, together with five or six other elegant ones. It calls for ¾ cup sugar, ¼ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon or more cinnamon. This is well blended, then you must keep out ⅓ cup of it for the top of the cake. Mix ½ cup milk with 1 beaten egg and add to the other ingredients. Spread on top the mixture reserved for this, with some extra sugar added. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven in a round deep cake pan. Serves five and an English setter.

Midwinter is a fine time for jobs that never get done in summer. We cleaned the cellar last week, and sorted all the jars according to size. This is one of the greatest time and energy savers I know of, for when you need seven pints for tomato juice in canning time, it is maddening to have to hunt through everything to find them. We test the edges of the jars as we sort them, feeling for nicks and cracks; we fit on good covers, and line them up on shelves ready for the next season. Then as the new pack is used up, the empty clean jars can go where they belong.

It is a good time to check on the canned supplies and on the freezer, so that the rest of the winter you can use what there is most of and not end the season with dozens of jars of beets and nothing else.

Frozen peaches should not be opened until you are ready to serve them. Keep the cover on the container while they thaw, and this will help prevent the brown color that peaches get. Incidentally, if you crush wax paper and stuff it in the top of the container when you pack the peaches, it will prevent their turning color.

We usually have some plain frozen fruit juice which can now be used for fresh jelly. When sugar is scarce, this way of budgeting it along the year is a great help.

If you put a few shavings of paraffin in the bottom of the glass and pour the jelly over it, the wax rises to the top and seals the jelly without your having to struggle with a pan of sputtering paraffin.

Now when we walk down the snowy road, we often cut some evergreen branches for the house. A beautiful arrangement can be made in an old white ironstone tureen of mixed evergreen branches and three scarlet geraniums from the window box. I make mine with the branches for the height and a focal point of the three geraniums in a triangle near the base of the container. It is dramatic and beautiful and lasts a long time.

Begonia cuttings make nice bouquets, too, and if you leave them long enough they usually root and there you have a new set for another window box or row of pots. The begonia is an amazing plant anyway; it just keeps going along and blooming, and when cut back, it starts up again.

Those long winter days when city folk wonder what we find to do are gone in a flash. I am always saving up two-volume books for this month, and never getting through them. This winter I was going to read the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and I often cast apologetic glances at the massive tomes as I whisk by after sandpaper to take the finish off the pine chair. I promised myself Shakespeare from stem to stern, too, especially the less familiar plays which I have not read for a long time. And I manage to read over my favorite passages and that is all. For while the beans are simmering in the old black pot on the back of the wood stove, there is just time enough to wash the milk glass and wax the pine chest again.

Maybe I can read the Decline and Fall next summer, say in August. Meanwhile I can dip into Keats, which is mostly by-heart anyway. Or read a little of the magic of the Irish poets. And do very well.

I hear the shadowy horses, their long manes a-shake,
Their hoofs heavy with tumult, their eyes glimmering white;
The North unfolds above them clinging, creeping night ——

Then I open the door and look out in the silent night, and listen, and I hear them, too, the shadowy horses with long manes shaken out, and they are part of the shadowy winter hills and the deep cold sky. But where they go, I know not.

I know the house is secure against the night and the bitter wind, cockers drowsy on the warm hearth, candles lighted in the pewter candlesticks, and the woodshed filled with dry logs.

And I know a new year is coming with the miracle of spring and the fulfillment of summer, and therefore we should be of good cheer, and look toward tomorrow with hope.

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Tasty giblets and noodles. Economical. Ready to heat and eat.
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Morton's QUICK-FIX DINNERS

When MINUTES Count

"Ho . . . hum! What a swell friend Old Dutch is going to be tonight!
Just two spoonfuls in the dishwater and these glasses and dishes'll *sparkle!*

Those greasy pans? They're not so much! 'Cause Old Dutch
dissolves grease . . . fast. Yes, and that Seismotite in Old Dutch . . .
now *there's* the stuff for getting rid of dirt and stains.
That's Old Dutch for you . . . sure-fire for *faster, easier* cleaning!

So ladies, remember my little hint on dishwashing. And
try Old Dutch Cleanser *yourself*. See how many minutes,
how much rubbing you *save* on soiled,
greasy pans and dishes . . . your sink, tub, and washbowl!

P. S. Louise says to notice how *easy* Old Dutch Cleanser is on the hands."

DON'T DIVORCE YOUR CHILD

(Continued from Page 6)

It certainly plays the leading role, and among young couples the chief cause of estrangement is, perhaps, the sexual disappointment of one of the partners. But there is seldom a marriage in which there is not some degree, at some times, of sexual disappointment, and sexual attractions are by no means monogamous.

A girl should be taught to try, at least, to picture the boy to whom she is so attracted in the role of a husband and a father, and a boy should be helped to realize that when he marries he is not picking up a permanent "date," but marrying a mother for his children.

It may seem extremely undemocratic, as well as unromantic, but few marriages prosper where the couple come from radically different social backgrounds. King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid is a tale far from reality. The ending of such romances is seldom happy. Incompatibility is the basic cause of divorce—not "mental cruelty" or even adultery. Many a marriage has successfully survived a stray infidelity. Some, after much pain and patience, have become the more firmly cemented after such lapses. But few happily survive myriad, continual little habits that grind on the nerves of one or the other partner. Men have left their wives because when the first blind bliss wore off they have realized an ugly harshness of voice or vulgarity of manner, or that the lady whose nails are so nicely manicured is sloppy about the unseen things.

> **The lucky ones seem to be always as if they just came into the world. . . . There is still in them something of Adam upon the first day: they reconnoiter, with shining eyes, the layout of the garden, and stare in admiration at such novel curiosities as the moon and stars.**
>
> —C. E. MONTAGUE.

Furthermore, in marriage, each inherits to a degree the other's family and friends. The background of the home from which each comes cannot be eliminated; it intrudes itself in every personal habit.

The families who try to help choose the companions of their children in the realization that like usually cleaves to like—although like is often flamingly, if temporarily, attracted to unlike—may be accused of "exclusiveness," but they are more likely to promote enduring relationships.

If a marriage breaks to the point where real divorce has occurred and legal divorce seems indicated, it still, to my mind, should not be made easier, because it offers freedom from reasonable responsibilities.

Some states—the State of Vermont, for instance—forbid remarriage of the divorced partner until after a certain lapse of time, say two years. There is sound common sense in this; and there would be even more sense, since so many divorces are collusive, to decree a lapse of time before the decree becomes absolute for either.

The object is to discourage the husband or wife from shaking off one marriage to jump hastily into another. Such rebound marriages also often end in divorce courts. Such restrictions are also inconveniences to those men and women who think lightly of breaking up another's home—a frivolity which the law should discourage. Remarriages, perhaps especially where children are involved, are not, in my opinion and experience, to be frowned upon. A child with an affectionate stepmother or stepfather is restored to a far more normal life. It is only impulsiveness which should have some restraints put upon it.

But under no conditions should parents be allowed to divorce their *children*. No court should grant any decree leaving the future of the child in question, even if the parents or their lawyers may have agreed to a "friendly" arrangement. For that matter, any court granting a divorce involving children—and these are the ones that are of public concern—should retain a degree of jurisdiction over them during their minority, with power to exercise that jurisdiction throughout the nation.

Many an arrangement has been made between divorcing parents that afterward ceases to be kept, or that should be adjusted to suit changes of circumstance. The existence of no common law or practice ar the states makes escape from responsib relatively easy. The delinquent parer he—or she—moves to another state fro one in which the divorce was granted, escape being served with a summons. I present welter of divorce laws he may find that he is not divorced! A financia rangement, touching the support of the may be morally invalidated by change cumstances. One parent may, for inst be wealthy at the time of the divorce, under these circumstances may freel sume full financial responsibility for child or children, only to find in some that the fortunes of each parent have cally changed, to great disadvantage o parent and of the child.

A Federal law should, therefore, framed as to permit the reopening o matter of parental obligation, in respe the support and care of the child, a time, by the child's guardian. The ject should be to prevent either pa throughout the child's minority, fro caping any portion of the obligations he or she would owe the child had th vorce not occurred, and the parents sh be obliged to answer a summons is anywhere in the United States to a for a review of the as touching the before the approp court in the pla residence of the

For the child's is a continuing with continuing ur seeable problems emergencies, ratio and morally der ing continued pr tion of the child's interests by the au ities who have legalized the dissoluti his home. The state, in legalizing the ration of his parents, cannot, I think, ab itself of maintaining further guardia during his minority. The divorce o parents must never be a divorce of e from the child they have mutually br into this world.

This view has, in fact, been repea sustained by courts. But the chaos of A ican divorce laws frustrates the inter

Finally, though I have lived much life as a newspaper reporter fightin free access of the public to all sorts formation, I have become convinced the details of divorce cases and of all tal disputes, especially where childre involved, are not proper material for lication.

Again, the person to be considered child. To have the troubles of his home in the press and known by his compa is a peculiarly horrible mental and psych ical torment. Children, who identify t selves with their parents, loathe having discussed. Though parents too often f protect their children, it is touching to to see how children protect the reput of their parents. So much depends fo child on his own opinion of his parents the attitude toward them of society, children should be protected in their even if the parents hardly deserve i least as far as is humanly wise and pos

It is to be hoped that we shall on have a Federal divorce law based o real cause of broken marriages—prof incompatibility—thus doing away the phony and unjust charges whic escaping mate is required by most laws to make against the partner. B any case, life within the family shou recognized as privileged against the of the curious general public.

The announcement of the divorce only fact of public importance. The F recognize this and the press voluntar strains itself from reporting the intima tails of marital difficulties leading t divorce courts. This practice shou emulated.

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JUST WHAT SHE WANTED

curious in that beautiful shop of exclusive Once she had run past on her way to the station, and it was not until she was on the train that she realized that the small round bowl she could not put out of her mind was one she had seen in Fayot's without being aware of it.

And now, as she passed with the girls, four quick steps and on to the flower shop, she knew that she had seen something that she would never forget. Rose's silly question did not matter; she answered it again and again as they went past the flowers, past the cakes, past the shoes. She answered it once more near the bottom of the hill, thinking all the time, *My life is in a teapot. My life is in a teapot in Fayot's window and I must pour it out bit by bit. It is all the time under my fingers, moving, and my life is moving within it.*

Nobody else, of course, had noticed the four-piece tin tea set on the wooden tray in Mr. Fayot's silver show window. But Miss Sand had looked at it—in the ten or twelve steps it had taken her to cross before the store—had, without further examination, looked and known that she would buy it.

It would wait for her, she thought happily, as she walked silently with her charges; it would wait until she was ready for it, that wonderful teapot, with its beak bending thin between her fingers and not breaking. And one day he would give her sugar from that bowl, sugar that was like honey. *Or is it honey that is like sugar?* she wondered, looking at the girls and daring them to know how delightfully mad she felt. *Peaches that are like skin or skin like peaches? Snow white as milk or milk white as snow? Kisses hot as wine or wine hot as kisses?*

But oh dear, she thought, *kisses and wine!* She might as well think of swearing and rum. Or of cheese and beer. Or of doughnuts and coffee. Or of opium and absinthe. Or of bread and water. Or of cake and milk. Or of pills and medicine. Or of pie and cider. Or of biscuits and tea.

Ah, tea, she said to herself, rubbing her hands as she shifted her skates once more. It was the best of them all. Especially when you missed it. She felt suddenly empty inside for tea; she felt hollow, green, unfillable. If only they'd pass a grocery store, she'd be content. It would be even better than a tea shop, where others were already drinking. There was so much pleasure shut up in the tin boxes, in the neatly prepared tins. Prepared for fun, each of them, she thought happily, although she knew better.

But still, the grocery store wouldn't be enough, she decided. You had to have a solid and a liquid for everything. *Even love,* she supposed; *you solid and me liquid.* Good heavens, she said to herself, couldn't she think of anything respectable today? How could she ever have scolded Rose for skating with that nice strange young—*yes, young,* she repeated defiantly, staring at Kate's boyish head in front of her—man?

Perhaps, after all, the tea set was only a dream, she thought, as she saw it again in her mind. She visualized the shop inside, crowded with silver Cupids and bronze Mercuries, with rows of Venuses, sitting, standing, lying, naked and draped. She saw the ash trays and the flower bowls and the cigar boxes. The candlesticks rose high, taking little room but making the store crowded. Between them lay round platters, fat and thin, of tin and silver. But nowhere was there the quiet beauty of the four pieces in the

---

Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost. But this may be good or it may be bad. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

---

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window. Nowhere, not even in the back of the shop, where the artist sat making things of his own because he was unable to sell even the Venuses. Nowhere, she was certain, not even in museums.

Especially not in museums, she thought fondly, possessively, seeing it in the home it would one day grace, herself mistress. The room would be brown and half dark, with people in loose clothes laughing quietly, waiting for tea.

"You must not mind the weather, Professor Beard," she was saying, leaning slightly toward the teapot and touching the beak before taking the smooth wooden handle. "You must not mind anything."

The Beard cup, so white and empty, suddenly was filled with a warm colorful liquid that trickled from the thin spout. Color, movement, sound, they all came. But substance? Was the dear man—professor of languages, she decided—going to drink anything real at all? He might not think color, movement and sound enough.

"Hot or cold," she was saying, "war or peace. Love or hate. Life or death, sweetness or bitterness, age or youth, fire or ice. It's all the same, all meaningless. The only difference there is between one thing and another is the difference there is between other liquids and tea."

Madeleine, my dear, she said to herself, *if that teapot were a man, it could make you very foolish indeed.* What would the professor think of her saying a stupid thing like that? He would never come again. He would tell all their friends and none of them would come again. Her Thursdays—or Tuesdays; she hadn't quite made up her mind—would be long and empty and her lovely chairs unused. Her pictures would not be looked at, nor her tea set used. She would have everything to herself and nothing to do with it.

She needed somebody, something, to transmit her joy in her possessions to. She could never be satisfied in enjoying anything without wanting to communicate the pleasure. The lack was in her, she knew; her particular weakness of character, she supposed. And all that would be gone, all that orderly and delicious routine she had planned so happily from the moment (was it only three blocks away?) she had seen the tea set in the window and had known it would bring her a husband, a home and friends. It would all be gone and she was a fool to risk the going for a senseless observation, one she did not mean and could not even remember any more.

Of course she was worrying about nothing, she realized, as she said good-by to the girls at the bottom of the hill and turned the corner into her own street. She had merely looked at a teapot; it was silly to have bought it, used it and have it either make friends for her or unmake them, all before she had even asked the price of it. Everything would turn out all right; there would be magic somewhere. There usually was for her.

A good deal of it, she said to herself, walking up the narrow street, depended on herself. But with the teapot, she thought lovingly, she would know how to make people love her. She would simply sit and say anything, no matter how stupid, and give them tea from the enchanted tin. It would pour the kind of tea to make people dream, that teapot, long, thin dreams, winding into delicate patterns, seeking each other in infinity.

She would pile the cakes, thin and dry, around the teapot beside plates of flat bread and butter. These, she was sure, would exercise an irresistible fascination such as no other slices of bread and butter had ever had. The more stupid things she said, the less attention people would pay to her and the more to her charming bread and butter. Then they would stay, would come again, and tell their friends that she was the most gracious hostess in Lausanne.

So she really would be safe in buying the tea set, she decided. For a moment, as she approached the house and saw that her mother had left the blinds up for her to see the new red lamp shade they had sewed together, she hesitated. She could not buy it immediately; she did not have the money, whatever it was. Her new skates—she looked at them grudgingly—the newspaper subscription, her mother's new eyeglasses and the material for the new dining-room curtains had all come out of her savings. She could not spare a penny for a long time, but it did not matter. She was confident that the set would wait. Mr. Fayot never sold anything. He just sat in the back of his shop and made new things for his own home.

When she walked the few steps from the gate to the door and rang the bell, because her mother liked to come to meet her, she was unreservedly happy about her future. How silly of her to have minded the girls' talk about thirty-year-olds.

The only thing, she remembered, as she hugged her mother and went upstairs to put on her house slippers, that she had not thought about was the husband for whom that first cup of tea was to be served, the husband who would sit in their lovely house and admire her as she poured tea. A satisfying, if lazy, picture, she thought contentedly. She had no image of him as tall or short, blond or dark, quick or slow—just somebody sitting in a chair. What kind of husband did she want, anyhow, she wondered, as she washed her hands; one as mad as herself, she supposed. One who would see in the teapot what she saw in it. Of course, a good one, she added hurriedly, thinking suddenly of her mother.

But what was a good husband, she asked herself, combing her hair. Was he made up of various qualities like love and good looks and attentiveness and cleverness plus something unknown, something indefinable, as a dinner was made up of food and people and hands touching under the table? Or as the day was made up of light and activity and longing for the night?

There she went again, she thought, opening the dining-room door. She couldn't keep her mind on anything sensible. Perhaps she would find her husband tonight as she stared quietly into her bowl of soup. Ridiculous thought, she decided, as she kissed her mother; if she was going to get through the evening safely, without having her adorably sane mother commit her, she had better take hold of herself.

"Eat your cereal, dear, so you can grow up strong enough to make your children eat theirs!"

It was at the ice pond, not in the bowl of soup—fortunately—that she met him. Only this time he was real, not just a daydream. She had flirted with him as she was always telling her girls *not* to flirt, and they had gone off together. As they walked down the hill together later, the girls kept looking at her strangely, but they didn't say anything. *Better manners than I have,* she thought, taking an unwarranted and passing pride in the management of the *pensionnat.*

His name was Émile Duclos, a common-enough one, she supposed, and he worked as second violinist in the casino at Montreux. She had been there once for tea, with the father of one of her girls, but she had been too busy trying to enchant her dashing escort to notice a second violinist. The man she was with, she decided, was a storybook hero destined to turn heads heavier than hers. Tall, blond, English, he was an engineer going to Africa to build incredible things in an incredible country. He spoke French carefully, daintily, as though it were a delicious toy he was playing with, and Madeleine's romantic heart swelled with pride that he had asked her out at all and contracted with fear (delectable, nevertheless) that he might ask her to go to Africa with him. But he did not ask, and after he took her back to Lausanne he took the night train for Paris. En route to Alexandria, she reflected bitterly.

Émile she found no less suddenly exciting. Although he was a Vaudois, like herself, and had never been farther from Lake Leman than Bern, he had read Rolland, as she had; had decided that Beethoven was the one master whose music he could not do without if he had to choose only one, just as she had; and he kept in his room, he told her, a color print of El Greco's Toledo, just as she did. He was no taller than she (but she was tall for a girl) and he was not blond and his French had no engaging foreign accent, but his eyes were large, black and daring, and his figure was slender and strong. He told her that he loved dancing and that, too, seemed like a miracle to her, as she loved it enough to dance by herself at night in her room.

During the spring he took her to the local concerts and called at her house every Sunday night for supper and bridge. The regular fourth was a neighbor, a mild, kindly man of sixty, who lived frugally on a hard-earned income and played a close game. During the play he was silent, intent; immediately after he was merry and loose-tongued, insisting each week that the coffee Madeleine gave them was better than the week before and hinting good-naturedly what a fine wife Madeleine would make Émile. Her mother would smile with pretended embarrassment and Madeleine would resign herself to such innocent pleasures, thinking with disappointment what a far cry her present "parties" were from the splendid ones she presided over in imagination.

One Sunday afternoon Émile paid a friend to substitute for him in the casino ensemble and he took Madeleine to the mountains. The setting was too ordinarily romantic for her to want him to propose, and she was glad that he did not; but as they walked home she began to wonder if he ever would. With their combined salaries they would have quite enough to set up a small but pretty ménage—she would see to that, she thought, her mind buzzing with curtain trims and names of polishes—and have enough over to keep her mother in her present house. After several years they might manage an automobile and take trips to Italy. If a child came, they would manage that, too, she decided, somewhat reluctantly, her eyes on Lake Como and Lake Maggiore.

When he did say it, as they approached her home, she did

(Continued on Page 152)

Men took their lives in their hands when they took her in their arms!

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Grandma's Old Fashioned Baked Lima Beans

1 lb. dried lima beans
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ lb. finely diced salt pork
½ cup Grandma's Molasses
½ cup catsup
1 tsp. dry mustard
2 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
green pepper
frankfurters

1 cup Grandma's Molasses equals 1 cup Sugar in sweetness

GRANDMA'S OLD FASHIONED MOLASSES

NEW COOK BOOK—FREE!

(Please Print Plainly)

(Continued from Page 150)

not hear him. He repeated it, simply, like an uncertain lover, not at all like a violinist from the worldly casino of Montreux. "Will you marry me, Madeleine?"

Suddenly the Italian lakes disappeared, and blond engineers going to Africa, and giggling schoolgirls turning up their noses at men of thirty, and she was still and alone. She did not even feel Émile, standing so shyly, so nervously beside her. The hills around her seemed to swim and the little houses float like flowers.

"How about it, Mad?" Émile was saying.

"Of course," she said in a low voice. She took his arm and they walked very slowly, deliberately, without looking at each other, to the house to tell her mother.

But she did not really feel engaged until she had told them about it at school. Her mother had taken the news calmly; she had realized that those interminable bridge games were not for nothing. Madeleine's fellow teachers accepted it calmly, too, quite politely, without comment. The students, however, regarded it as a phenomenon, slow to believe that a masculine hand had placed that lovely little ruby (Émile's grandmother's) on her forbidding finger.

She had to describe Émile in detail to both groups and was amused to find herself talking about him differently to the teachers and to the students. With the former she stressed his tender care for her mother, his good manners at cards (wasn't that an indication of character?), his steady work at the casino (he had been there three years—a commendable constancy in a musician), his fondness for concerts. With the latter she exaggerated the gaiety of his eyes, his grace in dancing, his musicianship. He was an unqualified success with both groups, and Madeleine closed both accounts with a romantic list of trips she and Émile intended to take before they were married, of their plans to wait for six months and enjoy all the pleasures of courtship.

In the light of vitamin-conscious today we wonder how mankind actually kept going before we moderns happened along. Consider that orange juice was once used in the West Indies to polish floors; pineapples first sold in London for $20 apiece; in the days of Henry VIII vegetables were considered unfit for humans and were fed to pigs; lemons were used by the ancient Romans to keep away moths.

The second day that Madeleine was engaged—Émile had called for her the first—she decided to walk home slowly and look in the shopwindows. It was early twilight, warm and glowing, and it was pleasant to know that soon as a married woman she would be able to buy many of the things she had always looked at longingly.

She lingered before the lingerie shops, making mental purchases, admired men's ties, desk articles and unbreakable teacups, appraising everything good naturedly as she built up and broke down innumerable imaginary homes. She was in a fine mood, warm and glowing like the day, her thoughts coming and going in waves. It was only right that she be completely happy. She had an acute feeling of pleasure even before she approached it, and then she found herself in front of Fayot's, staring at the tea set she had seen a year and a half before, this time alone and this time remaining.

It was the same. The wooden handles shone against the dull metal; the teapot rose tall and elegant, aristocratically slim, from the waxed tray. It looked, and it was, a masterpiece of design, of workmanship; and her heart leaped at its beauty. This time she had only to buy it to make those long-dreamed-of hours between tea and dinner a reality. She would use it for the first time for Émile and herself alone, she decided, looking at it lovingly.

She was happy. Everything was turning out much better than she had ever expected; for she had really expected nothing. Even she, with all her daydreaming, had her share of Swiss common sense, perhaps tinged with a romantic bitterness, and never actually hoped for the things she enjoyed making herself hope for. But now? Émile and music, and her mother taken care of, and dancing at the casino. And the teapot. The day she had passed with the girls it had said, "Nev mind, you will be loved, you will be happy and it had said it softly and clearly, in a w she would have mocked at if it had been a other inanimate object talking to any oth person.

She looked in her purse. Five francs. S would get some money from her stockin drawer bank at home and buy it the fi thing in the morning. No, when she we home for lunch; then she could have mo time with Mr. Fayot. Not that it would ne much, she decided, looking hungrily, almo angrily at the teapot. There was no need her to order it now. It would wait for h overnight as it had waited for her that lo time. A year and a half ago she had thoug it sold when she looked for it the morni following her first sight of it. But now rich were being poured to the rich.

She was very happy and very silly, t way the teapot had made her that nig long ago, for it seemed very long ago to now. All her old dreams came back th night: her drawing room, her teas, her ha approaching the teapot and the conversati stopping, everything silent, wakeful, as touched the beak. The generals, the ladi the writers, the painters, the professors, th were all there. The soft low chairs, the flow tables, the expensive magazines careles laid on other tables, everything was the But now the man was there too. Inde Émile was everywhere, for some reason his neat black working evening cloth He was the center of everything, he and tea set. Two centers, really, quite baroq

A thing and a pers she thought, lovi both. She alwa needed a thing and person for happine she was closer to person through thing. More indepen ent souls could with one or the oth or with neither. needed both. In dream she and Ém touched the teapot the same time and was like touching e other, only sweeter, more meaningful and th became a third thing outside themselves a her heart beat so wildly she woke up.

Morning came too quickly; it passed slowly. Finally she was in the store, taking her right glove as Mr. Fayot came toward h

"May I see the tea set in the window With her prudent shopping sense she h decided not to tell him she wanted it.

"Certainly, mademoiselle."

He took it out and placed it under fingers, which hovered lightly, like a love

"I should like to buy it," she said.

"I am very sorry, mademoiselle, but it v sold an hour ago."

"Impossible. It's been here a year an half."

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle. here. In London. It's been on exhibiti But I regret to say, it was sold an hour ag

"Impossible," she said again. "I ca here to buy it."

"I am very sorry."

"Impossible," she said once more un her breath, her mouth, her mind tighteni

Her walk home was long and tireso Lunch was worse, and the girls were unu ally boring at school. All day she thou some fool, some puffed-up fool—she did even care who—was making excuses fo because it was tin, not silver. Somebody e equally besotted, probably saying, "Oh, h perfectly *sweet!* Where *did* you pick it u

In the evening Émile came, eager bustling, with a package in his arms. T kissed in the hall. Émile smiled boyishly told her to turn away while he unwrap something he had just bought for their home. A good-looking tea set ——

She knew it. She knew it. But she never thought it would be Émile. W unheard-of good luck!

—— that she was sure to love, thin and and wooden. "And what a bargain," he s

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...ing, with the ... and with her back to him, trembling. "What a ... he exclaimed. "But it was the best I could get for the price."

She stopped trembling; she almost stopped breathing.

"Of course it isn't silver," he ... placed it piece by piece—she heard the sounds—on the hall table, "but you don't mind, do you? We may get a silver one later as a present or something. But this will do in the meantime, won't it?"

She did not answer.

It was smart, after all—indeed, very chic, he said, patting the pieces; and they did need a tea set, he supposed, even if teas were a waste of time, but maybe they'd have to entertain a music-hall manager or someone someday and she wouldn't mind pouring, would she, he asked, taking her limp shoulders and turning her around and asking her how she liked it.

How did she like it? How could she know anything when every drop of blood seemed drained from her brain and she was ready to collapse if Émile took his strong fingers (his violin fingers, she thought proudly, wondering that she could think of them now) from her shoulders.

"It's beautiful, Émile," she said. "Thank you very much." Should she add, "Just what I wanted"? She didn't feel like talking.

She put her cheek on Émile's and let her girlhood go. She was almost twenty-six, time enough for soberness, she decided gloomily. After all, it was just a teapot, even if it had been on exhibition in London and had (long before she knew that anyone else had seen beauty in it) given her a delicious excitement such as nothing, no, not even anyone, had ever given her. Not even Émile, she thought, rubbing her cheek against his, not even the man who gave it to her. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't see it the way he did, no two persons ever ... anything in the same way. Her way was simply better for her. That was all. And it could always be, if she never told anyone about it. It would have been marvelous to share her rhapsodies with someone she loved, but it wasn't really necessary, she decided, kissing him gently. Not at all, not when you were as wonderfully lucky as she was and able to have both things, both the teapot and the man, and the way she felt about both. She felt her strength returning. Putting her lips to his mouth, she gave him a proper kiss and smiled. It was high time, she thought as she did it, that Émile had a decent thank you.

"It's very, very lovely, my dear, and you were sweet to buy it for me," she told him. "It's too pretty for us ever to want to replace it, but if you ever should, of course we'll get a silver one. Only I don't think we'll ever want to."

Émile's eyes shone gratefully. She felt like an actress being applauded.

"Let's take it in to show mother," he said. "She'll wonder why we're out here so long. I hope she likes it too."

Didn't she ever think of anyone but herself? How kind he was.

"I love you, Émile," she whispered, as they gathered the things together. It was the first time she had ever said it, she realized with astonishment.

He kissed her abstractedly. "Here, you carry the teapot; I'll take the rest," he said.

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

AFTER timing myself, I no longer dread ironing my husband's shirts. With six staring up at me from the depths of a basket I say, "Only a little over thirty minutes to present my husband neatly to the world, to give him pride in his appearance, to fill him with the confidence that comes from knowing there's a 'loving' flatiron in his life."

The old proverb still holds: "Halving your wants quadruples your wealth."

I feel sorry for the couple who couldn't think of anything to say to each other after the rattle was taken out of the car.

An ideal marriage binds two persons together like an elastic band.

No woman should ever get to the point of looking upon her job of housekeeping as so dreary that she should have a medal pinned on her for doing it.

The first time my husband had a free day to work at home his horoscope in the morning paper read: "Overexertion may be harmful. Go easy!" . . . He went back to bed.

Lament from a boy: "Well, gosh, mom! How do you expect me to go to sleep when my room's so straightened up!"

I kept a box of tumeric for six years, then threw it away. The seventh my neighbor wanted to borrow some.

A little girl puts a straightforward question to her parents: "Why don't you let us children fight out our decisions? You do!"

A child is really up against it in dealing with his adults; he is handicapped by physical inequality, by having more honesty, and rarely having any money.

The best chaperon a child can have is the one that has been built into his character.

For a time, every mother must be the contact person for her child with the world.

Nothing shows more clearly the little-boy quality in a grown man than the way he wrings the neck of a bouquet of flowers.

Children seldom sit, or should. The little girl in Riley's poem who kept so still she heard a fly whisper to a ladybird, "She's the stillest child I ever heard," is lovely *only in poetry.*

Once a mother, going into plump middle age, was comforted when her young son, squeezing her enthusiastically, exclaimed, "I just love mothers your size."

After a house-cleaning spree, a mother was confronted by her tearful young daughter: "Just because you had a lot of children would you want someone to decide which ones to throw away?"

A woman who once chose a career in preference to marriage recently observed, "Now that I am older, I think it would be nice to have someone to sit down with occasionally."

Some parents have the equivalent of a born gardener's green thumb; they can pick up a child, examine its works, shake it, thrust it carelessly (although lovingly) aside—and the child blooms gloriously.

A wife should never attempt to change her husband's career, habits or waistline unless she has the "go ahead" sign from him.

Some teen-agers are like watches that have been wound and are full of power, but need a gentle shaking before they'll start to work.

One man wants to nominate his bride "The Wife of the Year: the woman who learned Braille so she could read in bed and the light wouldn't disturb her husband."

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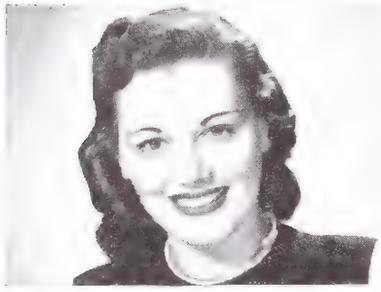

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You'll love the tingly fresh-as-a-breeze taste of mint-flavored Calox. It *tastes* so wonderful ...and leaves you *feeling* wonderful.

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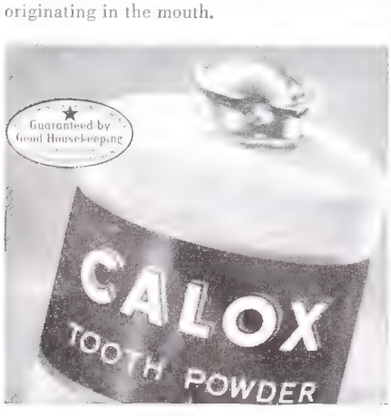

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UNDER-COVER STUFF

(Continued from Page 4)

ing his secretary, a young woman half his age, he determined with her to start a new life in a new country. They moved to the United States, where they lived for a year, and then went on to Brazil, still seeking the land of peace. In 1942 the two Zweigs were found dead in each other's arms. Beside them were the two glasses from which they had drunk poison, and a letter of farewell: "My energy is exhausted by long years of peregrination as one without a country. I believe it is time to end a life which was dedicated only to spiritual work, considering human liberty and my own as the greatest wealth in the world."

• • •

"One of the most accomplished and interesting impostors in history," was the judgment of the Psychical Research Society in 1884 on Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. PRINCESS OF THE OCCULT, *by* ***Gertrude Marvin Williams,*** *is the true story of this fantastic figure—spiritualist medium, founder of the Theosophical Society, hardheaded businesswoman. It is a story of lovers, lawsuits, converts; and it all started, strangely enough, in a house on the corner of 8th Avenue and 47th Street, New York.*

• • •

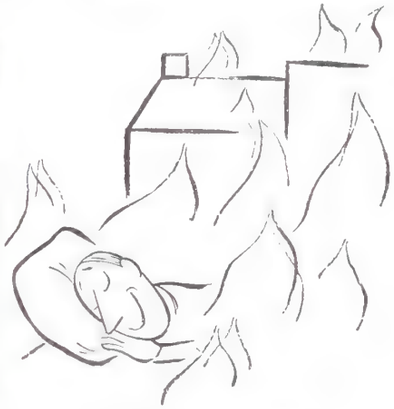
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE, by ***Eric Hodgins,*** is a hilarious book. And its chief delight is the multiple agonies which such a vast number of misguided citizens share with the author. The craze for buying a house in the country seems to be sweeping the land. But it won't any more—not now, after Mr. Blandings has told all. Whether it is fear of future atomic bombs, or just old age creeping up, is a question. But the urge for a "country place" does seem to envelop a certain group of city dwellers just at that confluence in their affairs when their children have arrived in their teens, when they themselves are nearing forty, and have enough customers or clients or backlog in the bank to feel modestly secure.

Forty, we're told, is the age at which you feel oldest. Fifty seems young because it isn't yet sixty, and every year from there on is a matter for self-congratulation. But forty is sad. Youth is definitely on the wane, no matter how you fool yourself. And that's when the casual apartment liver wants to go back to the land.

The Blandings were typical. They bought their spot in Paradise, and from the first moment of ecstatic confirmation over the telephone they never drew another easy breath. They were gypped on the land, the house was crumbling, the title wasn't clear, the architect was dreamy, the workmen terrorized them, the villagers laughed up their sleeves, the costs mounted and mounted, time went on and on and on.

The person who reads this book will look cautiously before he—like Blandings—takes the plunge. And country folks, on the periphery of big cities, had better watch out. For if ever there was an indictment—of contemptuousness, of near dishonesty, of slyness, of meanness—here it is in the lean bony figure of a New England village. But we're getting too serious. This is a comic. It's one of the best laughs of the season.

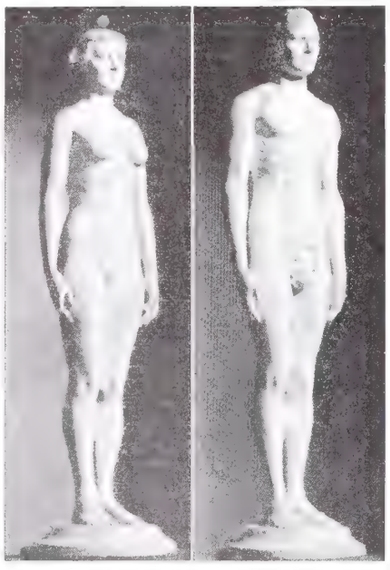
DRAWING BY STEIG FROM MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE



He was dreaming that his house was on fire.

THE TWIN BEDSIDE ANTHOLOGY, edited by ***Charles Lee,*** is a smart idea. It comprises two volumes: one "His Reader," the other "Her Reader." "His Reader" contains such come-on titles as *Terminating a Love Affair* (Steele), *An American Lover* (Marquand), *An Apology for Idlers* (Stevenson), *The Marriage of Venus* (Schneider), *A Coquette's Heart*, to say nothing of Balzac's story of the walled-in lover (*La Grande Bretêche*) and Boccaccio's *Fourth Story: First Day*. Our guess is that She will be reading His most of the time, while He shuffles around waiting for it. One of the less serious items in "Her

A-M-N-H. PHOTOS



Norma *Norman*

Facts on Figures: *The average American girl can boast that her hips are narrower than Venus de Milo's, her legs more slender than the Gay Nineties girl; but her measurements are sturdier and stockier than the fashion-model "ideal" of 34-inch bust, 24-inch waist and 34-inch hips—according to the findings of Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson, who has modeled Norma as the "norm" for the eighteen-year-old female figure of our time. Norman—Norma's twenty-year-old male counterpart—is taller and huskier than the men of his father's generation; taller and more agile than the Greek ideal of 400 B. C.*

Reader" is Cornelia Otis Skinner's *The Body Beautiful*, which opens with the woman in a fitting room, standing before one of those three-part adjustable mirrors, "suggestive," as Miss Skinner says, "of a primitive triptych—that is, if she has sufficient imagination to turn the triple reflection of herself in a pink slip into a trio of medieval saints."

• • •

Helen Beningtон is an English teacher, wife of a professor at Duke University, who has apparently had just enough of the pomp of the literary great. In a delightful book of verse, DR. JOHNSON'S WATERFALL AND OTHER POEMS, she comes right out and punctures the balloons of her own classroom. Concerning Mrs. Trollope's visit to the United States, of which that lady wrote home to England rather disagreeably, you'll remember, she has the following to say:

MRS. TROLLOPE IN AMERICA

Mrs. Trollope took a doleful view
Of us, in 1832,
Whose native latitude she knew.

And every time a gentleman spit,
Not being edified a whit,
She made a plaintive note of it.

Her agitation grew so great,
At times she seemed to lie in wait
For somebody to expectorate.

But we, in 1832,
Took a broad, dispassionate view,
And spit whenever we wanted to.

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Rich, rich, rich—like real country cream! Pond's Dry Skin Cream has special skin softening power. It goes on so easily, with lovely smoothness. Not sticky nor "draggy"—but satin-soft and luscious.

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Work the seepy smoothness of Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes—or overnight. Your dry skin seems to "drink it up"—looks softer, firmer, prettier. Use *every* day. You'll *love* this richest Pond's cream!

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EASY TO CARRY—HANDY TO USE
Check cold sores with COLD SORE IVO. Medicates, lubricates, protects. Feel relief *instantly!* Made by the makers of famous LIP-IVO since 1907. At drug stores 35¢.
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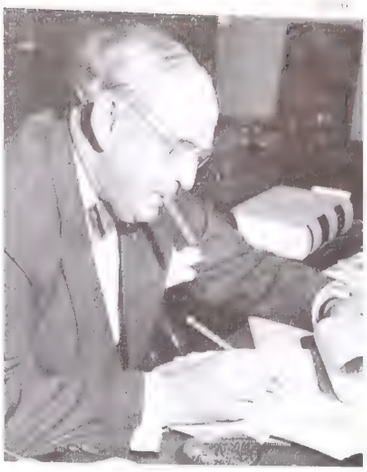

ARTHUR VANDENBERG thinks he'd live his life pretty much the way he has. "I'd advise any young man who could scrape two dimes together to marry the right wife as soon as he found her. I should never advise politics as an immediate goal."

IF I WERE 21

(Continued from Page 37)

so far, and made a success of all of them? William Benton, at 46, can look back at a large and rapid business success as a founder of Benton & Bowles advertising firm, from which he retired when he had made all the money he planned to; nine years as a leader in education, vice-president of the University of Chicago; and now important public service as Assistant Secretary of State in charge of the Government's foreign-information service.

Between almost constant telephone calls in his State Department office, Mr. Benton said, "I don't know what I'd really do if I were 21." (Into the telephone: "Cancel the plane ticket and get one for tomorrow.") "It's one of those fanciful concepts like wondering what you'd do if you had a million dollars." ("The Beyrouth office ought to be able to take care of that.") "Of course, most men who do make a million dollars try to hold on to it and run it up to five million." ("Get Paris on the wire at five their time.") "But I'll tell you what I'd suggest to someone who *is* 21 right now, instead of merely wishing he were, like me." ("Ask him if he can dine with me in Los Angeles Friday.")

"My recommendations," Mr. Benton went on, "boil down to five. First, don't be dependent. Acquire a salable skill, so that you'll always have something personal to sell, no matter what changes come over the world. Whether it's a profession like medicine or a craft like writing or stenography or bookkeeping, the skill should be something which puts you in business for yourself, even if you work for a company. With such a skill, you can go anywhere, taking your business in your hat, striking out for yourself whenever you are ready.

"SECONDLY, I'd say to this lucky youngster of 21, don't stand for regimentation. Don't let your boss or your wife, your parents or your newspaper get you into a rut of living or thinking. Talk back to the boss, throw up the job, move to another city, do anything necessary to break away from any rigid set of rules that hems you in. There was a book published in 1922 (when I was 22) called Babbitt; it struck out against the pressure toward regimentation that had subdued so many men of that time. Get a copy of it and find out how lucky you are to be 21 today, instead of then.

"DON'T be afraid of change. Sometimes I think no man should stay at the same job for more than ten years and no woman live in the same house for longer than that. Keep your mind fresh and ready to explore as much of life as you can.

"The world is not only changing fast—it's changing at a rate of speed that increases every year. Things like technical 'know-how' can become out-of-date rapidly; the man who has lost his adaptability suffers in times like these. But basic qualities of mind and character, on the other hand, have gained a new importance today; the man who possesses them will never be at a loss, for he will have retained the habit of learning new things every day. Change in the world can mean adventure to him and not tragedy.

"Fourth, young man or woman, don't divide your life into compartments. Let everything you believe and do enter into your whole life. If you have a religion, apply it in your work. If your work interests you, do some of it at home, as well as at the office. Have the same kind of manners for everybody—the people you meet at a party and the people you meet on a bus. Zest can be carried into even the dullest activities of the day.

"Lastly, don't live for yourself. For if you do, you'll be the loneliest man in the world. To be happy, you have to become a part of something bigger than you are—something big enough so you can fight for it and live for it.

"As to what this interest might be: even before the last war, I'd have advised young men and women to interest

EDUCATION FOR SECOND CHANCE

NOT only prominent Americans but the whole country has an idea of what it would do with a second chance. "If you were 18 again, what would you try hardest to do differently?" was asked in a recent JOURNAL survey. One in every three people spoke out for book learning. Of those who went to high school, 37 per cent wish they had higher education. Among the college graduates, 29 per cent feel their training insufficient.

Ten per cent would like to change their profession—prepare for a different career, learn a trade, go into business for themselves. Eight per cent would try for more money—either by saving or earning. Seven per cent would improve their characters. Three per cent would play more, get more fun out of life. Two per cent would use better judgment, wouldn't be so impulsive. Fourteen per cent named personal problems they'd like to be rid of: the farmer wants the city; the minority groups seek tolerant communities; and one frank soul wouldn't work at all!

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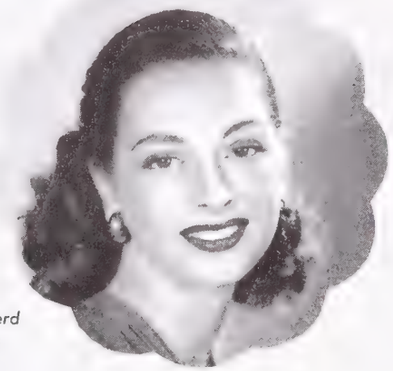

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themselves in community concerns—and to remember that the world is also a community. A spell in practical politics or government service will be enlightening to almost any youngster, no matter what his main interest is to be. And today, with the threat of the atom bomb hanging over us all, 21-year-olds *must* interest themselves in political problems—if only to save their own skins.

"One final word: remember that since you're a human being, your plans will never work out quite as you had hoped they would, though your life may be very successful and happy. But even at 21 you have already learned the truth of the words by James M. Barrie: 'The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another. And his humblest hour comes when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.'"

Representative Clare Boothe Luce, when I talked with her, looked cool and gay in a pair of black-and-white Chinese pajamas, the gift of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. But there was nothing frivolous in the living room of her Washington hotel apartment, where twenty-four volumes of St. Thomas Aquinas peer from one set of bookshelves and Toynbee's six-volume history from the other, and stacks of Congressional reports fill the green felt table in between.

"If I were 21," said Mrs. Luce, "I'd correct one of the major errors of my own career: I'd get a college education, by hook or by crook. And in college, I'd study the 'humanities'—I'd read the great books of the past, in their proper historical setting. I'd delight my mind with the great literature of the past, and discipline my mind with its most austere masters of religious philosophy. I'd do this even if—particularly if—I intended to devote the rest of my life to marriage, with no outside career. For if you can't get straight with God, you'll never get straight with your husband or your children."

THEN Mrs. Luce—who has tasted success as editor, war correspondent, playwright, politician, and who collects new accomplishments as some women collect china—went off into what seemed at first to be an impersonal speech on the high value of the old-fashioned career of full-time wife and mother.

"The most satisfying lifework for the normal woman," she said, "is in marriage—and here she finds the broadest scope for her abilities. Why, a mother can be an economist and a philosopher, a dictator and a servant, a teacher, nurse, social scientist and the undisputed leader of a loyal group. The career of motherhood—it is as wide as the universe.

"But in every generation there are some extraordinary women, whose interests take them outside the home. Some such women have become saints, and others have manipulated governments from the background, or done their work as artists and writers. Too often, they have sacrificed their normal women's lives to these concerns. And yet we now see that it is quite possible for a woman to have the best of both worlds: many of the most successful modern women writers, from Mary Roberts Rinehart to Margaret Landon, the author of Anna and the King of Siam, have been happily married women. Mothers cannot work in an office or practice a man's full-time career with success. One thing or the other has to be sacrificed if they try it. But there is no reason why a woman cannot choose a line of part-time work which makes greater and greater demands on her time just at the period when her family is growing up and needing her less and less.

"The wife and mother can, for instance, play an important part in the community. She can, if she likes, take an interest in local politics and increase her sphere of activity as her free time increases and her children leave the home. Married women can play a big role in government, planning to hold office at state capitals as they grow older. . . ."

Mrs. Luce interrupted herself with a sudden smile.

"Do you know," she said, "that I just realized I am plagiarizing from the diary that I wrote when I was 16? I read it lately and in it I outlined the kind of life I hoped to

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Each book 24 pages
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A HAND CREAM
THAT HELPS KEEP
HANDS SOFTER,
SMOOTHER...AND
IS NOT STICKY—
NOT GREASY!

Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands *look* red, feel *rough!*

Luxor HAND CREAM

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?
YOU NEED SHINOLA

● So don't be caught short. When you're stepping out for the evening, and want to look like a million dollars—see to it that your shoes are shined. There's really no excuse for untidy-looking shoes. You'll find it pays to keep a supply of Shinola Shoe Polishes on hand.

Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps to hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. It's smart to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.

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QUICK COMFORT for TIRED ACHING FEET

Here's most joyful relief for feet suffering the aching and burning of strain from the day's work. It only takes seconds to dissolve a little soothing and cooling MU-COL powder for a foot bath that's totally refreshing. That's a hospital nurse's discovery. See package directions for many other valuable uses; MU-COL should be in every medicine cabinet. Sold at drug stores; sample free by mail. Use the coupon.

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have. It was a good plan for a woman's life, although it has not been mine.

"I said then that I would like to marry a publisher. Well, I did that. And I said that I would have three children. That never came true. And so the rest of it didn't come true, either: my plan was to build a creative career around my children. I wanted to write and illustrate children's books that would keep pace with their interests as they grew older. And then—I had it figured out quite carefully—by the time they had grown up, *I'd* be ready to write novels for grownups to read. And so I'd have a going career to fill my days after the children had married and left home. It was a good plan. I give it to any girl of 21 who can make use of it."

Thus Mrs. Luce expressed a kind of envy for being young today. So did Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, of the U. S. Navy, as he sat, surrounded by maps and battle flags, in his large office in the Navy Building in Washington.

"Youth today," he said, "is better off in America than ever before in my memory. If I were 21 or younger I'd take time to figure out what I wanted my life to become. In the late '20's, when I was setting up the ROTC at the University of California, I found that almost no freshman knew, when he arrived, where he wanted to go. The young man wasted much of the first two years of college drifting about, over the whole field of knowledge, picking up unrelated courses here and there. That's one mistake no young man need make, if he'll take the trouble to chart his course for life in the summer vacation after high school ends."

He has never regretted his choice of the Navy as a career, he said. Never. But he would not say, as some admirals might, that it is "the only life."

"Today," the admiral said, "the field of choice for an able youngster is vastly wider than it was when I was a boy. Today, with technology on the march, the opportunities have widened; there are dozens of specialties we had never heard of when I was young—electronics and nuclear physics and a dozen more. These are careers of the future, that stir the imagination."

SIMILARLY, Dorothy Thompson—columnist, lecturer, foreign correspondent and eminently successful woman of her day—might, today, beginning again, follow a completely different career.

"The world stands in too desperate a need of fundamental rehauling," she said, "for the young and able to find satisfaction in reporting the mistakes that statesmen make. Yet that is about all that the journalist can do. His best efforts can affect only the short-range course of events. Writers of my sort may be very well paid, but they have little sense of genuine accomplishment. At the end of five years, all that is left of our best efforts [illegible]

But Miss Thompson does not despair of the importance of what a single determined man or woman can do to resolve the confusions of today.

"There are magnificent careers open to the ambitious young. They can become scholars and give the world a clearer comprehension of the past. They may be architects and leave beautiful buildings for later generations to enjoy and use. They may turn to many such lasting things."

MISS THOMPSON talked in her charming and livable house in New York's East Forties, sitting on a long, tufted couch with arms that fold down, as they do in a limousine, so that four people may sit at ease when the circle of guests is large. Many of these guests are European *émigrés*, old friends of Miss Thompson from her years abroad, or friends of her husband, a Czech painter who suffered greatly in Europe for his political views. The walls of this room, as of all her others, are lined with books.

"Books are my best friends," Miss Thompson said. "To anyone of 21, I should say, 'Learn how to bring books into your everyday life.' The best of every author is in his writings: you can learn far more from reading him than from meeting him. Even for success in journalism, I believe that familiarity with the best books is more important than acquaintance with the best people."

But, books or no books, if she were to do it again, she'd travel a great deal in foreign countries.

"The advantage of living abroad," Miss Thompson says, "is that you see your country in a new and sounder perspective when you are outside it. And political forces operate the same the world over. It is impossible ever to escape them. Even so revolutionary a development of new force as the atomic bomb doesn't change the fundamental truths of politics."

But, getting back, the career which would greatly tempt Miss Thompson if she were 21 (and brave enough to undertake it) is the scientific study of societies and governments.

"I should start out," she said, "with a gathering together of all that is known about human psychology. I should study, through the centuries, what kinds of societies have given birth to the best individuals. The problems facing us and clamoring for an immediate answer are: 'What *is* a good society?' And then, 'How can we achieve it?'

"Certainly we have not achieved it today. Man's fundamental instincts are frustrated in this age of automatic factory operations. Henry Ford once said, 'I could run a large part of my factory with feeble-minded employees.' Normal men don't want to do work that uses only a small portion of their capacities. A student of good societies would apply some of the lessons of the past to modern problems like this.

"What men believe is the important thing—their actions, their work, their human relations all spring from that. All wars are religious wars. If I were 21 I should try very hard to add something, even a very small bit of new knowledge, to what we know about the effect of men's beliefs on the world they make and ask other men to live in."

Now, Miss Thompson, you see, would turn, on her second chance, away from journalism. But Senator Arthur Vandenberg, the leading Republican spokesman in Congress on foreign

"How you have improved, Donald! Won't daddy be pleased?"

Young Mother!

HERE'S WHY MOST MOTHERS DO THIS WHEN CHILDREN CATCH COLD

Distress of her cold is relieved as she sleeps

Let this picture remind you that tonight you can relieve distress of your little one's cold *even while she sleeps!*... with nothing to swallow ...and nothing to upset her delicate stomach.

Now here's what you do: At bedtime rub warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back.

Even as you rub it on, VapoRub starts right to work to relieve distress.

IT PENETRATES to cold congested upper bronchial tubes with special soothing medicinal vapors.

IT STIMULATES chest and back surfaces like a good, warming poultice.

And . . . this special penetrating-stimulating action of VapoRub keeps on working for hours to bring relief *while the child sleeps!* Often by morning most distress of the cold is gone.

Only VapoRub gives you this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only Vicks VapoRub. It works to relieve miseries of colds *while you sleep!*

Best-Known Home Remedy You Can Use to Relieve Distress of Colds.

Used by *88 out of 100* Rochester Mothers

In a door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y.—a typical American city—88 out of every 100 young mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub whenever their children catch cold. Benefit from their experience . . . and when anyone in your family catches cold, rub on Vicks VapoRub. Then you'll see what grand relief it brings. Then you'll understand why *most mothers always use Vicks VapoRub.*

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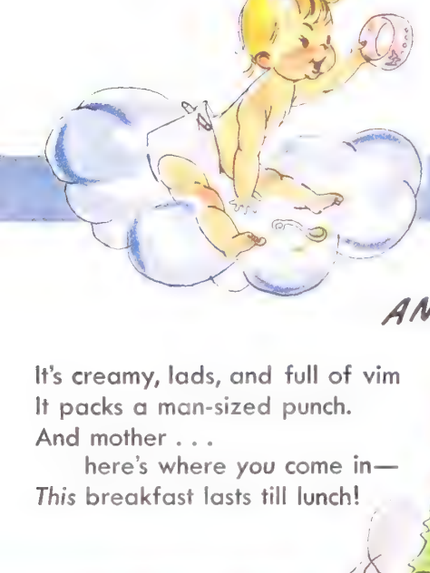

So very smooth on baby's tongue,
So easy to digest,
So perfect for the very young . . .
Here endeth Mother's quest!

AND CREAMY...

It's creamy, lads, and full of vim
It packs a man-sized punch.
And mother . . .
here's where *you* come in—
This breakfast lasts till lunch!

AND IT'S DOUBLE-FLAVORED!

Two flavors . . . tasty malt and wheat—
A blend beyond compare!
Most grownups hanker for this treat—
Resist it . . . if you dare!

Free to you!
Write for 4-serving sample of
Malt-o-Meal
FOSHAY TOWER, DEPT. B.
MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.
THE 1 WHEAT CEREAL WITH 2 DELICIOUS FLAVORS THAT COOKS IN 3 MINUTES!

MEET THE BELTZHOOVERS

(Continued from Page 134)

family, the elder daughter, Ruth Audley, Jr., is now Mrs. Richard Connor, of Vicksburg, up the river. She, too, is a blonde, but shorter than her sister. During the war, young Lieutenant Colonel Connor, a fighter pilot in the 8th Army Air Force, who had been shot down over Germany and had escaped through Russia, was home on short leave, and wooed and won Ruth Audley, Jr., in a whirlwind courtship. The second time he saw her, he asked her to marry him, and she did. After that, he went back to the war. The young people had grown up together, but never before had there been the slightest signs of romance.

And then, of course, there is Crissie.

Crissie would make a fortune in the motion pictures. Busy as the Beltzhoovers are with the store and their numerous other interests, it is difficult to see how Green Leaves could run without Crissie. Crissie is a working major-domo; she plans the meals, markets, cooks when necessary, has charge of the entire household economy. Nobody knows how old she is, but she is somewhere around eighty. She is dignified beyond measure. If you are finally accepted into her good graces, that is something. She guards the Beltzhoovers night and day. Most of the time she wears a "head handkerchief," old style. The rest of her costume consists of calico dresses, ankle length, tied around her spare figure by an enveloping apron. In her wonderfulold mahogany face, shrewd, unfathomable eyes see everything. Crissie is constantly passing along the gallery or through the house on her endless errands like a thin, indefatigable shadow.

Crissie was Mrs. Beltzhoover's nurse, and the nurse for all the children. When any of them were sick, she slept in a trundle bed at the foot of their beds. She still claims a priority over any child born into the numerous clan.

Crissie's first baby of the present generation, Melchior Roch Beltzhoover, Jr., is now a stalwart, reddish-haired young man of twenty-nine. During the war he spent most of his time as a water tender, first class, on the U.S.S. Bennington. He was educated at Lawrenceville School, in New Jersey, and Tulane, in New Orleans. Like his father, he is an ardent sportsman, an enthusiastic fisherman. Almost every holiday that comes along, he and his small blond wife, Mary Jane, disappear in the direction of hidden lakes and bayous. The rest of the time he is a very hard-working young man, well aware of his growing responsibilities. Like all his family, he is quiet and self-possessed and a little shy. There is also plenty of fire and quick decision and action, underneath.

A WILL AND A WAY

HANDICAP'S a word that doesn't exist in Paul Kenyon's vocabulary. It's never had a chance since a stubborn little boy threw away a crutch and then a brace—and then the whole idea that infantile paralysis could ever be a barrier to full living.

Today full living is an understatement of the "git up and git" that takes Paul from beat to beat as a newspaperman, to hammer and saw as master rebuilder of his eighteenth-century house and to "spare-time" work with the Coast Guard, the school board and the town Planning Committee.

If you're needing the know-how to convert a bad break to the best of good fortune, meet Paul, his designer-wife, Louise, and their two sons.

THE KENYONS, OF GLOUCESTER, MASS.

How America Lives

The February Journal

MOST Americans now know of the annual Natchez Pilgrimage, which occupies the entire month of March, and every year more and more Americans are making a point of visiting this lovely and moving and rewarding spectacle. Because of the fame of the Pilgrimage, tourists are searching Natchez out any day of any week. The Pilgrimage is not a carnival like the Mardi Gras of New Orleans; on the contrary, it glorifies the tradition of family life, and its romance, and the romance of old houses and gardens. ... quiet and leisurely and sunny; filled w... the shining green of boxwood hedges, and ... delicate green of live oaks, and the s... brightened gray of Spanish moss. And ... flame of camellias and azaleas, and the w... and violet of iris. You go from the shir... mahogany shadows of the old houses into ... shining gardens. You are allowed to t... your time, to wander, to soak it in. ... tually, you should spend at least two we... in Natchez during March; the whole mo... would be better.

EVERY morning and afternoon, in caref... scheduled rotation, certain of the magnifi... old houses are open; twenty-eight of ther... the moment. And what names they ha... D'Evereux, Richmond, Rosalie, Dunle... Gloucester, Auburn, Green Leaves, M... teigne . . . and best of all, perhaps, Pro... quity! You see them in the brightness of ... morning, in the lengthening shadows of ... afternoon, at d... by candlelight. ... women of the v... ous household... young and old, e... the little girls, ... days their homes ... open, dress in ... crinolines and ... square-cut, low-n... dresses of the C... War period. ... come to the con... sion that this ... the most becon... costume wor... have ever worn.

Twice a week ... ing the Pilgrim... in the town a... torium, there is w... is known as the C... federate Page... tableaux of a... bellum life. ... stage is a mas... dogwood bloss... Old people, ... young people, ... tiny children ... part in these ... leaux. The last ... leau, a year ago, ... of twelve girls ... crinoline; back ... them, twelve yo... Confederate ge...

als, erect and gorgeous in their gray, g... embroidered frock coats, collars and ... banded with the yellow or crimson of ... cavalry or the artillery. The twenty-... young people came down to the floor of ... auditorium and danced a quadrille, meas... and stately. And then went back to the st... and suddenly a boy in the uniform of a C... federate private came running to the st... holding aloft a crimson-and-gold Confede... battle standard. The audience, the nig... was there, leaped to its feet and roared, ... high above the roar was the strange, s... cry the Union armies called "the Rebel y...

Well, that is all right. Any traditio... gallantry is a fine thing when properly ... corporated into the life of a nation. ... point is, every one of the young "Confe... ate generals" had just come back from ... German front or the Pacific, and service ... the Army or the Navy of the United St...

Busy and imaginative people seldom ... fine their activities to one thing alone. ... isn't the way their minds—or, even mor... portant, their hearts—work. Ruth Au... Wheeler Beltzhoover takes an intere... everything to do with the good of Nat... She is an active churchwoman; she wa... of the women who fifteen years ago rea... what a priceless possession Natchez h... its history, its old houses, its gardens, a... started the Pilgrimage, an offshoot o... Natchez Garden Club. The Pilgrimage l... in 1932 in an amateur, tentative fashion...

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-the name that enjoys the
Confidence
of America's Mothers!

Look for the name
KROLL when you choose
baby's carriage or crib,
and you'll find many
exclusive, patented
safety and comfort
features to guard your
baby's health. America's
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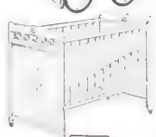

VENILE FURNITURE
BABY CARRIAGES

Baby coming? Nurse her *right*

By all means, nurse her your- if possible. But if (and when) takes to the bottle, have the *facts* ut bottle feeding. (See free book- offer, below.) . . . Your baby erves Davol "Anti-Colic" brand ni-Tab" nipples which promote lthy sucking action—and through ural exercise, help develop mouth, and tongue.

"Anti-Colic"
AVOL BRAND NIPPLES

YOU—FREE—The *facts* about feeding. free booklet, "Baby Feeding Made ," just address Dept. L-7-1, Davol ber Co., Providence 2, Rhode Island.

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Show rich new Satin and Velour Greeting Cards. Astounding value, 16 for $1. Get easy orders FAST! Pays up to 100% cash profit. 14 other assortments retail 50c to $1. SAMPLES on Approval. Write today.
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HANX AIDS IN CORRECTION OF THUMBSUCKING AND NAILBITING
A "STILL" PRODUCT

like all things of its kind, was at first regarded by the majority of the "practical" men of Natchez as just another "feminine notion." Strange that men, having lived with women so long, are still so impractical! The Pilgrimage has turned out to be about the most practical thing that has happened to Natchez since Charleston fired on Fort Sumter. In 1941 over half a million dollars was left in Natchez in the month of March alone by visiting Americans. Last March the Pilgrimage, which was abandoned during the war, having been resumed—over a million dollars was left in Natchez. Unlike cotton, the Pilgrimage is a crop not subject to spectacular ups and downs. Unlike oil, recently discovered near Natchez, it does not devastate a country, and then move on. It just keeps on growing, watered by the increasing interest of Americans in their own country, their love of travel. The Pilgrimage has made Natchez famous again. It has helped to restore and maintain some of the old houses that were falling into disrepair. It has brought prosperity to all kinds of people, including some of the owners of the old houses. There is no end to what it may accomplish.

But Southern women are very modest and gentle. Ruth Audley Wheeler Beltzhoover is one of the most modest women imaginable. The women of Natchez take the Pilgrimage in their stride. They think it is something intelligent women could do anywhere, given a background to work with. Possibly, but the adjective "intelligent" is a large one.

PERHAPS as good a story as any to end with is what happened last year, during the Pilgrimage, to Mary Jane Butler, the younger Mrs. Beltzhoover. It is a good story because it is typical of the deep South, of Natchez, of Green Leaves, and because, having cool courage themselves, the Beltzhoovers seem to marry women with the same cool courage. Mary Jane Beltzhoover, running down the only pair of stairs in Green Leaves—the one in the wing over the kitchen where she and her husband, young Melchior, live—caught her foot in the lowest hoop of her crinoline skirt, and fell the full length of the stairs, injuring her foot in the most agonizing manner imaginable. She was on her way to the Confederate Pageant; instead, she went to the hospital. Three hours later, piquant, pretty, reclining on a sofa in the library of Green Leaves, she was very much a part of the midnight supper which followed the Pageant.

The supper was as unexpected as her fall. Half a dozen older friends of the family had been asked in for cold turkey and quiet drinks. Some forty or more people turned up, mostly young, including several of the "Confederate generals." The younger members of the Beltzhoover family apparently had issued invitations right and left at the Confederate Pageant. Nobody was astonished, and everyone was pleased. For some odd reason the turkey held out plentifully, and so did everything else. The long, shining mahogany table in the dining room, lit by silver candelabra, was crowded with an amazing variety of good things to eat which appeared as if by magic from the kitchen to the rear. But then, no one in Natchez knows just how many people are coming to parties or are going to sit down to meals. The tradition of ample hospitality remains unaltered. The Beltzhoovers, and Natchez, still cling to the ancient American custom, now mostly abandoned, of three-o'clock dinner. The town wakes early, and goes to work early. A good idea, especially in the heat of Mississippi summers.

Neither Crissie nor Mrs. Beltzhoover knows just how many people will be at those three-o'clock dinners. Besides, as a rule—another unshakable Southern custom—there are usually several house guests, friends or relatives from all over the country. And when they come, they visit. They do not come just for week ends. This lack of exactitude disturbs neither Mrs. Beltzhoover nor Crissie.

Green Leaves is solidly founded in the past, in the present and, now, in the future. In the garden, the giant live oak, the patriarch of them all, is still growing, despite its age.

"You're not s'posed to enjoy this ride, mom!"

BABY: This may not be any joy ride for you, Mom—now that *you're* being *me* for a day!

MOM: Joy ride! I should say it isn't! Wriggling around in these straps makes my skin so uncomfortable I could *howl!*

BABY: I hoped you'd get to see it my way, Mom! *Now* maybe you see why you ought to keep my skin protected with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Write your own ticket, lamb! But tell me now, why do you need *both?*

BABY: A cinch, Mommie. Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil to smooth me over after my bath. And more of the same at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

Other times, Mom, lots of soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to chase chafes and prickles and keep me purring!

MOM: Angel, I've been an awful flat tire about this! Just step on the gas and let's be on our way to the nearest headquarters for Johnson's!

Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson

"That's Nothin'- I'VE BEEN SEEING Gordon STYLES FOR 75 YEARS"

Grandpa's right. Since 1872 men, women and children have been "seein'" the **Gordon** label on the newest and smartest styles of hosiery, underwear and play wear.

Experience and creative ingenuity keep **Gordon** tops in better looking, better wearing merchandise. And today more than ever it's best to insist on **Gordon** when you buy hosiery or underthings, or polo shirts for the little 'uns.

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FOR CHILDREN — Socks, underwear, knit suits and polo shirts.
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★ ★

I Nursed My Babies

BY GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

IT is rather a common occurrence for articles to be written and published in an effort to convince women that new babies should be breast-fed if this is by any means possible. The points in favor must be familiar to every literate mother, actual or potential. Breast milk is Nature's provision for the newborn, and except in extraordinary cases no formula can equal it in food value or in digestibility; it renders the child less susceptible to disease during the all-important early months of life, and tends to lighten the effects of any illness which he may contract; it is good for the development of a well-shaped mouth and strong, well-spaced teeth; and it is also a health-and-beauty treatment for the mother.

The spreading of this information is no doubt an excellent thing. But simply knowing that a baby should be so fed, and wanting to so feed him, is not enough to solve the problem which still exists, particularly among women who have their babies in hospitals—and these are the great majority.

How many women do you know who say they wanted to nurse their babies, but could not? Do you believe them? I do, because of my own experience and that of my very intimate friends, and that of new mothers I have heard sobbing as they lay on their high beds surrounded by flowers and packages wrapped in tissue and tied with ribbon.

> It is with men as with horses: those that do the most prancing make the least progress. —BARON DE STASSART.

Yet very few women are actually incapable of providing this safeguard for their children, any more than their mothers and grandmothers were. Many who find, after giving birth, that they cannot provide it, could have done so if they had been prepared for it, under their doctors' direction, during pregnancy. Many more, with or without preparation, could do it if they were helped to believe that they can and must and will do it, and were given all possible help and encouragement by the doctors and nurses who have each case in charge.

In 1932 I had my first child, in Minneapolis. I wanted to nurse him. My obstetrician took it for granted that I would nurse him. He was born at seven o'clock in the evening, and was brought to me at five o'clock the next morning. The milk supply was scanty as long as I remained in the hospital. The baby was hungry. He received no supplementary feeding. He chewed. The nurses used hand expression after each feeding and treated my honorable wounds. The baby lost weight and did not gain. My doctor chuckled comfortably, "He'll make up for it."

WHEN I left the hospital I had been taught to do hand expression after feedings, and I continued this for several weeks. When I stopped, the supply was ample, he was a husky, contented boy, and I was blissfully happy. I nursed him until he was nine months old, though by then it was only once a day. The only illness he had was chicken pox, and he never knew he had that.

I was the first among my contemporary friends to have a child. In the years which followed, the others were having them, from one to four apiece, and I was amazed that *none* of them nursed their babies. I asked, "Don't you want to? It's so easy, and it's such fun." They all answered that they had wanted to but couldn't; the doctor said they couldn't; they didn't have enough milk. One of these babies died of streptococcus infection at the age of seven months.

I did not have my second child until 1941. I was then living in a different part of the country. My new obstetrician did not mention nursing, during my pregnancy, but I had been taught how to prepare myself for it and did so.

My daughter was born at three o'clock one afternoon. Bewildered by sedatives, I did not realize that I did not see her, except as a nurse held her, for the two following days. I did not know whether she was one hour or forty-eight hours old when my doctor said to me casually:

"Do you want to nurse this baby?"

I said, "Why, of course I do. I'm going to."

He smiled indulgently. "Well," he said, "we'll see what we can do."

But she was already on a formula.

WHEN she was brought to me she was not hungry. She would not try to get food. The nurse left her with me, but despite all my efforts the baby fell asleep.

When the nurse came back I said fretfully, "She isn't hungry."

"Ho-ho," said the nurse. "Well, better luck next time."

I didn't have much better luck for a week. They weighed her before and after nursing and found she took one ounce, or one and a half ounces.

"She can't gain on that," said the nurses—triumphantly, it seemed to me.

At the end of the week I made the request—it really was an order—that supplementary feeding be stopped.

All eyebrows were raised. It was clear that obstetrician, pediatrician and nurses considered my contribution the supplementary element, and a very poor supplement at that. But I made a scene, ran a temperature, and so alarmed my doctor that he persuaded the pediatrician to humor me for a few days.

My daughter became hungry. She caused trouble in the nursery. She chewed. That made more trouble for the nurses. And, most damning of all, she lost weight. They told me, "You see? You can't do it."

I stormed, "I *don't* see—except that you have handicapped me and don't help me a bit. I'm doing what hand expression I can, but I'm not very strong yet. Why don't you do it?"

They looked at me curiously, as if I were primitive. They replaced dressings, saying, "Tch-tch! If we don't watch out, we'll get an infection here."

I said, "Why don't you give me a lot to drink? I hate to drink, but I can."

They told me, "You can have it, but it will only upset you. It won't do a bit of good."

My doctor asked me gently, "What makes you think you can nurse this baby?"

"Because I nursed the other one. For nine months."

"But this isn't then, my dear. It's now. This is a different baby. You're older."

"If I'm young enough to have a baby, I'm young enough to nurse it."

The pediatrician went into a rage, washed her hands of the case, and drove her car out of the hospital yard with a roar I could hear plainly in my room.

I was sorry for my doctor. He looked distraught and helpless. I was angry with the nurses. I felt sure they had begun with the formula again.

I said I was going home. My husband supported me. No one could prevent me. I went.

Before I left, the nurses brought me the baby's formula very neatly written. My doctor asked me if I had bottles at home. I told him I had *not*. He wrote down an address where my husband could stop for them as we drove by. He fixed me with his

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gaze and said, "I can't believe you will be foolish. You have been so sensible about everything but this."

I said, "I shall not be foolish."

We did not stop for bottles. I never saw the formula again.

We took our baby to our home, deep in the country. She was hungry. She chewed. I hand-expressed. She wasn't "good." She continued to lose weight for another week, because I had lost so much time.

But came the day we weighed her and found she had gained—oh, blessed morning! From then on she continued to gain, and a month later, when I went back to my doctor to be discharged, she was getting fat, she was happy, she woke for only one feeding between six P.M. and six A.M. I took her snapshot to show to my doctor, to reassure him.

He studied it and remarked, "She's awfully little, isn't she?"

I stiffened. I said, "She was little when she was born. She was littler when I took her home. But she is getting bigger every day."

He only looked at me quizzically. I am quite sure he still thought I was mad.

I nursed her until she was nine months old. That just carried her through mumps, which did not stop her eating, sleeping or gaining.

When she was about a year old I happened to meet my obstetrician on the street. He said I was looking fine, and how was the baby? I told him the glowing truth. But he did not smile. He was still worried. He said suddenly, "Look here. How did you dare do it? That baby was losing weight when she left the hospital! How did you dare?"

Then *I* felt helpless. If he didn't understand yet! I said as quietly as I could, "I didn't dare *not* to do what I did."

My daughter had her fifth birthday recently. She has never had an illness which required a doctor. She has seen our family physician only for checkups, vaccination and inoculations. Her teeth are strong and perfect—like her brother's. She is four inches above average height for her age, and weighs in proportion.

PERHAPS I was just lucky. Perhaps everything would have been exactly the same if I had bought the bottles and used the formula.

But what the doctors and nurses seemed not to understand was that she obviously ran a risk either way, and I, as her mother, felt I had to decide between the two. Whether I was right or not, I have been proved not wrong.

It was not easy for me to put up this fight against such odds those first two weeks. I could not have done it without my husband's encouragement. I probably could not have done it if this had been my first child, if I had not been taught earlier by a doctor who believed in such a fight, and if my son had not grown up big and strong.

So it seems to me that women of our generation must do more than be willing to breast-feed their babies, knowing the reasons why they should.

Americans have a great respect for medical authority. It is far easier to accept than to reject it, whatever it is, and for no group of us more so than for women who have been under constant, kindly care for nine months and then wake up to find themselves entrusted with the richest possession—and the greatest responsibility—in the world.

Therefore the time to undertake safeguarding the child-to-be surely begins when we make our first visit to an obstetrician who confirms our hopes. He asks us many questions. Let us ask him some:

"Doctor, do you believe that new babies should and almost always can be breast-fed? Are you even a little bit fanatical about that? Because I am. Will you undertake to do everything in your power to make this possible? Will you send me to a maternity hospital which is staffed with nurses who will help me? Will you give me the name of a pediatrician who is opposed to the use of formulas except under truly extraordinary conditions? . . . If we can agree on this, I'll try to be a model patient. Otherwise it will be better for both of us if some other obstetrician takes my case. I am *determined* to nurse this baby!"

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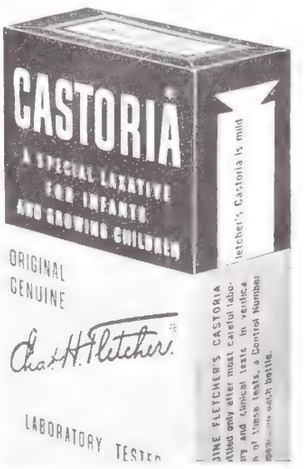

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

My, how we Mothers wait for baby's first smile - cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world of reassurance in watching the corners of that tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's fine with me."

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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

You can't tell ahead of time, but you've seen it happen before: fun with an aftermath of injury. Mothers should know and follow the accident rules.

YOUNG BONES MEND QUICKLY

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

NEARLY two million American children from three to eighteen years of age are disabled by injuries every year. As a hazard to life and health, accidents are deadlier for children than is any disease.

Of the more serious injuries, broken bones head the list. Healthy, active children at hard play or on skates or bicycles are bound to have many falls and bumps; if the blow is hard enough and if a bone sustains its full force, a break or fracture is likely to result. Unhappily, too, children are often the innocent victims of their elders' carelessness or lack of skill, and are badly hurt in automobile smashups.

Unless it involves the skull or the spinal cord, a fracture is rarely fatal. But every fracture, if it is not treated promptly and competently, is potentially a cause of lasting damage to the bone or joint. Furthermore, most bone specialists agree that the most important factor in the treatment of nearly every broken bone is *the way the injured person is handled from the time of the accident until the doctor takes over.*

Of course, many accidents occur away from home, and damage may be done by well-meaning but ignorant friends or neighbors. But usually—especially in the case of small children—mother is near at hand, and her skill and judgment become important factors in the child's recovery.

Almost always, except in the case of a finger or one of the small bones of the hand or foot, it is easy to tell whether or not a bone is broken. While knowledge of the nature and extent of the injury may not be specific until X-ray pictures have been made, often there are signs that point definitely to a fracture. For example, deformities caused by improper position of the bones can be seen at once, as when the hand is bent abnormally back along the forearm in a common type of wrist fracture, or when the long bones of the leg or arm are broken crookedly.

Sometimes, however, bones break incompletely and stay in place. In this case, loss of function or motion of the injured part severe pain, swelling or discoloration wil "give the fracture away." In all cases o accident, here is an important rule fo

(Continued on Page 166)

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(Continued from Page 164)

mothers to follow: If there is any doubt at all, *always do what you would do if you knew the bone was broken.*

1. Immobilize the broken part. If someone is near at hand who knows how to apply a traction splint, this should be done. Traction pulls the broken bone ends apart and prevents the tightened muscles from drawing them past each other or grinding them together, causing further injury to the surrounding soft tissues. However, traction should not be applied by an untrained person.

If a skilled first-aider is not available, it will be of help to fix the broken limb by tying it firmly to a board, a rolled magazine or a pillow. This stops much of the harmful motion that cannot be avoided if the broken part is allowed to dangle while the child is being moved.

2. Move the child carefully, taking especial pains to minimize pressure on the fractured bones. (With a break in the upper leg, for example, do not let the child sit up in a car.)

If possible, get help. A suffering child is not easy for one person to lift and carry. Careless or inefficient handling can quickly turn a simple fracture into a compound one, in which a broken bone fragment pierces the skin, complicating the wound and adding the danger of infection.

3. If there is any chance that the back or neck is broken, do not move the child at all unless it is imperatively necessary. Movement in such cases always involves the risk of crushing the spinal cord and damaging the delicate nerve roots there, with resulting paralysis. Pain in the back or neck is cause to suspect spinal injury; so is inability to move the legs or fingers. If it is simply out of the question to leave the child where he is until expert help arrives, he should be moved only on a rigid stretcher or board—lying face down if the back is injured, and face up if the neck is injured. Never lift the head to give the child a drink or let him try to sit up if there is any possibility that the back or neck is broken.

4. Keep the child absolutely still, too, if there has been a blow on the head. Coma, drowsiness and blurred vision are danger signals. Skull fracture, with possible injury to the sensitive tissues of the brain, is the most serious hurt of all. In this case, unnecessary movement can cause irreparable damage or even death.

5. If the child is writhing or thrashing about, so that harm to the broken parts seems likely, give aspirin to relieve the pain and help keep him quiet.

Once the injured child has been brought to the doctor's office or hospital, mother's gravest responsibilities are over. X-ray pictures make it possible to tell exactly where and how the bone is broken, and thus serve to indicate precisely the right position in which it must be placed for mending. When bones are badly shattered, skilled orthopedic surgeons today perform near-miracles of healing with bone-graft operations or with silver wire or surgical "nails."

Today, too, casts are made with steel supports or stirrups so that often the child with a broken leg can go about his normal daily activities while the bone is healing. Doctors have found that the more the child moves about—*once the bones are fixed in place and are on the mend*—the less will be the stiffness and soreness caused by disuse of muscles, and hence the shorter the period of convalescence. Thus mothers must not "baby" the child with a broken bone or try to keep him quiet any longer than the doctor says is necessary. Exercise, too, will improve the appetite for the full, nourishing diet that is a great aid to healing.

Given the right chance, young bones mend quickly, and seldom does lasting deformity or loss of function result from a fracture which has had intelligent first aid and good professional care. When mother knows what to do and keeps her head at the time of the accident, the results are nearly always favorable.

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Thanks to Grandma, Aunt Sally, Uncle Peter, and Uncle John — and their thoughtful Christmas checks — this little skipper rates his *very own room.*

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The nursery above shows Whitney Cribs (No. 511) with matching chifforobe (No. 7) and chest (No. 6) finished in Blond.

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By Munro Leaf

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YES WERE YOU A NIBBLER THIS MONTH? NO

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JOURNAL

Who has Hair to Spare? Complete novel by W. O. Mitchell

W. O. MITCHELL

"I've had enough adventures to keep me writing for thirty years," says **W. O. MITCHELL**, author of *Who Has Seen the Wind?* "I've been a deck hand on a Greek ship, a lifeguard at Biarritz, a radio-advertising salesman, an insurance agent and a high-school principal—all within ten years. My wanderlust finally wore out in 1942 when I started writing fiction. This is the most interesting job of all, and so far I've found only one occupational hazard—two young sons whose favorite toy turns out to be my one and only typewriter."

BARBARA BENSON

"Public-opinion polls run in our family," says **BARBARA BENSON**, JOURNAL Contributing Editor and author of *Would You Marry Your Husband Again?* "My husband is a director for the Gallup Poll, and I spent fifteen years taking innumerable polls on advertising, movies and publishing. Since I always had a secret yen to do magazine work, my JOURNAL job of writing articles about surveys is ideal. Outside of opinion research, my main activity is cooking for my husband and two children, whose only comment is that as a cook I'm a very good researcher!"

JOHN WALKER

"The bare bones of my biography show thirty-odd years spent mostly in art galleries, first as student, later as curator," says **JOHN WALKER**, author of JOURNAL articles on American Art. "I specialized in modern art at Harvard, spent eight years in Italy studying Italian and contemporary fine art, and returned to the U. S. in 1939 to become chief curator of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Looking after these great art treasures has been exciting and at times overwhelming, and so far has left me little time for what I like to do best—write about art."

JOURNAL

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And that's why: This is the year of "The Yearling"!

—Leo

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Yearling", starring Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, is a Clarence Brown production. The cast also includes Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker. Screen play by Paul Osborn, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor.

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"It makes me furious to think of all the delicious fried foods we've been missing. You can just bet we'll *all* be having lots of them from now on—Crisco-fried foods are okay for the children, too.

"It's a cinch to fry foods crisp and light with Crisco—it's pure, all-vegetable. Why, 9 out of 10 *doctors* say that foods fried properly with Crisco are digestible!

"Now digestible Crisco is my standby for all kinds of good cooking—cakes, pies and fried foods, too. Crisco improves all 3."

VEAL SAUTÉ WITH FIESTA RICE

Delicious and festive! The delicate flavor of the veal contrasts appetizingly with colorful, tangy Fiesta Rice. Quick and easy, too, fried the Crisco way.

1½ lbs. veal steak, ¼" thick
4 tbsps. Crisco
2 tsps. salt
Flour for dredging
1 cup rice
3 tbsps. Crisco
2 tbsps. minced green pepper
2 tbsps. minced onion
2 tbsps. minced celery
2 tbsps. chopped pimiento or tomato

All Measurements Level. Cut veal into serving pieces. Dredge in flour. Season. Brown well in 4 tbsps. of Crisco. (*Pure, all vegetable Crisco has no taste of its own—brings out the natural flavor of even the most delicate foods.*) Add ¼ cup water. Cover and cook over low heat 20 to 30 minutes or until tender.

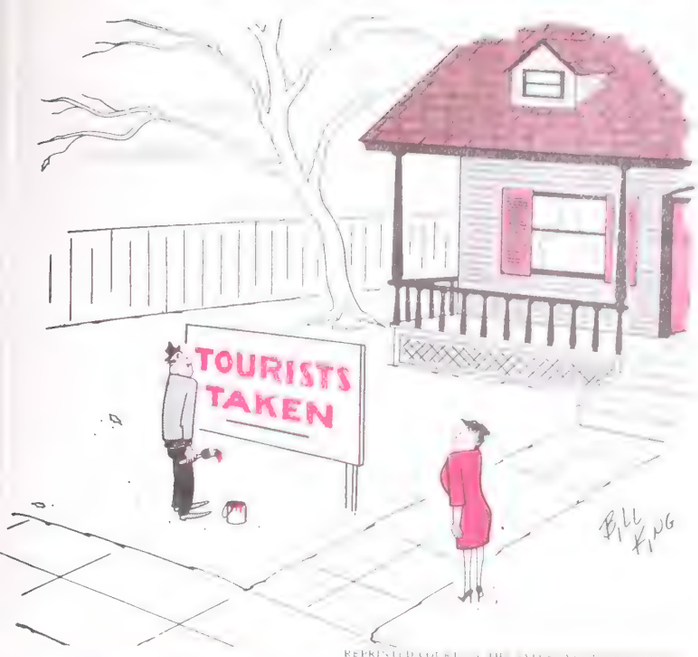
Cook rice in boiling salted water. Brown onion, celery and green pepper in 3 tbsps. Crisco. Stir in cooked rice and chopped pimiento or tomato. (*And the kids can eat their fill—foods properly fried with Crisco are digestible!*) Arrange with veal on platter. Serves 4-6.

★

CRISCO COOK BOOK—Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for 64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in the U. S., including Hawaii.

Listen to
KENNY BAKER
with all-star cast on:
"GLAMOUR MANOR"
Fun! Music! Surprises!
A brand new kind of daytime show!
12 noon E. S. T.
Mon. thru Fri.—ABC Network

In everything you fry or bake
use Crisco
IT'S DIGESTIBLE!



"Hadn't you better change that to 'accommodated'?"

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

E Egg and I ranch is cashing in. The esent tenants of the farm charge a dol- car for sight-seers and are doing such a office business that they've aban- d chickens altogether. Tourists are much more profitable—reading tour- that is. . . . And speaking of chick- we hear that the United States Rub- Company is now making a fabric from ken feathers. A suit for an average- man takes thirty-eight broilers: for man's suit, size 18, thirty broilers. broilers yield a pound of feathers.) h small facts we absorbed from a ng of NEW RICHES FROM THE SOIL: PROGRESS OF CHEMURGY, by eler McMillen.

• • •

e of the high points of a vacation is the ent when you stop packing long enough k out the books which you want to take —the recent ones that you've missed the long-ago ones that you've never and always meant to. The books we sent vest for a month's reading took an in- ate amount of postage. But most of —read in the afternoons after long ings of riding the range—were worth it.

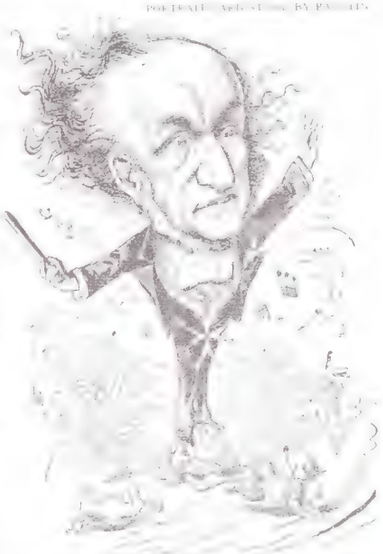
e was TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA, h unfortunately we'd confused with OLT IN THE DESERT. But when it ar- —1370 pages of it—we took a try. all, it is a classic, and we knew we'd r again come so close to reading it. is the book, you will remember, that T. E. Lawrence's bible and guide— day-by-day, hour-by-hour record of two-year journey which ***Charles ghty*** took with the Bedouins of ia back in the 1870's. As Lawrence "The book has no date and can never old. It is the first and indispensable upon the Arabs of the desert." It is dern Library Giant.

HE CORRESPONDENCE OF WAGNER LISZT was an error in judgment, but because it nurtured a dislike already olished for the grumbling, whining, beg- ***Wagner,*** quite as garrulous in his rs as in his operas. ***Liszt,*** on the other , in contrast to the ornamentation and ripeness of his music, was admirably ained in his answers. In spite of which, rs still remain our favorite reading. (We recommend DEAR THEO highly—the letters of ***Vincent Van Gogh*** to his brother.)

• • •

Once in these pages we told a seal story, which we feel gives us the right to follow up with a beaver story. This one is culled from one of ***Sir Osbert Sitwell's*** books, and though he apologizes for repeating it, here it is: A beaver had been caught (probably in Bear Mountain) by a New Yorker, who took it home to his small apartment high up in one of Manhattan's towers, planning the next day to remove it to his country place. His wife was affable about the whole thing, and suggested that the animal spend the night in the living room. It was a pretty elegant room, but the couple found a wooden box, lined it with straw, put the beaver in it, and left, locking the door. The next morning when they entered they found nothing at all in the room except the beaver and a dam. Somehow or other a vase of flowers had been upset, and

Continued on Page 158



Letters to Liszt—Wagner was garrulous and grumbling in his operas.

Some girls have all the luck . . . or something!

The girls who get around have a lot more than luck. They have a way with their clothes . . . an appealing way of keeping everything they wear fresh and attractive. Look at a glamour girl from both sides. See what makes her click.

Come-closer Freshness: Her dainty undies get their dunking in Ivory Flakes to help their fleece and color last. No *soap* gives clothes or colors *prettier care* than the kind that's born of Ivory's pure hearts.

Cover-Girl Curves: Her girdle keeps those curves under control, thanks to frequent beauty baths in Ivory Flakes. Treat your girdles to rich, safe Ivory Flakes suds. See *how much longer* they keep their stretch and fit.

Clothes That Click: She keeps 'em clicking—heads for twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. Even the newly developed Du Pont nylon chiffon in this Bonnaventure gown is made with mild Ivory Flakes. So are the matching gloves. But take a tip from *fashion and fabric experts*—shun rough handling—trust "special" clothes to the soap that's designed to pamper style and color.

Eye-Catching Legs: She doesn't worry about runs in those cobweb chiffons—even after a dozen rhumbas! Her secret? Nightly dips in Ivory Flakes—she takes no chances on the wrong kind of soap. Sudsing in gentle Ivory Flakes *caresses* runs! Strain tests prove it.

If it's lovely to wear
It's worth Ivory Flakes care

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould
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THE BIG FRONT DOOR

By Struthers Burt

THE longer you live, the more you learn; and one of the simplest and surest things you learn is that nine times out of ten there are just three factors that make for success: loyalty, intelligence, and hard work. Nor is this any Horatio Alger talk; nor reaction; nor any desire to "keep the wage slave in his place." Personally, I'm a radical. I'm just repeating what all experienced men and women know. Luck has little to do with it. Only the young or ignorant talk much about "luck." Luck, for the most part, is the wisdom to know an opportunity when you see it, and, after that, to take advantage of what your wisdom has shown you.

I have placed the factors in question in their relative importance.

Personal relationships are the most essential things in life. Loyalty is a prime requisite for secure relationships. The disloyal man seldom gets anywhere; and if he does, sooner or later he will be found out, and all the riches in the world won't protect him. But loyalty, of course, like most virtues, works both ways. You can't be loyal to a disloyal boss. It is well, however, to find out first if he's disloyal. If you're both loyal, together you'll get somewhere. Yet loyalty in itself is not enough. Loyalty will get you a job, and keep you there, but it won't get you a better one. Intelligence and hard work are also necessary.

Intelligence is what makes you rise in the world, and what tells you that, on the one hand, loyalty is necessary, and, on the other, hard work is too. Yet intelligence just by itself is more of a curse than an asset. The stupid man dies in the job he acquired as a youth. The merely "bright" one moves from job to job, convinced that no one appreciates him. He begins as a nuisance to himself, and ends as a nuisance to everyone else. Brains without character are about as dangerous a gift as a man can have. They are much more likely to land him in jail than anywhere else.

It is the combination, loyalty, brains and hard work, that counts. And don't forget that everyone has to begin somewhere, and that work is only as menial as you make it, and that no honest labor is dishonorable.

Most of us remember the famous lines in Pinafore where the singer attributes his success to the fact that as an office boy he "polished up the handle of the big front door, and polished it so care-ful-ee, that now I'm the ruler of the Queen's nav-ee." As in most of Gilbert's lyrics, satire hides a fundamental truth.

"The big front door" still opens to the right knock. Neither injustice, discrimination nor monopoly has ever been able to close it for long. The trouble is most people pass it by, or, seeing it, seek a short cut, armed with burglar tools, through the second story.

It's a pity each new generation has to learn the facts of life for itself. It's a pity so much good material is always wasted in the effort. And, above all, it's a pity that the gigantic folly of war invariably upsets all values, so that, for a while, black seems white, and white seems black, and the truth seems foolish and outmoded.

Wanted: A Federal Labor Policy

By Dorothy Thompson

SINCE the end of the war a series of labor disputes culminating in strikes have repeatedly paralyzed the American economy and prevented its reconversion from war to full peacetime production. It has been estimated by official sources that between V-J Day and last May the number of man-days lost to industry by strikes was 110,000,000, or ten times that of the previous period, and that, at a rough guess, the loss to production was fully five and one half billion dollars' worth of goods. The repeated interruption of production has led to inflationary price rises canceling out the gains for which the workers struck. The chaotic condition thus engendered has favored those radicals among workers and workers' leaders, or "brain trusters," who welcome disasters as proof that the American social order is outmoded and must be replaced—if necessary, by violence. On the other hand, it has produced antilabor reactions both in and out of Congress. Since each extreme aids and abets the other, the social structure has become seriously weakened of reason and moderation.

The fact that such systems of democracy as ours have either passed away wholly or in large part in much of the world intensifies the anxieties of those who have most to lose from overturn, and stimulates the hopes of those who believe they have most to gain, while both viewpoints are influenced by highly colored and often deeply prejudiced reports of the success or failure of other systems in other countries.

A sober view should, however, remind us all that no sweeping and radical change of the American system is likely to occur except through a series of tremendous upheavals, entailing a long period of terrible suffering, economic collapse and political anarchy, with dreadful physical and spiritual burdens and losses to all parts of the population; with the ruthless suppression of liberty; with awful excesses due both to opportunities for bestiality to arise and to fanatic zeal, such excesses crying for revenge, which in turn calls forth further excesses induced by the fear of revenge, until entire classes of human beings are liquidated to assure the continuity of the new system, thus poisoning the new system at its very source.

It is, therefore, obviously in the interest of all Americans of whatever social class, or whatever color or creed, to try to make our system work with such justice and hopeful outlook as will assure our society against the catastrophic overturns that have periodically rocked and wrecked other societies and cost more misery and degradation than many a great international war.

AT the center of the problem of making our system work stands the matter of labor-employer relations. These relations are a primary concern to all, even to those not involved in them, since in our highly integrated industrial society disputes resulting in strikes, though directed against employers, damage the whole people, including those in no way party to them. The only protector of the higher interests of the whole community is Government. And thus there is a growing demand that Government "do something about strikes."

I, too, think that Government should do something; but the record of what it has done in the last decade, except for the extraordinary war period under an extraordinary President, suggests that a more rational, objective and expert approach is necessary. It is more than eleven years since Congress passed the Wagner Act, whose specifically expressed purpose was to reduce strikes and bring about more orderly and stable labor relations. Subsequent history has proved its inadequacy. Since then many labor bills have been passed and others proposed, among the former the Smith-Connally antistrike act, adopted over the veto of President Roosevelt, whose comment that it would tend to promote rather than ameliorate strikes proved accurately prophetic. The Hobbs anti-racketeering law is of

(Continued on Page 210)

Very personally yours

YOU enter smiling . . . as the overture brings back all the old enchantment. That night: still more close to the stars the topmost row of the balcony had seemed to you. That hush, when the lights lowered, and the curtain rose . . . wafting you into a make-believe heaven. Where the heroine's loves . . . tears . . . triumphs . . . were very personally yours!

Play-going is still one of your favorite ways of keeping life fascinating: *fun.* And strolling among those who come to see and be seen, you're poised . . . self-possessed, even at certain times. For naturally Kotex is your choice of napkins, knowing those flat, tapered ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

You're sure, too, of extra protection, with Kotex' special safety center. Of heavenly softness that *lasts,* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it . . . just as every Kotex napkin is made with a deodorant locked inside to keep you dainty, charming. And only Kotex has 3 sizes for different women, different days: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

And so, whatever the scene, you enter smiling . . . always confident; always *young* in that eager love of life . . . so very personally yours.

*More women choose Kotex**
than all other sanitary napkins

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THERE are some things every young girl should know. You can't find the answers in books—and won't get any wiser just daydreaming, but you might pick up a few right tips by listening to the boys. And these sharp comments, both candid and casual, come directly from top men in high school football captains, class presidents, high-school-newspaper editors and all-round smooth boys. This is a boy's-eye view of what the fellows are looking for in the "ideal girl to date." ("The ideal girl"—*you*, that is, if you would be.)

THEY LIKE TO STOP —

"To call for a date at her house and feel really welcome. Too many girls act as if this date was just another evening, and even if that is true, the least a girl can do is act as if she was hoping to enjoy herself!"

"The most important thing in a girl's bag of tricks is to make friends. Suppose you're at the local juke joint. Just the thought of everyone's coming over to shoot the breeze sounds fun, doesn't it? Well, who is going to want to try to make conversation if your current flame is one of those aloof, 'just me and my bunch' chicks?"

"She can kid around on a date, at school and just about always—and still she's not frivolous. She can figure out a fellow's mood and act accordingly. If he feels like joking, she can take it and joke back just as well. If the fellow's worried or tired—well, she knows just how it is."

"A girl must learn to be a good sport. We'll skip over the girl who thinks she's big-time and expects to be bowed down to and handled with kid gloves."

"Give me a girl that's truly feminine, not a tomboy, not a bundle of giggles, just a girl. She doesn't have to be the most gorgeous specimen of womanhood in the world; she has what I term 'quiet beauty.' She's kind to everyone, with no exceptions. She's human enough to like to dance and laugh and sing at the right time, but she can be serious too. Her politeness is incomparable. She may not be the most popular girl at school, but she's my friend and she's popular with me and *that's* what counts."

THEY LIKE TO LOOK —

"Not glamorous all the time, of course, but a girl can be neat and sharp even in jeans and an old shirt. It's not the clothes as much as the general attitude that counts. If it's one of sloppiness and 'don't give a darn,' no boy will be attracted or even look at the girl twice!"

"A girl doesn't need a million-dollar wardrobe to dress well; and believe me, the girl who dresses well is the one who attracts the boys. She should plan her clothes for some variety—and since school is where boys and girls meet most of the time, that's the place to put out the well-dressed 'date bait.'"

"Absolutely must wear socks or stockings."

"Give me femininity—a girl who knows when to wear jewelry, flowers, and bows in her hair. And let her know how to *act* the sophistication she *looks* in a formal. That must be hard, because most girls try to look bored-and-glamorous instead of poised-but-cute—a much better effect!"

"Sometimes a fellow actually likes to see what a girl really looks like—so none of that inch-deep war paint for me. Girls who spend hours with secret beauty lotions should take a tip from nature and just let their own faces show through. And get rid of that dark, greasy lipstick!"

THEY LIKE TO LISTEN —

"The girl who can carry on a conversation, not necessarily high-brow stuff, but just everyday chitchat, is over the biggest hurdle. There is danger of overdoing, however, and the real master is the girl who can talk—not a mile a minute, but in a normal tone as if she were talking to her girl friends. After all, a boy asks a girl for a date so they can become better acquainted—and the best way to become friends is through good conversation."

"Did you ever notice that the girl who is laughing and smiling all the time is invariably the one who gets around? It seems like the girl who is quick to smile and say a pleasant word just naturally sets the stage for a happy acquaintance."

"She doesn't like football, but she humors a fellow by listening; though admitting that she never understood the game. She may even argue against its merits, but the main idea is—she *acts* interested."

GOT A DATE TONIGHT?

If the answer is a small, sad "No," just send for the Sub-Deb booklet, Do Boys Like You? No. 1668, to check your dating charms. It's now ready and can be ordered from the Reference Library, Leaves' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

"She is generally well informed, sounds smart and has specific things to say. She doesn't agree to everything and can argue good-naturedly. And she likes to talk *on* a date—but not *afterward!*"

"When I go on a date I expect to have a good time, and sometimes I get stuck with a girl who is on a binge of gloom and gets sulky and silent. If it's a girl I know well, I may sympathize with her moods, but in any case I want an answer when I ask, 'Is anything the matter?'"

AND FOR ADDED ATTRACTION —

"Another important angle is the money deal. The average high-school boy lives on an allowance which, while it provides enough of the folding stuff for *some* entertainment, definitely doesn't put him in the night-club brackets. The girl who watches out for his pocketbook is on the inner track, but there is also the other extreme. If a boy *wants* to spend some money on a girl, it won't be much fun if the girl keeps nagging about extravagance."

"She knows that it helps dating to be interested in athletics—swimming, bowling or golf. It makes it easier for the fellow to think up places to go and things to do. He doesn't need a hay ride or a dance as an excuse for a date."

"If the fellow and girl are going steady, she takes a pride in his accomplishments and generally boosts his ego, even if he knows it's flattery. And she's reasonable about demands on his time, giving him plenty of evenings with the fellows. She doesn't try to monopolize his week ends, and she allows him to break a date occasionally—if the excuse is good."

"In high school, very few fellows think of getting serious, yet so many girls who are treated well on just a couple of dates like to think that they and the boy are going steady—and that's all, brother!"

"A smart girl will do and say the right thing at the right time—and will never make her date seem dumb or kiddish. Can't you just picture the perfect romantic setting, lights dimmed, soft music, and then the dream girl pipes up with an obvious, bright, brush-off, 'Well, what did you do at school today'; or, 'Did you hear about that interesting experiment we tried in chemistry'; or worse yet, 'Did you hear about that very funny joke Bob Hope told on his program last week? It goes this way: "Once there were two Irishmen. . . ."' There just isn't any justice! (And there isn't likely to be a second date, either.)"

Portrait of a Fussy Lady . . .

Listerine Antiseptic becomes a part of regular hair-washing as a precaution against ugly infectious dandruff

MAN you imagine what [illegible] could do to the health of your [illegible] and the luster of your lovely hair? The [illegible] ... Dandruff ... missing scales! The germ colonies on the scalp!

Fastidious women recognize this constant threat and make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing. It's so simple, so easy, so delightful . . . a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand twice-a-day treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic whether or not you detect flakes and scales? You get the benefit of its cool, refreshing effect, and, if the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) is present, Listerine Antiseptic kills it by millions. Remember, the "bottle bacillus", in the opinion of many dermatologists, is a causative agent of this distressing infection.

No Fuss . . . No Bother

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow with vigorous fingertip massage for several minutes. No fuss, no bother, no messy salves or lotions.

How gloriously cool and fresh your scalp feels! How fresh your hair looks! How quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear! In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. You know you've taken a precaution against infectious dandruff that can't be had with salves and lotions devoid of germ-killing power.

Make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" with your family at hair-washing time. It is a delightful habit worth sticking to. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Balaiza

The soothing cologne with a new and inspired dimension

There has never been anything quite like Balaiza. For Balaiza is a cologne with a new and inspired dimension . . . a gentle, soothing quality that leaves your skin feeling soft and smooth. Use Balaiza after the bath, and through the day. Sense its lovely fragrance that clings and clings. See what tender ways it has with your skin. In these Lucien Lelong fragrances . . . Whisper, Indiscrete, Balalaika.

LUCIEN LELONG

Our Readers Write Us

Women in Labor

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Editor: I do not feel that I can be too extravagant in my praise of America's Greatest Problem (Labor Relationships), by Dorothy Thompson.

We need more women doers and fewer economic, labor and industrial experts for improving labor relationships. Women must start in the home. Labor-relations problems need an injection of women's iron and balance.

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and Dorothy Thompson deserve a Nobel Prize for being philosophers and advocates of labor peace, and if I had my way, you both would be the recipients for helping to solve America's most baleful and inescapable domestic problem.

Cordially yours,
ROBLEY D. STEVENS.

Seemah Admirer

Calcutta, India.

Dear Journal: To one who has centered all her ideals and ambitions in the United States of America since she was about ten years old, but owing to circumstances was not able to fulfill her ambitions, the JOURNAL brings me a lot that is dear to my heart.

My favorite corner is How America Lives. I am a white-collar girl myself (secretary to the managing director of a large chemical company) and hope to get to God's country some day.

Sincerely,
SEEMAH JOSHUA.

English Well Fed

Lake Providence, Louisiana.

My dear Editors: We English *aren't* starving! I came from England four months ago and I *know!* On my way over here I read an L. H. J. and decided that was my magazine. But so far, in every issue, somewhere, someone hands out a lot of sobs for the poor English. It's time you realize someone's "kidding" you.

Here in God's Own Country, when I get bacon, it's 90 cents a pound. "Rat" cheese is 80 cents a pound. Liver—50 cents a pound! I can't get fresh sea fish. (Oh, those creamy fresh Dover soles!) I give 95 cents a can for orange juice, lasting five days for Babe, whereas a 1/6 (about 30 cents) bottle of Rose Hip Syrup—which has five times as much vitamin C, incidentally—lasted three weeks and one day in England, where I lived during the war and after. I got Babe's three eggs a week always. I got half a pound of sugar for him and half a pound for myself every week, and one pound for each of us extra a month instead of preserves, if I wished, and lots extra every now and then at canning ("bottling" to us) times. My sister-in-law and I worked out that last year and every English person got three times as much sugar as every American.

Please stop pitying us! If you meet a "starving" English creature, it's sheerly due to his or her own mismanagement of food supplies and he or she would "starve" and "lack vitamins" in *any* country in this old world. Very best wishes,

MARJORIE McMASTER.

Likes Being Fenced In

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editors: I'd like to write that I've found an answer to the problem of stubborn children. Our small ones are only babies—12 months and 23 months—but they are unco-operative to the *n*th degree and resist discipline to the last inch; consequently, they are always underfoot.

Perhaps a month ago, papa received a drastic edict. I announced that as of the following Monday he was taking a month's leave of absence; I was going out and work eight hours a day (what a glorious vacation it seemed to work only eight hours) come home to a dinner waiting for me and I was going to play with the children while he washed dishes, bathed children one at a time, and then relax with the newspaper while he tucked 'em in. Papa was speechless. After puffing away thoughtfully at his pipe for an hour, he came up with the solution. Taking over the two hellions all day was simply too much for him to even consider. Papa is wonderful—kind, generous, sympathetic and helpful as is humanly possible. He logically stated, "Fencing in the kids produces illness that can't be tolerated. With the kids underfoot, your life is miserable; therefore, why don't we just fence you in?"

He was right—a fence of big cardboard boxes filled with toys now fences me in while washing, ironing, and so on.

The first vociferous protest from the little ones is over; now only the eyes stand out accusingly as I merrily dangle an ironing cord out of their reach. Life is again wonderfully bright.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. E. P.

Nightingales No Longer Sing in Berkeley Square

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I rather like winter. It is like "no hope can know no fear." You expect so little, and in England one often gets a nice surprise. The fuel situation here is chancy. One day the papers say "Fuel rationing? Baloney!" The next, a fuel cut is announced, and all heat and light go off for an hour or so.

There is fruit again on the London street barrows, quite nice pears and grapes, but bananas and oranges are still for children only. And now and again, if you get up early and run very fast, you can find an iced cake, perhaps.

The smart thing, if you are rich, is to have a jeep painted some fancy color—green or pale blue—to tottle about in. You have to be rich so that you can get your petrol on the black market. The most amazing cars have appeared on the roads, resurrected from government dumps. It looks like a sort of mechanical last trump.

Later. The grass has been resown in Berkeley Square, but I don't know about the nightingales. Houses are being repaired here and there, but fearful gaps still remain, like missing teeth, in Bond Street. The railings aren't going to be put back around the park, I understand, though the big iron gates are still ceremoniously closed at sundown, with the old cry "All out," of which no one takes the slightest notice, and no one expects them to.

The London squatters have all been pushed out and disbanded, but down here they are all cozy as limpets on rocks, sharing the camp with the German prisoners. Pity for the latter is already beginning to water down our rage. Bishops now welcome them to church, and I think that deep in most of our hearts is the feeling that we don't care about being slave owners.

I long to start that excellent postbox with a flag that I've seen in America. Here we have a most unhandy hole in the door. Not only do letters roar through it; so do the wind and the rain.

Later. We have all been stricken by a strange sort of gastric influenza, which descended like a pistol shot, and reduced us to so low a state that life no longer seemed bearable. But just as we went around with a rope with a noose to it, looking for a beam with a handy hook in it, we recovered. Mary and Annette, and Evie, the support and stay of Mary's home, all succumbed at the same time, but the new baby mercifully abstained. I recovered just in time to fill in the application form for my auxiliary petrol. This must go off early in the month, when a department goes broody on it for a bit, and then replies, usually most inadequately. On one person's ration I have to do all my own and Mary's carting and chores. Mary hasn't a car, but my suggestion that they let me have some petrol for her has so far brought forth nothing. I still get sixteen gallons odd a month for everything, and I'm six miles from shops. So you see.

The bitter part of it was, last time I applied for mercy, and got the usual terse refusal, I was accosted on the bypass by a complete stranger who offered me as much petrol as I wanted, then or at any time, without any coupons, and at a price. I've kept out of all that sort of thing all

(Continued on Page 13)

Ellie, the dissatisfied eyeful...

NOW ELLIE HAD...

ARTICULATE ANKLES...

NIFTY KNEES...

AND A TERRIFIC TORSO!

ET ELLIE OF ALL PEOPLE WAS STILL DISSATISFIED WITH HERSELF! AND HERE'S WHY!

TRY AS SHE WOULD ELLIE COULDN'T MAKE HER HANDS GIVE OUT GLAMOUR LIKE THE REST OF HER! THEY'D GET DRIED OUT CHAPPED AND ROUGH...

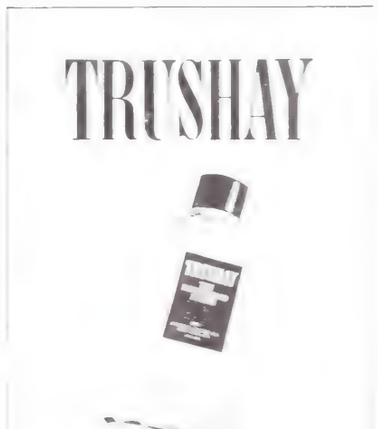
SO SORATCHY IN FACT, THAT HALF THE TIME ELLIE'S PUBLIC THOUGHT THEY'D GOT HOLD OF A PORCUPINE!

THEN ONE DAY NELLIE TOLD ELLIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE BEFOREHAND LOTION... TRUSHAY!

SO ELLIE SMOOTHED CREAMY FRAGRANT TRUSHAY ON HER HANDS EVERY DAY BEFORE SHE TACKLED THE DISHES... BECAUSE TRUSHAY GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT SOAPY WATER!

WHAT'S MORE ELLIE PUT ON TRUSHAY BEFORE SHE DUNKED HER LIGHT LAUNDRY — AND TRUSHAY'S SPECIAL OIL-RICHNESS HELPED PREVENT THE DRYING DAMAGE OF THAT SOAP-AND-WATER TASK, TOO!

WELL AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE ABOVE, ELLIE GOT SPLENDID RESULTS FROM TRUSHAY'S SPECIAL BEFOREHAND PROTECTION! — AND ITS WONDERFUL SOFTENING HELP! YOU WILL, TOO!



P. S. [illegible] Wonderful" on her rough, dry elbows [illegible] use a powder base... before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no [illegible] Buy Trushay at your

Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. goes to a theatre première

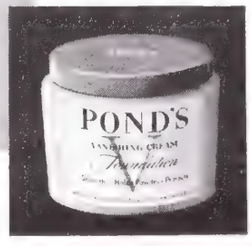
"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Charming young Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. is greatly admired in New York society for her willow-slim grace and the camellia perfection of her skin. "Always when I'm dressing for an important evening," Mrs. Gould says, "I give my complexion a refreshing pickup with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. I know of no beauty treatment that pays such quick dividends as the 1-Minute Mask! Right away, it makes my skin look brighter and clearer—and so much softer! After a Mask, make-up is simply no problem at all. It goes on easily, smoothly—and *clings!*"

Smooth on a Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute.

"Keratolytic" action dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles! Tissue off.

Right away your skin looks brighter and fresher. Feels *smoother*, too!



Every day, too—for a silky powder base.

Every time you want to look your best—a 1-Minute Mask

(Continued from Page xx)

these years, but am beginning to envy those who make no bones about it, don't try, and go wherever they want to in their large cars, all the time. Rules and regulations are undermining our virtue sadly over here.

Down the lane, bedraggled as the returning German prisoners. The good-conduct ones—called Reliable—are now allowed to walk out in twos and threes, so they do. They look pallid and miserable and people go out and throw them apples, and cakes change hands furtively, even at the present cost B.U.'s.

I try very hard to tell myself these are the men to blame that I have no longer a son, that these are the men who flew over and dropped bombs on us, and I feel sorry for them just the same, and disgusted that we keep them here, and so does everyone else I have spoken to. The Master Race in real life has little that's glamorous about it. It is on the main pimply and undersized, and almost unbearably servile.

One of our worst troubles, which has got worse instead of better since war ended, is the laundry. It goes, but it does not come back again. Three, four and even five weeks sometimes elapse, the best part of our house linen far far away. And as we have no soap for home laundering, and can't buy spares to replace the missing articles and fill gaps on the shelves, some frightful dirty work has to go on with table napkins and even sheets and pillowcases, and a hot iron in a corner.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Gratefully Received

Amsterdam, Holland.

Gentlemen: We noticed in your wonderful magazine two letters from Dutch ladies, expressing their rather divergent views about the sending of parcels. Sure, there is no more hunger, but, for so many of the inhabitants, your gift is just making the difference that makes life worth living: the surprised smile of a child that receives some candy sticks; the grateful look in the eyes of a young mother, receiving some extra diapers or warm children's clothes; the young man that gets from a friend in America a new shirt and tie and feels no longer shy in company with a worn-out collar; the girl that gladly accepts the stockings you don't need, and so on.

I can't see anything wrong when some help is given in such cases. They would have been glad to do the same for us, are doing now if you had been in their position. Most sincerely yours,

M. LAMERS.

Salty Retort

Senator Desmond's article, America Can Prevent Goiter, apparently contains several misstatements. The JOURNAL gladly publishes corrections as sent in by those who know.

W. G. Wilcox, president of the Mulkey Salt Company, of Detroit, Michigan, and chairman of the Research Committee of the Salt Producers Association, says: "From 98 per cent to 99 per cent of the edible salt produced in this country is produced either by drilling wells down to the deposit of solid salt or by mining the extremely pure natural solid-salt deposits, or from the solar evaporation of the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah and the ocean waters on the Pacific Coast. There is no iodine present in the crude salt thus obtained."

P. B. Dunbar, Commissioner of Food and Drugs, Food and Drug Administration, says: "Senator Desmond's [illegible] is a monumental challenge to the United States Food and Drug Administration: You can require the restoration of iodine in salt and wipe out simple goiter, or you can ignore the problem and be responsible for the suffering of millions.' The fact is that the Food and Drug Administration cannot require that salt be iodized. It it could, the necessary [illegible] been taken long ago. Congress has the authority to impose such a requirement."

Alexander Falconer, Secretary, Salt Producers Association: "The salt companies are willing and [illegible] they can, in working with the medical societies and public-health fathers, that simple goiter may be controlled. It is, of course, illegal and [illegible] agree among themselves [illegible] table salt containing .01 potassium iodide restraint of trade and, therefore, a violation [illegible] the penalties provided thereunder. The [illegible] taining and using iodized salt lies in constant education by the medical and [illegible]

Baby Rules—or You Do

Dear Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] check-up. I had [illegible] told me [illegible] wail or bluster. I [illegible] order and [illegible] carry on without it.

On my most recent visit to the doctor, I inquired about a [illegible] child and received a wounded look and the information that "we" no longer believe in formula. So Gretchen, at six weeks, has a diet rich with [illegible] banana and as much cereal as she will take.

Many mentors say that a well-regulated baby [illegible] to bed at the same time each day and he will learn not to protest against his nap. I have come to regard the information very lightly.

The twins have been put to bed after luncheon every day of their lives, yet the symphony of sound is undiminished. Chris and Aithea struggle down [illegible] ently, but the twins never say die and I am forced to the conclusion that no matter how well regulated his hours, a child who doesn't wish to nap will protest.

In my course of reading, I gathered that babies had no taste preference and would eat any food correctly presented. In Chris' case this was true. And when the time came to present solid foods to the twins, I went at it in the expectation that they would react as their brother had. This was clearly not the case. One made a horrible face and forcefully ejected her first spoonful of cottage cheese. The other gagged gently and disgorged her cherry gelatin. They are three years old now and I am still tabulating their dislikes.

And not long ago, Kathy held a strike against cod-liver oil. In the most Lachl approved fashion I ignored her outbursts and cheerfully offered it to her along with the others. Each day she cheerfully refused it. At the end of two weeks I was no longer cheerful. My daughter knew it. Appealing to her better nature didn't help. And the glad cries of the others, as they smacked their daily ration, didn't sway her in the least. My patience snapped. I did an old-fashioned, completely unapproved piece of disciplining. I held her nose and forced her to take her dose. She did. What is more important, she has never refused it since that incident. Perhaps I marked her personality, but I know that treatment [illegible] her a great interest not to bow her legs.

Four years of hard knocks have taught me to take exception to another established rule. Any dyed-in-the-wool reader knows that spanking is the mortal sin of motherhood. We never, never govern our children by force. Now that I have had some slight experience in governing with sweet reason, doubt rears its ugly head. Where [illegible] between [illegible] and [illegible] renegades are strained past bearing, I cannot always think in terms of their personality development. I can suffer frustration, too, and in the long run I'm sure a frustrated mother would have a horrible effect on her children.

We can change our methods and switch our schedules, but we'll never change our babies. They are little individualists, and [illegible] mothers of five babies: Do try to get the [illegible]

Sincerely,
[illegible]

Best in Dublin

[illegible] ing and certainly the most eagerly sought magazine to reach Dublin. When copies arrive at the main news agents, they are [illegible] charm of Grable, "looks" of Bacall or

Scottkins White Facial Quality

A SCOTT TISSUE

Soft-Weve

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

White-Facial-Quality

There's no denying Scott's new Soft-Weve is *softer* . . . it *feels* like cleansing tissue! What's more it's firm . . . a really practical tissue for every one in the family. Of course, there's only one way to judge it properly and that's to try it! Why don't you—today?

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P.S. a cleansing tissue by Scott

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'Scotties' Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Good...an' easy!

That's the wonderful thing about Treet!

Treet-and-Beans Casserole

Easy does it—when you're serving Treet! Good big dinners are so easy to prepare—and it's so easy to please the whole family with them. To prove both points, just try a Treet-and-Beans Casserole. Mix 1 tbsp. molasses and ¼ tsp. dry mustard with each can of Armour Star Pork and Beans and place in casserole. Top this with meat from 1 tin of Treet cut into 6 cubes and spread with a little molasses. Bake in 350° F. oven for about 30 min. Serve 3 or 4—with hot steamed brown bread and cabbage and apple salad. Treet's so good-tasting served this way—or any way you serve ham!

Treet—not one but *two* favorite meats

There's more to Treet than you see or taste—tremendous food values are concentrated in this blend of tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham. Treet is rich in proteins and calories, minerals and vitamins—and none of this nutritious goodness is ever lost for Treet is sealed in the tin before cooking. Remember, Treet is not one but *two* favorite meats—and you can serve Treet any way you serve ham!

For additional Treet and Canned Meats recipes, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 39, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.

The best and nothing but the best is labeled ARMOUR ★

Serve Treet every way you serve ham!

Who has Seen the Wind?

The strange boy stared with steady gray eyes; suddenly Brian knew. "This is your prairie."

HERE was the least common denominator of nature, the skeleton requirements, simply, of land and sky—Saskatchewan prairie. It lay wide around the town, stretching tan to the far line of the sky, waiting for the unfailing visitation of wind, gentle at first; later, a long hot gusting that would lift the black topsoil and pile it in barrow pits along the roads.

Where the snow white of alkali edged the course of the river, a thin trickle of water made its way toward the town low upon the horizon. Inhabited by some eighteen hundred souls, the town was made up largely of frame buildings with high peaked roofs, each with an expanse of lawn in front and a garden in the back. Cement walks extended from First Street to Bison Avenue, which crossed Sixth Street at McTaggart's Corner; from that point to the prairie a boardwalk ran.

Lawn sprinklers sparkled in the sun; Russian poplars stood along either side of Sixth Street. Five houses down from McTaggart's Corner stood the O'Connal home. Virginia creepers had almost smothered the veranda; honey-

This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

The Journal's Complete-in-One-Issue Novel ★ **BY W. O. MITCHELL**

suckle and spiraea grew on either side of the steps. A tricycle with its front wheel sharply turned stood in the middle of the walk.

The tricycle belonged to Brian Sean MacMurray O'Connal, the four-year-old son of Gerald O'Connal, druggist, and Maggie O'Connal, formerly Maggie MacMurray. Brian at the moment was in the breakfast room. He sat under the table at the window, imagining himself an ant deep in a dark cave. He hated his mother and his father and his grandmother for spending so much time with the baby, for making it a blanket tent and none for him. Not that he cared; he needed no one to play with him now that he was an ant. He was a smart ant.

"Brian!" His grandmother stood high above him. "I told ye to go outside!"

He crawled from under the table. Behind the spectacles her eyes looked forbidding.

"If ye stay inside ye'll disturb the baby. Ye must go out!"

"Can I have a tent like the baby has?"

"Ye cannot. 'Tis bad enough having the baby ill without ——"

"Is he ill bad?"

"Aye. Now, be a good boy and do as ye're told."

Slowly he walked to the sand pile by the high caragana hedge that separated the O'Connal back yard from that of Sherry, next door. He hated his grandmother. Reflectively he stared down at the sand hump in one corner of the box. He hit the hump, and wished that it were his grandmother. He hit the hump again, being careful that it was with the sharp edge and not the flat bottom of the shovel.

He stopped. Directly opposite him, and low in the hedge, was a round and freckled face—a new face to Brian. The boy came to the edge of the sand pile. Hedge leaves hung to his sweater and to his hat, a blue sailor hat bearing the legend H.M.S. THUNDERBOLT.

"I'm coming into the sand pile." As he stepped over, Brian saw that his knees were scratched. "Let me hit some," the boy said.

"No," Brian said.

"I'm Benny Banana."

"Benny Banana—Benny Banana," chanted Brian; "Banana-Benny-Banana."

The boy sat down; he picked up a thin pebble from the sand. "What's your name?"

BRIAN plumped himself down by the boy. "Brian Sean MacMurray O'Connal."

"I'm Forbsie Hoffman." The boy touched the tip of his tongue with the pebble he had picked up. The pebble hung. To Brian it was magic.

"I'm going to do that. I'm going to hang a pebble to my tongue." He tried it. "Mine won't hang at all."

"Naw 'hinnyenouch," said Forbsie, with the pebble still clinging to the tip of his protruding tongue.

Brian found that a skinnier pebble hung.

"Do you know anything more?" asked Brian.

"I'm hungry. Maybe if you was to ask, your maw'd give us a piece of bread and butter."

"The baby's going to heaven," explained Brian.

"My dad's a conductor," Forbsie said, "on the C.P.R. He has got silver buttons."

"It's where God stays," said Brian, "heaven."

"No it ain't," said Forbsie. He lifted his arm and pointed. "God lives right in town. Over there. I seen Him lots of times."

"You have not!"

"Oh, yes! He's all grapes and bloody. He carries around a lamb."

Brian got up. "Let's us go over to His place."

Forbsie got up. "I guess I'll go home. I don't feel so much like going."

"I've got something to say to Him," Brian told his new companion. "I'm going to get Him after my gramma. You show me where it is He lives."

"All right," said Forbsie, and they started off.

Mrs. Sherry, with limp underwear in her hands, stared after the boys as they walked toward the front of the house.

At MacTaggart's Corner a tall man in shirt sleeves greeted them: Mr. Digby, principal of the school. He walked a block west with them. Digby could not be called a handsome man, largely because of the angularity of his face. His skin had the weathered look of split rock that has lain long under sun and wind. His sandy eyebrows were unruly over eyes of startling blueness, his hair lay in one fair shock over his forehead.

"We're going to see Somebody," Brian told him.

"Are you?" said Digby.

"Yes," said Brian; "God."

THE schoolmaster showed no surprise. "I'd like to come with you, but I have a previous engagement."

"What's that?" asked Brian.

"It means that I can't go," said Digby.

When the boys had turned off Bison Avenue and left the principal, they walked in silence. Three blocks took them to the gray sandstone church: KNOX PRESBYTERIAN—1902.

"Is this it?" asked Brian.

Forbsie said that it was.

"Let's go see Him, then."

"I'm going home, I think. It's suppertime, and I better get home."

"Not yet." Brian started up the stone steps; when he turned at the top, he saw that Forbsie was halfway down the block.

Brian knocked on the church door. A woman came out of the little brown house next to the church. She shook a mop, then turned to re-enter the house. Brian knocked again.

As he turned away from the door, he saw the woman staring at him. She ought to know if God was in. He went down the steps and to the opening in the hedge.

"I guess God isn't anywhere around."

"Why—what do you mean?"

"That's His house, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to see Him."

The woman stared at him silently a moment; under the slightly gray hair, pulled severely back, her face wore an intense look. "God isn't—He isn't the same as other people, you know. He's a spirit."

"What's that?"

"It's someone—something you can't hear, or see, or touch." Her gray eyes were steady upon his face. "I think you better talk with my husband. He's the minister and he could tell you much more about this than I could."

"Does he know God pretty well?"

"Pretty well," she said. "He—he tells people about Him."

"My dad is a druggist. He works for God, I guess."

"He works for God," the woman agreed.

"If your husband works for God, then he could take me in His house for a while, couldn't he?"

"Perhaps he could. Tomorrow."

"Not now?"

"Tomorrow—in the morning—after breakfast." She turned to the doorway.

Brian walked back toward his home. He did not turn down Bison Avenue, but continued on, a dark wishbone of a child wrapped in reflection.

Several times Brian stopped: once to look up into the sun's unbearable radiance and then away; another time when he came upon a fox-red caterpillar making a procession of itself over a crack that snaked along the walk. He squashed it with his foot. Farther on he paused at a spider that carried its bead of a body between hurrying thread legs. Death came for the spider too.

He looked up to find that the street had stopped. Ahead lay the sudden emptiness of the prairie. For the first time in his four years of life he was alone on the prairie.

He had seen it often, from the veranda of his uncle's farmhouse, or at the end of a long street, but till now he had never heard it. The hum of telephone wires along the road, the ring of hidden crickets, the stitching sound of grasshoppers, the sudden relief of a meadow lark's song, were deliciously strange to him. Without hesitation he crossed the road and walked out through the hip-deep grass stirring in the steady wind.

A gopher squeaked questioningly as Brian sat down upon a rock, warm to the back of his thighs. He picked a pale-blue flax flower at his feet, stared long at the stripings in its shallow throat, then looked up to see a dragonfly hanging on shimmering wings directly in front of him.

And all about him was the wind now, a pervasive sighing through great emptiness, unhampered by the buildings of the town, warm and living against his face and in his hair.

Then for the second time that day he saw a strange boy—one who came from behind him soundlessly, who stood and stared at him with steady gray eyes. The boy's hair, bleached as the dead prairie grass itself, lay across his forehead in an all-round cowlick curling under at the edge. His faded blue pants hung open in two tears just below the knees. He was barefooted.

Brian was not startled; he simply accepted the boy's presence out here as he had accepted that of the gopher and the dragonfly.

"This is your prairie," Brian said.

The boy did not answer him. He turned and walked as silently as he had come, out over the prairie. His walk was smooth.

After the boy's figure had become just a speck in the distance, Brian looked up into the sky, now filled with a soft expanse of cloud, the higher edges luminous and *(Continued on Page 92)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GILBERT STUART, 1755-1828. In two hundred years America has produced several great painters and among these one innovator of genius, Gilbert Stuart. Stuart, who arrived in London in 1775, a penniless young student, owed his training to his compatriot, Benjamin West. In West's studio he was taught the accepted methods of eighteenth-century portraiture: a general tint for flesh; certain fixed places for highlights and deep shadows; and often to improve the appearance of the sitter, touches of carmine in the nostrils and the corners of the eyes.

The young American was an apt pupil and soon had "his full share of the bust business in London, and prices equal to any, except Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough," to quote a contemporary, Dunlap. But he was not satisfied. As he said, "I wish to find out what nature is for myself, and see her with my own eyes."

Such freshness of vision was easier to achieve in the colonies than in the mother country, for in America no formula for painting had yet been established. Patrons like Mrs. Yates, the wife of a New York merchant, wanted to see themselves as they really were, and they were perfectly willing that an artist should make technical experiments if these led to a more accurate portrayal. Thus, after his return to America in 179[illegible] Stuart's power of observation increased, and he noted among other facts of vision, that "Good flesh coloring partook of all colors, not mixed, so as to be combined in one tint, but shining through each other, like the blood through the natural skin." In following out this and other discoveries about appearance, he broke with the eighteenth-century formula for portraiture, and anticipated many of the visual theories of the French Impressionists. Had there been the artists and the tradition of painting in America that there were in France, these innovations of Stuart's might easily have caused Impressionism to appear in the New World generations before it revolutionized art in Europe.

—JOHN WALKER
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MRS. RICHARD YATES

Painted by Gilbert Stuart

Leave us face it—

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW AND ROBERT THOMSEN

"HAT do I do," Katie said, "buy a lavender shawl and retire?"

"That's one way," I said.

"But I don't want to."

"Face the facts, dear."

She frowned. "I'm still extraordinarily attractive."

"Yes."

"And fascinating."

"Yes."

"And I love him."

"All right," I said. "Still, at your age, the fires of passion must be banked a little."

"Don't be rude."

"I'm not rude," I said. "After all, I'm the same age, kid."

"Listen, you can feel just as passionate at thirty-eight as you can at twenty. More so, even. At twenty you at least have hope to fall back on; at thirty-eight you're desperate."

"You don't look thirty-eight."

"I know. But I am. It says so in Who's Who."

"Advertising," I said.

"I don't have to advertise, Charlie. I'm a bright girl and everybody knows it. That's the trouble."

"Why trouble?"

"I can take care of myself. There's nothing wide-eyed and wonderful about me."

"Now you're being modest."

"Oh, shut up," Katie said. "And let me give you some advice, my dear, dear Charles. If ever you are born again, arrange somehow not to have a sense of humor."

"You think?"

"I know. Men who have no sense of humor are the great men of this world, and girls who have no sense of humor marry them."

"My," I said, "I must remember that. But what happens now?"

"Now I think I go. 'Exit Katie, laughing.' You see, I refuse to be competition to somebody named Mary Smith."

"That's small of you."

"I don't care."

"And I don't think it's very bright either."

"Why not?"

"You can think of something. You always have before."

Katie shrugged.

"It's your business," I said. "Look, how many dramas have you directed on Broadway?"

"That's beside the point. There's no third act in real life." She stood up and looked unseeing at Joe's really beautiful Georgetown drawing room.

"Perhaps it is," I said. "But with a little effort—I know you—you can stir up an awful lot of trouble."

"Um," she said. "Um ——"

"And remember, dear, you have this to work on. It's an old idea, I know, but I'm sure it's still good. When little Miss Smith is thirty, our Joe will be fifty."

"I hadn't thought of that," she said.

"There's quite a span right there."

"Yes."

"Can't you do something with it?"

Katie looked at me wide-eyed. "But, Charlie. In ten years—you know in ten years I'll be forty-eight."

I hit my head with the palm of my hand. "Ten years is a long time."

"I hope so," she said. "I sincerely hope so."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime"—Katie laughed—"there's still Miss Mary Smith."

"That name scares you."

"It does."

"If you only realized how right, how incomparably right her name is."

She sighed. "Anyway, I'd better pull myself together."

"Yes," I said. "And fast." I had heard a key in the lock, and voices.

THEN they were in the hall, Joe and Mary. Joe was saying, "But you see I don't care for dogs. I like what flattery I get to be more articulate."

"Oh, Joe!"

The old line. I remember thinking; I'd been hearing Joe use words like that ever since New Haven.

But then they came into the room, so I said, "Hi," and Katie said, "Mary, you look dazzling."

And she was right. Mary Smith did look dazzling.

I wonder if there is any chance of my describing Mary. Personally I am against any attempt to put features down on paper. You so often read a paragraph about lips like cherries, cheeks like peaches, hair like corn silk that all you get is an anthropological fruit salad, which is not only distasteful but takes you pages to forget. Frankly, I have yet to see a peach that looked like anything but a peach.

The thing about Mary which was, in the end, so startling was that there was nothing unusual about her. Her hair was hair-colored, her features were regular, her body was in no way abnormal. She was, in fact, all the descriptions you have heard, all the pictures you have seen of the typical clean-faced American girl. Only—and this is what I must try to make plain—she was the epitome of the type. The commonplace was in her raised in intensity to a degree which made you stand and stare. She was the pattern, the ideal; she was what every other Size 12 in the country wanted to look like. Here in the person of Joe Dempster's young secretary was what the melting pot had finally brewed; no trace of any foreign influence remained; she could have come only from within the continental limits, she was the end product of the Zone of the Interior.

Furthermore, she was quite a nice girl.

IT was easy for anyone to see why she would drive Katie Hewitt crazy. Katie was, as she said herself, a bright girl of thirty-eight. On the whole, you know, female stage directors like female authors—are apt to resemble somebody's cook on the way to a fancy-dress party, but Katie was the exception. She was always immaculate and always gave the impression of a great, an almost brilliant chicness. But the point is, Katie had to work for this.

In the sunshine probably she looked no more than twenty-eight, or twenty-nine, but her looks were not everyone's looks. Of course, she had a few assets to start with: a pair of wonderful blue eyes, beautiful skin and a fine head of reddish-brown hair; but I was always aware of how well Katie was selling herself, how very cleverly she had staged Katherine Hewitt, the girl about town. And for me this was a real part of her charm. By just the right good clothes—usually suits magnificently tailored just the right jewelry and the right amount of subtle make-up she was constantly lending an expert's touch to Nature.

That was why, leaving Joe completely out of it, Mary was such a trial to her. There was no way to compete. Mary Smith, with her hair up or down, in any old clothes she happened to be wearing, with make-up or without, night or day, was perfection. Beauty is only skin deep, you can say; but face it, that is enough.

They had with them when they came in that afternoon a young man I'd never met before.

"This is Vic Hood," Joe called to us. "Be nice to him now."

"Be very nice to him," Mary said. "He was a hero, see. During the war he was all covered with ribbons; you should have seen him. A B-twenty-four pilot, or something."

"A very brave thing to be," Katie said and held out her hand.

(Continued on Page 193)

"I can take care of myself," said Katie:

but, when you're in love, is that an advantage?

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

"I wanted to die," Mary told him. "Why should you try to change my mind?"

Mary Hallam

SHE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A GIRL WHO RAN FASTER

THAN LOVE—BUT COULD SHE RUN FAR ENOUGH?

BY SUSAN ERTZ

IT was hate at first meeting for Mary Hallam and her beautiful stepmother, Letty. For Letty was a woman who would have no rivals and who willfully turned her husband Nelson's heart against the shy little girl. As Mary grew older, she sought an escape and began to find it in piano study and plans for a concert career. But then came the taxi collision injuring her right hand—and she knew she would never play again. Ill and alone, caught between Letty's vanity and Nelson's indifference, there was only one way out: to meet and marry a man she could love.

Ferdinand Walsh was such a man. Easy with people and fond of music, he seemed to offer Mary a whole new world of hope and happiness. Until Letty found out, and then it began. Letty's wit against Mary's reserve, Letty's malice that could turn love to pity. Mary knew that her world had ended the night one of her blinding headaches had forced her to leave Letty and Ferdinand dancing in a night club—and Letty had not returned till dawn.

There seemed now another way out. Letty's childhood acquaintance from Boston, Maud Cotter, and Maud's friend, Lowell Pierce, were in London on their way to Paris—Maud to purchase paintings for her art gallery in Boston, Lowell to consult a famous heart specialist. If Maud would take her to Paris with her . . .

But even on the bright London streets, on the way to Maud's hotel, the memory of that night pressed down upon Mary. As Letty's bedroom door had swished shut, she had crept back to bed feeling as though she had walked through some searing flame and was now reduced to the size of a walnut. She was beyond tears. If Mary had known the trick of dying, she would have died then.

II

TOWARD seven in the morning, consciousness was blotted out by a short, picture-haunted sleep, but when Eva came in to draw the curtains at half past eight, Mary was lying with her eyes wide open, but staring and sunken.

Frightened, the girl ran down to tell Letty. By noon the doctor had been there and arrangements had been made to take Mary to a nursing home.

"If she escapes pneumonia," the doctor said, "we shall be very lucky."

"Well, I told her," Letty said, "that she wasn't well enough to go out last night, but she was determined to go. I did my best to persuade her not to."

"Has our patient had a shock of any sort?" the doctor asked. "She seems so—well, one might almost say numbed."

"Not that I know of," said Letty. "If she has, she's said nothing to me."

Mary was three weeks in the nursing home. Twice Ferdinand Walsh sent her flowers. She did not hear from him again. Knowing what she knew, she thought the more of him for it. Did Letty continue to see him? There was no way of knowing.

Some time after her return from the nursing home, when she was still convalescent, her father asked Letty in the girl's hearing, "Why haven't we seen Walsh lately? Will you ask him to dinner soon?"

Mary's heart shook her body with its beating; she listened with her whole being for Letty's answer.

Letty gave a light, good-humored laugh. "Oh darling, we're much too *(Continued on Page 50)*

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WOULD YOU MARRY

THE man you married—was he really the right choice? If you had it to do over, would you marry the same husband?

Four out of five married people of the country say they'd choose the same partner again—say it with varying degrees of conviction, ranging from a lukewarm "Well I guess so" to the calm assurance of "I'm certain I would."

But the rest of America's husbands and wives cherish a doubt. Though apparently settled in their married life, and living with their chosen partners, these people question, or even deny, that they would marry the same person again.

Among this group, 14 per cent say if they had it to do over, they wouldn't marry the same person, and another 5 per cent refuse to commit themselves even to the mild proposition that they probably would! The two groups combined add up to 19 per cent.

Almost one married person in five, then, doubts he (or she) chose the right partner for marriage, and most of these think they would decide differently if given a second chance.

These facts are the result of a new nationwide survey, in which JOURNAL interviewers talked to a cross-section of the country's adults, questioning them about their views and observations of marriage, and in the case of married people, talking over with them their own experience.

Here are the exact figures on choice of partner:

"I'm certain I'd marry the same person." . . . . said 56 per cent.

"I probably would—I'm not sure." . . . . . said 25 per cent.

"I don't think I would," or "I wouldn't." . . . . . said 14 per cent.

"I don't know." . . . . . said 5 per cent.

As to the 5 per cent who don't know, it's a pretty safe assumption that they secretly think they probably wouldn't. Answers to other questions show that their point of view is closest to that of the people who are definite in the view that they married the wrong person—or who regret marrying at all.

How does the table apply to your neighbors and friends, the married couple you know? You probably won't inquire—but it's a safe bet that these figures come pretty close to fitting your own circle of acquaintances, regardless of their circumstances.

For the people we've referred to as the "group" who, though living with their husbands or wives, wouldn't marry the same person again, are actually not a group at all; instead, the 14-plus-5 per cent includes individuals of all kinds—from every income group and educational level, from cities and towns of all sizes in all parts of the country, and of all ages over twenty. (The survey didn't include anyone younger.)

Judging by outward appearances, the people have nothing more in common than any other miscellaneous assortment of individuals; there are no two or three outward traits to distinguish them from the husbands and wives who firmly declare that they would marry the same person right over again.

At the same time, there are some factors which predispose people to doubt that they made the right choice, or which, at least, accompany the attitude of doubt more often than the attitude of confidence. For instance:

Income: The proportion of people who doubt that they married the right person is higher among people of less-than-average income (about $2000 a year) than among those of average or prosperous circumstances. The difference, though, isn't great; and even among the below-average-income group, the people who are certain they married the right person outnumber those who think they didn't, by three to one.

Education: And people who have never been to high school are more likely to wish they had married somebody else than are people with some high-school or college training. But again, the difference isn't great; a diploma doesn't guarantee your satisfaction with the person you married!

Home Ownership: If you own your home, you're less likely to wish you'd married somebody else than if you rent. It's hard to tell just what this proves, for owning a home is related to other circumstances, such as income. Maybe the mere fact of owning a home makes husbands and wives better satisfied with each other—or perhaps if they are satisfied with each other to start with, they are more likely to make the effort to acquire a home of their own. The survey demonstrates, but doesn't explain, the fact that people who own their homes are a little more likely to be satisfied with their choice of partner.

Church Membership: People who belong to a church are somewhat less likely than the rest to wish they had married somebody else—though even here the difference is slight.

But other factors, which you might expect to have as much bearing, or even more, apparently make no difference at all.

Age makes little difference; the proportion who doubt the wisdom of their choice is just about the same among people of all ages. That is, your age now isn't an important factor. But it does make a difference how old you were when you were married. On this point, more later.

Children: Childless husbands and wives are no more likely than parents to wish they had married someone else. Of this, too, more later.

So outward appearances don't reveal much; age, geography, parenthood have nothing to do with the case; and while income, education, religion and owning a home have some relationship, their influence is less than you might expect.

You can't identify by external circumstances a person who wishes he'd married somebody else, but there is an inward difference. Your reaction to the idea of a second chance is apt to reflect your satisfaction, or lack of it, in your own marriage.

But don't jump to conclusions! It doesn't always follow that the happily married person is certain he chose the right partner. Consider these facts:

People interviewed in the survey divide into three groups, according to the satisfaction they say they have found in marriage: those who say their marriages have turned out more happily than they expected, those who have found marriage a disappointment, and a group in between for whom marriage turned out neither happier nor unhappier than they expected.

Contrast the attitude of these three groups toward the individuals whom they married:

Did you marry the right man? Four out of five women say Yes! But the fifth—if she could turn back the clock—would trade her husband in for a new model!

BY BARBARA BENSON

Yes!

Yes!

YOUR HUSBAND AGAIN?

"I'm certain I'd marry the same person if I were doing it all over,"
said three out of four of the most happily married.....(75 per cent);
said more than half of the middle group.....57 per cent);
said only about one in six of the disappointed.....(17 per cent).

"I don't think I would,"
said 4 per cent of the most happily married;
said 7 per cent of the middle group;
said 51 per cent of the disappointed.
(The rest are in the border-line groups who aren't sure, one way or the other.)

So it's very clear that if you're happily married, the chances are overwhelming that you're glad you married your spouse instead of somebody else. Even so, you may sometimes cast a backward glance.

Note that 4 per cent of the most happily married think they wouldn't marry the same person if they were doing it over! We can't cross-examine these anonymous individuals to find out why. Perhaps it's a matter of the good old American urge for self-improvement: no matter how well they've done, they think they could do better still, given another chance; or maybe they've decided, from their own experience, that a happy marriage depends more on individual effort, after marriage, than on the choice of partner beforehand. Or maybe they're just plain contrary.

Whatever the explanation, those 4 per cent remain a fact. So if the thought has occurred to you that, given a second chance, you might not remarry your spouse, it doesn't necessarily prove that your marriage has been a disappointment.

In the main, though, the rule holds: the happier your marriage, the more likely you are to be satisfied with your chosen partner; the greater your disappointment in marriage, the more likely you are to wish you'd married somebody else.

A THOUGHT FOR HUSBANDS

Women are a little more likely than men to be disappointed in marriage! The difference is not great, but it's consistent, and big enough to make the men a little uneasy! Look at the facts:

"Has your marriage turned out as happily as you expected?"
"No," said 22 per cent of the wives—more than one in five.
"No," said 13 per cent of the husbands—not quite one in eight.

"Would you marry the same person if you were doing it over?"
"No," said 16 per cent of the wives (and another 6 per cent wouldn't commit themselves).
"No," said 11 per cent of the husbands (and again 6 per cent wouldn't commit themselves).

"Were you happier when you were single?"
"Yes," said 19 per cent of the wives.
"Yes," said 11 per cent of the husbands.

There's less difference in the willingness of Mr. and Mrs. to try it again on the same income—only 2 per cent—but this small difference is in the same direction.

And, finally, 31 per cent of all wives interviewed wish they'd waited till they were older before they were married, as compared with 22 per cent of men.

Why? We can only guess, with a few statistical clues, a few hints from the remarks of wives. The explanation seems to be bound up with the responsibilities of marriage and rearing a family. Women are inclined to think an undue share of these responsibilities falls on the wives; the majority of women think they lead a harder life than men; and they think their happiest years end sooner. Perhaps, too, they think a housewife's life is duller; an earlier JOURNAL survey found that the group of workers least likely to enjoy their jobs was—housewives!

But there's a note of cheer for papa; whatever the source of discontent among wives, the idea of marriage hasn't lost its appeal. The wives of the country consider marriage a more important source of happiness for women than for men. Could it be that because women expect more from marriage, they are more likely to be disappointed?

MARRIAGE AND HAPPINESS

This survey adds more evidence to one of the fundamental conclusions of the JOURNAL'S survey of happiness: that a happy marriage and family relationship are among the basic ingredients of personal happiness.

For among people who classify themselves as "very happy," only 7 per cent have found marriage a disappointment. Among people who classify themselves as not very happy, 49 per cent say marriage has been a disappointment.

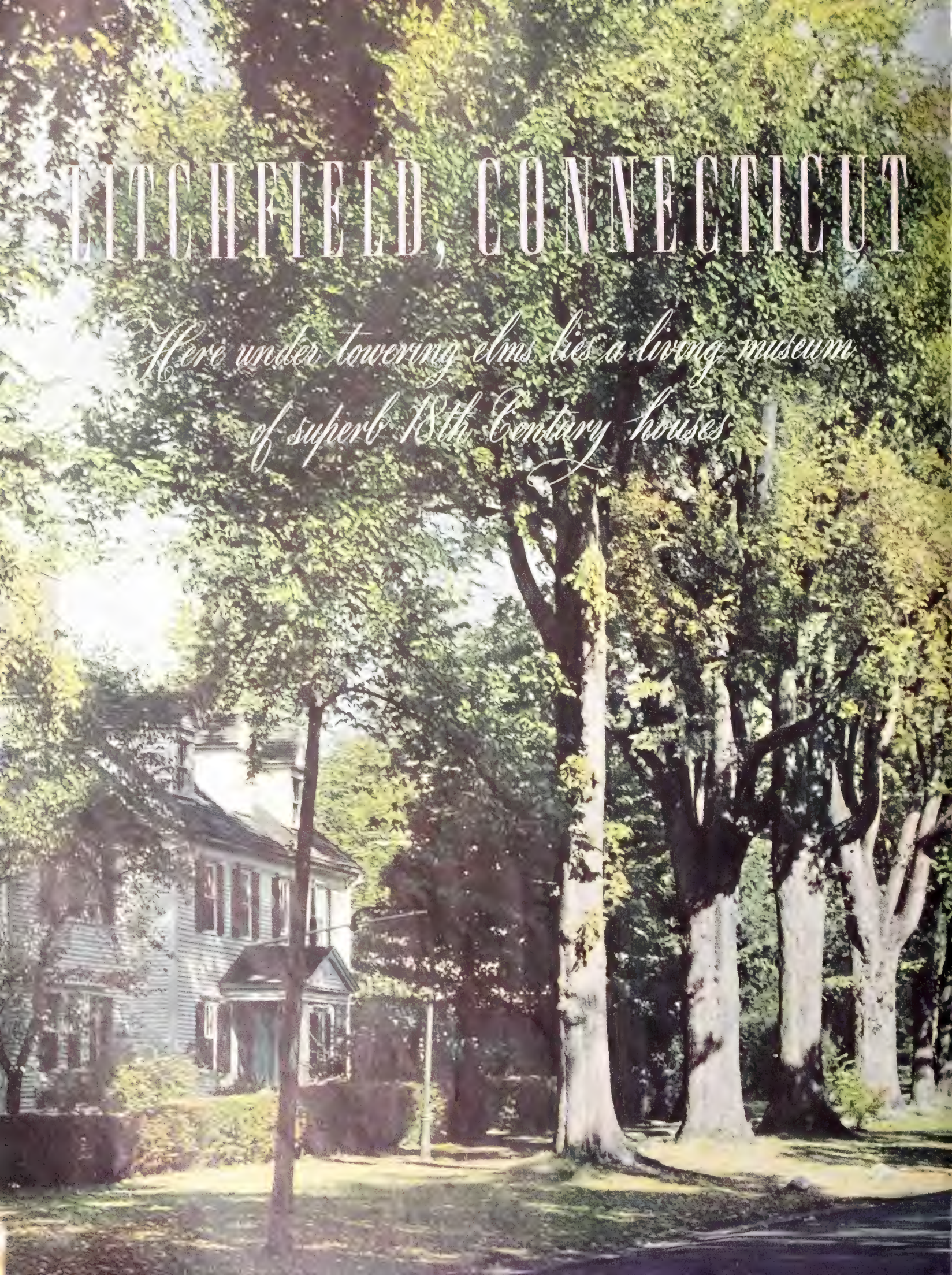
So—if you value your happiness, think twice before you join the minority who think they married the wrong person. Or if you already believe you made a bad choice, think about it some more—maybe you just married too young.

And, finally, remember that the great majority of all adults—men and women, married and single, widowed and divorced—consider marriage more important to a woman's happiness than a home, or a job, or friends, or plenty of money, or even children!

FACTORS IN HAPPY MARRIAGE

Since marriage is so important to personal happiness, let's look at some of the factors likely to accompany happy marriages. The survey was not designed to produce a blueprint for married happiness, but it did bring to light some interesting evidence and maybe a useful hint or two.

(Continued on Page 201)


LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT
Here under towering elms lies a living museum
of superb 18th Century houses

Up North Avenue, close to where Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe were born, is the house built by Lynde Lord, Sr., high sheriff of Litchfield County. The doorway framing the date, and the fence and gateposts in the foreground are typically delicate details of this old town that still looks youthful.

This little building, in the garden of the Tapping Reeve house which is pictured on pages 30 and 31, is the first law school in the United States, where for sixty years from the time of its opening in 1784 more than a thousand of the nation's early legal lights from all parts of the country were prepared for their chosen profession.

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

PEOPLE call Litchfield the "parlor" town: and when you walk along up North Street, down South Street, and around the Green, it does make you think of a room where all the choice old family pieces have been miraculously protected from the wear and tear of daily living, for time on end. But a parlor is a place you think of as set apart with doors closed and curtains drawn for special occasions: whereas Litchfield gets lived in every day, and looks it—but lived in by people who appreciate the heirloom houses, the Aubusson greenswards, the priceless canopy of the elms. I suppose it is the most unspoiled community of anything like its age in the country, which keeps striking you as rather remarkable when you look at the dates above the doorways and consider how much time the town has had to come apart at the seams. As a matter of fact, the oldest of the houses looked as fresh and white and trim last fall as it must have looked the day Oliver Wolcott finished it in 1753. Even the youngest of the elder dwellings, which was built across the way in 1799 by Oliver Wolcott's namesake son, would have every right by now to be decrepit, but you can see for yourself in the lower corner of the opposite page how youthful it still looks, standing at the foot of South Street, its clapboards clean and bright, its framing firm, its beauty unimpaired, and as livable now as it was when its original owner was George Washington's Secretary of the Treasury and Litchfield's most distinguished citizen.

Litchfield crowns the hill country of Connecticut, though not without considerable competition from a widespread collection of other sparkling towns, which all, together with history and scene, help to make that whole region a real delight. You reach this particular town by road alone: the nearest train ten miles away. The road divides to skirt the Green: a pure white spire penetrates the sky, even above the elms: antiques beckon: and stretching down wide avenues on either side are these ageless houses of early America, where interested visitors are welcomed. If they seem very friendly and familiar, perhaps it's because in the course of a hundred and fifty years or more they have left their mark on millions of houses from coast to coast—for these originals of Litchfield really started something.

PHOTO BY PRATT

A HOUSE WHERE WASHINGTON REALLY SLEPT

One of the prize exhibits in the Litchfield collection of houses, in terms of both legend and beauty, is the one known for more than a century as Sheldon's Tavern. It was at first somewhat simpler in outward appearance when erected by Elisha Sheldon in 1760, and remained so when Sheldon's son turned it into a tavern twenty years later. Then about 1800 it was worked upon by an architecturally talented pioneer Connecticut builder named William Spratt, who gave it the impressively columned entrance with the graceful Palladian window and pediment above, together with the cornices under the eaves and over the first-story windows, adding, as you can see, considerable style of a most agreeable kind. It was in the upstairs bedroom to the right of the Palladian window, and before that feature was put on, that Washington, on his way through New England, spent at least one night and maybe more; the four-poster in which he slept still is in use.

ither side of the entrance hallway of the house spoken of as Sheldon's Tavern are two com- on drawing rooms, the one here at the right g also the one at the right as you come in. The of the furniture is beautifully in keeping with size of the room, whose delicately handled lwork complements the paper as effectively as nellow old floor boards set off the colorful bold erns of the hooked rugs. The pieces are all y American of the period of the house, the et under the mirror at the right having been e just about the time this house was built.

drawing room below, at the left as you enter house opposite, is largely paneled in painted , a perfect foil for the colorful glitter of a -framed embroidery piece and an eighteenth- ury American mirror. The secretary is a fine mple of sophisticated Colonial craftsmanship.

THE TAPPING REEVE HOUSE IN LITCHFIELD

One of the most finely proportioned and gracefully treated houses in Litchfield is the one Judge Reeve built for himself in 1773, and to which he brought his bride, the sister of Aaron Burr. It was here, also, that he entertained the great Frenchman, Lafayette; and it was in the garden next to the house that he built his famous little law school, the first in the country, which is pictured on page 27. In its beautifully furnished rooms you will get a good idea of what others of the town's interiors are like.

The large, low-ceilinged living room of the Tapping Reeve house, its walls appropriately papered, provides a perfect setting for furnishings contemporary with the house, all part of the Litchfield tradition. The Governor Winthrop desk is one which Judge Reeve used. Note above the noteworthy mantel the Early American clock, the luster vases, the crystal lamps. Flanking the fireplace are a four and a five-slatted ladder-back chair, and through the doorway you can see the fabulous sideboard of the dining room.

FOWLER

In the southwest bedroom of the Reeve house the dominating piece is, of course, the graceful tester bed with its early Connecticut quilt. But very fine indeed are the delicate Windsor chairs, while the Colonial hatbox covered with squirrel paper is an appropriately decorative note. The painted-pine paneling naturally sets the furniture off to the best advantage, as well as the gold-framed embroidery which hangs above the old brick fireplace.

The honeylike pine paneling of the Tapping Reeve study, with its fluted pilasters and its rosetted capitals, gives extraordinary style and color to one of the mellowest and most appealing rooms in the famous old house. The tall-backed Windsor chairs, one of them curve-backed, one square, are once-in-a-lifetime pieces, and are wonderfully constructed for comfort, strength and character, like the Litchfield houses for which they were made.

BED MAY BE

If Pfc. William Martin had received his serious head injury before the war, he would have been kept in the hospital, as motionless as could be, for a matter of weeks. But Bill got hurt in the 1944 South France invasion, when hospital beds were needed for the freshly wounded. And after he had been three days in bed, Pfc. Martin was pushed out by his Army doctor with a "Sorry, boy, but you can see for yourself we have to get these litter casualties off the floor."

This thing happened to a good many Bills in the American Army. It happened to soldiers with other kinds of injuries—wounded men, and men suffering from pneumonia, soldiers who were just beginning to recover from surgical operations and men with heart disease. These convalescents were often turned into ambulatory cases, walking about in the day and sleeping on litters at night because there were not enough beds to go around.

And they got well! They got well, in fact, faster and in a higher percentage of cases than patients suffering from these complaints had any *right* to get well. The "rugged" Army treatment, based on necessity, thus led doctors to one of the important medical discoveries of recent times: to the fact that civilian patients in the best American hospitals have suffered unnecessarily because they were kept too long in bed.

Medical magazines, in the past year or two, have abounded in discussions of the discovery. Dr. William Dock, of Cornell Medical College, has been one of the pioneers in preaching the belief that bed is a highly dangerous place for some kinds of patients to stay.

"Absolute bed rest kills more patients than anesthesia and all the drugs in the pharmacopoeia added together," Doctor Dock told a conference of New York State physicians. This statement, and his supporting records, shocked the medical world into a re-examination of hospital practice. Several bed-rest conferences of physicians have been held since then, and specialists in the major lines of medical research have studied the effects of early rising on patients of many types.

But Doctor Dock's report was made in 1944, after three years of front-line experience had taught Army doctors not to feel too bad about urging sick men back to their feet. It was reports from the war theaters which first led the Cornell group and other doctors at home to study the problem of whether too much rest might not be a bad thing for civilian patients too.

One of the most enlightening of the experiments which followed was designed to find out what bed rest does to individuals who are not sick at all. Dr. Ancel Keys, of the University of Minnesota, gathered a group of conscientious objectors who had volunteered to act as human guinea pigs for any kind of medical experimentation that was wanted. They were put to bed for six weeks of complete rest. At the end of this time, Doctor Keys found, the men had suffered very little loss of strength, but they showed a tremendous decrease in their ability to co-ordinate or to do sustained work. Physically, even these well men had deteriorated from the stay in bed; a special diet was required to keep their nitrogen balance up to par. *No* diet seemed to prevent calcium imbalance. The patients' chemistry, in every case, had been gravely disturbed—and by nothing but a "good rest" in bed!

Man, the medical world has concluded, was not made for quiet living; the human being is a dynamic machine which may run special risks through the mere act of slowing down. This is a paradox for which doctors were somewhat prepared by accident statistics. Year after year, National Safety Council reports show that 35 per cent of all fatal accidents occur in the home and that five times as many injuries take place there as on the highways. Staying indoors is a risky business; staying in bed is more so!

Old people especially may suffer from bed rest. Doctor Dock, at one of the discussions of bed rest and its danger, said, "In men over fifty, I know that there are more complications due to absolute bed rest and more deaths due to the resulting pulmonary embolism than can possibly be ascribed to exercise—even in those patients who never go to bed, or who go back to work as soon as the initial bout of pain and fever has subsided." Bed rest can actually kill!

What is so bad about bed? Well, say the doctors, many things. Slowed circulation and reduced breathing capacity occur when we are lying down. The patient in bed is prone to constipation and other gastrointestinal disorders. He is pretty sure to contract a backache and muscle cramps. Ulcers of the skin may develop. Lack of calcium balance makes it harder for fractured bones to mend. The patient's state of mind is less hopeful and purposeful than if he is allowed up for at least a portion of the day.

Bed appears to be a bad environment for man, well or ill. Studies have been made of the effects of shortened bed rest on patients suffering from astonishingly varied complaints; research has looked into such fields as the orthopedic and the psychiatric, the surgical and the cardiac; in *every* case, the results of cutting down the amount of time in bed have been good. Whether patients suffer from diseases of the bone or the heart, from scarlet fever or schizophrenia, they seem to be better off if they are not encouraged to skulk between sheets for an hour more than is necessary.

Take the matter of fractures—a type of malady which would seem to need rest, if any does. Dr. Ralph Ghormley, of the Mayo Clinic, reported to a medical convention that the length of time in bed for some such cases has lately been cut to one quarter of the former period. Patients recovering from spinal operations used to be kept in bed for twelve weeks, often inside plaster casts; now they are allowed up for a brief time every day after three weeks, and "they have an easier convalescence."

In chronic bone diseases the results are even more striking. Of his arthritis cases, Doctor Ghormley says, "I have often thought that the day an arthritic gives up and goes to bed is the day he becomes a total cripple." Patients who grit their teeth and keep up "usually come through the ordeal with much better joints than those who have been put to bed.

Another arthritis expert, Dr. Philip Hench, supports this view. Fatigue is recognized as a constant danger to the arthritis patient; but, he says, "the dangers of overrest in arthritis are as great as, if not greater than, the dangers of overexercise. When the patient overexercises he promptly knows he has done wrong, because of the increased pain. But when he overrests, the results of overrest work on him silently and maliciously—until one suddenly notes serious if not irreparable contractures."

And so arthritis victims today get out of bed earlier than any doctor, five years ago, would have dreamed desirable.

Similar shortening of the time in bed is being urged for sufferers from rheumatic fever; Col. E. van Nuys Allen, of the U. S. Army, was the first to point out that rest "encourages the development of nonorganic illness which centers about the heart and joints" and to question whether rest really prevents the development of heart disease in rheumatic patients.

The doctors specializing in this and other heart diseases have made elaborate studies of the effect of upright posture as against the flat-in-bed position. They got a valuable clue when Dr. Tinsley Harrison, of Vanderbilt University Hospital, discovered, in 1944, that his Negro patients were surviving heart attacks better than the whites. Investigation showed that the Negro wards in the hospital were overcrowded. Only the most urgent of these cases were hospitalized; the rest were given out-patient treatment and allowed to live at home. This was a lucky break for the Negroes; white cardiac patients, all of whom were given hospital care, died with greater frequency from "too much bed."

Experiments made since seem to indicate that angina-pectoris attacks come oftenest when patients are lying down. And another type of heart disease was studied when rats were given myocardial injuries by Drs. W. C. Thomas and T. R. Harrison, of Dallas. Some of them were put in cages so small that they could hardly move, others were permitted to wander about as they chose. The rats forced into stillness died at a far higher rate.

If you're sick, bed will make you sicker. If you're tired, you don't need a good

BAD FOR YOU

Men are not rats and beds are not cages, but Doctor Harrison, interpreting the results of this and other experiments, says, "There is no proof that rest in bed carried out for many weeks after symptoms have disappeared is of value in the physical management of the patient with congestive failure, angina pectoris or myocardial infraction. The available evidence points to the contrary. . . . Each additional week of complete rest can usually be achieved only at the expense of increased urgency on the part of the physician. This leads many patients to exaggerate to themselves the seriousness of their physical condition. . . . One sees many patients who live through years of psychic invalidism brought about as the result of the physician's insistence on excessive caution during a period of months."

Here, again, the fact is stressed that men and women do not reach out toward life as long as they are held in bed. Doctors have begun to recognize the fact that a patient allowed to take half a dozen supported steps across a room feels pride in his recovery—and that this pride makes his progress faster.

Such a desire to move about seems to occur almost immediately after surgical patients have regained consciousness from the ether. Dr. D. J. Leithauser, of Detroit, studied 15,000 surgical cases from overseas, in relation to length of bed rest; he decided that the period could safely be cut down to about one fifth of the usual period. He tried out this experiment on 913 patients. After abdominal operations, his patients got up after one day. Those recovering from simple appendectomies got up after two and a half days, instead of the usual ten; if the appendix was ruptured, they left bed on the ninth day.

The results were startlingly good: lung complications were reduced to one fourth; wound healing was faster; bowel and bladder complications were reduced; blood clots and embolisms did not appear.

Even more drastic experiments have been carried out by Dr. John H. Powers, of Cooperstown, New York. He reported on 100 surgical cases—hernias and pelvic operations as well as appendectomies—who were allowed to walk and sit up in a chair on the first day after the operation. The results, in every case, were excellent. Patients' pulse rates and temperatures were lower than those of similar cases who stayed flat in bed for the nine or ten days usual in his hospital. There was no increase of pain. None of the early risers developed the abscesses which sometimes occur under conditions of normal care. Wounds healed "kindlier" and more rapidly. And the men and women who got up on the first day returned to work 4.8 weeks after the operation, as compared with the 8.7 weeks which were required for other patients who were allowed a rest in bed.

"The improvement in [illegible] Doctor Powers reports, "from psychic [illegible] tales of relatives or friends, many patients anticipate surgical operations with fear and apprehension; gas pains, bedpans, enemas and hypodermics are foreseen with horror. When such a patient learns that he is to get out of bed and walk on the first or second postoperative day, be permitted the freedom of the ward on the third or fourth, and lead an essentially normal life shortly thereafter, his whole attitude toward the operation and his hospital experience undergoes a profound change."

To understand how moving about can speed a patient's recovery, a little lesson in physiology is needed. It explains why the two most serious dangers in prolonged bed rest affect surgical patients and those with heart and bone injuries primarily. (But they are worth considering when you or I too lightly say, "I'm going to stay in bed for a week or so and get rid of this cold.")

The human lungs are able to inhale 15 per cent more air when the body is upright than when it is lying down. This consideration is important for many surgical cases, since abdominal operations prevent the diaphragm from functioning normally. In such cases, the vital capacity of the patients' lungs is inevitably reduced from 50 to 65 per cent—more if he lies flat. If the patient is *kept* lying down, this reduction lasts for from seven to fourteen days; in that time the lungs act as inviting breeding places for bacteria, and bronchial pneumonia may result. But if the patient is allowed to sit up, the lungs recover their capacity in about half the time, and the chances of disease are more than halved. (That is a consideration which those with coughs or chest colds might also ponder; the lungs are always given a better chance when the body is *not* kept flat in bed.)

The second serious danger of bed rest involves the reduction of the rate of circulation of the blood, especially in the lower legs. This sluggishness may lead to thrombosis (clotting) or to embolism (a foreign body, such as a bubble, in the blood stream). These are serious dangers; 5 per cent of the patients at New York Hospital on whom autopsies were performed had died of pulmonary embolism, and the condition existed in the case of 13 per cent more. But pulmonary embolism, says the New York Hospital report, "is very rare in ambulatory patients, or even in those who lead wheel-chair lives."

Of these figures Doctor Dock has said, "There is not a shadow of doubt that these deaths are due to complete bed rest. Other deaths, probably equaling these dramatic ones in number, follow bed rest as indirect results, bronchial pneumonia being the most common sequel."

Such deaths are, oddly enough, made more probable by the excellence of modern hospital care. Before nursing had become a skilled profession, patients *had* to move around in bed when the position of the legs became tiresome or when the linen was changed. Nowadays, the efficient nurse can whisk sheets out from under a patient without his having to twitch a foot muscle; and when he wishes a change of position, she grinds up a crank, which raises the foot of the bed.

There are thus degrees of danger in bed rest—and the worst risks are run by patients who are kept absolutely still by modern sedatives. Dr. Ephraim Shorr told a New York State medical conference of other ill-effects, besides slow circulation, which result from lying still. Studies of normal sleep, made by the Mellon Institute, have shown that all of us move about constantly during the night; motion is the body's normal way of throwing off fatigue. Doctor Shorr suggests that moving the legs about, as we do in undrugged sleep, may carry away "products, such as lactic acid, which might accumulate in muscle."

And on this subject, too, Doctor Dock has been outspoken. "Because of the pain and the sedatives," he wrote in one paper, "surgical patients lie like logs. I think that is the reason they get into trouble. Two per cent of women with breast amputations have emboli from the legs. Why? These women are given morphine and kept very quiet, and that permits the emboli to form. Embolism has less to do with the type of operation than with how quiet the patient is kept after it." And embolism, remember, causes one hospital death out of twenty!

Even in the obstetrical wards the new Army-derived knowledge has brought about a great change. Experiments in a Los Angeles hospital proved that women who get up two to four days after childbirth are *better off* than those who stay in bed for two weeks. Again, it is the freedom from embolism that makes early rising the safer procedure.

Many of the medical reports on bed rest stress the deterioration of the patients' morale. And so it is not surprising to find psychiatrists rejecting immobility as a cure for nervous fatigue, or to learn that Dr. Karl Menninger, of Topeka, Kansas, speaking of nervous patients, has said, "Rest can be a very dangerous remedy and do a great deal of harm."

Doctor Menninger has severely criticized the old-fashioned recipe of a "rest cure made up of complete isolation, complete rest, no visitors, no letters, no reading." He also disapproves of its variation, the "trip treatment," which sends the patient to Florida or California or Europe for a "change of scene." Of these efforts to help the psychiatric case, Doctor Menninger writes, "They are not only futile and expensive, but very often [illegible]

est. The newest medical remedy: Get Out of Bed! ★ *By Gretta Palmer*

The Temple of Democracy

By Maxwell Anderson

ONE thing you discover in the theater is that a play is always at its best in rehearsal. There's some magic in acting on a bare stage that disappears when you put the people in costumes and sets. That was what first suggested Joan of Lorraine to me. I wanted an audience to see how a play was picked up from the floor by a handful of actors and made into a new world—a world more compelling than the real world around us. I wanted an audience in the theater to see the miracle happening that I had seen so often in rehearsals.

And when it came to the subject of the play in rehearsal, I looked for a story that would raise the question that has been torturing me during these last whirling years. What can one believe? What can one put faith in—and what reason can one give for keeping his faith, whatever it is? I came to the conclusion that all of us live by faith, but no faith is reasonable; all our faiths are as instinctive—or as defenseless—as Socrates' daemon or Joan of Arc's visions. And so I wrote a play about Joan, trying to dramatize her struggle to put her faith before the world, to keep her faith in the corrupt court in which it had to operate, and to defend it in the trial, after she had been taken prisoner.

The conclusion she comes to, with the help of her voices, is that "every man gives his life for what he believes. Every woman gives her life for what she believes. Sometimes people believe in little or nothing; nevertheless, they give their lives for that little or nothing. One life is all we have, and we live it as we believe in living it, and then it's gone. But to surrender what you are, and live without belief, that's more terrible than dying, more terrible than dying young." *(Continued on Page 186)*

INGRID BERGMAN, in Maxwell Anderson's magnificent new version of the Joan of Arc legend, plays Joan with such warmth and understanding that hard-boiled critics and theatergoers dusted off their superlatives, declared that Bergman had brought "an unaccustomed radiance into the theater of our day."

Strapless bathing suit takes all beaches by storm. Above: Clare Potter's painted plaid cotton on Bermuda's coral sands.

Bohemian fishing shirt and trousers are adapted in American linen for beauties on the beach. by Dorothy Cox.

White linen shorts, tablecloth-plaid cotton shirt, by Dorothy Cox for South and summer; Bernardo's white leather sandals.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES

e prettiest clothes of the year go south winter . . . invariably new and exciting fashion, color and fabric. This year: a w kind of swim suit that fits like a stocking l looks like a dream—elasticized sheer ol in pale shades; lovely American linen string-straight painter's shirts worn over n pastel trousers; the longer skirt and even hemline, right to the eye for the first ne, in cotton or enchanting puresilk nts. Sightseeing dresses are gay contras tions—with high necks and no sleeves, or v necks and long sleeves. Cotton evening sses have voluminous skirts, boned bod s, snug-me-tight jackets. The every-hour t has new bulkiness, roomier sleeves, ersize pockets. All these are present se in the winter sun . . . future tense for mmer '47. ★ BY WILHELMINA CUSHMAN

Sheer wool, shirred and elasticized—new figure-clinging bathing suit with sling neckline, rayon jersey shorts; by Claire McCardell.

PHOTO BY CUSHMAN

Gray jersey sheath dress by Claire Potter, clinched with a russet snakeskin belt, wonderful fashion for seashore and travel—never needs a press.

PHOTOS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY

Lightweight beige wool suit by Paul Parnes travels south, comes back for spring; worn with roomy red topcoat, a Ben Reig original by Omar Kiam.

Tattersall-checked cotton dress with favorite low round neckline, long soft sleeves; by Claire McCardell, worn with straw platform sandals.

Cotton fashion for resort or summer evenings:
bare-top plaid with voluminous skirt and slim-
fitting peplum jacket: designed by Ceil Chapman.

Pure silk print, an old love come again, with
longer skirt, uneven hemline—important length
and silhouette for summer, by Ceil Chapman

May Day Madness

BY MARGARET WILMOUTH JACKSON

WHEN Lennetta came home with the information that she was to walk before the May Queen and scatter flowers in her path, the news was received in almost a stunned silence. The Tally family sat at the supper table and regarded Lennetta in astonishment. Nothing like this had ever happened to any of them before! The Tally family ran to boys. There was one older sister, now out of school and working away from home. She had never been a May Queen attendant, or even remotely considered for one. Between Bessie and Lennie there were four brothers, and below Lennie there were two more brothers.

They sat very tightly around the table in the corner of the kitchen, elbow to elbow on the oilcloth, and they all looked at Lennetta and for the first time it occurred to them all that she was kind of pretty! But—to be in the May Day procession, not just one child in a room making a big circle and all singing together, but in the real Queen's Court!

Mrs. Tally sat looking at her young daughter, and suddenly in her thin cheeks deep stains of color appeared. She got up and got the coffeepot and filled her own cup and reached across the table and poured fresh hot coffee into her husband's cup. Automatically she reached over and took the baby's hand out of his dish and put a spoon in his hand. The corn bread and beans, the bowl of greens (little beet tops, out of last summer's garden) cooked with pork, the bowl of applesauce, the glasses of milk were placed in geometric patterns on the table. Mrs. Tally liked everything always balanced by something else. She said to Lennie:

"What will you have to wear?"

"That's the question," said John Tally. "Will they give you your costume? Or can you wear your school dress?"

Mrs. Tally looked bleakly at her husband. "Of course she can't wear her school dress," she said. "Even the boys have to have their best corduroys clean to wear, and new blue socks for May Day, for they go onto the gymnasium floor in their stocking feet. I've been getting them socks one pair each week. And *they* are not to be in the Queen's Court."

"Who is the May Queen?" asked John Tally, and Lennetta said, "It's Iris Delaney. She's May Queen. She was 'lected. And she'll have eight girls to walk behind her, two from each class in high school, and me and Betty Plante will sprinkle her flowers and two other little girls will carry her train and Buddy and Dick will carry trumpets. We all went over to the gym today to begin practicing. And all of us little girls have to have long dresses, clear to the floor—formals. Just like the big girls will wear. Mine's to be pink and Betty's blue. Only we go first—we come out to the music ——"

She hopped down and walked across the kitchen in a kind of waltzing step. They gazed at her, supper forgotten. Her hair was the color of ripe wheat, thick and hanging to her shoulders. Her face was round and her cheeks were pink and her eyes were deeply blue like her mother's, with fair eyebrows like pressed-on moth's feelers. Even in her old dress, which was too long for her, and her faded socks and warped shoes she looked amazingly pretty.

Suddenly Mrs. Tally had a vision. She saw Lennetta in a floor-length pink silk dress, tight about the waist, with little puff sleeves and a crown of flowers in her fair hair, with white silk socks and white slippers on her feet, carrying a basket of rose petals and sprinkling them before the May Queen.

"Just like in heaven," she said, and caught her breath.

"It's madness," John Tally said. "A pink silk dress—on a little girl that's not got a good warm coat to her name."

Lennie came back to her place and the brother just older than she, Peter, who had been browbeating her for years, said, with respect in his voice:

"Who choosed you?"

"Can't you speak the language?" cried his father. "Can't you ask the girl who chose her?"

"Who chose you?" asked Peter politely.

"Iris did," said Lennetta. "She's allowed to choose her own flower girls and her trainbearers. She came down in the first grade this morning with the music teacher and she said she wanted me. She picked me right out of the whole room. Me and Betty. 'Cause we're the same size and color, she said. We all have to sing a song too. I don't know it yet, but we six from the first grade all sing together and, of course, I can sing best in my room."

"That you can!" said Mrs. Tally. "And who taught you, I'd like to know."

"You did," said Lennie. She began to eat the beans and the corn bread, the beet-top greens and the pork on her plate.

Mrs. Tally drank her coffee. But she did not eat another bite. Her eyes had a faraway look in them, her cheeks were flushed with color. John Tally regarded her in some alarm. He had not seen such a look on her face since—he could not remember when it was he had seen such a look. But he had seen it before, he knew. He realized that at once. He began, almost automatically, to complain.

"I WAS telling Mr. Alvin today," he said, "that it's all a man can do to make ends meet, with six sons in the house, not to mention a little daughter in her first year of school. I asked him, 'How am I going to buy twenty-one pairs of children's shoes a year, and food besides, with everything costing like it does?' So he says, 'You get free show tickets for all of them every week. It'll soon be vacation and the boys can go barefoot like you and me did,' he said. 'Do you know what food costs?' I asked him, and he said to me, 'You're doing all right. Everyone likes your children. Their mother keeps them clean and neat for school and they all get their lessons. You should be proud of your family and not complain!' he said to me. And it's the truth, of course, but a man cannot get any extras when it's all he can do to pay for what *must* be bought."

"Our room is going to sing hillbilly songs in the May Day," said Allan. "We'll all wear old-fashioned clothes, like overalls with bright patches sewed onto them, and we'll sing Little Brown Jug and She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain. We practiced too."

(Continued on Page 83)

JOHN TALLY WAS LICKED FROM THE START—AS IS ANY MAN WHO TRIES TO COME BETWEEN A WOMAN AND HER DREAM.

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

Gem of a coat, pattern 408; sizes 12 to 20; emerald green goes over blue suit, black dress; blue, black or toast-tan accessories.

Jewel of a black dress, 409; sizes 12 to 42; for afternoon with flower hat; less dressy with straw sailor shown with suit.

The Journal's LITTLE GEM of a wardrobe

are a great many women who love the idea of having a few really good clothes that they can wear everywhere. They like the simplicity of a basic dress or suit, and the fact that it will be in fashion for several years. They love to "do things" to it with color accessories. And they believe, as we do, that this is a better way dress well than to have a lot of one-season, hit-or-miss clothes.

It sounds easy. It isn't quite so easy as it sounds. That is ason the JOURNAL has decided to put such a little wardrobe into a form that any of you can follow—with your own personal tions. Three costumes will do it: a jewel of a black crepe dress; a suit in a dark or neutral shade; a coat in color that goes over The dress can be changed endlessly—with everything from a string pearls or gold jewelry to flowers, gilets, sashes, peplums or apron overskirts. The suit with blouses, vestees, scarfs, belts and s. At least one hat and bag should go with both suit and ress. All hats, bags and gloves should go with the coat.

of the best ways to get exactly what you want in style, color nd fabric is to make the three costumes yourself. The colors gest are fashion trends of this spring, and show you the variety that is possible. You can always substitute your own favorites. t, suit and dress from Hollywood Patterns.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

DRAWINGS BY DILYS WATT

© HOLLYWOOD

Wardrobe handbag in toast-tan leather; colorful scarf and geranium boutonniere for suit, dress or coat.

Basic suit, 410; sizes 12 to 20; worn with furs, simple [illegible] pique dickey; changed with plaid bow-blouse, small hat and veil.

See page 76 for Other Views and Prices of Hollywood Patterns.

Rosie's In

EVERY HOME NEEDS WHAT THIS HOME DIDN'T HAVE ★ BY VAL TEAL

"THERE is only one thing missing," father said. He stood in front of the fireplace of our new house and he turned around slowly. He looked out south to the snowy street. He looked out through the windows at the fields and meadows beyond us to the west. He turned north and looked through the Dutch door into the north room, where it was all paneled and books and a game table, and out through the windows to the big trees of the ravine back of us. He spun around back to the fireplace. "Only one thing."

"Phooey," mother said.

"What is home without a mother?" father said. "I'll tell you what: It's a home with animals."

Mother sprinkled some magic crystals on the fire. They color the flames all kinds of colors. "Isn't it pretty?" she said. "All my life I've wanted a fireplace." Mother sometimes pretends father has not spoken at all.

"Yes," father said. "Very pretty." Father always answers what mother says. "All *my* life I have wanted a dog," he said.

"Me too!" Pud said.

Father laughed. Pud's life has not been so very long. Six years.

Mother threw a big handful of magic crystals on the fire. The flames shot up blue and green and crimson. "It's like a magic fire," she said.

"We can wish, then," I said. "I wish for a dog."

"Me too!" Pud said.

"We need a dog," father said.

"And I," mother said, "wish the house would always stay just this clean. Dogs," she said, "are dirty."

"What," father said, "does mother have against the animal kingdom? I can't think. She belongs to it."

"What," mother said, noticing father at last, "does the animal kingdom have against me? That is the question. I do not attack the animal kingdom. It attacks me."

"Indeed!" father said. "Wolves?"

Mother shrugged. "Wolves," she said. "Dogs," she said. "It's all the same thing. Spiders attack me. Mice attack me. Cats attack me. But mostly dogs attack me. If we were prehistoric and lived in caves, I am one of the women who would be chased by mammoths."

"I resent that," father said. "I weighed myself this morning. A hundred and ninety is not a mammoth."

Mother was not noticing father again. "I understand it, of course," she said. "It is unfortunate that I belong to the animal kingdom. Yes, I belong to the animal kingdom, but only just. Evolution is taking place. Individuals are rising, ever rising. Any day now, any century, two thousand, five thousand, ten thousand years from today a new, a superior species evolves. I am evolving. I am teetering on the edge. The animals know it. They resent it."

"Naturally," father said. "I resent it. I want to evolve too. A daisy wants to evolve. A dandelion wants to evolve. It resents me because I have evolved beyond it. Do I hate it for that reason? Do I bar it from my domain for that reason?"

"You try to," mother said. "The dandelion."

"Let's stick to the daisy, please," father said. "No, I don't hate the daisy because I have evolved beyond it. I love it. I appreciate it. I am glad that it stayed back at being a daisy. I enjoy it. It's the same thing with dogs."

"Do I hate dogs?" mother said. "I do not. I appreciate them. Good grief, think if they had evolved into men with their personalities! But I realize they are trying to hold me back. They hate me. They would destroy me if they could because I am going beyond them. Just like the dandelion would destroy you if it could because you are going beyond it."

"Thank you," father said. "How far beyond a dandelion would you say I had evolved?"

Mother kept still.

"Forget it," father said. "I don't want a dog. We don't want a dog, do we, boys? Nah, we don't want a dog."

"I do," Pud said.

"Let's make popcorn," father said. "It's a perfect night for popcorn."

We ate the popcorn in front of the fireplace.

"My dog would eat a whole bowlful," Pud said, "if he was here. He'd gobble it up and not make any mess."

"I declare," mother said. "It's a mania. What's the matter? Don't you people get enough love? Do you feel a lack of some kind?"

"We need the love of the animal kingdom," father said. "The love of superior evolvements doesn't quite reach us."

Mother bought us some goldfish the next day. Swell goldfish. We liked them. Goldfish are beautiful when the sun is shining on them. They're pretty on dark days, too, because they look like sun. They're cute when they get to trust you and come up to be fed. It only takes a couple of days. Then it's over. You just feed them. You try not to forget to feed them.

"If I had a dog I'd make it wipe its feet," Pud said one night.

"Humph," mother said. "Animals are dumb. You'd never be able to teach it anything. You've got a pet. Now keep still."

"I can't pet it," Pud said.

THE snow was melting and running great guns down the street. Pud and I built a dam of snow and made a big lake in front of our house. It was fun to watch the water. It was just like mice when you catch them. The water was caught and it just *had* to get away. It went first one way and then another, looking here and looking there for a place to get through and finally finding a way out and away! Down the street!

This little dog came up and looked to see what was going on. A dog with reddish-whitish fur, kind of curly. It would try to play with us and knock us over and then it would look at the lake, too, and smell. He got up on the edge of the dam and the snow crumbled away and he went splash into the lake. Pud laughed till he was silly. And when the dog got up he did it again. He was soaking wet. It was getting colder. The water wasn't running so fast and the dog's hair was getting stiff.

"He's freezing," Pud said. He sure was! Freezing stiff!

We went up to the front door and rang the bell.

"The door's open," mother called. "But wipe your feet. You should go round to the back."

"Come here," I yelled.

Mother came to the door. "What is it?" she said. "I'm busy getting dinner ready."

"Isn't that a cute little dog?" I said.

"Yes," mother said. "Go round to the back door, you're dripping."

(Continued on Page 152)

★ *It was as if those eyes were continually rapping at a door of a heart that refused to open to him.*

Can a Woman be sure of her husband until he is sure of himself?

Lib Wrenn is back in Town

BY NAOMI A. HINTZE

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

FOR the first ten minutes of church on that Sun[illegible] usually aware of her blessings. This feeling of all being exactly right with her world lasted from the time she stood up beside Lincoln, her husband, to sing, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," to the middle of the first verse of the second hymn.

It was summer at last, her favorite season, and really hot. Fans with Maxfield Parrish reproductions on one side and advertisements for Wickard's Furniture Store on the other moved gently over the congregation. Outside the tilted stained-glass windows bees made the sibilant sounds of summer. Occasional light breezes brought the cool smell of honeysuckle that grew outside the east windows, and the hot sweet smell of wild roses that grew in a field not far away. Lib breathed deeply. *I love summer best,* she thought.

Her new print dress, gray with small pink flowers, a low neck outlined by a crisp white frill, was perfect for this sort of weather. It was cool, comfortable and, as the clerk had promised it would be, concealing. The small hat she was wearing was left over from last season, but she liked it better than any other hat she had ever owned. She felt that it made her look worldly—a feat always difficult of accomplishment, encumbered as she was by wide and rather guileless-looking gray eyes.

Another factor contributing to her feeling of serenity on this Sunday morning was the pot roast simmering in the thrift cooker at home—Lincoln loved a big Sunday dinner—and also the fact that when she had left Susan and Nancy, aged four and two and a half, in the church nursery they had not screamed as they usually did. Susan had discovered the satisfying noise chalk could make on a blackboard, and Nancy, with her usual directness and angelic smile, had taken the Noah's ark away from a child twice her size. Hastily Lib had come away. Surely the child-psychology majors home from college for the summer could cope with her children for one hour a week.

The young minister read the announcements in the [illegible]

awe of here in Wrenn, Illinois, and a little proud of too. The choir sang one of its best numbers from the Easter cantata, and Miss Mitty at the organ, wearing another splendid new hat with back interest—she said she always chose her hats for the way they looked from the back—played showily and well, with an abandon that was interesting, if somewhat distracting, to watch.

Lincoln reached over and squeezed Lib's white-gloved hand. She smiled up at him. She had never stopped being thankful that Lincoln Jones, big, with rough-featured good looks and hair as dark as her own, had married her. A small-town lawyer—it was, he admitted, all he ever wanted to be. He was frequently to be seen behind the plate glass of his first-floor office on Main Street with his feet up on the desk. He might never be rich, but there was a certain lazy brilliance about the way he presented his cases in court that was bringing him more work than he could handle. It had been reported to Lib that he had said he did not care if this next baby was another girl, which, since it was such a great lie, endeared him to her more than ever.

High, too, on that list of blessings, had she actually been making one, must have been the sore throat Lincoln had developed last week. It had kept him at home for most of the week, and had been providentially timed so that they had been unable to attend the dinner given at the country club for Dale MacLaren.

SHE remembered now how depressed she had felt last Tuesday afternoon when she had stood at the ironing board pressing the old blue-jersey evening dress. It had never been a favorite, but it was the only one she could get into, and the budget this month did not run to a new maternity evening gown even to compete with the beautiful beautiful Dale MacLaren. That was the way Lib always had heard Dale described. Saying beautiful twice. Unnecessarily rubbing it in, Lib felt, since she had only a common garden variety of prettiness.

And even that, when she was between permanents, as she was now, she often seriously questioned.

It would be impossible for anyone to be jealous of Dale; Lib had been assured that many times. Women liked her just as much as men did. She was good. She was clever. Had she not, immediately after jilting Lincoln, gone to New York and secured a job on a fashion magazine, the glossiest-paged, most ultra of them all?

NONE of her informants had ever been able to throw any light on the angle that interested Lib most: why Dale had jilted Lincoln. All of a sudden she had just said she didn't want to live in Wrenn. Linc had already bought that property out in the country. ("Where you are living now, dear.") The whole town had been shocked. Those two had just seemed made for each other. ("Not that you and Lincoln aren't the ideal couple, of course.")

Three months after Dale had left for New York—Lib knew this much for sure—Lincoln had proposed to her and been promptly accepted.

Rebound? Well, Lib had known that was what everybody in Wrenn thought when Lincoln brought her back as his bride. Probably it was true, but it didn't matter. She would love him so much, she vowed, be such a good wife to him, and give him so nearly exactly the sort of life he wanted, that he would forget the beautiful beautiful Dale MacLaren.

But he had never forgotten. There were little ways in which Lib knew. He never mentioned her, for one thing, and his face, when Dale's name was mentioned, took on a look that Lib could put no name to. Very few of their friends ever mentioned Dale's name in his presence, which tact only served to crystallize her fears.

Sometimes when she forgot to be sensible, fear of Dale MacLaren could balloon in her heart and squeeze out all the certainty of Linc's love. It was nonsense. She knew, didn't she, that the dreams they'd shared, the work they'd done together, the two girls they had and the boy they longed for, were more important than any look a man got on his face at the mention of an old girl's name? And yet, nonsense or not, she had become so conditioned to the sound of Dale's name *(Continued on Page 216)*

"I'VE WORRIED ABOUT THAT WOMAN FOR FIVE YEARS," THOUGHT LIB. "AND NOW I KNOW W

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Would You Vote for a Woman President?

MAN, who's been running the world for centuries, has made a fair mess of it—if you judge him by the wars, waste and want he brings about.

It's none too certain woman wouldn't do a far better job of things, all of which makes the talk of a feminine U.S. President, as a starter, something worth thinking about nowadays.

Of course no one can predict whether a lady at the helm would make for better—or worse. But lots of people have ideas on the subject, well worth noting.

When we asked these 30 masterminds how they felt about voting a lady into the White House, here's what they answered.

Maybe you won't agree. But when a feminine candidate *does* toss her hat into the presidential ring, here's a preview of the comments which are sure to start flying—thick and fast.

And it may be sooner than you think.

BY JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

● "I would, most certainly, vote for a woman for President of the United States.

"It is not that I am particularly biased in favor of my own sex. But my work as a writer brings me in contact with men and women in all the professions, and all walks of life. Grade for grade, class for class, I have discovered, women reveal a greater intelligence, shrewdness, logic and common sense than their male counterparts. Contrary to general opinion, women are not so sentimental as men, but are much more hardheaded. They are not so querulous, and usually have a finer sense of proportion. Moreover, they, in general, enjoy better health and have a stronger physical stamina. I doubt very much that they are as susceptible to bribes as men, and certainly they are more honest. In any event, a matriarchy could do no worse with the world than men have done so far. And it might do a whole lot better." ***—Taylor Caldwell.***

● "I think the question of voting for a woman as President of the United States is entirely determined by the question 'Which woman?'

"Some could do an excellent job and some could not. Broadly speaking I feel that men, by nature and by inheritance and tradition, are better suited by temperament to executive and administrative posts. Fundamentally, they are more objective and less likely to be swept by emotional reactions than women. Nevertheless, it would be unwise to overlook the great gifts and ability of such a woman as Queen Elizabeth. She is, however, one of the very few good women executives, administrators or rulers in history. The bad or incapable ones are by far the rule.

"The whole question is necessarily complicated by the fact that many men and women, while physically belonging to one sex, share many of the characteristics, virtues, faults and quirks of the opposite sex, as well as the temperamental failings usually attributed to the opposite sex."

—Louis Bromfield.

● "Yes, if I were convinced that she was the best qualified of all the available candidates. She might not be as good as our best Presidents, but she certainly could not be as bad as our worst.

"A man-made world has decreed that women should not hold important positions, but they have done so just the same, while the man-made world is now a complete and apparently permanent mess. A woman in the White House might accomplish something toward removing the leading falsehood of history, which is that arguments between individuals, organizations, factions or nations can be settled by fighting. Force of arms has never yet settled anything and never will. It is man's tacit admission that he is not much better than the so-called 'lower animals,' who have no reasoning power whatever. The supposed inferiority of women is another expression of the same animal complex."

—Sigmund Spaeth.

● "Who do we think has been running things all along?" ***—Milt Gross.***

● "Gallantry alone would keep me from voting for one. I have no objection to murdering a lady—cleanly, neatly, with a big club—but my soul shrinks from condemning her to four years of nerve-racking torture to the brickbats, the back-stabbing, the crushing pressures of our presidency. It would destroy my sleep, which I value second only to the gentle dignity of the sex.

"Nor could I bear to put other world leaders, amateurs all, under the disadvantage of dealing with a professional argument winner. It wouldn't be nice, much less fair. Picture a woman President standing up at Yalta, or perhaps Ashby De La Zooch, protesting Russian grabs; it would cramp Uncle Joe's style: he might feel he had to be chivalrous—and we wouldn't want to put him in that position.

"Then, too, it might embarrass those nations that still believe a woman's place is in the harem. American man has been enlightened, but that was a purely domestic affair. Fatima's enlightenment might be thought of in other terms, such as fomenting revolutions abroad; then there'd be ugly little notes on the wires, and we'd get hauled before U.N. for interfering with the internal affairs of other nations.

"No, no, it wouldn't do. We're embarrassed now by possessing the atom bomb. Let's not develop even more destructive weapons."

—Josiah E. Greene.

BROWN BROS. CULVER

How modern is the idea of a woman President? In the nineteenth century two women were nominated for the presidency of the United States. In 1872, Victoria Claflin Woodhull Martin (left) was the candidate of the Equal Rights Party; in 1884 and 1888, Belva Lockwood (right) was the nominee of the Equal Rights Party of the Pacific Coast. Neither candidate could cast a ballot herself!

● "I see no reason why in the long run the President need be a man rather than a woman. But just now I feel that woman's political experience has been short and that people are not ready for a woman President. This is no reflection upon woman's intelligence or ability in an executive position. But the President of the United States needs and ought to have the backing of a very large majority of the United States citizens, and I feel that, now, a woman President would have an undesirable handicap in that she might not have as full support as a man would have in the same position."

—Mignon G. Eberhart.

● "Yes. If I can talk with her first."

—David McCord.

● "No. It has been my experience that whenever a woman has become the head of an organization, the men gradually drop out, the best men first. I think then that it would be difficult for a woman President to secure a good Cabinet, unless one entirely of women.

"But anyway, no woman could ever be elected President for the simple reason that women wouldn't vote for her." ***—Gelett Burgess.***

● "I see no reason why a woman should not be President of the United States if her qualifications equal or exceed those of her opponent. In fact, it might be wise to try a woman for a change. I believe that women would restore conscience to politics, which is today utterly devoid of sincerity and conviction. I also believe that they would be more sincerely interested in establishing permanent peace than men, because the average woman suffers from war more than men.

"I have found that throughout the nation women are intensely patriotic and would not tolerate some of the subversive activities that are carried on under the guise of liberalism and democracy."

—Martin Dies.

● "I would vote for a woman for President of the United States because the position of Chief Executive requires qualities of courage and selflessness. Any woman who would admit to the required age—and pose in those cowboy hats and Indian headdresses—has both qualities."

—Helmut Dantine.

● "I'm not a KKK man. I don't mean Ku Klux Klan. I mean *Kinder, Kirche, Küche*—children, church and kitchen, which Hitler decided were women's field of activity and all else out of bounds.

"I'm not prepared to say that Mrs. Roosevelt would have been as good as or better or worse than F.D.R. I don't know as to the relative merits of Mrs. Truman versus Mr. Truman. I'd rather have Mr. Luce than Mrs. Luce, but God forfend! And I'm positive Mrs. Gerald L. K. Smith would be no improvement on Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith.

(Continued on Page 145)

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Lately, everyone seems to be criticizing women for bad manners. Do you think women have worse manners than men?

I have never tried to compare the two, but I should think, on the whole, that women have better manners than men because good manners arise from thoughtfulness for others. The very nature of their job in life makes women think about others around them more than men usually have to do.

During the war, everything possible was done by Government, labor and management to speed business and resident housing. Now, when the need is just as urgent, why can't the same teamwork be brought to bear on the desperate housing conditions?

It could, if people as a whole had been willing to stick to the same self-sacrifices they accepted during the war period. All of them wanted, however, to get back to normal conditions; businessmen wanted to do business as usual—they did not want to think about housing when they wanted to increase their business opportunities. People who had lived in small houses wanted bigger ones and they wanted them immediately. People who wanted to start small, new businesses did not want to wait for materials while necessary low-cost houses were being built.

Low-cost housing does not bring in as high profits and people are not anxious to go into this field, so a man who had his heart in it, like Mr. Wilson Wyatt, resigned because he could not even get the other people in the Government to cooperate with him, and we find ourselves the victims of a perfectly normal but selfish side of human nature.

We have to hide some of the magazines from our adolescent children because of the references to liquor. What can we do about it?

I cannot imagine why you should hide magazines from your adolescent children because they have references to liquor. Do you think your children can live in this world and not know that liquor exists, or that the use of it is condemned when it is used to excess, but that it is a commodity on the market? I am afraid our adolescent children are not dependent for their information on the magazines which they find in their own homes, and the effort to hide them will be of little use. I should be inclined to tell them whatever you want them to know. They have to live in the world, so you have to trust them in the end.

Do you not think that rheumatic fever warrants a campaign such as the one for the March of Dimes? Is there anything that we or you could do to start such a campaign?

I do think rheumatic fever does warrant a campaign such as the one for the March of Dimes. There is nothing, however, that I could possibly do to start such a campaign. It could, of course, be started by any organization that had the machinery and the interest to do so.

Many people have favorite proverbs, the philosophy of which they try to live, such as "Do unto others. . . . " What is yours?

I am afraid I haven't got one. I was brought up by my grandmother with constant admonitions and allusions to the old proverbs, and the one I remember well is "A stitch in time saves nine," but I cannot say that it was a favorite. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones" was another one I heard frequently.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, care of Ladies' Home Journal. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinion, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* Journal.

With national and world affairs being what they are today, I would like to make my opinions count. Is there any way other than writing to my congressman in which to do this?

Yes, the most potent way of talking to your neighbors and friends and creating public opinion. Whether we live in a large or a small city, or in a village, it is what we and our neighbors think which really influences our representatives in the states and in the nation.

Will you perhaps suggest a half dozen or so books that you might call required reading on the American scene for those like myself who have come to this country as the wives of American servicemen? I came here from a small village in England and there is so much I have to learn of this country I now call "home."

If you can get Dorothy Canfield's Hillsboro People and Edith Wharton's Ethan Frome, you will get a fair picture of New England. Carl Carmer's books will give you the background of New York State. To get the foundations of the wild and woolly west, you might read Bret Harte's The Luck of Roaring Camp. There are [illegible] With the Wind will give you experience of the Civil War and its aftermath. If you will read Whittier's poems, and Walt Whitman's, and in addition [illegible] Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln by Carl Sandburg, you will get the flavor of the men whose ideals have built this country.

Would you please tell me what you think of the opening of radio programs for atheist propaganda?

I do not know what you mean, since I have never heard a radio program which touched on this subject. We all know that there are people who hold atheist theories, but it just happens I have never heard them on the radio. I cannot imagine how a program for this purpose which would create much public interest could be organized.

I am a girl, fifteen years of age, and in my sophomore year in high school. I'm invited to go to the movies and parties with boys who drive their own cars. My mother does not approve and I, having read your column, suggested writing to you. She agreed and we both will abide by your decisions.

I am rather an old lady to advise on this question, but I think my daughter felt the way your mother does, and I do not think she allowed her daughter, when she was fifteen, to go to movies and parties where boys who were not much older did the driving of the car. I think she felt that a little later on there would be more judgment which could not be expected at your age. In some states, boys are not allowed to drive until they reach eighteen, and then they cannot have a full license, except under certain conditions. That is because, in the nature of things, young people have less experience and less judgment. Put that down as one of the advantages that come with age!

How can the ordinary layman exert influence so that the democratic ideal may be substituted for the Nazi gods—so that the spiritual vacuum about which I. A. R. Wylie writes may be filled with goals of value as we who believe in democracy see it?

I imagine we will have to get over our complacency and stop thinking that democracy is something which we have achieved and therefore we no longer have to work for it. We are still living a crusade, but the spirit of the crusade has gone out of us. We have become satisfied before we have achieved our goal. Our largest minority in this country, 13,000,000 people or more, can say quite truthfully that in more than a hundred and fifty years they have attained no democracy. To have attained political democracy without having attained spiritual and economic democracy is not the achievement of the goal for which our forefathers worked and hoped. Unless we carry on our crusade in the spirit of the early days of the founding of our country, we cannot expect to fill a spiritual vacuum, nor to prevent the economic chaos which threatens us at the present time.

To some people, love is near-passion: to some, a quiet understanding: to others, a more complex concoction. Will you give me a definition with your own list of ingredients?

Love can have all the things you mention and a good many more. One could write books on the subject, but I think it is perhaps easier to read those already written. Certainly there is no lack of definitions far better than I could give. Why not start off with the Sonnets from the Portuguese, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and then go on through almost all the poets? You will find that from the earliest days down to the present, love has been an unending theme.

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"And I love you, dear!"

Marriage is so
Complicated

By Ware Terrey Budlong

LIBBY WANTED LOVE, BUT NOT AS A SOMETIME THING

LIBBY considered [illegible] all about love. The trouble was, she didn't know anything about marriage. Something alien happened to the girls she knew, when they married. They had a new queer confidence, that even the possession of a man and a ring and a house didn't explain. As if overnight they laid hold on a complicated kind of wisdom that had been handed down for generations, married daughter to married daughter. All this sharpened Libby's realization of her own ignorance.

Either Amos or Steve would have been only too glad to give her a personal demonstration. They both spoke about this frequently, and Steve, who covered a lot of country in his work, proposed regularly by long-distance phone. But, until this evening, he hadn't happened to phone while Amos was calling on her.

"Hello," she said. "Oh, hello, Steve."

She clutched the phone a little tighter and glanced nervously at Amos. Sitting three feet away, he could hardly help noting her end of the conversation, at least.

Amos lit a cigarette, gazed politely at the far wall, and obviously prepared to listen. He had a most irritating face. It was good-looking enough, with wide-set dark eyes, a thoroughly squared chin and aggressive cheekbones. The irritating part was that his face was under complete control; his mouth was never surprised into smiling, and when he wished to look blank he succeeded. He was looking blank now. Libby felt he should at least show annoyance, if not jealousy.

"Yes, Steve," she said. Watching Amos, she gentled her voice a little. "Yes, I've thought a lot about what you said. Once in the middle of the night."

Steve's voice crackled over the wire, with little thrusts of intensity. It was clearly audible in the quiet living room. "Don't waste time thinking in the middle of the night," Steve said. "Marry me instead."

"I never heard of a formal wedding in the middle of the night," Libby said hastily.

"Don't be ingenuous," said Steve. "Look, Libby, I forgot something."

"What?" she asked incautiously.

"I love you," Steve said promptly and with carrying power. "I love you, love you, love ——"

"Stop!" said Libby. She looked at Amos. Amos knocked the ash very carefully from his cigarette to the floor, and changed the direction of his gaze from a water color of the sea to a spot on the ceiling.

Steve was protesting in her ear: "Libby—what's the matter with you? You don't sound natural."

"Call me again, Steve. Call me tomorrow night."

"I'll see you, instead," he returned. "Let's get engaged tomorrow night. There's no moon."

"Wait," said Libby, "I can't—I don't ——"

"You will," said Steve. "Good night, darling."

She put the phone down. Amos stopped looking at the ceiling.

"Well?" he said.

"Well what?"

"Are you going to get engaged to him tomorrow night?" Amos inquired, in a tone of quiet interest.

LIBBY frothed with indignation. Steve did too much pursuing, and Amos didn't do enough.

"What about it?" she said irritably.

"If you get engaged to Steve," Amos pointed out, "you'll be less likely to marry me."

Libby looked at him. He might be strong, but he definitely wasn't silent. Only he didn't say the right things.

"That shouldn't worry you much," she told him. "You don't campaign me, you don't try to sell me. Why—you don't even make love to me."

"You've been running around with college boys," Amos said tranquilly. "This is marriage I'm talking about—not 'making love.'"

There it was again. Libby leaned back in her chair. She was weary of her ignorance about marriage. She wished she had spent more time observing her parents, when she had the chance.

Amos stood up. He looked down at her intently. "I'm not interested in arguing you into marrying me," he said. "I'm not interested in getting you so dizzy with emotion that you spin into marriage. I'm not interested ——"

"Don't tell me," she interrupted him. "You're no help at all."

He grinned then, unexpectedly. "Don't worry. You'll get your sales talk from Steve, tomorrow night."

"Oh, go away. How you win any cases, I don't know. You probably tell the other attorney that you aren't interested in law."

"Good night," Amos said.

His hand slipped under her elbow, and she was standing. He kissed her, and the dark curtain, that always screened her feeling for him, slipped a little. She saw a brightness, and then it was gone again. She wondered what he saw.

Amos stood away from her. "Did you forget about that?" he said. "Don't look so surprised, Libby — that's part of it. I don't want to marry you just because you can cook."

"Oh," said Libby, off base.

"Good night," said Amos. "Say 'no,' tomorrow night." He went out, and left her standing there, considerably mixed up. But that, she reminded herself, was no novelty these days.

Moodily, she tidied up her two-room apartment, showered and went to bed. She turned out the light, and was instantly wide awake.

IT was all Amos' fault, she decided. Here she was faithfully trying to decide between Steve and Amos, and then Amos wouldn't co-operate. He stood off at a distance and calmly waited while she made up her mind. No wonder she couldn't sleep that night.

This had been going on for some time. Six months ago, when she was just nineteen, her parents had moved to California; and Libby had decided to be on her own. She liked her job at the laboratory, she'd had two years away at college to make her feel independent, and she rented the space over the gift shop and moved in.

At first she'd gone around with the boys and girls she had known at school, and of course Amos. Then Steve had come to town, and pretty soon he and Amos were dividing her free time between them. Only Amos never got jealous, she reflected indignantly. How could she decide between them, when Amos acted this way?

She thumped her pillow into a firmer wad under her head, relaxed into a restful sleeping position, and was still more wide awake. The main trouble was that she couldn't decide which one she was really in love with. She couldn't marry Amos while she was so definitely attracted by Steve. And she couldn't marry Steve while she knew perfectly well there was an unknown quantity of emotion she could feel about Amos, if he'd only pull the proper electric switch.

"Marriage is more trouble than it's worth," she said defiantly. And added more quietly, "You're lying in your teeth."

This brief conversation with herself seemed calming, and she finally went to sleep. But she went on with her problem the next day, and when she saw Doris at noon she brought the matter up.

Doris was the only person she could talk to about such things. They had known each other since the days when they'd sat on the grass in the little town park, making miniature layer cakes out of rose petals and sugar. Now they sat on a bench in the same park, but Doris was unfamiliar. Doris was married now. It even showed in the way she sat there; her pointed face serene, her shoulders relaxed, her fingers still.

"You can't decide what man you want to marry, like picking a book in a library," Doris objected. "You were in love with that red-haired boy in college. You must know if you're in love with Amos or Steve."

(Continued on Page 204)

told me that I never [illegible] to you," he said. "Yes," she said.

Look

MENU

Pink-Grapefruit Cocktail

Salmon-and-Sole Loaf

Almond-and-Olive Sauce

Sliced Cucumbers

Celery Curls

Watermelon Pickle

Potato Croquettes **Peas**

Fruit Sherbet

Rolls **Coffee**

THE table looked just lovely. The whole thing done with roses. Roses were everywhere and each of us had little rose bouquets—corsages, they called them—to pin on with tiny rose-headed pins. The salts and peppers were little china roses, and right in the center of the table were two of the most beautiful china ladies with flounced skirts with bustles and lace and tight bodices—it made me think of an old photograph album. *You* know, sort of before the slacks-and-sweater days. And the bustles had little containers in them to hold flowers. Did you *ever?* Of course these bustles had roses in them and they were just too sweet for words. My, I wish you could have been there. But I know you'll want to know what we ate, and get the receipts.

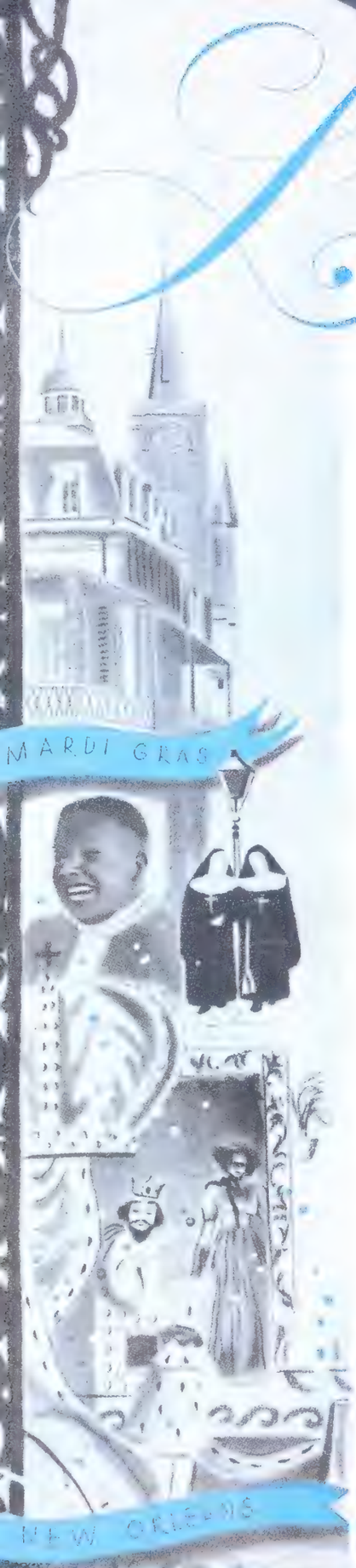
The starting point. One thing Texas has to brag about—and how right they are—is the rare, delicate, sun-ripened, gorgeous, subtly flavored, and more subtly tinted, pink grapefruit. No grenadine or coloring needed here to produce that rosy glow. Only a secret formula that Madame Nature keeps in her intimate reticule can tinge that elegant fruit. And so our first course is architected of the lovely pink segments, jeweled with pale-green seedless grapes. A symphony of tourmaline and pale aqua. And as delicious to eat as to look at. That's saying plenty.

(Continued on Page 192)

Your Prettiest

BY ANN BATCHELDER

Fine Fare



1 OPEN HOUSES IN NEW ENGLAND is the new Chamberlain picture book. For grownups only. But save it for the coming generation. They'll thank you when the time comes.

2 Don't ask me for receipts for two items: homemade *pâté de foie gras*—you can't stuff a goose liver hereabouts; and there's no such thing as Vermont "election" cake. "Republican" is the word.

3 Orange-cranberry marmalade and apricot-cranberry mix: for turnovers, toasted sweet sandwiches or just as a jam—for whatever you *do* with jam. Very special, and cranberries just adore their new alliances.

4 Probably you've done it—Christmas being past. But anyway, sometime try a chestnut purée. Slit the flat side of two cups or so of nuts. Plunge them into hot water or heat in the oven until they can be peeled—outers and inners. Now cook them until soft in chicken broth. Drain and put through a ricer or a fine sieve. Season with salt and pepper, a good piece of butter or margarine, and moisten with the broth. Beat very hard. Serve very hot, with chicken or turkey or duck.

5 Chicken to be grilled after steaming may be "deviled" in the simplest way. Before dipping the pieces in egg and crumbs, egg and crumbs again, dust the chicken with dry mustard—very lightly. It's the "divil" of a fine dish. And so you'll say.

6 Mushrooms de luxe: Make some rich pastry shells. Cook the mushrooms—small, very white ones—in cream, butter or margarine and lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange in the heated shells, or encase in small turnovers. Serve with steak or poultry.

7 The Italians have a lot on the beam. Take a certain potato croquette, for example. Add a split second of cinnamon to the mashed potatoes, salt and pepper, with a good bit of butter or margarine and cream and beat in an egg for each two good big spuds. Trick is to beat. Make into little-finger croquettes, fry.

8 Do you ever notice that eight out of ten receipts ask for pepper? Salt is routine. But pepper—with a capital *P!* And don't neglect the salt in anything chocolate.

9 Grilled mushrooms stuffed with highly seasoned chopped chicken livers

BY ANN BATCHELDER

are starring on the best hors d'oeuvre trays. (Ever have any trouble with spelling?)

10 Take some baby carrots—young ones that haven't grown up to taste like a piece off an old overcoat. Slice the babies thin. Cover them with a real cream sauce, sprinkle with fine crumbs and grated cheese and bake. (Cook the carrots first, or go for the canned ones.)

11 *Herb note*: Flavoring meat balls or dressings, using the dried herbs, as you must. Soak them awhile in stock or milk before you add the liquids to the mixture. Draws out the flavor and makes everything better and better.

12 Two things I can't wait a minute to tell you. First is—"potatoes *en robe de chambre*" is a potato in a nightgown. Second is—"Terminate your pie with a crust." How I study—and how I learn.

13 I wonder if I've told you of "Fritto-Mixto"? This mixed dish is made with any small fish such as whitebait, flowerets of cauliflower, artichoke bottoms, sweetbreads, rice croquettes, hard bread softened in flavored milk—and so on—dipped in batter and fried in deep fat. *Most elegant.*

14 You read of Sauce Diable—for lobster and such. An expensive what not. Wait a minute. Put a little meat sauce in a spider. Add some prepared mustard and lemon juice, salt, paprika, salad oil. Beat 'er up. Wonderful on lobster and sardines or shad roe. And it's Sauce Diable all right.

15 Corned-beef hash is the old, old story. With a poached egg like a parasol on each patty. Well, hard cook enough eggs, plant one in each portion, mask with hollandaise sauce and see how the boys like *that.*

16 Want to try hearts of palm? Slice the delicate translucent spikes. Marinate in French dressing. Serve on a bed of water cress. Dressed à la f.d. Very cold.

17 Dear friend grapefruit—how are *you?* Going to take out your center and fill it with French-dressed shrimps. Pale yellow, pale pink. Like bridesmaids. All right by you, grapefruit?

18 I have never held with latticed apple pie. Two crusts for me. *But*—lattice your pie with cheese crust, cut in strips and I'll accept it. (Save a piece for tomorrow, please, and I'll be there.)

19 *From an old cookbook:* "It is in the worst of taste to seat husband and wife together at the guest table. Better two women together than that." See enough of each other at home?

20 The expression on a fish's face as it reclines on a platter gets me down. No matter what they say, cut off the head. Fishermen dissent. Say looks aren't everything. But they count just the same.

21 Spanish onions baked in cream, filled with creamed mushrooms or condensed mushroom soup, are delicious with steak. Divine with turkey. Superb with roast pork. Take your pick.

22 *Dessert de luxe*: Drain halves of peaches. Fill them with chopped nuts (fine), rolled macaroons and dot all over with butter or margarine. Bake in an oven at 350° F. Add a little fruit sirup and serve with whipped cream. Oh, of course—hot.

23 Do not distrust a fish. If you do, you'll miss something. Split a fine pompano, bone it, broil it. Slather it well with butter or margarine and serve it up with whipped potatoes. Bet you the Queen of Hearts ate no better.

24 Meringues, dripping with sweetness as lilac blossoms in the spring, are a dessert to make you stop and think. Especially when put together with perfumed whipped cream, any flavor. Perfumed? Flavoring. Same thing.

25 Try some raisin corn-meal sticks one of these days. Just a cup of steamed raisins in the old corn-meal receipt. Plenty plantation pieces.

26 Cook some sweet potatoes. Slice them. Season. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Dip in egg and crumbs. Again in the same. Then fry in deep fat. And stop thinking of those *pommes soufflées.*

27 Consider the baking-powder biscuit as it comes from the pan. To get variety into those old stand-bys, use orange juice instead of milk and a rasping of orange rind too. Have them very short. *And* very hot. You'll like these.

28 February is the Limited Edition among the months. But long enough, at that. Just get it over with and you know that spring can't be far behind. Then we can start all over again—along with the crocus bulbs and early birds.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

THE FORGOTTEN BIRD

I have no place to hide
This most conspicuous crest.
Where, where shall I abide
In the snowbound waste?
Where rest?

Bird, you are not alone.
Look for the sheltered tree;
Search for the sculptured stone;
Let these your shelter be.

It is warm where the flaming wing
Awaits the promised spr-

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Our Latchstring's Out Again!"

"What fun to entertain once more! And how good it is to have such a marvelous soup as Campbell's Cream of Mushroom to add to the welcome! I simply never tasted such wonderful blending of mushrooms and cream.

Of course it's a 'must' in entertaining. And my husband practically commands this soup at least once a week, even when there's just the family—'because I like it', says he, giving [illegible]!"

Campbell's

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Made from tender hothouse mushrooms and extra-heavy sweet cream . . . Have you served this luxury soup lately?

Parents - Can you answer these questions about

RHEUMATIC FEVER

Q. Why is early diagnosis so important?

A. If rheumatic fever is discovered early, prompt treatment can often prevent serious injury to a child's heart. This is especially important with this disease, for it is still a leading health hazard among children from 5 to 15. It is also responsible for much of the heart disease in early adult life.

Q. How about recurring attacks?

A. Recurrence is one great danger of rheumatic fever. In only about one third of the cases do children escape with a single attack. Proper care during the first attack and periodic examinations after it help to avoid further trouble. Your physician will also advise you how to build up your child's general health in guarding against sore throat, tonsillitis, streptococcus infection, and other illnesses which may precede rheumatic fever.

Q. What are the signs of rheumatic fever?

A. The most common are: persistent low fever, loss of weight and appetite, pains in joints or muscles, frequent nosebleeds, and chorea (St. Vitus' dance). These are *not* sure signs of rheumatic fever. They *are* warnings to consult your doctor. Sometimes rheumatic fever shows no symptoms, and its effects will be discovered only if the child has periodic physical examinations.

Medical science often limits the effects of rheumatic fever

Although there is still no specific cure for rheumatic fever, modern medical science is making so many advances that parents can be hopeful that the effects of this disease can often be limited. Through their doctor, they should take advantage of every aid offered by increased medical knowledge. Parents also should work to keep the child-patient cheerful, especially during convalescence, which may be prolonged.

The majority of children who get rheumatic fever will be able to lead normal lives. Many whose hearts *are* weakened will still remain free from any serious handicap in later life. To learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 27-J, "Rheumatic Fever."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

(Continued from Page 23)

dull for Ferdinand Walsh. I think he was bored with the people he met here. We don't know enough celebrities."

"That's nonsense," said Nelson. "If the people who come here are good enough for us, they're good enough for him."

"Darling," she said, in her gayest tones, "I assure you, his friends are very grand. He dines with duchesses and cabinet ministers." She threw Nelson a warning look which stopped further discussion.

When they were in her room that evening she said to him, "Darling, you were very tactless. Ferdinand Walsh doesn't come here any more because of Mary. He's an honorable man, I suppose, and she let him see, rather too plainly—well, I don't have to dot all the *i*'s and cross all the *t*'s, do I? I'm extremely sorry about it, but you remember I told you it would all come to nothing."

"He's always very friendly when I see him anywhere," Nelson said.

"But why not? Of course he is. I do wish someone could teach Mary how to make herself more attractive to men."

"Poor child. She seems to have lost interest in everything since this illness. I wish she'd go on a cruise."

"She doesn't seem to want to do anything," Letty said.

Mary knew now that her hatred of Letty had become an obsession. It shut out every other emotion. It even at times gave her a dangerous and morbid pleasure. As she reached the hotel, she was thinking once more, *Suppose I were to tell Maud Cotter the whole story. What would she think?*

She knew that she couldn't possibly tell Maud, that she couldn't tell anyone. She saw too plainly now what at first she had ignored: how her father was involved, how the relationship between them had been altered. No, she could never speak of it.

As she went to the reception desk she was hesitating, more than half inclined to run away, when Maud came into the lobby and saw her. She said in her genial way:

"My dear, I'm very glad to see you. You're looking better than you looked the other evening. Lowell's just coming down."

SHE talked with easy naturalness—she might have been seeing Mary daily—and the girl sat listening, wondering what sort of picture this friend of Letty's had of her, trying to see herself through Maud's eyes.

"Who do you look like?" Maud asked. "You're not like your father at all. Do you look like your mother?"

"I've never been told whether I look like my mother or not," Mary said. "I've seen some photographs, though, and I suppose there is a resemblance."

"You made a sweet little bridesmaid at Letty's wedding," Maud said. "I remember you perfectly." Then she waved in the direction of the lift and said, "Here's Lowell. You remember him, don't you?"

The delicate man came toward them, walking deliberately and not smiling, as if he were thinking of other, more important matters. Mary thought he looked fragile, and as if ill health had aged him before his time, but his face and expression were not old; they were young, almost immature.

He took her hand and said, "You've grown up since I saw you last. Here you are, almost one of us now."

MARY wondered if she would ever be as settled in the world, as definite in character as these two. And suddenly she was reliving the dream of the night before, the dream of lost, unenjoyed spring. She shivered.

Later, at lunch, Maud and Lowell argued about the merits of a play they had seen the evening before; there was a tartness in some of their remarks that made Mary laugh.

"We know each other too well," Maud said. "Politeness has long ago gone by the board. We say what we think."

"That must be very pleasant," Mary said.

Lowell turned to her and asked, "Do you say what you think, or what you imagine people would like you to say?"

She considered for a moment, wishing to answer truthfully. "Neither," she replied. "I say what I feel certain won't commit me to anything or give me away."

"Well, when you get to our age," he said, "you'll want to give yourself away. You'll want people to know, while there's still time, what you're really like. Now you imagine you've got all the time there is."

"I've got too much time," she said, with sudden recklessness, "and it's no use to me."

Poor child, Maud thought, *she really meant it. What's brought her to this pass? Letty or the accident? Probably both.*

"I thought that once," Lowell told her. "It's only a phase—don't let it get you down." He had taken a liking to the girl. He glanced at Maud and she saw something in his expression that made her wonder what he was going to say next. "While we've been sitting here," he said, "I've had a bright idea. Why don't you come over to Paris with us? Don't you think she ought to, Maudie? I need someone to keep me company while you're prowling around the art galleries."

"Now isn't that a queer coincidence?" she exclaimed with a quick glance at Lowell. "I was just going to make the same suggestion. Yes, do come with us, Mary."

Mary looked from one to the other with undisguised amazement. "But do you really mean it? You know what I'm like. Letty's told you, hasn't she? I'm always getting ill. I'd only be a nuisance."

"Now look," said Maud, "there are doctors in Paris; good ones. It'll be spring over there. We'll have a grand time. Get your passport and leave the rest to us."

"She can't face it," said Lowell. "She can't face Paris in the spring with a couple of old bores like us."

Mary looked at him as if she had not even heard. "But I don't see why you want me. I can't think why you even suggested it."

(Continued on Page 58)

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Oh, There Shall Come a Day

By Eunice Mildred Lonfoske

Oh, there shall come a day when
April will
Dance through a greening
meadow once again,
And other eyes than mine shall
watch spring spill
Wild buds and blossoms over
hill and plain.

And there shall come a day when
all this brief
Sublimity shall for a moment
bear
A shimmering tide of flower and
of leaf . . .
And never cause my dreaming
heart to care;

And never cause my dreaming
heart to wake,
To follow through a drift of
apple snow.
I shall have then forgotten all
heartbreak,
For spring shall call and I shall
never know!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

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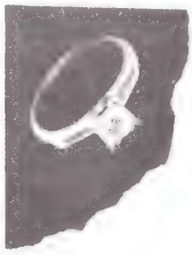

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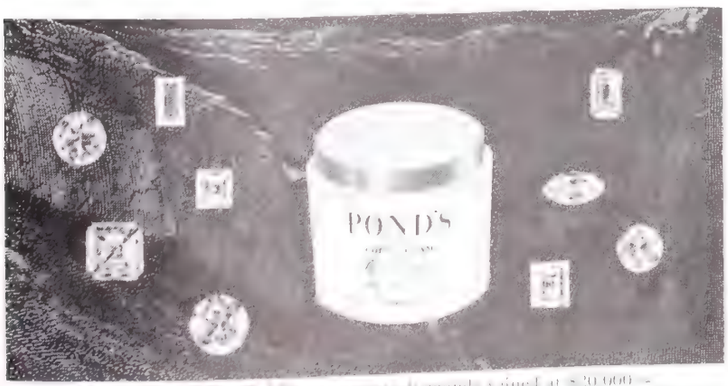

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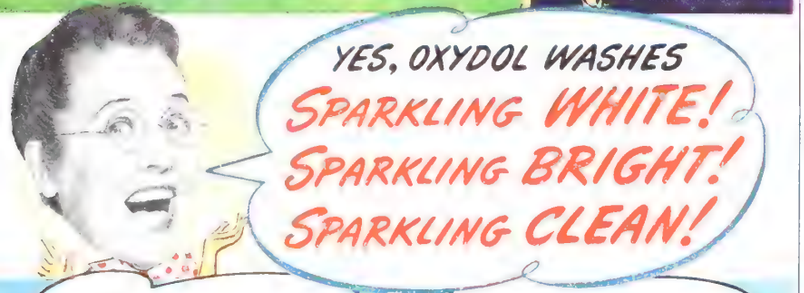

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NO HARD RUBBING—NO LONG WASHER RUNS with Oxydol's active "Hustle-Bubble" suds on the job. So, give your next wash *"That Oxydol Sparkle"!*

(Continued from Page 56)

"We happen to think it would be nice to have you," Lowell said. "Why not just leave it at that?"

She blinked rapidly, as if she had suddenly come out into the sunlight. "All right, I'll come."

"Good!" exclaimed Maud. "And if Letty or your father raises any objections, let me deal with them."

"They'll warn you," Mary said. "They'll warn you about me."

"She's got me on her hands," said Lowell. "She might as well have you too."

But as they left the dining room, Mary's honesty got the better of her. Maud was Letty's friend, and she hated Letty. She asked Maud if she might speak to her alone. Lowell, whose ears were sharp, overheard and said he had a letter to write, and that they'd find him in the writing room.

Going up in the lift, Mary tried to put into words what she should say. But when they were in Maud's bedroom she went to the window and stood opening and shutting the catch of her bag till Maud came to her and, putting a hand on her shoulder, said:

"Listen, child, you can say anything to me. It's about Letty, I suppose. Do you two get on so very badly? Frankly, I don't think I'd like Letty for a stepmother."

Mary turned to her, her face suddenly distorted, her brows drawn together as though a string had been tightly pulled. "I hate her! I hate her! How can I accept anything from you? You're her friend."

"Well, well, what of that?" Maud asked calmly. "You've accepted lunch and it didn't choke you." She smiled. "All right. You hate Letty. It makes no difference to me. Don't imagine I can't see her faults I'm asking you to come to Paris with us because you're Mary Hallam, not because you're Letty's stepdaughter."

"But when I say I hate her," the girl insisted fiercely, "I mean it."

"I can see you do. But it doesn't make an atom of difference. We won't even go into it. I'm sorry you hate Letty, because hating's such a painful business, that's all. Now let's tell Lowell that it's all settled. That letter writing of his was a sham; he never writes letters. We're going to the National Gallery this afternoon. Why don't you come with us?"

Mary said the doctor had ordered her to rest for an hour after lunch, and after saying good-by and promising to be ready on Friday next, she went back to Hyde Park Square. As she climbed the stairs to her room she knew, as though she had been allowed to look through a small window into a portion of her future, that she was never coming back. She didn't know what was going to happen to her or what the alternative might be. She was simply not coming back.

DRIVING to the National Gallery in a taxi, Maud said to Lowell, "In six weeks that girl will be a different creature."

"I don't know why. I shouldn't think a few weeks in Paris with you and me is going to look so hot to a young girl. Do we know anybody under fifty?"

"Not much under," Maud agreed.

"Well, then?"

"Oh, don't worry. You're always anticipating the worst."

"Yes," he agreed. "It's a sort of insurance against its happening. I've always done it, and on the whole it's worked very well."

The taxi had reached their destination and had stopped. Lowell, as he opened the door, said, "Maudie, I'm very happy. I'm just going to live in the present. If I look ahead, it will be for one day only. One step enough for me."

"All right. That suits me too."

"If we'd been married all these years," he said, as they went up the steps, "it wouldn't have been so very different, would it?"

She hesitated a bare second. "Well, I suppose not so very different. But why bring that up?"

"I don't know. I just said I was happy, and then realized how entirely my happiness depended on you. I'm never happy except when I'm with you. As I look back, all my past happiness has depended on you."

"Well," she said gaily, "that's quite a testimonial. If we'd been married all these years, you'd never have said it."

HE paused for a moment on the way up to get his breath, and then said, "You know, Maudie, it's worried me a lot that I was the cause of your never having married. I've often thought I ought to have died."

"Don't be an old idiot," was all she found to say, but she said it lovingly.

"All right," he said, with his charming and youthful smile, "if that's how you feel about it. Now don't you run me off my legs. I'll look at ten pictures and no more."

Nelson and Letty were going to a charity ball in aid of a hospital and Mary did not see them until just before dinner. Letty was in white, and in her hair, which was dressed high, was a red silk rose. As Mary came into the library she heard her father say, "Isn't that rose just a little ——"

Letty turned. "A little what, darling? Young? Frivolous?"

"A little provocative?" he suggested.

"I'll take it out if you like, darling. But it means I'll have to do my hair over again. Just as you say."

"No," he said unwillingly, "leave it if you like it."

"Well, I do like it. Thank you, my sweet." She went to him and kissed him prettily. "I'm hoping it will help me through the evening."

"I've no doubt it will," he said with mild irony.

She laughed and said to Mary, "How did you get on with Maud and Lowell?"

Mary said she had enjoyed the lunch very much. Each word that she spoke to Letty was uttered under compulsion, and the tone carefully guarded, polite, level, expressionless. Having answered her question, she said to her father, "They've asked me to go to Paris with them, father, on Friday. Do you see any reason why I shouldn't accept?"

He played his part well, as did Letty. "Have they really? How very nice."

"Isn't Maud sweet?" cried Letty melodiously. "She's such a dear. Does she want you to go as her guest? I expect she does."

"I don't know," said Mary, and added, "It was Mr. Pierce who suggested it first."

"I see no reason at all why you shouldn't go," said her father. "But of course you must pay your own expenses." Then, as if fearing to show too much readiness, he added, "Are you sure you feel strong enough? It would be a bore if you were taken ill."

"I'll have to risk that," said Mary.

"You'll have to get your passport seen to tomorrow. There isn't too much time. How much money do you think you'll need? A hundred pounds?"

"It seems an awful lot," said Mary.

Letty laughed. "It wouldn't last me very long in Paris." When she spoke the word "Paris," her lips formed it lovingly, her nostrils dilated as if she smelled some entrancing smell.

Nelson looked away from her. "If you need more you can send for it."

Letty could not let the subject of Paris rest. It seemed that the thought of Mary there amused and diverted her. "Well, I hope you find yourself a young man there," she said. "It won't be any fun being with

Letter from Thomas Henry Huxley, biologist, to Matthew Arnold, poet:

My dear Arnold: **Look at Bishop Wilson on the sin of covetousness and then inspect your umbrella stand. You will there see a beautiful brown smooth-handled umbrella which is not your property. Think of what the excellent prelate would have advised and bring it with you next time you come to the club. The porter will take care of it for me.**

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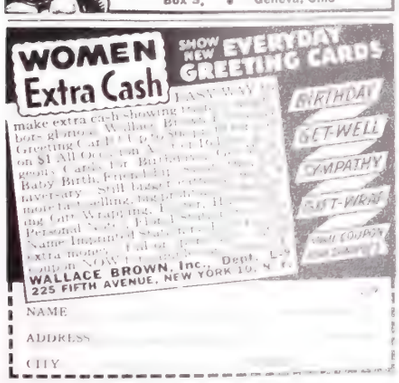

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Maud and Lowell all the time. She'd take the romance out of anything."

Mary, looking back at her silently, thought, *What happiness it will be not to hear that voice any longer, never again to hear talk of "romance" from someone who is as hard as the diamond on her hand.*

"But get a rich one," Letty went on. "A poor one is no good in Paris. Best of all, try and find a rich, old one. Every girl ought to have a rich old adorer before she marries, a real *homme du monde*."

Nelson interrupted, and there was a slight harshness in his voice. "I'm afraid I never gave you that opportunity, unless you were more precocious than I think you were."

"No, darling, you came too soon," said Letty. She looked at him sweetly, rounding her lips, and added, "But I was lucky. I got an *homme du monde* and everything else I wanted besides."

Mary spoke to hide her unease, her embarrassment. "Maud says we might go to the coast of Brittany for a few days."

"Good," said Nelson, as Shaw came in to announce dinner, "though I'm afraid it will be too cold to bathe."

"Make her take you to Dinard," said Letty as she got up. "Do you remember, darling, we nearly went there on our honeymoon?"

She threw something into the word that made Mary look away from her. She conjured up moments of passion; her voice was cadenced with love. *Why must she be always acting?* she wondered. *Is it because she has so much to hide?* And then she thought, *Only six more days and nights here.*

AFTER dinner, while Letty was writing a letter in her boudoir, Nelson and Mary went into the library together. Father and daughter sat down a little uncomfortably. Mary was seldom alone with him and did not know what to talk about when she was.

After a little silence he said, "I'm glad you've decided to go to Paris with Maud Cotter. Have as good a time as you can."

"I sometimes wonder," Mary said, "if I know how. I don't believe I do."

He looked at her with a puzzled frown. "What do you mean?"

"Well," she said, "what is a good time? How does one go about getting it? I really don't think I know."

With a slight irritation he said, "What I mean is, I hope you won't have a dull time."

"Oh," she said, "I'm sure it won't be dull. It would be my own fault if it was."

"I have a very high opinion of Maud Cotter," he said. "I hardly know Pierce, of course. He seems to me quite ineffectual."

"He's rather like me," said Mary.

Before he could reply Letty came downstairs and into the room. "Darling," she said, "I've had such a good idea. Why shouldn't you and I go to Paris while Maud's there? Just from Thursday to Tuesday, say. Couldn't we, darling? If there's a war, it may be our last chance."

"I don't know," he said. "I'm very busy just now. I don't see how it's possible."

"I don't mean just now. I mean a little later."

"Well, we'll see."

Mary guessed that he would do what Letty asked. In their different ways and for their different purposes, they knew how to gain concessions from each other. The fear that was forever at the back of Nelson's mind, a fear that Mary had only recently guessed at, since suffering had sharpened her eyes, would incline him to give Letty her way in this, as in other things.

Then, she thought, *I must do what I have to do before they come,* and felt a little hurried, a little breathless and pressed for time. Her French, thanks to Mlle. Drieux and the years in Switzerland, was excellent. She might become a music teacher in some provincial town, or a teacher of English; or she might be a companion. Her aims were modest: work to do, a place to sleep, money enough to enable her to live, however frugally. Why want anything more? To want more was to court disappointment. She would know how to keep her wants in check now, down to the minimum.

"I made the bride mad... but"

"Out, little pip squeak! I may be a bride, but I'm a good housekeeper ...and you've got *some* nerve to say I've got sewer germs in my sink drain!"

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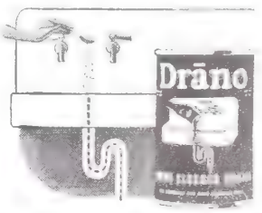

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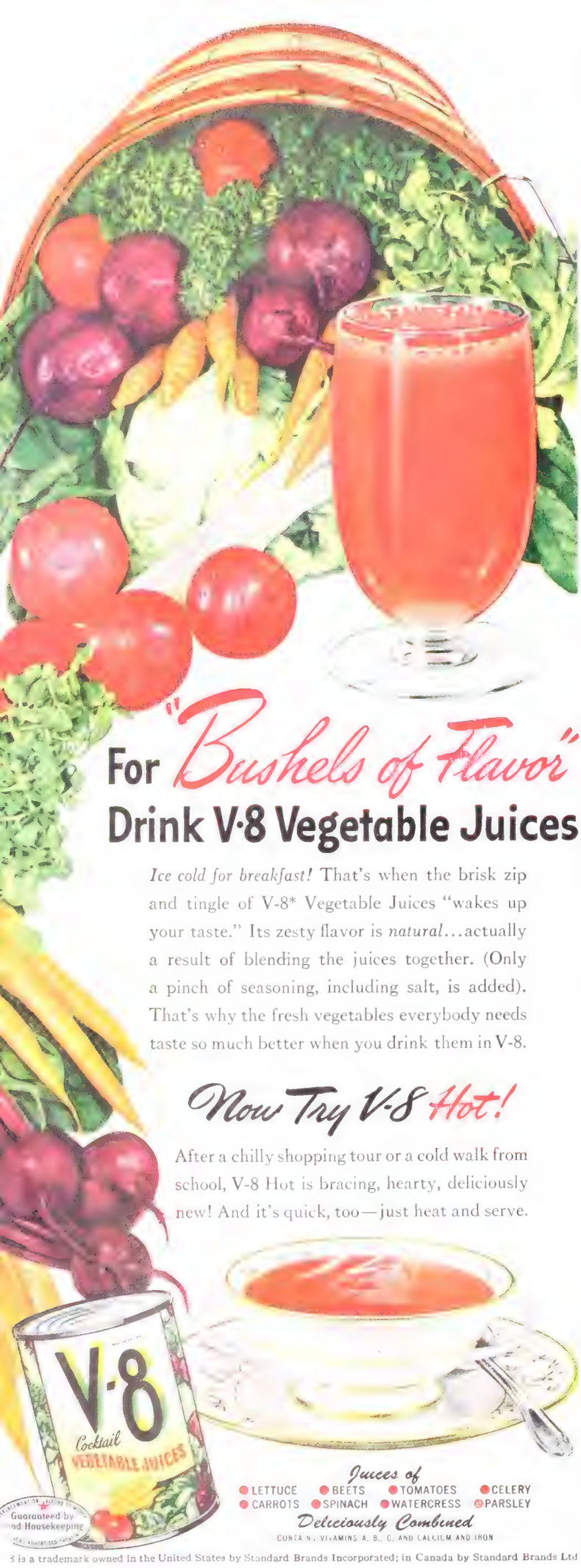

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The dinner party for Maud and Lowell was like all Letty's dinner parties. The food, drink, service, flower decorations were lavish, and of the best quality. Letty told Lowell, as they stood by the fireplace in the drawing room, waiting for other guests to arrive, that she had asked only people whose hospitality she was obliged to repay.

"They're all low-brows," she said, with her disarming little air of defiance and pride, "so don't expect anything else. We don't know any high-brows. Nelson wouldn't like them and I wouldn't know what to talk to them about."

"My own brow," Lowell said, "has been getting gradually lower and lower, till I sometimes wonder where it's going to end. I just don't want to talk to anybody who makes demands on my intelligence. I want to be amused, soothed and comforted."

"Well, thank God I put you next to Selma, then. She can do all those things for you, and carry on a flirtation with some man across the room at the same time. Her husband's one of the richest men in Sweden."

"Is she beautiful, or is she clever?" Lowell asked. He wondered how early he and Maud would be able to get away.

"She's certainly beautiful. You'll know better than I would whether she's clever."

He asked who else was coming.

"Lord and Lady Cuxhaven. Over sixty and desperately dull, but their son's just become one of Nelson's partners." She gave her pretty, fierce little laugh. "It cost them a lot too. Then there's Sir Godfrey Widdemer. He's the man who wants Nelson to go into Parliament. His wife's very deaf. However, I'll see that you don't have to talk to her. Then there are two people who are about to get a divorce, and she says this will be their last meal together. They're the Hammersleys, the Gideon Hammersleys. There's a young man from the office for Mary. Quite harmless, and useful as a fill-in." She looked toward the door with a little frown. "Where on earth is she? She's always late. Thank God she isn't my daughter." She added warmly, "It's so good of you and Maud to take her to Paris with you. I can't tell you how grateful we are."

"We like her," said Lowell.

"It's just like Maud, she's such an angel, and she knows perfectly well how difficult Mary is. I don't know how long you want her to stay, but Nelson and I will probably be coming over to Paris in a few weeks, and we can take her off your hands then."

"I don't know what arrangements Maudie's made," he said, "but I guess Mary can stay with us as long as she likes."

"Well, you're perfect angels," she said. "Both of you."

"Tell me some more about the Hammersleys," he asked hopefully. "There seems to be a good story there."

But before she could reply they were announced: a tall, sleek, horsy-looking pair who seemed to Lowell so perfectly matched that he wondered how they could hope to find more suitable partners. Splendidly null, he thought, and if they were a foretaste of what was to come he heartily wished himself comfortably in bed with a novel. As the other guests arrived he made the discovery that none of them appeared to be at all interested in any of the others. They were there to eat a good dinner—possibly to avoid the greater boredom of dining at home. This was all there was or would be: nullity.

Even the arrival of the Swedish couple failed to improve matters. She was certainly lovely, but she, too, was merely walking through a dull part that she had played too many times before, and at dinner she chiefly quoted her husband's views about the international situation.

He watched Letty, and was mildly entertained by her somewhat exaggerated charm. *Every inch of her a hostess,* he thought. *And behind that pretty, affected manner she's bored crazy with the whole thing. The only real people here are Mary, Maudie, the deaf woman, and my humble self. Maybe Nelson's real, but I have my doubts. Poor Mary, what a home to grow up in!*

After dinner he went straight to the deaf woman, Lady Widdemer, and she smiled at him and placed her little amplifying box on the table between them. He found her very good company, and when Letty came and proposed that he should go and talk to Mrs. Hammersley he said, "My dear Letty, I'm going to stay right where I am. I'm old enough to do as I please."

He had a few words with Mary just as they were leaving.

"Are you all packed and ready?" he asked.

Her face, which had shown little animation during the evening, lit up at once. "I'm so ready," she said, "that I could go tonight—this minute, in fact."

He patted her shoulder. "Have a good night's sleep."

When they had all gone Letty suddenly discovered that she was in a temper. It came on her just as the door closed on the last guest. It had been a ghastly evening, she said. She'd caught Maud yawning twice, and she didn't blame her. As for Mary, she said, turning upon the tired girl, she'd behaved like an unwilling guest instead of the daughter of the house. Mary stood mutely, having nothing to say in her own defense.

"Never mind, never mind," said Nelson, putting out his cigar. "It went as well as most of these things do, I suppose. I don't see what Mary could have done."

"She might open her mouth now and again," snapped Letty. She had observed Mary's pallor, but it only irritated her still further. "I suppose the truth is," she said, "that I'm bored to death myself. I'm bored with living in London. We ought to travel more."

Nelson was silent, with a heavy, portentous silence. Then he turned to Mary. "You'd better go to bed, Mary. You have to make an early start tomorrow."

Mary felt a sudden impulse of pity for the big, solid man with the too black hair. "I'll see you at breakfast, won't I?" she asked. He said that she would.

"I definitely shall not come down," said Letty. "Shaw will get you a taxi and see you off. I hope you'll have a good time. We'll probably see you over there. Good night." She turned her cheek toward Mary, and Mary, after a second's agonized hesitation, touched it with her own cheek.

When she had gone, Letty said, "Well, thank God she'll be out of the house for a few weeks. I've stood about all I can stand. She's as nearly rude to me as she dares to be most of the time."

"I've never noticed any rudeness," Nelson said. "You imagine it. And listen to me, Letty. I will not have you saying you're bored either when we're alone, or in front of other people. You have everything in the world you want: a fine house, plenty of servants, plenty of pretty clothes, plenty of money. Don't let me hear you speak like that again."

She saw that he was really angry and deeply hurt, and was annoyed with herself for letting the situation get so far out of hand. She said contritely, "I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean what I said. Forgive me." She went toward him with her hands held out and her head tilted supplicatingly.

"You did mean it," he said, and turned his head away from her.

She halted and looked reproachful. "Darling, I swear I didn't. Sometimes I wish we knew more amusing people, but I expect that's my fault."

"Certainly it is," he said. "That's up to you, that's your affair. We're ordinary, well-to-do, middle-class people, and I personally don't want to be anything else."

(Continued on Page 63)

> **I like people who can do things. When Edward and I struggled in vain to drag our big calf into the barn, the Irish girl put her finger into the calf's mouth, and led her in directly.**
>
> From The Heart of Emerson's Journals: Edited by Bliss Perry (Houghton Mifflin Company).

What's for dinner, Duchess?

Prediction: The new wives of 1947 are going to have more fun in the kitchen.

Previous cooking experience is desirable, perhaps, but not essential. There are so many new easy-to-use foods, so many new ways to prepare foods, so many interesting ways to serve foods, cooking will be a novel and exciting adventure.

Further prediction: Cheese dishes will be featured more often on their menus. They'll know that cheese gives tastiness and variety to meals. And cheese, like milk (nature's most nearly perfect food), is rich in protein, calcium, phosphorus, in vitamins A and G.

Yes, we have a personal interest in cheese. For Kraft, pioneer in cheese, is a unit of National Dairy. And what we've said about housewives using more cheese is entirely true.

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Swift's Premium Bacon

WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE

(Continued from Page 31)

"Well, don't make it sound so fantastically dull!" she pleaded.

He looked up angrily. "Now look here, Letty, I've had about enough of this nonsense. If you want a different sort of life you'll have to go elsewhere for it. You won't get it with me."

"Sweetheart," she protested gaily, "I'm not thinking of leaving you. I only said, 'Don't make it sound so dull.' I'm not conscious of belonging to any particular class, lower, middle or upper. I'm just Letty Hallam, and I like being Letty Hallam." She broke off to say, in a low, prettily modulated voice, "Quite honestly, darling, between you and me, I shall be happier when you've gone into politics."

"I may not stand," he said. "And if I do stand I may not get in. Elections are tricky."

"I'm quite sure you'll get in," she said. "I'm really rather thrilled about it."

His face was still dark, gloomy. "I thought you were sufficiently fond of me to like being my wife, no matter what career I chose. I suppose you'll like me better as a Conservative M.P. than as a mere businessman."

"Darling, there's nothing mere about you," she said, with a laugh. "That's just absurd."

He got up from the chair and put his arms around her. "Letty, you do worry me. Sometimes I wonder if you love me at all. No one else seems to matter—not even the children—compared with you."

"But, sweetheart, I feel the same way. We must never quarrel. It's so silly. I do love you, you know, in my own undemonstrative fashion. I wish I were different, for your sake, but there it is; I'm not."

"I like you as you are," he said, and added, with a smile that was almost a grimace, "or as I think you are."

She rubbed her cheek against his. "Well, if you don't know me by now, darling, you never will."

He kissed her. "You'll be happier with Mary out of the house for a bit. I know you and she haven't much in common. I do wish she'd marry."

"Perhaps she'll pick up someone in Paris You never know."

They went slowly up the stairs.

Paris was being swept by wind and rain when they arrived, and Mary was glad. The dripping trees, the flapping awnings, the scurrying crowds, clinging to their umbrellas, suited her mood. They reached the hotel wet from the brief crossing of the pavement from cab to doorway.

Their rooms were all on the same floor, and it was not long before Maud discovered that book- had taken up a large amount of space in Mary's luggage. She had arranged a row of them on her mantelpiece and another row on a table. The majority, she noted, were books of poetry: Blake, Donne, Milton, Gerald Manley Hopkins, Housman. *Well,* she thought, *I know more about her than I did before. But why did she bring so many books, as if she were going to a desert island!*

Maud spent the day after their arriva getting in touch with friends and making ap pointments with art dealers. Her engage ment book soon showed many entries.

On the third day she said to Mary, "Com and help me buy a hat. You'd better bu one too. You'll need one of those amusin little affairs made up of flowers and a bit tulle. And I've got my eye on an afternoo dress for you, as well."

The girl made no objections. To be told t buy clothes by Maud was not the same as be ing told by Letty. She went with her an even allowed Lowell to make her a few sma presents—a new handbag, some bits of cos tume jewelry, a scarf or two. Maud an Lowell made acquiescence easy, and Mar took pleasure in the relationship betwee them, in their friendship and in their bante

Among Maud's acquaintances was a cer tain French Jewess named Mme. Levy Legasse. She lived in the Place des Vosges, i a large apartment overflowing with furnitur and pictures. She was an ugly old woma now, covered with loose, pendulous flesh, an her great coffee-colored eyes were made trag by the semicircular bags that hung beneat them. Her collection of pictures was famou

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GREEK War Relief Association provides warm noonday meals for more than a million children in war-ravaged Greece. The lives of these children depend on this meal—often their only meal of the day. But to continue feeding these children, Greek War Relief *must* raise $12,000,000. The funds will also enable relief workers to care for the 375,000 war orphans who are completely without food, clothing or shelter, and to take primary health measures needed to ward off epidemics among an ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed population. Contributions to Greek War Relief should be sent to 221 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

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THE NAME TO REMEMBER WHEN BUYING TOWELS — At Better Stores Everywhere

(Continued from Page 64)

"Well, then," she said.

"Because I like you better than anyone in the world and always will, it doesn't mean that I wouldn't like a gossip with Mrs. Brewster about Bill Warrinder and Cathy."

"All right," she said, and turned to the door again. "Go right ahead, both of you. I can always move to another hotel."

"You're crazy," he said.

"Well, we'll leave it at that." She opened the door and then shut it softly behind her. She heard him call out, "Maudie!" but she didn't go back. She went on down to dinner. Her heart was beating as if it were a tightly stretched drum with an erratic drummer inside it. *Blast Janet Brewster,* she said to herself. *Why can't I be indifferent to her? She was always there. Why can't I come to terms with my conscience about her? I don't even know that I ever did her any harm.*

M. Karsky continued to show them attentions. To Maud he frankly admitted his interest in her young friend, and asked a great many questions about her. He had never met, he said, a young woman in the least like her: so undeveloped, with so much potential yet unrealized charm.

"She needs to be given confidence," he said. "Confidence in herself as a woman. She requires to be given a picture of herself that is not displeasing to her. Only we others can do that. After all, it is what we live by, this picture that others make for us."

MAUD wished him twenty-five years younger, for she thought it might be a long time before Mary found another such understanding admirer. At the same time, she fulfilled her duties as chaperon conscientiously, for she guessed that he was a man of many amorous affairs.

"I suppose you know what you're doing," Lowell grumbled to her one day, "letting him see so much of Mary. He's got an eye for the girls."

"What makes you think Mary would stand any nonsense from him?"

"She just wouldn't know."

He also thought it advisable to drop a hint to Mary. "I wish you knew some young people here," he said. "It can't be fun for you, seeing so much of a man Karsky's age."

"Oh," she said, "I like him. He knows such a lot and I can just sit and listen to him."

"Well," he said dubiously, "I suppose he's all right, and not just a rich old libertine."

She gave him a quick, surprised look. "What makes you say that?"

"He might be, mightn't he?"

"I don't know. He's awfully kind. I can't think why he goes to all this trouble."

"Don't be so darned humble. How do you know it isn't just to please himself?"

She shook her head. "You can't make me believe he has any special interest in me."

"Look," he said, "what's wrong with you? You're young, aren't you? And you get better-looking every day."

She gave a little laugh. "I'm afraid it isn't much use trying to build up my self-esteem."

"You're crazy. Don't you ever look in the glass?"

"Yes. And I see a sick-looking girl who isn't any good to herself or anyone else."

"You're getting morbid," he protested.

"No," she said, "I don't think I'm morbid. It's just that I can't deceive myself."

Before he could make any comment, Maud arrived and said, "Come along or we'll be late for lunch." And as they drove out to the Bois to meet M. Karsky, Lowell thought, *I wish she'd snap out of it. I suppose Karsky's good for her, so I'd better not say any more.* But he felt uneasy.

As usual, at lunch Karsky overflowed with talk, plans, suggestions and good stories. Afterward he took them for a walk in the Bois, where the beauty of the day, and the gay children who ran about under the trees, delighted Mary. But her delight was mixed with self-reproaches. What was she doing here? Where did this lead? Nowhere that she could see. Why was she undecided, making no plans, her future as unresolved as ever it had been, and what plans could she make? She would have liked to question M. Karsky, but she was never alone with him

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Then there came upon the little party two events, and on the same evening. Maud was asked to a large soiree given by a famous picture dealer. Lowell declined to accompany her. He had recently been to a new heart specialist who had examined him carefully and said that there was a fairly rapid deterioration and hardening of the left ventricle and that he must take great care to put no undue strain on the heart. Plenty of sleep, plenty of rest; these were imperatives. Maud must go alone, he was going to have dinner in bed.

Maud's engagement and Lowell's decision to spend the evening in bed interfered with M. Karsky's plans. His elder daughter and her husband were dining with him that night at a very special restaurant known, he said, to few foreigners, where there was the best chef in Europe, and he wanted Maud, Mary and Lowell to join them. On hearing that only Mary was available he asked if she might be permitted to come. Mary asked Maud's advice and Maud said, "I don't see why you shouldn't go. I believe the elder daughter is very nice." Mary hesitated, half inclined to stay at home and read. In the end she decided to go.

M. Karsky called for her in his car. His broad, healthy Slavic face with its smiling lines looked more than usually fresh. He smelled of lavender water. In the car he looked at her and swept his mustache upward, to the left and the right. She was wearing a printed silk afternoon dress that Maud had persuaded her to buy. With it she wore new long suède gloves, and she had put some perfume that Lowell had given her on her handkerchief. She was not wearing a hat, and her hair, which had been washed and set that day, framed her face in dark and glossy abundance. She had put a little rouge on her cheeks and a little red on her lips.

> Winter is what you think isn't so bad in the summer, and vice versa. —RICHARD ARMOUR.

"My dear child," he said, "you look charming this evening. You should really take more trouble with yourself, for when you do the effect is ravishing."

She smiled. "You mustn't flatter me. I'm not used to it and it goes to my head."

"Please," he said, and his rather prominent blue eyes had reproach in them, "do not use that word. I have not spoken to you one insincere word. With you, I can be myself. I hope that with me you will feel that you can be yourself. That is the true basis of friendship."

They presently reached the restaurant and went in.

M. Karsky pointed out some pictures to her in the entrance hall. "These will amuse you," he said. They were clever caricatures of famous persons, and her eye was drawn to one of Edward VII alighting from a carriage, resplendent in white waistcoat and gray topper, with a flower in his buttonhole.

While she was looking at it, M. Karsky sent for the headwaiter, who hurried out to greet them with expressions of esteem and delight. He believed that the dinner would exceed anything M. Karsky had ever had there before. It had received his earnest attention and his highest endeavors. M. Karsky turned to Mary and said, "Come, my dear," and she followed him, with the headwaiter in the lead, up a red-carpeted staircase and along a corridor where a door was thrown open for them. Mary, a little wonderingly, saw that it was a small room with a table in it set for four.

"You will of course wish to wait for monsieur and madame," the headwaiter said. "As soon as they arrive, dinner will be served. Is there anything monsieur would like in the meanwhile?"

M. Karsky waved away any suggestion of cocktails, of which he strongly disapproved, and the headwaiter left them.

(Continued on Page 69)

The biggest news in bathrooms since Grandma put in a tub...

fabulously lovely Krene plastic shower curtains!

"STRIPES AND FLOWERS" shown here, in four fast colors against white. Trim, printed of fine mull. Shower curtain and ready-to-use curtains

SO GORGEOUS you'll wish you could *wear* them! "Krene" shower curtains are almost too beautiful for plain old-fashioned bathing... you'll want to fly them out the front window ...make your friends purr with envy. Choose from dazzling colors – there's a perfect "Krene" brand curtain for *your* bathroom.

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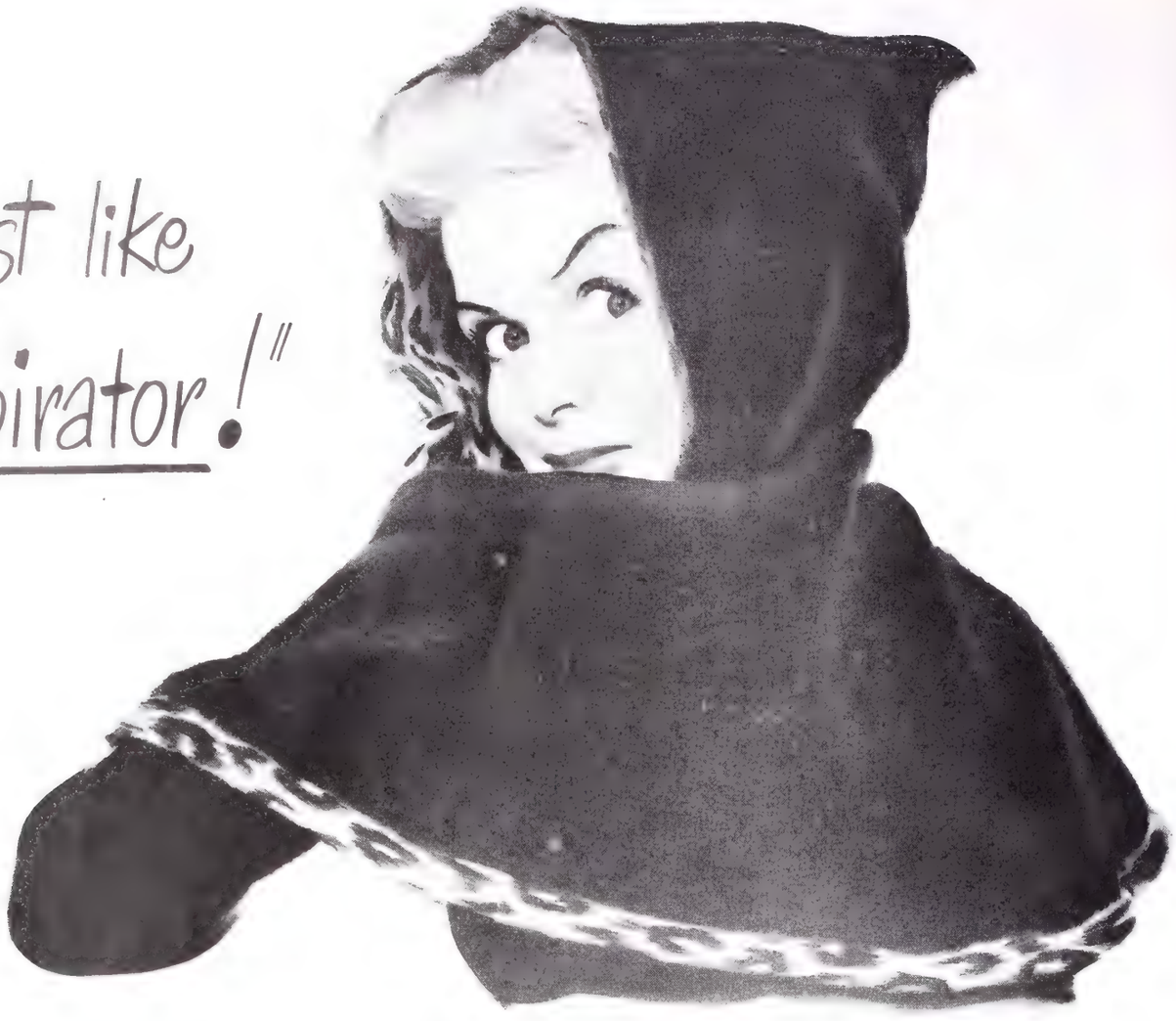
"I felt just like a conspirator!"



1.

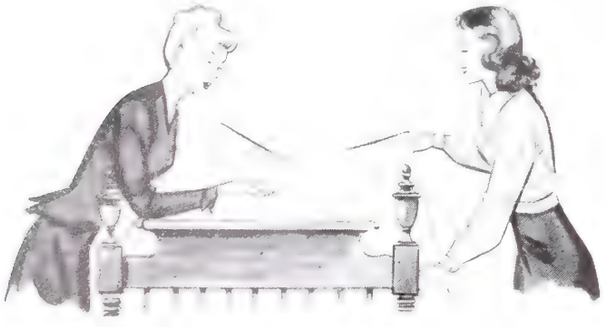
Living under the same roof with Sue, my sister-in-law, made it hard to stage the surprise party I'd planned for her second (or Cotton) anniversary. I had to use my best conspirator tactics: low-voiced phone calls to guests; subtle conversation aimed at finding out what she'd like for a gift!

2.

When my best efforts drew no clue, I buttonholed my brother. "Well," he said, "Sue's mentioned that she wished *we* could afford swell sheets like yours. . . ." "Ha!" I broke in. "Those, pet, are Cannon Percale Sheets. And you'd be *surprised*—they cost just a bit more than best-grade muslins. *That's* my present!"

3.

I lured Sue for a walk while guests gathered, then led her in. Surprised? Oh, my! "How'd you know I've had a longing eye on *your* lovely Cannon Percale Sheets?" she marvelled. "Who wouldn't!" I said. "Every gal with a luxury-loving soul *adores* Cannon Percales!"



4.

When the party broke up, I helped Sue make the beds with her new Cannon Percale Sheets. "Aren't they light weight!" she exclaimed. "The easier to wash," I said. "They're so finely woven they've got 25% more threads than best-grade muslins. And later," I finished, "you'll thank me for the way they *wear!*"

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(Continued from Page 67)

"Whenever I dine here," M. Karsky explained to Mary, "I dine like this. Below in the restaurant it is hot and crowded. This is what I like: privacy and quiet, and a perfect meal perfectly served." He glanced at his watch. "They should be here very soon. Let me take your gloves and bag."

He took them from her and laid them on the sofa, a handsome piece of Empire furniture with curved ends, and covered in worn red silk. There was a large gilt mirror on one of the walls, and nothing else in the room except the dining table and the four chairs.

"Sit here, my child," he said, and drew out a chair for her, seating himself opposite. "I hope you will like my daughter, Antoinette. My son-in-law, André, as you will presently see, is enormously stout, but the best-natured fellow in the world."

"You're so kind to me," Mary said. "I shall be really sorry to leave Paris."

"But you must not talk of leaving Paris." She said, wishing that she could tell him the truth, "My father and stepmother will be coming soon and they will want to take me home with them."

"They must let you stay longer," he said. "Or they should take you to the sea for a few days, to Normandy or Brittany perhaps. When my daughters were children, my wife and I took a villa each summer on the Normandy coast. I would enjoy showing you that part of France." He looked intently at her, then consulted his watch. "Our companions are late. That is not like my Antoinette. She is never late."

He had hardly spoken when a waiter came in and said, "A telephone message has just come from Mme. la Marquise, monsieur. She wishes me to tell you that it will be impossible for her or M. le Marquis to dine with you tonight. M. le Marquis is feeling very unwell, with an attack of asthma, and the doctor has been sent for. She wishes me to convey to you her apologies and regrets."

"What a pity!" M. Karsky cried. "What a great pity! That poor André! It happens too often that he has these attacks. It is because he takes no exercise." He said to the waiter, "Now there is no one to wait for. You may serve dinner at once."

MARY murmured some words of regret, but inwardly felt that they would get on quite well without the daughter and son-in-law, whose arrival she had been anticipating with some dread. She wondered what Maud would say to her dining alone with M. Karsky. But the dinner, M. Karsky's charm and bonhomie and the wines, to which she was unaccustomed, soon wiped out this apprehension. She was inclined, she thought, to be prudish; she must not be so silly as to see a pitfall where none was intended.

A sole with a superb sauce followed the *pâté*, and he persuaded her to drink a good deal of the light, dry white wine that was served with it, though she said she thought she had better wait for the Burgundy. "One does not refuse the spring," he said gaily, filling up her glass. "because the summer is coming." Then came a duck, marvelously cooked, and the bottle of Burgundy. "It will do you no harm," he told her. "It is a magnificent wine."

HE had been telling her some anecdotes about the buying of his famous porcelains. He told stories well, without too much detail, with the right amount of exaggeration, and with a good deal of humor. She was not bored, and she guessed that he was pleased to find her such a willing listener.

At the end of one of his tales he suddenly took up her right hand and raised it to his lips. "That poor little hand," he murmured. "It is what first attracted me to you. Tell me, child, how good a pianist were you?"

Very conscious of the touch of his lips and mustache, she dropped her hand in her lap and said, "If my health had allowed me to continue, I think I could have become a fairly successful concert pianist. That is what my teacher believed."

"And you would not have married?"

"I don't know. I didn't think about it in those days. I was too much occupied with my music."

"And now?"

"Even now I don't think about it. There's no one I want to marry."

He moved his chair a little nearer hers. "But now tell me; you say you are nearly twenty-four. Surely you cannot have reached this great age without meeting someone you felt you could love. That would be most unusual; almost, I would say, abnormal. And I am sure you are not in any way abnormal."

She said quickly, before she could rehearse and then suppress the answer, "I did love someone once, but he didn't love me."

"Ah," he said. "That is better. I am happy to hear it. As for him, if he did not love you, he was not the right man for you. Forget him, and remember only the pleasure of loving."

"The pleasure was so brief," she said, "and now it seems to have been all pain."

He made a gesture. "The pain will go. It is natural to youth. You are the better for it; the better as a woman."

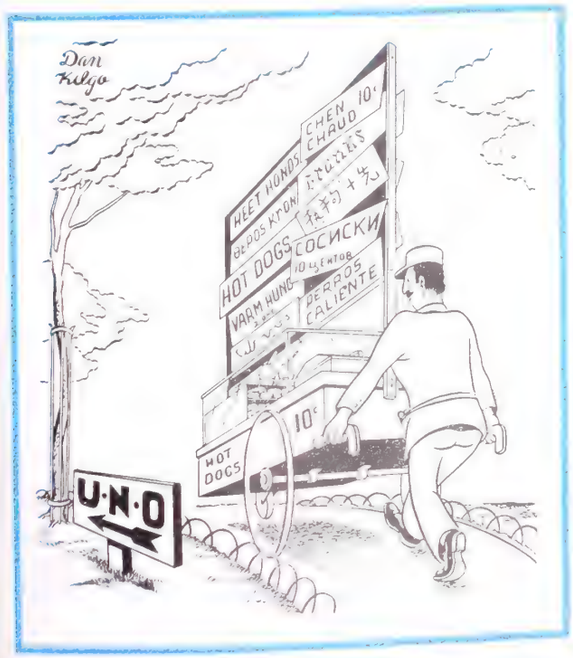
As he spoke she felt the pressure of his knee against hers. A sharp distress and dread broke in upon her, and she contrived to change her position a little. Could he be *that sort of man?* The kiss on her hand, the touch of his knee—could it mean *that?* What should she do? She must ignore it, pretend it hadn't happened, go on talking as if everything were as it had been. But it was he who went on talking. He talked about the happiness to be derived from loving and being loved. There was no joy in the world equal to it, he told her.

Then once again she felt the pressure of his knee, and her fear giving her courage, she moved her chair a little. He turned and looked at her with gaiety in his face.

"Come, my dear child, I shall not pursue you round the table. It is more agreeable to sit side by side than to sit facing each other. When you like someone very much, it is an added pleasure to be near them. Don't you agree? And I think you do like me?"

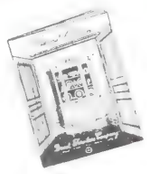
She murmured, confused, "You know I do," and longed to add, "but not when

(Continued on Page 71)



Pieces from the New Drexel Guild Group

Styled for Smarter Use of Smaller Space



Here's just the furniture for today's smart home-makers in smaller homes! Here's all the graciousness . . . all the charm . . . and all the lasting beauty you could hope for—designed especially to harmonize with cozy interiors. The smartly styled corner china illustrated here is a typical example of this friendly space-saving charm.

The companion pieces, too—the graceful table... the lyre-back chairs...the trim, handsome credenza all blend charmingly with today's smaller sized homes. There is a hutch china in this ensemble which is a china cabinet, a bookcase—and a desk, *all in one!*

Ask to see this and other beautiful Drexel ensembles at the leading department or furniture store in your city. All are priced right . . . styled right. Look for the Drexel brand mark.

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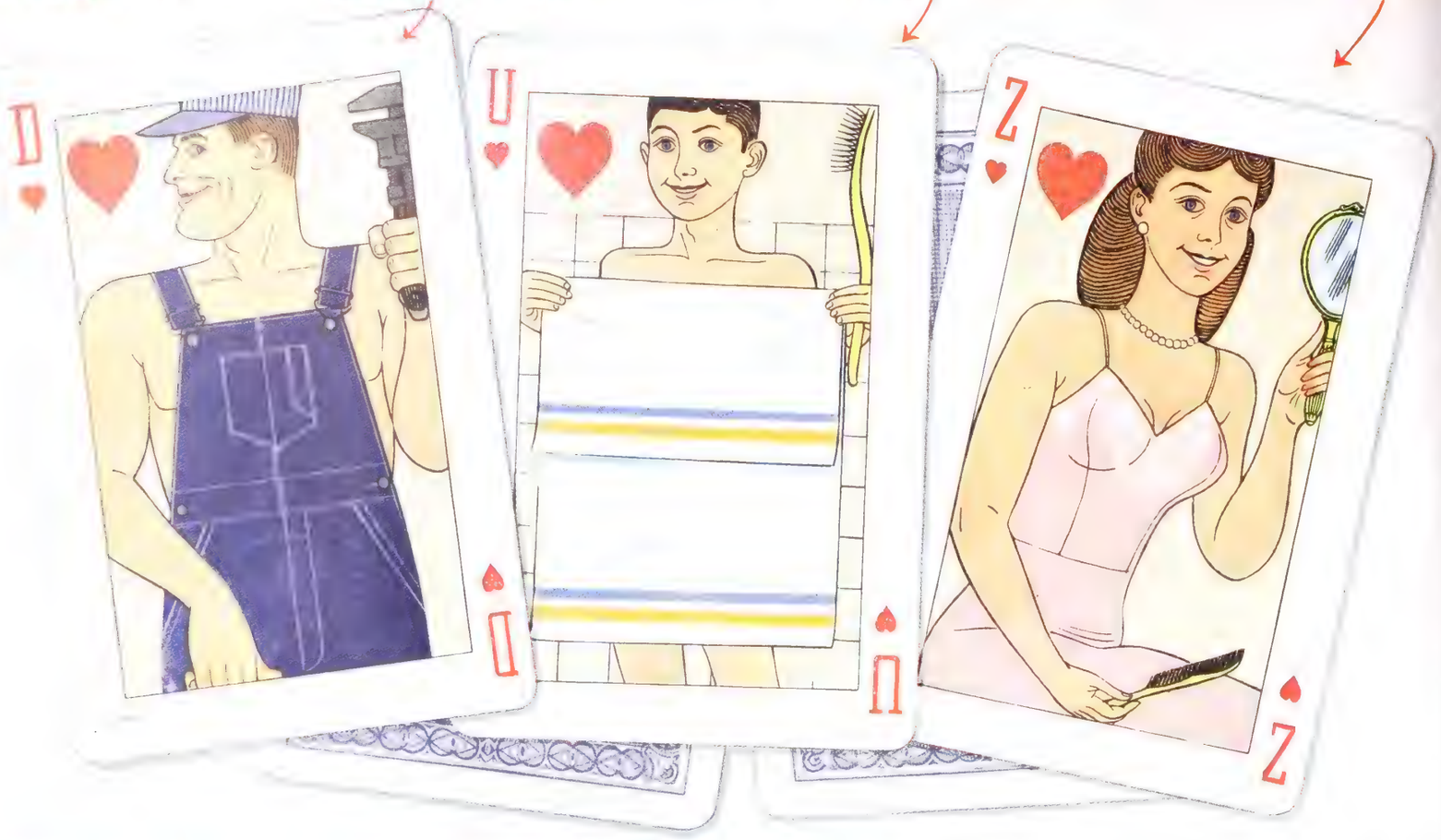
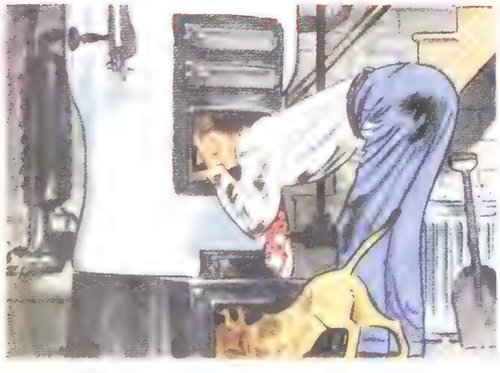


"Don't be a dummy, DUZ...you've got more than 3 tricks"

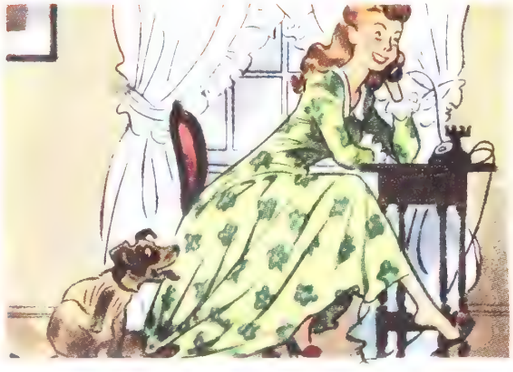
WRITES MRS. ALICE FANUCCI OF ARCHBALD, PA.

"Why talk about just towels, overalls and undies all the time? You've plenty more tricks up your sleeve! Why, everybody's wise to how Duz gets towels white as snowdrifts. And how grime comes out of dirty work clothes in a jiffy with Duz. Even the prettiest colored undies are safer with Duz than any other 'big-name' package soap you use for washday. Now, why not tell people what Duz does for *all* your washables?



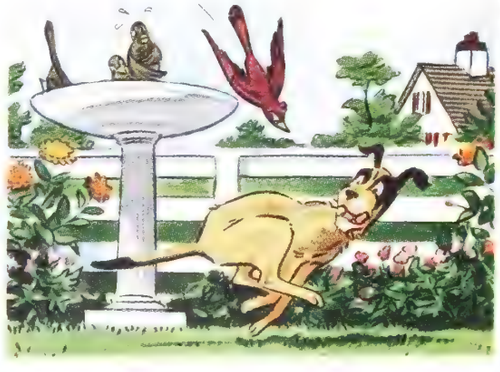
"Isn't there a trick to washing shirts?

"Sure, there is, Duz. Specially when the collars and cuffs are grimy. But Duz eases tough grime out of the dirtiest shirts in no time. Gets them clean as a whistle.



"Haven't you heard about housecoats?

"Their gay prints are so becoming. And Duz cleans pretty housecoats—oh, so gently! Leaves all the bright washable colors alone. Lots of women would like to hear about *that*, Duz.



"How about DUZ-zing the bird bath?

"Ours was filled with mud and rubbish but we cleaned it with Duz. Now, it shines like new money.

"So, come on, Duz. Open up that bag of tricks and let everybody know what a real winner Duz is on washday. It just can't be beat by any other leading washday soap—for cleaning *quick* and washing *safe!*"

DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

(Continued from Page 69)

are like this," but heard the words in
ind and rejected them for their crudity.
ould do nothing except sit, hoping that
e ignored what she feared, it would
sh. And for the first time it crossed her
that perhaps the daughter and son-in-
ad been put off purposely.

can't tell you," he was saying, "how
y it makes me to hear you say that. For
ieve you mean it. To be here with you
this gives me great pleasure. Of all the
ionships possible between men and
en, that between a young girl and an
r man seems to me the most harmonious
perfect. Tell me you agree."

e said, stammering a little, that she had
r thought about it; that she supposed it
d be like that.

Yes," he said, "it is undoubtedly the
t delightful. That between a young man
an older woman can be charming, too,
there is apt to be an element of doubt, of
d on the woman's side. She cannot com-
ely live in the present; she also lives in
t future time when she will suffer from
want of him. But with two people like
selves—what is
re I cannot do for
? And that re-
nds me." He
ghed almost shyly,
brought out of
pocket a little
rocco case which
put before her,
ing, "Open it, my
r; I chose it with
ch thought and
e."

Mary looked at the
le case in a flut-
of fear, of self-
sement, at having
things reach this
s. "Oh, no!" she
naged to protest.
lo, please, I don't
nt to be given pres-
s. I can't possi-
take it."

"But open it," he
isted. "You don't
n know what it
" But as she shook
head, "You are
shy? Well then,
me. See, my dear,
is only a pretty
le. Of course, if
vention did not
bid, I would like
give you some-
ng really lovely,
lly valuable. But
s pretty toy"—he
de a gesture with his hand, as though it
re utterly unworthy of her—"this you
y accept without a thought."

was a small cluster of two flowers, with
ves and a bud, the petals done in small
ies, the leaves in emeralds, and all set in
delicate design of platinum. She pushed
e case from her, looking at him with wide,
ploring eyes.

"I can't possibly, not possibly. It's
ely, but I can't take it. I'm sorry. I wish
u hadn't!"

"Don't distress yourself, my child." He
ok up the brooch, turning it this way and
at. "As I say, it is only a trifle. I picked it
in a shop where I often buy things for my
ughters; who would never dare" and he
iled—"to treat my gifts as you have."

The waiter came in then bearing a pale,
lden-brown soufflé standing high in its
sh. He flourished it forward for M. Kar-
y's approval.

"Magnificent!" cried M. Karsky, rubbing
s hands. "Tell M. Charles he has never
ne better." And as the waiter bowed and
ft them he said, turning to Mary, "Taste
, my dear. Tell me what you think of it."

She tasted it and said, "It's wonderful."

The brooch remained on the table, ig-
ored. M. Karsky began to talk again as if
ere were nothing amiss, and she began to
feel reassured. The coffee came, and then liqueurs, and she wondered how soon she might say that it was time to go. But Mr. Karsky picked up the brooch again, holding it to the light.

"What colors! Lovely! Come, my dear, let me see how it looks pinned into the neck of your dress. Let me fasten it there."

She felt as a bird under a net must feel, its heart beating wildly with the longing to escape. She pushed his hands away, dreading the touch of them. "No, no, please! I meant what I said. I don't want it. I won't take it."

"My dear child," he said reproachfully, gravely, as he put the brooch back in its case, "do you imagine I would ask you to do anything I thought you shouldn't do? You mustn't take so seriously what is merely the desire of a friend to show his friendship. I wish I could teach you to laugh and be happy."

He's right, she thought. *I don't laugh enough. Now he's made me feel a fool.* She said aloud, "Perhaps I'll learn someday. I'm dull and gauche and inexperienced. I know it. You oughtn't to trouble yourself about me." She gave him a fleeting smile that had a hint of tears in it. "I must go now. Miss Cotter will be waiting for me."

"It's early yet. She will hardly be back from her soiree. Stay a little longer."

"No," she said, "I'm sure I ought to go." She pushed back her chair, but he put an arm quickly behind her, across her shoulders.

"Tell me first that you have enjoyed the evening as much as I have. Don't shrink from me, my child." He pulled her to him so that her face touched his and she smelled the lavender water he was so fond of using. Then both his arms went round her and he drew her up out of her chair, murmuring, "You are my love, my little love. Don't you know that?"

Her mind was all darkness and confusion. She thought, *It's come to this. I've let it come to this,* and there seemed no way of turning back; only acquiescence.

He drew her toward the sofa, whispering, "Let us sit here, close to each other. Let me teach you to love me as I love you." She felt his kisses on hair and cheek and ear, soft, devouring little kisses.

In spite of the unaccustomed wine and her sense of being lost, hopelessly lost, some impulse remained alive in her to fight, to struggle back. She broke away from him, shamed, appalled that a man could be two men, one a kind friend, the other a marauder, snatched up her bag and darted to the door like a terrified cat.

It was not locked and she flung it wide open and raced along the corridor and down the stairs. Then through the lobby where a few people stood talking and did not look at her and out into the street. She ran until her breath gave out and she could run no more. Then, seeing a couple get out of a taxi, she hailed it and got in. And it was there, driving back to the hotel, huddled in a corner, that she made a vow to escape forever from a creature as futile, as utterly to be despised, as Mary Hallam.

Lowell ordered a small dinner to be sent up to his bedroom, then went into the writing room to see if he could find a copy of

After Snow

By ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

From nothing more than faded sky,
No more than grassless ground,
Have come these sudden miracles
Performed without a sound,

From nothing more than fence
posts,
A score of leafless trees,
Poles strung with wire, a sagging
barn,
Bare hills in twos and threes,

Have come pagodas, crystal-roofed,
Alabaster towers,
Marble columns in a row
Carved with shadow flowers,

Strange pallid mountains of the
moon
Swept smooth by wind's quick
wing,
And fairy forests where no bird
As yet has dared to sing.

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They are *woven,* with thousands of tiny air-vents that let fresh air circulate through soiled clothes—keeping them free of foul odors, dampness, mildew.

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Be sure the hampers you buy are handsome, *self-ventilating* Pearl-Wick!

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• **FROM $5.50 TO $9.95**
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SELF-VENTILATING *hampers*

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which is the expensive blouse
?

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But one cost $39.75 . . . the other $7.85. (Look below and see if you guess right.)

The point is, whether your budget is small or unlimited, anything starchable looks *its best*—when you use LINIT, the starch that gives the perfect finish to all fabrics. Easy directions are on every package.

It's the blouse at the top that cost $39.75

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. . . ADDS THE
"finishing touch"

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The Times. There was no one in the room except a woman who was sitting at one of the writing desks. She presently finished her letter, collected her belongings and got up. Conscious of her movements, he lowered his paper and they looked at each other. He saw that it was Mrs. Brewster and that she had every intention of speaking to him.

She came nearer, a hand outstretched, and said, "It's Lowell Pierce, isn't it? I thought I couldn't be mistaken. I nearly spoke to you the other day."

"I was pretty sure you were Mrs. Brewster," he said, "although it's a long time since we met."

"Well," she said, with a sort of brittle graciousness, "I couldn't pass by a fellow Bostonian without speaking."

He drew up another chair and they sat down, both pleased by the encounter. She had a large, flat crocodile-skin bag under her arm and carried a letter in her hand. She was very plainly dressed in brown and her dark hair was streaked with gray and pinned into a small knot at the back of her neck.

"How long have you been in Paris?" she asked.

He told her they had been there nearly a month. She, it appeared, had been there longer.

"My daughter Felicity is studying French drama," she said. "She's very much interested in the Little Theater movement at home. Of course I let her choose her career. All my daughters, I'm glad to say, decided to have careers. Evelyn, you may remember, was quite successful as a painter until she married. Now she's entirely taken up with a home and a husband."

"You sound disapproving," he said, smiling.

"I'm afraid I am. Nowadays marriages are often short-lived affairs, even in Boston. Then, unless the wife has an occupation of some sort, she's apt to rush into a foolish second marriage."

"There may be something in it," he agreed. "All the same, it still seems natural and right to me that a young woman should put her home and husband first."

"Of course," she told him, coldly and brightly, "you take the masculine view."

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps I'm just old-fashioned. By the way, is it true that Cathy and Bill are going to part? I've heard rumors."

"I'm afraid it's only too true," she said, "unless they can be persuaded to change their minds. Why don't you write to them? I wish you would."

He shook his head. "I never give advice in these matters unless I'm asked, and not always then."

"Well," she said, "really I don't know what's wrong with people today. Marriage is becoming a farce. We might as well have free love and be done with it." She spoke with a bitter twist of the lips.

HE said with a rueful little laugh, "Can you think of anything that hasn't changed in our lifetime? I can't."

"Birth and death," she said, with tight lips. "That's all." She tapped her letter on the arm of her chair. "What we need is a religious revival. Nothing else will save the world."

"Do you see it coming?" he wanted to know.

"No. I don't see anything coming but war and upheavals."

"Well," he said with a sigh, "that's what I keep telling Maudie. This may be our last trip to Europe." He caught her look of inquiry. "Maud Cotter, you know. We came over at the same time."

She looked at him with a new and vivid interest. "I'd quite forgotten that you and she were old friends."

He gave a comfortable little laugh. "I can't remember a time when Maudie and I weren't old friends. It goes back a long, long way."

She seemed to come closer to him. "Then," she said, "you must know all about her—and a good deal about me."

"About you?" he asked, puzzled. "She told me you'd scarcely spoken to each other. It was after I'd said I'd seen you in the lobby."

"That's quite true," she said, and he felt vaguely, the presence of something dangerous. "But if you've known her so long and so well you must know her past history."

"I don't know just what you're referring to," he managed to say, and then added almost indignantly, "Of course I know all about her."

She gave a cold, unamused little laugh. "You're being dreadfully discreet, aren't you? But I see you do know."

He made an effort, then, to carry the thing farther; he smiled and said as if he were speaking to a child who needed to be both teased and coaxed, "You tell me what you're referring to and then I'll tell you what I know about it."

SHE looked at him and said, "You know quite well I'm referring to the affair between Maud Cotter and my husband. The miracle is that the whole of Boston didn't know. I shall never understand how they managed to keep it so secret."

A wave of pain and nausea spread all through his body, extending itself outward from his anguished and stricken heart. *O God,* he prayed, in his extremity, *let me hide what I feel! Let me hide it. Then I'll die if I must.* He gripped the arms of his chair, his body rigid, and then said out of a silence that had seemed to him full of the sound of things falling and crumbling, "How did you find it out?"

She didn't notice anything; she wasn't even looking at him now. "My husband told me himself before he died. He'd asked me to look through some of his papers, and I found a letter from her that had gotten among them by mistake. So I asked him about it. It was a love letter, the letter of a woman very much in love. He told me he was equally in love with her, that they'd been lovers for nearly eleven years." She paused. "Of course," she went on, "I'd never interfered in any way in his life. We went our own ways. But there are some things one can't forgive. An affair with some light woman, yes, perhaps, men being what they are. But this—with a woman like Maud Cotter—and the deceit and secrecy of it all —— However, they got away with it most successfully, didn't they?" She gave a bitter little laugh. "Thanks to that old harridan, Madame Montez. She was no better than an old procuress, in my opinion."

Lowell's hands still gripped the arms of his chair. He dared not relax a muscle. "She was a good singer," he managed to say. Not to let this woman know that what she had just told him had poisoned his whole existence became all his aim.

"I wonder," she said, "what Maud Cotter's family would think if they knew. By the way, I've never spoken of this to a single soul till now."

"You don't gain anything by broadcasting these things," he said. "As for Mrs. Cotter, I doubt if the news would upset her as much as you think. In her eyes, Maudie can do no wrong."

"Nor in yours, I gather."

"Oh, well," he said, and the sweat was cold on his forehead, "*tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner,* you know."

"I wish the Frenchman who coined that phrase had never been born," she retorted acidly.

"Forgive me for saying anything so trite."

"I can forgive the triteness," she told him. "It's the sentiment I object to." She looked toward the door and said, "I think I saw Felicity just getting into the elevator. I must go." She got up and he tried to get up,

(Continued on Page 74)

"You're a real danger to pedestrians," decided the judge. "I must revoke your license."

"But, your honor," protested the defendant, "my living depends on my driving my car."

"So does the living of the pedestrian," replied the judge.

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Special Dry-Skin Mixture

Oily Skin: Liquefying Cleansing Cream
Texture Lotion, Suppling Cream

(Continued from Page 72)

too, but she waved him back into his chair. "Please don't move. I'm so glad to have seen you and to have had this talk about Bill and Cathy. Do write to Bill. He's only making a fool of himself. An utter fool."

"I'll think about it," he said. "I won't promise."

"Broad-mindedness," she said. "It'll be the undoing of us, I'm afraid. Well, good night. I shall avoid speaking to Maud Cotter if I can. I'm sure she'd understand." She went toward the door, half turned, and said, over her shoulder, "Though what does it all matter now?"

He repeated, with stiff lips, "Yes, what does it all matter now?"

He watched her go through the door and out into the lobby, a thin, neat, uncompromising figure; as definite in outline as a knife. Then he leaned back in his chair with a long sigh and closed his eyes. He had been bereaved in those few moments of what he loved best in the world. Maudie, Maudie had done this thing to him. All these years he had been seeing her constantly, and never once had he heard her speak of Martin Brewster. He had been fooled all along the line. The stupid, meaningless words kept repeating themselves in his brain: *All along the line.*

And when he tried to picture Maud with a lover he failed completely. He knew that there must be another Maud, whom he did not know at all. The Maud he knew was always reasonable, companionable; always ready to laugh at herself; full of zest, good humor, always, as he put it to himself, on an even keel. She must have been—how old?—when it began. Twenty-five? Twenty-six? Twenty-seven? He couldn't work it out, his brain refused the mathematics of it. Well, she had fooled him.

AND no one had suspected. That was the frightening thing. The frightening thing was that she'd never changed, that no one had detected the least difference in her. Not he, not her mother nor her many friends. And then, after years of intimacy, her lover had died, and again no one had noticed the smallest change in her. That, too, was frightening. She'd never stopped being in love with Martin Brewster; he knew that. Maudie was the most consistent woman he'd ever known. *Oh, Maudie, Maudie!*

I can't see her again, he said to himself, rocking his body from side to side. *I can't speak to her again. I don't ever want to lay eyes on her again. Every hour of every day during all these years she's deceived me. She's let me think what wasn't true. She's let me say—oh, how many times?—"Maudie, I blame myself for your never having married."* Only as recently as the day before yesterday she'd let him say it. The words seemed to fly back at him and strike him just above his laboring heart, and he put his hands over it to protect it and bowed his head.

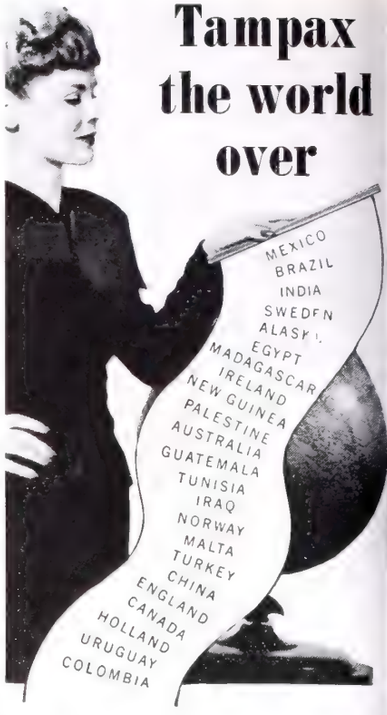
After a while, Lowell drew his feet under him and slowly and shakily got out of his chair and went to the lift, walking like an old man, one hand pressed against his side. Up in his room, he locked the door and then, very slowly, he got into bed. He wished he might never have to leave it again.

Mary lay awake all night, keeping her reading lamp on because the light made her visions less monstrous. In the morning when the hotel began to stir and the lifts to travel up and down, she got up and dressed herself. Now that daylight had come, she thought she would go to Maud, tell her of the events of the night before, and confess that she had made a solemn vow to kill herself. She did not reason this out. But if Maud could not convince her that life was not utterly hateful and she herself not utterly despicable, then no one could.

She knew Maud never got up until half past eight, and that it was now only seven, but she could not wait. She had to unburden herself of her load of misery, and if it involved telling the truth about Letty and Ferdinand Walsh, well, she would tell that too.

Maud's room was exactly opposite her own. Mary, driven by her desperate need,

Tampax the world over



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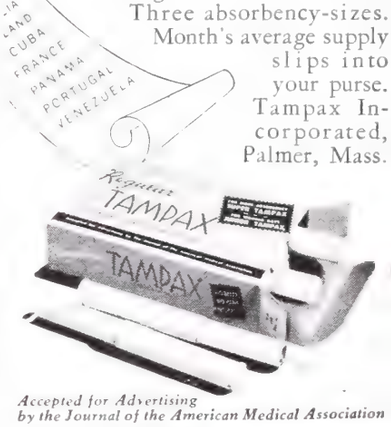

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w York 1, N. Y. Dept. JY-27.

There was no reply. She knocked more loudly, and still there was no reply. Puzzled, she continued along the corridor, passing Lowell's door. From behind it she could distinctly hear voices, Maud's and Lowell's.

Her own problems still uppermost in her mind, she went nearer and, with no thought of eavesdropping, listened. The corridor was empty and silent, and the two inside the room were speaking as people will when they are so absorbed in their own emotions that they do not care whether they can be overheard or not. To her utter amazement Maud was crying; there could be no mistake about it—she was crying, arguing, protesting all at once. But she was constantly interrupted by Lowell's voice, so unlike his usual voice that it was hard to believe it was his: harsh, toneless, reiterative.

Mary stood there, shocked and frightened into complete immobility. Lowell was accusing Maud of deceiving him, of having a lover, of having ruined his life and his happiness. "You deceived me," he kept saying, and Maud would break in with, "But, Lowell, this concerned only me and him; how could I tell anyone? How could I?" And relentlessly he would talk her down in harsh, level, monotonous tones, "You deceived me, you deceived me. I don't want you. You deceived me. I'm going home alone." Then Maud, "No, I'll go with you. We can send Mary back to London. I'll go with you." Then Lowell, "I don't want you. I never want to see you again."

Mary pressed the back of her hand against her mouth. Her face looked stricken. She turned slowly away and went to her own room. For a long time she stood in the mid-

Conceit is just as natural a thing to the human mind as a center is to a circle. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

dle of it, staring in front of her, then she turned to her bureau, pulled out its contents and threw everything on the bed. She flung clothes and books into her suitcases. Her one longing was to get away, to make her escape. While she waited for the porter, she took up her pen and scribbled a note:

Dear Maud: Thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. You know I have been unhappy, and in spite of these pleasant weeks with you and Lowell things have got worse rather than better. I have made up my mind never to go back to Letty and my father. I am going to a small town somewhere in France, and I will find work. Please don't worry about me, and tell father not to worry. I will probably write to him later. I only want to be left to myself. If they try to find me I won't promise not to do something desperate. My grateful thanks to you and Lowell. MARY.

She took this with her and gave it to the clerk at the desk, asking at the same time for the bill. She said she was obliged to go away suddenly and that if she decided to return, Miss Cotter would let them know. On the desk were some folders advertising seaside and other resorts and, while the clerk was making out the bill, she looked at one entitled La Belle Bretagne. It contained a map of the Brittany coast and she selected at random a small place called Callac le Petit. No one could stop her now; no one. For the first time she was in control of her own destiny. In this certainty and in no other did she find comfort.

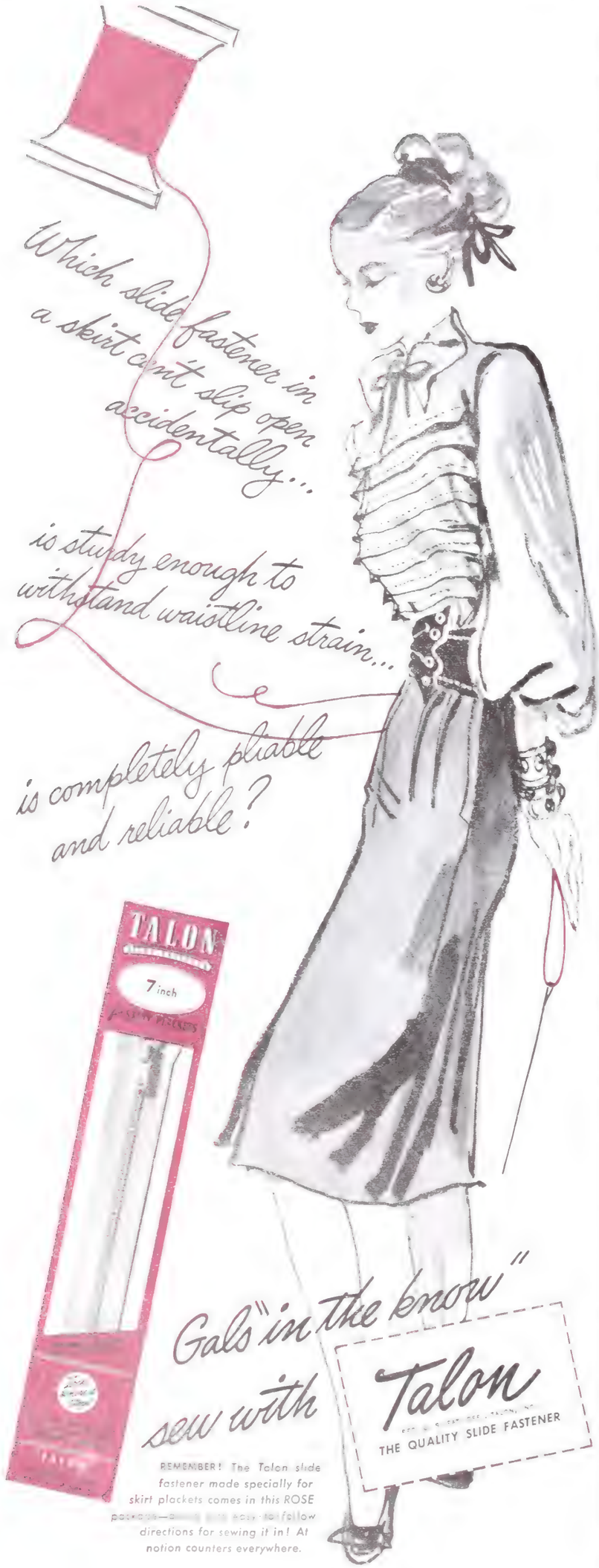
The Hôtel des Dunes, on the outskirts of Callac le Petit and at the very end of the promenade, had few English visitors. Its sanitation was crude and malodorous, the water in its one bathtub ran out even more slowly than it ran in. The inclusive terms were from thirty-five to fifty-five francs per day, and the room occupied by Mary Hallam, the English girl who had so nearly been drowned, was thirty-five.

This accident, which might easily have been fatal, was the talk of the hotel for days. Everyone had commented unfavorably on

Nelly Don — Just try one on

Pearl String plaid sheer rayon; Navy, Spring Olive, Black, Oyster Gray. Sizes 14-40, about $10.00. For name of store nearest you, write Donnelly Garment Sales Co., Kansas City 8, Missouri.

Photo . . . Rawlings


Which slide fastener in a skirt can't slip open accidentally...
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Gals "in the know" sew with Talon
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
REMEMBER! The Talon slide fastener made specially for skirt plackets comes in this ROSE package—with easy-to-follow directions for sewing it in! At notion counters everywhere.

the folly and recklessness of the young woman whose habit it had been to bathe, quite alone, from a lonely part of the beach. That she had not lost her life was no fault of her own. It had chanced that a young couple from the town, newly engaged, had been increasing their knowledge of each other behind a sand dune that morning. Peering over the top of it unseen, they had watched the young English girl drop her raincoat on the beach and, wearing a bright blue bathing suit and a white cap, wade out until she reached deep water, swim perhaps thirty strokes and then disappear.

The young man, a baker, was an exceptionally good swimmer. Pulling off his sand shoes, he raced away and struck out for the place where he had last seen the white cap. The girl was well below the surface when he found her and was unconscious. The baker's fiancée ran down to the water's edge and together they laid the limp body face downward on the sand and worked to restore respiration. For a long time there was no sign of returning life, but the young man persisted and at last his efforts were rewarded; the water was pressed out of the lungs and the breath drawn into them. Then they carried her to the nearest house, which was the Hôtel des Dunes, and were relieved to find that she was living there.

In giving a name to a child, one must think of the woman who shall have, someday, to pronounce it.

—JULES d'AUREVILLY: quoted in The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom, Edited by Norman Lockridge (Biltmore Publishing Company).

Mme. Lepage, the proprietress, sent for the doctor. The doctor said the girl's condition was undoubtedly serious. The pulse was alarmingly faint. He prescribed spoonfuls of brandy and milk at frequent intervals and said he would call again the next day. When he did so, she was still in a semi-coma, and the doctor, a sympathetic and serious man, was worried. Had she no friends, no relations? Had no letters come for her, had she had no visitors? The answer to every question was no, none. Were there no English in the hotel to whom she might be induced to speak?

Mme. Lepage said there were none at all. There was, however, a young Englishman arriving in two days for a brief stay. He had been there once before, some years ago, and had asked for space in the garage in which to keep a motorcycle.

The doctor urged her to be patient and continued his daily visits. On the day of the young Englishman's arrival he called late in the afternoon, hoping to find him there. He saw a figure in dirty khaki shorts, squatting beside a dust-covered motorcycle in the shade of the hotel. He had an oilcan and an oily rag in his hands.

The doctor said, "Pardon, monsieur, I think you are English."

The young man looked over his shoulder with a pair of slightly bloodshot blue eyes and then stood upright. "I am English said and then added defensively, "I s French very little."

Instead of bursting into rapid talk a sound of a few words in his own lang the doctor pointed to himself and said slowly and clearly, "I am doctor. Doc

The young man nodded and waited.

"In the hotel," and the doctor po toward the annex, "young English lad you understand? Ill."

"Ill. Yes, I understand."

"Alone. Quite alone." Painstaki determined to make himself clearly u stood, the doctor proceeded. His lis nodded, and from time to time repeate words after him. "Then," the doctor after some minutes of this, "you wi her?"

The young man seemed to commune himself, as though he were putting to self a series of questions. At last he "Yes. When?"

"This afternoon, tomorrow, wher please," the doctor told him. "But s

The young man cated his motorcycle ter," he said. And th asked, "The name?"

"Mees Allom," th tor answered. "Mees Allom."

"Allom," the youn repeated. "O.K."

The doctor smile satisfaction. "I con morrow. I look for Ten o'clock."

The young Englishman indicated th would be somewhere about and the went to the little side road where he ha his car and drove away. The young m turned to his work. He did not hurr cleaned and oiled the machine with oughness, wheeled it into the garag padlocked it. Then he went into the ho wash. Half an hour later he was looki Mme. Lepage, but was told by the old that she had gone to town.

The young man took him by the ar said, "English lady, Miss Allom. room?"

Without replying, the waiter sl away and he followed him upstairs and a creaking, flimsily built passage t annex. He knocked on a door and a voice called out, "*Entrez.*" He opene door. It opened directly on the sma bed in which Mary was lying.

At the sight of a stranger, fear leape her eyes and she lay tense, with half- head. "Who is it?" she cried.

The waiter looked from one to the moved his shoulders and went off dow corridor again. The young man stood doorway and the two stared at each with unwinking intentness. Then he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Other views, sizes and prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 42 and

408. Coat, sizes 12 to 20. 25c.
409. One-piece dress: Sew-Simple design, sizes 12 to 42. 25c.
410. Two-piece suit (not including the blouse), sizes 12 to 20. 25c.
1523. Blouse, sizes 12 to 20. 25c. This blouse is not the one illustrated on page 43, but is similar to it.

1523

1523

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. 408, 409 and 410 are 35c each in Canada.

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AT NO EXTRA COST!"

IMAGINE—these beautiful slips were Luxed and ironed 30 times before this picture was taken! Many tests proved Lux care keeps lingerie color-fresh, lovely 3 times as long!

Here's my easy Lux-way...

"Instead of replacing old-looking, faded undies all the time, now I can afford *extra* ones—*3 times* as many! What a break for the budget—this easy Lux way to keep lingerie lovely 3 times as long!"

Fact—tests *prove* that wrong washing methods fade undies, leave them shabby too soon, while gentle Lux care keeps them lovely *3 times* as long!

DON'T WASTE SCARCE MATERIALS—DON'T WASTE IT!

(Continued from Page 76)

"You don't know me and I don't know you, but the doctor asked me to come. It seems I'm the only other English person in the hotel. If you don't want to see me, say so, and I'll go."

He came no farther into the room. It seemed as if he dreaded crossing the sill; he hung back, disliking his errand. She noticed his sunburn and the hint of sullenness in his level regard, like that of a child who does a gracious act unwillingly. Her fear receded. He had not come to hunt her out; he was just an ordinary, decent young man on a holiday, doing what he had been asked to do.

"You can come in," she said, and added, "if you like. There's only one chair."

It was the chair the doctor had been sitting in and was close beside the bed. He drew it back a little a .d sat on the edge of it, his hands on his bare knees.

"I'd better tell you my name, I suppose. I'm Alan Garstin. I came from Havre on my motor bike, all along the coast of Normandy and Brittany."

"Yes," she said and looked at him as if to ask what this had to do with her.

He went on, "The doctor said your name was Allom. Is that right?"

With the faintest of smiles she corrected him. "It's Hallam. They have trouble with the *h*."

"Well," he said, "I have trouble with the whole language. Are you on a holiday?"

"I suppose you might call it that."

"The doctor said you'd had some sort of accident."

"I very nearly drowned."

"How did that happen?"

Faintly she said, "I wanted it to happen."

He sat upstraighter and looked at her with a sharper interest. "You had a pretty good nerve, didn't you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"It takes a bit of doing, I should think. If I thought I was better dead, and that's most unlikely, I'd shoot myself."

"I hadn't a revolver," she said.

"I suppose not. What are you going to do next?"

"I don't know."

"Going to try again?"

"I've got to decide that," she told him, "between now and Sunday. My money will only last till Sunday or Monday. I can't even pay the doctor."

"Why can't you get more? Wouldn't your family send you money if you asked for some?"

"I expect they would," she said, in an exhausted voice, "but I won't ask."

"Rather die?"

"Much rather. It's the only thing I do want."

"All right," he said. "You've admitted to me that you tried to commit suicide. If I told the police, they'd charge you with attempting to commit a crime."

She lay very still, eyes averted, then she looked at him and said, "If it hadn't been for that man behind the sand dune it would have been all over now. I knew what I was doing. I wanted to die. But go and tell the police if you like. Nothing matters now."

"A month or two in the lockup might teach you to value what you've got," he told her.

"I haven't got anything."

He shifted in his chair, looked out the window and then back at her again. "We're getting nowhere fast, aren't we?" he said. "Why don't you ask me about myself? Isn't that what well-brought-up girls are supposed to do?"

"You'd better go now," she said, and closed her eyes.

"Well, if you won't ask," he said, "I'll tell you. I'm an electrical engineer. I was born in Yorkshire, but we came south when I was a kid. We live in Wiltshire."

She said, not opening her eyes, "You and your wife?"

"I'm not married. No time for that. I'm only twenty-four."

"How did you happen to come here?"

"I was here six years ago, with another chap. How did you happen to come?"

"I looked for a small place by the sea on a map of Brittany, and I saw this."

He bent over in a sudden laugh. "That's funny," he said, and laughed again.

"What's funny?"

"You, looking for a place to drown yourself. Choosing it on a map."

There was no answering smile on her face. She said wearily, "Hadn't you better go now?"

"All right," he said, and got up. "I'll come along tomorrow, if you like, after the doctor's seen you. And look, don't worry. Just remember I'm here in the hotel if you feel lonely or want anything."

When the doctor came the next morning he found his patient better, though still unresponsive and unwilling to talk. But just as he was about to leave, she said, "Doctor Bertrand, please don't come any more. You've been very kind, but I've no money to pay you."

He looked at her and smiled. "I had no intention, mademoiselle, of sending you a bill. It was an accident, and when one is on holiday, one does not make preparations in advance for the payment of doctor's bills. Mademoiselle, my reward will be to see you well again. Try to give me that pleasure." He took and patted her hand. "I will come again tomorrow, and after I have been here, you may perhaps get up. We will see."

Tears came into her eyes. "I don't know how to thank you."

"I have told you," he said. "Get well."

Outside the hotel he looked about him and saw Garstin coming in from a bathe, a towel about his shoulders. He called to him and went to meet him.

"The young lady is better," said the doctor, slowly and carefully. "Much better. Please see her again today. Yes? You understand? Talk to her again."

Garstin nodded. "Yes," he said.

"She needs a friend," the doctor said.

"Yes," Garstin said. "Perhaps."

The doctor said, "I know."

They parted and Garstin went to his room to dress. Twenty minutes later he was knocking at Mary's door. She knew who it was, for she called out, "Come in." She had done her hair and put on a blue silk bed jacket.

"You look a lot better," he told her.

"The doctor wants me to get up tomorrow. What is there to get up for?"

"You can lie on the beach in the sun," he told her.

She gave a broken little laugh. "And then what?"

"Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

"Yes," she said, "if you like."

This time he did not draw the chair back. "Are you going to write home?"

"No."

"Then what?"

She was silent.

"Well," he said, "you don't make sense, to me. What are you running away from?"

(Continued on Page 80)

BULLER'S THUMB

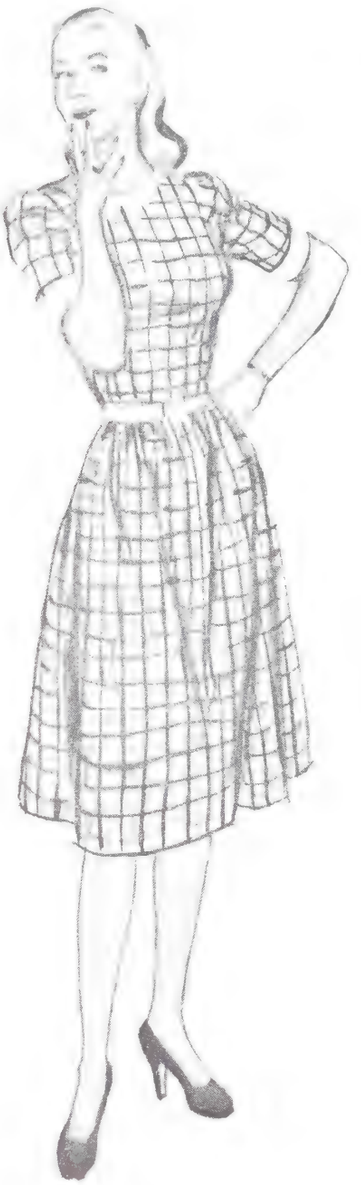
Until about 1850 English law permitted a husband to beat his wife for any offense that required that kind of getting to the seat of her understanding. There was one interesting requirement set down by legal interpretation, as is evidenced by a decision handed down on the matter by one Mr. Justice Buller. This learned judge maintained that the husband could beat his wife, but the instrument he used, if he used other than his hand, was to be a stick not thicker than a man's thumb. This instrument of chastisement came to have the name, "Buller's Thumb."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

Forgive Her, she's only a woman

"Why didn't my husband tell me?" Don't blame *him!* Everybody—even women—ought to know by now that the Shrinkage Problem is solved very simply. In dresses, just as in shirts, you *demand* a "Sanforized" Label. It's the one sure way to keep a dress in size, in style, in *use!*

"It seemed such a sensible idea!" Sensible? Wake up, lady! That idea of buying a dress too big, to allow for shrinkage . . . why, *nobody's* using it now! Match your pretty figure, inch for inch, with a pretty dress tagged "Sanforized." The perfect fit stays perfect through countless trips to the tub.



"Well, some of us learn our lessons!" Now don't be smug, my girl, just 'cause you're smart. If your last year's cotton still fits like a dream, thank the tag that said "Sanforized." That "Sanforized" tag keeps company with $2 dresses as well as with $20 ones. Never buy a cotton dress without it, no matter what you pay.

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Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Standard Test

Look for this label as the *sure* way to avoid shrinkage.

"Sanforized"... the checked standard of shrinkage. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

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Spread a treat at breakfast!

Spread your favorite coffee-cake with Durkee's fine-flavored Margarine. Enjoy it on biscuits, waffles and bread, too! It's a grand spread—so mild, so sweet, so country-fresh in flavor. So thrifty your family can use it liberally. You'll find Durkee's Margarine ideal for cooking and baking because it is smooth and perfectly-blended. Durkee's, you see, is made by a scientific process that churns the pure, nutritious vegetable oils right in with the fresh, pasteurized skim milk. An energy food—enriched with Vitamin A.

Try Margie's Coffee-Cake
Use your favorite recipe for baking powder biscuits. Spread dough with cup Durkee's Margarine softened
½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 teaspoon Durkee's cinnamon
½ cup chopped almonds or raisins
Prepare enough dough for 12 biscuits. Roll ¼ inch thick, spread with Durkee's Margarine and sprinkle with mixture of sugar, cinnamon and almonds (or raisins). Roll length wise, place on greased baking sheet and join ends to form a ring. With scissors cut ¾ inch slices almost to center, turning each slice over on flat side to show filling. Bake in hot oven (425 F.) about 25 minutes.
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(Continued from Page 78)

"Myself."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Everything."

He looked at her coolly, critically. "I can't see that myself. You're young and you wouldn't be bad-looking if you'd put on some fat. You've got some brains, too, I suppose."

"I haven't got health. I get headaches that drive me nearly mad, and I faint, and I'm just no good." She held up her right hand, looked at it and dropped it again.

"What happened to that?"

She told him and he said, "That's too bad."

"When I first came here," she said, "I thought I'd give myself another chance. I got a job taking care of some French children, but they were too much for me, and I had to give up. After that I couldn't find anything at all, and my money was coming to an end. So I—well, you know the rest."

"You'd better get back to England. There's going to be a war."

"I haven't read the papers. But if that's true, it's just another reason for getting out of this world."

"Now listen to me," he said. "As I see it, you've got three courses open to you. You can write to your father for money, you can have another try at drowning yourself, or you can come back to England with me on the back of the motor bike. Which is it to be?"

He sat forward on the edge of the chair, looking intently at her from under his thick eyebrows. She saw that she would have to take one of these courses and take it soon. And she wondered which of the three courses he would choose for her himself.

After a pause she said, "I'll decide between now and Saturday."

"No," he told her, "you'll decide now. And I want to tell you this. If you come back to England I can give you a job. It's respectable and it'll mean three meals a day and a roof over your head. It might turn out to be too tough for you, but at least you could give it a try."

"I'd like to know more about it."

His face took on a look of stubborn, even sullen reserve. "If you don't feel you can trust me, you'd better choose one of the other two. I don't care which."

She gave a weary sigh. "All right. I'll come with you."

He frowned, looked out the window and then back at her again. "Unless you feel you can trust me, you're a fool to say you'll come."

"Yes," she said listlessly. "I am a fool, I know it. But I do trust you." He gave a sudden laugh and she said, "I didn't mean it quite the way it sounded. I do trust you, and I don't know why you bother about me." Tears came into her eyes and he said quickly:

"I'll tell you this much. You'll be helping me out of a tight spot if you take that job. If there's a war, I want to join up."

With a puzzled look she said, "Then you want me to look after your house or whatever it is while you're away?"

"That's part of it. Can you cook?"

"No."

"Do housework?"

"I've never done any."

"Is that the way girls like you are brought up?"

"I told you," she said, "I intended to be a pianist."

"Allright," he said, "we won't argue the point. I suppose you can learn." He was silent, staring at the floor. Then he raised his head and said, "No, I'm not being fair. You said you trusted me, and I'll have to trust you. I'll have to tell you a few facts, and then you can make up your mind." He clasped his hands together and fixed his eyes on them.

She wanted to hear what he had to say and at the same time felt that it was going to be hard for him to say it. She wished that she could go back to England with him without being in any way involved in his life. But she knew she was in no position to bargain.

Suddenly, out of the silence, he spoke. "My father killed a man," he said, looking at his clasped hands. "He killed him in anger and in hot blood. Never mind why. He spent six years in jail and died there. My mother loved him. We all loved him. He went to prison about the time my kid brother was born. After that she began to do and say queer things. They did what they could for her, but she's never going to get any better. My mother and my kid brother live with me. I won't let them send her to a home. We live in the country and I go to work every day on my motor bike. My brother goes to school. There's an old woman who looks after the house and my mother, but she's got arthritis so badly she can't work any more. My mother wouldn't hurt a fly. She just lives in a world of her own, and imagines what she wants to imagine. It's a small house, five rooms and a garden. We haven't got any neighbors, except a farmer or two. The nearest village is two miles."

She did not know what to say. She could only think, *How terrible!* Then her hand went up to her cheek in a nervous gesture and she said, "But I'm frightened of people who aren't sane."

He got up. "Well, that's that. I've told you she wouldn't hurt a fly, but if you're afraid, it's no good." He went to the door.

"Wait a minute," she pleaded, and there was a note of dread in her voice. "Does that mean you don't want to take me back to England with you?"

Casually he answered, "Oh, I'll take you if you want to go. But what'll you do when you get there?"

"I don't know."

"Well," he said, "I'll be leaving here on Monday."

He was already out of the door when she called him back. "Mr. Garstin!"

"My name's Alan."

"I just wanted to say," she told him, making a visible effort, "that I've changed my mind."

"Going to write to your father?"

"No, I'll go to your home."

(To be Concluded)

"I'll give you the go-ahead, madam, as soon as there's any sign of the diaper shortage ending."

Finest way to turn Your Young Man's Fancy

Finest

RECIPE FOR SURPRISE STUFFING

2 cans Stokely's *Finest* Whole Grain Corn	1½ cups minced onion
3 cups soft bread crumbs	¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup Stokely's *Finest* Tomato Juice	2¼ teasp. salt
2 eggs, beaten	1½ teasp. poultry seasoning
	4-lb. roasting chicken

Combine drained corn, crumbs, juice and eggs; mix well. Let stand 10 min. Lightly brown onion in butter or margarine; add salt, seasoning; add to corn mixture. Stuff chicken with ½ stuffing; roast. Form remaining stuffing in heart-shaped patties; ½-hour before chicken is done, place patties on rack in roasting pan. The delightful surprise in every helping is those sunny corn kernels, brimful of newly-picked flavor. From all the rich corn harvests of the country, only the most perfect ears are selected for *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest*.

Finest

RECIPE FOR SAVORY LIMA BEANS

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Lima Beans	1 cup sliced, canned mushrooms
2 bacon strips	½ teasp. sugar
¼ cup minced onion	Few grains salt, pepper

Drain lima beans. Sauté bacon strips; remove bacon. Add onion and mushrooms to fat; lightly brown. Add sugar, salt, pepper. Dice bacon; add with onion mixture to limas. Heat. Serves 6. Notice how your guests linger over these baby limas, thoroughly relishing each delectable forkful. Every one of these *finest* limas is so mild, so quick to melt in the mouth. Because as the pedigreed seed is transformed into thriving, bean-laden plants, experts in the fields check daily on their growth and health. And this extra scientific control is your promise of *nothing but the finest* in Stokely's *Finest*. Remember . . . there are more recipes on the back of every Stokely's *Finest* label.

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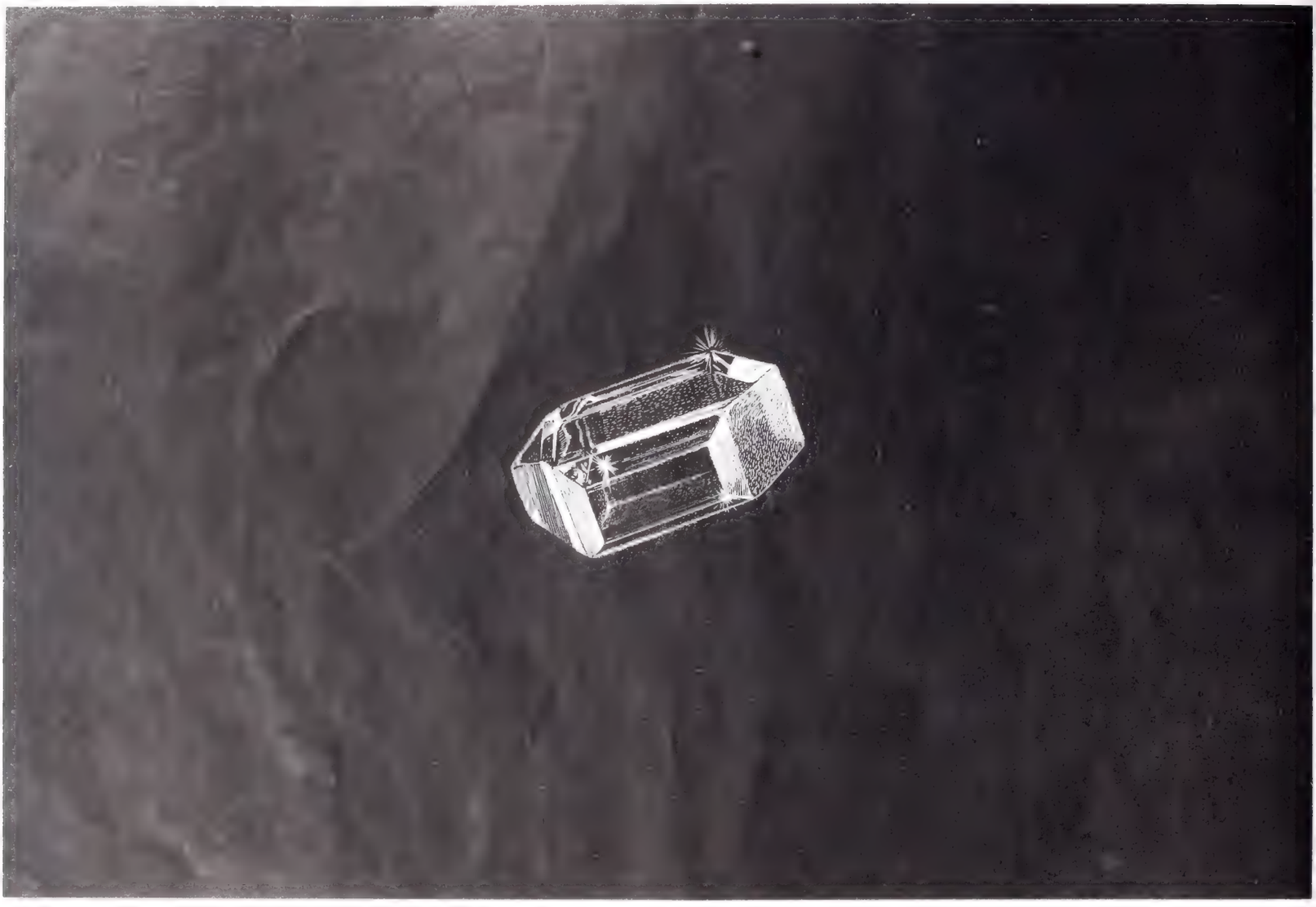

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SUGAR RESEARCH FOUNDATION

Box 137, New York 5, N. Y.

MAY DAY MADNESS

(Continued from Page 10)

can think of nothing better for the
grade than a few patches, if the rest of
are like you," said John Tally, and the
en all laughed.

once the older ones began to tell of
part in the great day, the May Day.
's room was to have a covered wagon
ing pioneer songs, and Douglas was to
ttle flowering bush in Sherwood Forest
the big boys like Robert played Robin
. Green crepe paper for a cape and a
uet of flowers would suffice Peter. But
etta was to be one of the Queen's at-
nts, and nothing could compare with
She was the only
take it calmly.
n Tally worked
e local motion-
e theater. He
d handbills, he
e janitor work,
placed the show
in their glass
, he took up
s in a pinch,
hat he was told
by Mr. Alvin,
manager. This
e best job John
ver had, and he
eld it for a longer
than any other
He liked work-
ound the thea-
nd it was true
the family all
asses. The chil-
were proud of
father's connec-
ith the brightest
most colorful
in town, and he
d their pride.
Mrs. Tally was
it to keep them
eat and clean"
hool and keep
fed and warm
n's pay. That
d it at all was
er demonstra-
mind over mat-
ometimes it al-
seemed as
n she took it out
self, what didn't
out of the pay.
ew thinner and
er, lighter in
, more concen-
—or consecra-
ll the time. She
ld beyond her
and patient be-
human need.
she loved her
brood with an
soning and un-
devotion.
was not, she
that John was
when they struggled over what should be
with the last half dollar of his pay. He
othing for himself at all. The suit he
to church he had been wearing to
n for years. He had no car, not even
by. He had only one great fear, and
was of debt. If they could keep out
t, they could manage, said John. He
near" with his money on that account—
, with what money he had.

now John was talking into the wind
he recited his conversation with Mr.
After supper when he took out his
—for it was payday—and laid on the
the money for the week's food, and the
llars for the water bill, and such other
exact sums as must be paid out, his
ood with her hands under her apron
oked at the money lying there. John
sturbed.
nd don't go buying May Day dresses,"
d her.

She looked at him. Her blue eyes burned like fire and she said, "And why not? Do you think Lennie is not going to be in the May Day?"

"How can she?" he asked. "[illegible] woman."

Mrs. Tally counted [illegible] the money and put it in her battered purse. When the dishes were done and the younger children put to bed she got her old hat and coat out and put them on.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To see Miss Plunket, the music teacher," answered Mrs. Tally, and she went out.

John caught up his hat and followed her, but at the gate she turned on him.

"Don't come with me!" she said in a determined voice. "I want to go by myself. This is women's business."

"Why are you being so stubborn?" he asked her. "What's got into you?"

"You know what's got into me," she answered. "Don't play innocent with me, John Tally. You know's well as I do where I'm a-goin' and why. Stay here with the children!"

John opened his mouth and then closed it again. He was trying to remember when it was that she had looked like this before. If he could recall that, it would make it easier to reason with her.

"None would like to see Lennie sprinkling flowers better than me," he said. "But the boys must have things too."

"The boys!" she said, as though she had never heard of them before, and she turned and walked away.

She came back home in about an hour and sat down by the dining-room table with her hat and coat still on and just sat there. John had to speak to her three times to get her to rouse and go to bed. He gave up trying to say more to her for the night. It was no use talking to the woman. He had to go to the theater at nine o'clock and stay until the last patron left, till the lights were all out and the place locked up. He went off to his work in an agitated state of mind.

John usually slept in the mornings until the children were all off to school, for it was midnight and after when he got home. But the next morning he wakened in a quiet house and came downstairs to find everyone gone. His breakfast was on the table, cold as a stone, and a cold pot of coffee was on the stove. John ate the cold food. No one came in and he finally went to his work.

He was just about through vacuuming the carpet in the theater lobby when Mrs. Tally came in from the street with Danny in the old buggy and David walking beside him, holding the buggy handle in his fat hand. She had something clutched under her arm. John spoke to his sons cheerfully.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Stranger

BY KATE BRACKETT

My father is as brave as the Lone Ranger;
I bet no Germans would have dared come here!
No, Joey, we don't worry about danger
When Big Joe's near.
He knows just what to do. And oh, he's funny!
His words slide slowly down inside you, honey,
And tickle there all day like jumping beans.

And in the picture he has pretty eyes!
Yes, and remember, he is very wise . . .
Funny and wise and dear . . .
Write him and say we need him around here!
Is he like Superman? Well, if that means
He's big enough to love us both together . . .

And when he grins, it comes like summer weather,
So slow and sweet and wide and lingering,
You wouldn't want to do another thing
All your life long but make it come again.
When will they let Big Joe come back here? When?
Joey, he's home. *Where, mummy?*
I don't see.
He's home the only way that he can be.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tasty Treats 2 ways wonderful

[illegible] Nabisco 100% Bran [illegible] helps to [illegible] the body [illegible] It contains [illegible]

NABISCO BRAN RAISIN MUFFINS

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran
1 cup milk
2 tbsp. shortening
3 tbsp. sugar
1 egg, well-beaten
½ cup seedless raisins
1 cup sifted flour
3 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt

[illegible] greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in [illegible] about 12 "treat" muffins with

NABISCO 100% BRAN FINER MILLED
NABISCO 100% BRAN
TO WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED SUGAR, SALT, MALT EXTRACT AND PRUNE JUICE
FINER MILLED
READY TO EAT
CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK
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One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
National Biscuit Company

SPRING CLEANING

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Send CURTAINS...DRAPES... SLIPCOVERS

for Cleaning the Week of FEB. 17th*

"This better

Sanitone Dry Cleaning

certainly brightens our home!"

This year get an early start with house cleaning. Your Sanitone Dry Cleaner is ready to help you. Only he offers *all* these advantages:

☆ ALL SOILS REMOVED ☆ COLORS BRIGHTENED

☆ FIT AND DRAPE RETAINED

* Watch for your SANITONE CLEANER'S announcement in your local newspaper the week of February 17th.

The display of this seal is your promise of better dry cleaning *plus* quality workmanship in every detail. Look for it.

SANITONE

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"Where you been?" he asked them all.

Mrs. Tally showed him the paper pattern she carried. It was the pattern for a child's long dress, in size six. The child in the picture wore a crown of flowers, carried a basket. The picture was of a dress made of thin dotted material over colored silk.

"This is it!" she said dramatically. "I'm to take a pattern off and take it back to the domestic-science teacher for the other mothers to borrow. It takes three yards, and the stuff, slip and all, costs nine dollars—and I want the money, John Tally!"

"You're mad!" he said to her. "Nine dollars is a third of my pay. A third of a week's pay! It's almost a week's grocery money. If they want her for May Queen flower spreader, let them put a crepe-paper costume on her, like the crepe paper Douglas will wear."

"She's chosen," said Lennie's mother, like the voice of fate. "It cannot be changed. Her heart would be broken. She's the prettiest child in the whole school and she can sing like an angel. She's going to be in the May Day and nothing can stop her!"

"I haven't got nine dollars," said John calmly. "That will stop her!"

They stood looking at each other—no longer young, both shabby and bent with work, but their looks were bright and hot.

"You've lost your mind," he told her sternly. "And so has the school. Robert goes into high school next year and he can begin to work, and that will help a little. But nine dollars, now, for a foolish dress is something we cannot afford—and we cannot afford it, for Lennie or any other, so come to your senses, and be quick about it!"

She did not answer. Her lips were pressed together—she was standing straight, with bright red spots in her cheeks again and the look of a stranger about her. No, not a stranger, for the troublesome look had been there before.

"Come now, old girl," he cajoled her, "you've always been a meek good woman. Don't get notions in your old age."

"I been meek long enough!" she cried at him. "I'll be meek no more!"

Little David began to cry, hearing his mother's voice so strange and more loud, and without a word she went out of the empty lobby of the theater with the two little ones.

John was too angry to go home for lunch. He spent a quarter on a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The woman would have to get over this. May Day was not far off, and it would soon be over and forgotten and there would be peace in the household again. He went about his work, began to feel more cheerful when he thought that he could stick it out a few days and she would subside. For now his blood was up and he intended to be master in his own house! He would not let his family go uncontrolled and out of their minds.

Iris Delaney had brought this grief upon them. He heard her father in the theater that evening, complaining that it would cost as much for Iris to be May Queen as it would to marry her off.

Brag! Brag! thought John. It would not hurt Delaney to buy Iris a fine white dress, but he wanted everyone to know how much it would cost, and to know that Iris was Queen of the May.

When John got home for his supper the next night, the house was empty. There was a note on the table for him.

"We've gone to Maggie's for supper," it read. "Get yourself a bite or go on downtown."

He looked in the icebox and there wasn't much there. He ate some cold beans and a piece of yesterday's molasses pie and drank what milk was left in the bottle. Maggie was Mrs. Tally's sister. He wondered at her having them all for supper. She was a woman that liked a clean house better than company.

John went out before they came in, and when he came home again the family was all in bed and Mrs. Tally's eyes were closed so firmly that he knew she was not asleep, but he was glad to have no more words with her.

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Sonny seems to know already wha Mother's known for years. He's get ting the toilet bowl clean the quick easy, sanitary way—with Sani-Flush A clean toilet bowl simply can't hav an odor. Sani-Flush removes stain and film that harbor germs and caus odors. It disinfects—works chemi cally. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

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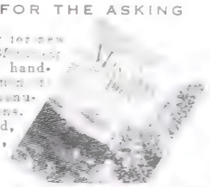

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25 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. [illegible] Chicago 2, Ill.

make her feel a little easier about not getting the child's dress.

"I'll be busy today," she told him when she rose in the morning. "I'm going over to ma's to help her stretch curtains. Can you eat your lunch downtown again?"

"Do you think that I'm a banker?" he asked.

"Do I think you're a banker?" She laughed shortly. "Indeed, John Tally, I never thought such a thing of you," and she was off from the small room with the sloping ceiling. He could hear her getting the children dressed and off for school. "Come to grandma's for lunch," she said. "I'll be there."

Soon the house was quiet and John slept again. When he got up to go out, he counted his money. He had very little to eat on downtown that day, but he could get some hot bean soup at the truck stop, and a big piece of pie to go with it. He would fare. She had to go help her old lady once in a while, he knew. But he was really cross when he came home and found the house empty. There were, tonight, not even cold beans and leftover pie in the icebox. There was nothing. He went across town to fetch his family home and found the children eating supper with their grandmother in her kitchen.

"Milly went to Maggie's a while ago," the old lady said. "She said for you to eat a bite, then fetch the young ones home. Sit down, John. It's roast pork and sugared sweet potatoes and fresh chocolate cake. I thought we might as well have something fine."

"Yes, indeed," said John. "Though I had a bite uptown."

This wasn't true, but he was too polite to

Stranger, pause with bated breath,
Never heard so sudden a death—
Led the old mare out to drink
She kicked and killed him
Quicker'n a wink.

From a stone in an old cemetery in Gilsum, N. H.

be greedy. He sat at the table and ate slowly and with restraint. He did not like to think what the supper must have cost the old lady. But he was satisfied when he had eaten and he felt more cheerful. Grandmother wrapped the leftover pork in waxed bread paper and gave them a great loaf of bread besides.

"For sandwiches," she said. "I can never eat that much meat, here alone. Milly said the children might take their lunches to school tomorrow. They've got to practice for May Day."

She handed Robert the packages of meat and bread to carry, with a nice feeling for John's pride. John resolved to come soon and spade her garden. He always did it for her, but usually only after his wife got mad at him. He told her he'd come on Saturday morning and turn it all over with the fork for her.

"Thanks, John," she said. "You're always good to me."

The next morning Milly gave John a lunch bucket with thick pork sandwiches and a jar of canned peaches. He ate a good lunch, sitting in the lobby of the theater, reading one of Mr. Alvin's trade magazines. He was just finishing his work that afternoon when Robert came by and said they had all been asked to Uncle Rob's for supper and pa was to come there.

This was too much! Uncle Rob was John's own brother and they had not been friends or eaten in each other's house for a long time. Uncle Rob had a nice six-room house, free from debt. He had a small car, all paid for. He worked at the gristmill and made good wages, and he and his wife had no children. The difficulty between them was all on John's side, and John knew it. The least criticism from his more prosperous brother galled him and put up his back, as

Continued on Page 47

"My eyes popped when I saw that word"

IT WAS SPRING, 1946 . . . a high point of the great sheet shortage.

In Kenmore, N. Y., Mrs. A. I. Grimmer was scanning the paper . . . when suddenly her roving eye popped at the last little word in this modest little ad:

FOR SALE: Contents of flat, including furniture, kitchen utensils, sheets.

Sheets! Mrs. Grimmer had tried for months to buy sheets . . . *in vain.* She leapt out of her chair and dashed madly to the scene of the sale.

Was she in time? Thank goodness, yes, she writes . . . and in wonderful luck, too. For what did she find but "eight oh-so-white Pequots," looking soft and smooth and good-as-new.

Her letter goes on:

"I snapped those sheets up pronto. I'd rather have even a second-hand Pequot than any ordinary brand. With my growing family I need sturdy sheets that stand up."

The demand for "oh-so-white" Pequots is bigger than ever these days. It seems women all over the country are as conscious as Mrs. Grimmer of the long-wearing qualities of these close-woven muslin sheets.

We're doing our best to supply stores, so that all who want them may have *America's most popular sheets.*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking PEQUOT so long-wearing

"PEE-KWAT"

BE YOUNG WITH YOUR YOU

ENJOY HOME GET-TOGETHERS BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Friendly, crystal-clear 7-Up is a perfect partner to American family fun. That's b cause 7-Up with its sparkle, goodness and cheerful, fresh flavor is exactly suited to happy home. It's the drink the *whole* fa enjoys . . . grownups and youngsters alik

Be a "fresh up" family! And as you work and play together, "fresh up" wit 7-Up . . . America's *home* drink. Order your supply wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.

Picture window, overlooking the garden, with draw curtains replaces old sink. Cabinet for extras adds serving space, cuts off no light, leaves family room open.

The small high window, low awkward sink of the old kitchen. Wasted space under the sink, exposed garbage and trash cans make more work and look unattractive. Kitchen utensils hang on odd hooks, gather dust, add to confusion.

Old kitchen has range, refrigerator and cupboards badly placed, with sink across room. Refrigerator is around corner in back pantry far from work space. Stove awkward in corner of wall, hard to get at. Space under it is wasted.

No longer a necessity after a more modern heating system had been installed, the old fireplace, inadequately screened and unused because it faced the sink and kitchen cabinet, became a catchall and a possible fire hazard.

Units compactly assembled in position to make work easy. Nice to serve from range to counter to table. Refrigerator near sink and work surface. Plenty of cabinet space, good lighting from new door. No waste space now, everything easy to clean in this kitchen.

YOU LIKE

BY GLADYS TABER

IN the early days, the great kitchen fireplace was the heart of the house. The fire burned day and night, all winter long. Iron kettles swung on the heavy crane, sending out the rich savor of venison stew. In the Dutch oven, the loaves of bread baked golden and crusty, and at the front of the hearth the frozen mince pies thawed. Thrifty housewives baked mince, apple and pumpkin pies and froze them when the long cold set in. Then they were brought out to be heated whenever there was need.

If the men were chopping wood all day, there was a kettle of mulled cider hot on the hearth, too, with a loggerhead to thrust in and make it steam. Loggerheads were long iron-tipped implements that grew red hot in the coals and then sent hissing fragrant steam when they were plunged into the hot drink.

The spinning went on near the fire, the wheel turning softly, with a pleasant murmur. In the evenings, before the candles were lit to guide folk off to bed, there was good talk around the hearth. A certain silversmith named Paul Revere had done a thing to tell of. Or maybe they spoke of Arnold at Ticonderoga, or the French coming down the valley in satin-and-gold uniforms.

Now, in these later days, some of the old houses still have the great fireplace, with wide hearth and stone chimney. Usually the old kitchen has become the living room with the passing of time, but now and then the old fireplace is still standing in the room where the modern housewife bakes and brews.

In one little house, hidden away in the New England hills, the lady of today was in a dreadful quandary. She couldn't bring herself to close up the lovely old fireplace and hide it behind the streamlined cabinets and counters she longed for, and yet the kitchen was almost impossible to work in, and she did have a modern, hungry husband.

How to keep the character of the past and have the modern advantages, too all in one very small space, was a problem that challenged everyone. As for me, my heart sank as I saw the kitchen in the before stage. I saw it in the autumn, when the hills were scarlet and gold and the frost was in the garden. The little house caught the sun on its sloping roof, and a drift of leaves came down the wind to the open door. Here it had stood, since the early 1700's, secure against storm, comfortable in the deepest snow, offering a warm welcome to travelers.

Time had mellowed it, and as I went up the steps I thought surely this house deserved the best loving care anyone could give it. Inside were pleasant low-ceilinged rooms, open fireplaces, old furniture, warm-colored fabrics. It was a happy house, complete even to ironstone soap dishes for cigarettes, instead of modern boxes.

But the kitchen was the room visitors did not usually see! It was dark as a stack of cats, as mamma used to say, and so badly

PHOTOS BY STUART STEBENSON

Used and enjoyed under the new arrangement, the fireplace again becomes the center of the family room, with table, bench and comfortable chairs near. Its added warmth is often welcome on winter days. Chest for informal linen and silver replaces old kitchen cabinet.

BE YOUNG WITH YOUR YOUNGSTERS

ENJOY HOME GET-TOGETHERS
BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Friendly, crystal-clear 7-Up is a perfect partner to American family fun. That's because 7-Up with its sparkle, goodness and cheerful, fresh flavor is exactly suited to a happy home. It's the drink the *whole* family enjoys . . . grownups and youngsters alike.

Be a "fresh up" family! And as you work and play together, "fresh up" with 7-Up . . . America's *home* drink. Order your supply wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.

"fresh up" WITH Seven-Up!

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YOU LIKE IT - - - IT LIKES YOU!

(Continued from Page 85)

aid himself. And now they were to eat at
le Rob's!
Tell your mother I'll have my supper
ny own home and nowhere else!" he
distantly.
When he got home no one was there. He
d in the house, angry and almost a little
htened, not knowing what to do, and he
, on the floor at his feet, a shred of some-
g bright. He stooped and picked it up.
was—there was no doubt about it—a little
ist of bright pink silk!
ohn stood with it in his hand. She had
ght the dress! She was sewing on it, at
sister Maggie's sewing machine, while
relations fed the children! He heard her
at the door and he put the silk in his
ket. She came in and he looked at her,
d. Yes, the fever was still on her. She
had that flushed, glassy-eyed look she'd
n wearing now for days.
I'm sorry you couldn't come to Rob's to
," she said. "Rob came by this morning
sk us. He saw in the paper about Lennie
l he wanted to know about it. So he said
all of us to come over."
She gave him a bowl of steaming corn-meal
sh with brown sugar and top milk for his
per, with a fresh cup of coffee to finish
with. She opened some of her home-
ed and home-canned black raspberries
him and he ate them for dessert. He
de no comment on the meal at all. She
ked to him almost as if he were company,
bright and strange. He didn't know what
say to her, so he said nothing.

HE week ended and it was time to give
money for another week. They had eaten
four times, and they had carried out one
ch from grandma's pork. They had one
per of potato soup, and one of blackberry
bler and top milk, and another supper of
n-meal mush. Three times there had been
thing for breakfast but steaming bowls of
tmeal. No meat had been on his table
ce the last time they had pork cooked
th greens. The children didn't seem to
nd, filling their stomachs with what their
ther set before them. John gave her the
ek's money and said nothing. In truth he
dn't know what to say. All the children
ked about was May Day. John never let
. Let her think he didn't know what she
s doing. He had a deep instinct to save
face.
May Day was coming on fast. The groceries
re still slim at home, but not quite so se-
rely stringent.
Mrs. Tally said, "I wrote to Bessie about
ay Day and she's coming on the bus for
e day, and stay over Sunday with us,
hn."

"I'll be glad to see her," he answered
politely.
"Are you going to see the children
asked.
He said, "I work of afternoons, Mrs.
Tally!"
She made no answer. No one spoke at all
John was [illegible]
has his pride! If she did not care to tell him
he would not deign to ask her.

MRS. Tally sat on the front row of the
bleachers in the school gymnasium, with the
two little boys and Bessie beside her. Bessie
had brought the white slippers and the white
silk socks for Lennie as her mother had urged
her to, by letter. They had all gone to the
schoolhouse at twelve o'clock to get good
seats. And when the beautiful tall young
May Queen walked down the long floor in
her flowing white dress and long veil and her
court behind her, with Lennie and Betty,
like veritable spring blossoms, running before
her, with their long bright dresses and their
crowned fair heads, scattering baskets of
petals, the whole thing was blurred in a
shimmering haze of delight that made it
unearthly in its beauty. None was fairer, no
head shone brighter, no face was more beau-
tiful than Lennie's. When they all sang,
"Welcome, Queen of the May," the mother's
delicate ear separated Lennie's high thin
little voice from the others, and she listened
in transport.
But she was just. Glancing now and then
to reassure herself, at her shining little
daughter, in the May Queen's Court, Mrs
Tally watched her boys; one a flowering
shrub, one in hillbilly rags and patches,
one with a longbow, one following a covered
wagon. She took good care of the smallest
ones and got them and Bessie safely home.
They had a fine supper that night, ham
hocks and cabbage and big mealy potatoes,
and cherry pie. Everyone was tired, but
radiant and satisfied. Bessie helped her
mother to wash the dishes, to get the children
to bed. Then she went out to see her own
friends.
They sat at the table together and John
said, not looking up from the paper he read,
"The little one looked nice. Nicest of them—
all, I thought."
She looked at him. "You were there?"
she asked.
"Oh, I had some work in the school neigh-
borhood and I thought I might's well look
in," he said. "I saw you with Bessie and the
babies. I stood over by the door. Yes,
thought Lennie looked very pretty. If yo
made the dress yourself, I must say you di
well, Milly."
There was a little silence. Her look fastene
on him so that he must lift his eyes to answe
it. Slowly the re
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a moment.
"Thank yo
John," she sai
meekly and all w
well with him.

"This is to carry the things I need. I never can find anything in the big bag."

BY GLADYS TABER

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ne, but now and
then the old fireplace is still standing in the room where the modern housewife bakes and brews.

In one little house, hidden away in the New England hills, the lady of today was in a dreadful quandary. She couldn't bring herself to close up the lovely old fireplace and hide it behind the streamlined cabinets and counters she longed for, and yet the kitchen was almost impossible to work in, and she did have a modern, hungry husband.

How to keep the character of the past and have the modern advantages, too, all in one very small space, was a problem that challenged everyone. As for me, my heart sank as I saw the kitchen in the before stage. I saw it in the autumn, when the hills were scarlet and gold and the frost was in the garden. The little house caught the sun on its sloping roof, and a drift of leaves came down the wind to the open door. Here it had stood, since the early 1700's, secure against storm, comfortable in the deepest snow, offering a warm welcome to travelers.

Time had mellowed it, and as I went up the steps I thought surely this house deserved the best loving care anyone could give it. Inside were pleasant low-ceilinged rooms, open fireplaces, old furniture, warm-colored fabrics. It was a happy house, complete even to ironstone soap dishes for cigarettes, instead of modern boxes.

But the kitchen was the room visitors did not usually see! It was dark as a stack of cats, as mamma used to say, and so badly

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- IN DESIGN

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It is really the most beautiful cooking utensil you've ever seen. It is startlingly simple to use—closes or opens with one motion of one hand. It is absolutely unique in design. You'll particularly like the readable gauge which takes the guess out of pressure cooking and which is hinged to the lid so that you can't drop or lose it.

And remember, because it is stainless steel, copper-clad, the Revere Ware Pressure Cooker is practically indestructible. It will give you a lifetime of cooking pleasure. Look for the trade mark on the thick copper bottom.

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York

PHOTO BY STUART-STEPHENSON

On three sides of a space only 8′ x 8′—a complete modern kitchen for a woman who thinks cooking is fun if everything is within reach.

arranged that in spite of its being such a small room, the housewife had many miles to fare in getting a meal. The refrigerator was behind a partition around the corner from the stove, and the old-fashioned kitchen cabinet at the other end of the room. The low sink with the high back was opposite the magnificent old fireplace, and looked like a derelict rowboat in the stream of traffic. The tea wagon was wedged helplessly in the corner, and over it were the canisters you had to use when cooking on the range!

So far as I could see, one would have to do most of the mixing and stirring on the floor, because the sole and only work surface was the slice of cabinet on which you would have to measure the flour and eggs.

The storage space was inadequate, and to assemble supplies required more traveling than a marathon race. The sink was back-breakingly low, the shelves too high, the register was in the middle of the floor, and the plumbing extended two feet down into one end of the room from the upper floor, a feature necessary to keep the pipes from freezing during the long New England winter. A very low ceiling hung over the room. It added to the effect of darkness.

It all looked pretty hopeless, and the charming lady who had presided over it for many dinners and breakfasts and luncheons and parties said she really didn't think there was much to do but close the door and forget it as much as possible. I myself thought that if it were mine, I should give up the rest of it and cook over the fireplace, and carry water from the well forever.

But Journal Workshop planning transformed this Cinderella room into a beautiful, easy-to-work-in unit, keeping all the charm of the old and adding the efficiency of the new age. The basic principle of this remodeling was to remove the partial partitions and create a compact modern kitchen unit at one end of the room, leaving a space for the family room separated only by a low dividing cabinet from the kitchen itself. The fireplace then, instead of being a liability as far as use was concerned, suddenly took the center of the stage as a gracious and lovely focus of living. Once again, with the turn of the wheel of time, it was to come into its own, with a setting to enhance it.

Where the old sink was, and the small windows, a big wide window was installed overlooking the charming garden and the sunny slope where the red-cedar lounging chairs are placed. The plumbing was moved upward, nearer the ceiling behind what appears as a soffit over the sink which can be lifted to let heat in to the pipes on a cold winter night. Also, plumbing connections are easily accessible. The register was moved to the wall on the kitchen side of the low dividing cabinet. No more crumbs can fall down it, nor dust settle in.

When the wallboard was removed from the entire ceiling and the old sturdy beams uncovered. In one end they were like the old beams in the rest of the house, and in the other they were uneven and gaunt. The ugly ones were covered with wallboard, the good ones left exposed.

On one old beam was a fragment of the original wallpaper, a beautiful stencil design which sent me into rapture. I could almost see the slim young bride who picked it out, delicate and gentle and softly colored as it was. I felt sad that the rest of it was gone, but my spirits revived on my next visit when I saw that the wallpaper selected for the family-room end of the kitchen was a copy of an old stencil that looked almost the same.

Into the kitchen end of the room, which measures only 7′ 9″ by 8′, went a modern dishwasher sink, connected with plumbing already in the wall, a 7-cubic-foot refrigerator, a full-size electric range, cabinets to provide 19 square feet of counter space and 57 square feet of shelf space for storage! The woman who had struggled with the inconveniences of her old kitchen, but was loath to give up her fireplace, had said that she wanted a kitchen where she could stand in the middle and reach everything. Planning gave her just about that, and she doesn't have to stand over the register either.

A ventilating fan was installed in the wall above the range. This, with the dishwasher, does much to remove the objection of "mess and smell" from this modern family-room kitchen. The fan has an outside shutter which automatically closes when the fan motor is turned off, so there are no unwanted drafts. The telephone extension was moved to the beam near by where the lady of the house can answer calls while she is either at the table or working at the range.

The old back door was removed and a new door built with the upper half glass, to provide extra light. The screen door has

just add WATER MIX-

and bake the BEST WAFFLES you ever tasted !

No complicated recipe to follow when you use Duff's Waffle Mix. It's *fully-prepared* . . . and the rich, golden-brown goodness of every waffle is proof of fine ingredients. Serve waffles often . . . they're grand for breakfast, lunch or dinner. For perfect results, *always* use DUFF'S!

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*A·1 SAUCE

Men have been known to kiss the cook for using A·1 sauce to flavor gravies, soups, stews and casseroles

Write for "Cooking for a Man" Heublein & Bro., Inc. Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

Ceilings were low and uneven; with only a 6′ 8″ height on two walls, distance between upper and lower cabinets had to be cut to a minimum. On the sink wall no cabinets were possible, as a clearance of 22″ had to be provided for lifting the dishwasher cover. Painted and stenciled, this wall becomes a feature of the room made practical by attaching a strip of plain glass to the wall over the sink to prevent splashing the paint. A row of tubular lights installed behind the soffit illuminates the whole wall. Controlled by a switch, this provides much general illumination. Tubular lights under and in all cabinets and on the range make all working space pleasantly and adequately lighted.

Fortunately, the floor was of good hardwood, providing an excellent base for laying linoleum, but it had a decided slope! When it came to leveling sink, range and cabinets, considerable adjustment had to be made in the toe space underneath. But this is camouflaged by coving the linoleum up to meet the cabinets, which also makes for easier cleaning.

But what really made me catch my breath and utter exclamations of wonder when I saw the room finished was the perfect harmony between the old and the new in this remodeled kitchen. I would never have believed the old fireplace could be at home with the electric range, the crane with the toaster, the old andirons with the dishwasher. But a feeling for both eras provided the magic touch that made the union possible.

> **If we are to get the utmost good and the keenest pleasure out of our association with animals, we must give them the right to share our working hours as well as our leisure, to occupy our house and room as well as to accompany us in our walks. Thus they will learn from us lessons mainly tending to elevate a carpet into a position of inviolable sanctity, and we shall be taught by them how easy it is (for a dog) to be loyal and friendly and faithful, and (for a cat) to be proud without ostentation and affectionate without servility.**
>
> —R. C. LEHMANN:
> A Spark Divine (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The modern sterile look of glistening white enamel in the kitchen end of the room has been softened and the room given a feeling of spaciousness by painting the walls and ceiling a soft aqua color to match that in the design of the wallpaper in the opposite end of the room. The two generations of this room have also been brought together by the use of a stencil cut from the design of the wallpaper and copied in frosty white on the wall and ceiling and on the window shade for the door. The counters were covered in rich terra-cotta linoleum, the same tone as the curtains at the big window. And the floor was covered with a good country-brown linoleum which blends with the warm wood tones of tables, chairs and chests and is also very practical, as it doesn't show tracks. The colors of ceiling, walls and counters are repeated and echoed in the hooked rug for the family-room end, and the terra-cotta draperies at the big window are of a cotton fabric that actually looks hand-loomed. Before the window, a drop-leaf table and two comfortable armchairs make a perfect setting for intimate meals. On a cold February night, the warmth of the fire is heartening and the diners are really eating by the fireplace, which is my idea of almost the only place to eat, except under an apple tree in full bloom. In spring, the morning daffodils can be watched while the shirred eggs are eaten. A garden on one side, a fireplace on the other and a modern kitchen within reach—what else could a woman want?

The lady of the house, like those others of a bygone day, may sit by the fire or the garden window and read or mend or knit and

Easy to prepare RICH IN FLAVOR

VAN CAMP'S CHILI CON CARNE is ready to heat and eat.

VAN CAMP'S TENDERONI cooks up light and fluffy in only 7 minutes.

Together — a delicious dish of rich and satisfying flavor and nourishment.

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FAMOUS SINCE 1861

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says MRS. D. LILLIS
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"No more messy scrubbing of pots and pans. The quick-acting suds whisk away grease." Grand for dishes, too!

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says MR. PHILLIP LEWIS
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EVERYONE AGREES...
New Ethyl Cleaner is best for so many things!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Available at leading stores and automobile service stations

still keep an eye on the progress of her dinner. There was much to be said for the friendly family feeling of those old-time kitchens. And I like to think how happy the old house is with the best of the new fitted into it and the atmosphere of the old unspoiled. Surely the bride who chose that first stencil paper would be pleased if ever she slipped back down the years on shadowy feet to see what had happened to her little house.

Snow was falling as I took a last look at the kitchen. Color and warmth, friendly atmosphere and beauty were all there under the stanch old beams. As I drove away, I began to think of all the other kitchens in the country, and to wonder what this kitchen could mean to other women. This was a special problem, I said to Honey, who had her head on my lap and was dreaming cocker dreams. And yet there are many houses not so old that are, as their discouraged owners say, "as big as a barn." Equipment is scattered hit or miss in a put-it-there fashion. In any of these too-big kitchens the same idea could be used. And for those who own an old house with a fireplace, this solution is ideal. No need of trying to get scarce materials to build on a new room for a kitchen, when the room is already there if it is planned to accommodate the kitchen units. Then, in any kitchen, grouping the service units makes for efficiency and less work. This kitchen proved to me again how small a space is necessary for the complete "works" of a kitchen, leaving the rest of whatever space is available for extra storage and extra serving, thus making a room that is open and spacious and has no dark corners.

And after all, I told Honey as the lights of the town grew through the mist of falling flakes; after all, what is better than a lovely kitchen?

"A good chicken dinner cooked in it," said Honey.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

(Continued from Page 18)

startling against the blue. It stretched to the prairie's rim. As he stared, the gray underside carded out, and through the cloud's softness was revealed a blue well shot with sunlight. Almost as soon as it had cleared, a whisking of cloud stole over it.

For one moment no wind stirred. A butterfly went pelting past. God, Brian decided, must like the boy's prairie.

The clock in the O'Connal living room ticked on in the silence as Sean O'Connal sat uncomfortably in the presence of Brian's grandmother. He was a large man in blue overalls and work smock with flat, brass buttons, his solid hands resting upon great knees. "When do you figger he'll be back?" he asked.

The grandmother looked up from her sewing. "He should be home any minute now. Ye could phone the store if ye like."

"I'll wait," said Sean. From a pants pocket he pulled out his pipe. Relaxing with the first puff, he said, "And what would you be makin'?"

Mrs. MacMurray bent her head to her work and bit off a thread. "A middy."

"I like to see a kid in overalls."

The grandmother wound thread deftly around her finger tip and into a knot. She began to sew again.

Sean cleared his throat loudly. "Where's Maggie?"

"Upstairs. She's steaming Bobbie."

"How is he?"

"He's a sick baby. Doctor Svarich was here to see him yesterday and he thinks there's the possibility of pneumonia."

Brian entered the room. "Hello, Uncle Sean."

Sean greeted the boy and turned back to the grandmother. "Anything I can do to help at all?"

"I don't think so," she said; then, "Thanks."

"Got any wheat, Uncle Sean?"

"Why, sure." Sean put his hand into his pocket and brought out a few grains. "Chew it up good, and it'll make wheat gum for you."

Brian began dutifully to chew. His grandmother called him to her chair to try on the middy.

Sean watched, then suggested, "Little full under the armpits, ain't it?"

The grandmother ignored the remark.

"Ain't them cuffs tight fer the widtha the sleeves?"

"I think I have an idea what the pattern calls for," she said. "Don't wriggle."

"I'm not," said Brian.

"All right," said Sean. "I just thought it looked kinda funny the way she hung down like a puhtatuh sack from under his ——"

"That's not the sort of language to be using before your own nephew!"

"What's wrong with my language?"

"It belongs to the barroom," said the grandmother, stung by Sean's criticism of her handiwork.

"It does not!"

"But it does, Mr. O'Connal."

"Oh." Sean's voice dropped to crooning level. With a magnificent effort at restraint he relaxed into his chair. "I will not argue it with you. I'm not like some that have to always be havin' the last word."

"I do not!"

Sean fixed his eye upon the grandmother with a significant nod of his head. His face reddened in the punishing silence as she worked over the middy upon the patient Brian. Without a word the grandmother left the room.

Brian looked up to his uncle's face with plain worship in his eyes. "I was out on the prairie today," he said.

"Were you now?" said Sean.

"Yes, and I saw a woman."

"On the prairie?" Sean took him up on his broad knee.

"No. She was at the house. I'm going tomorrow. It didn't make any gum, Uncle Sean. It swallowed." He opened his mouth to show Sean. His uncle gave him more wheat.

Sean looked up as the hallway door opened and Gerald O'Connal entered. Like Sean, Gerald was well over six feet, but there the similarity ended. Gerald's hair was a dark auburn; his face was clean-shaven, his blue eyes having the lashless look about them that often goes with red hair. Whereas Sean was the possessor of a volatile temper, Gerald was a quiet, slow-smiling and almost shy individual.

There was fifteen years' difference in their ages, a difference which gave to the rough Sean a feeling of protectiveness for his younger brother; at the same time, he stood in awe of Gerald with his university education, his fine business and his fine home.

"And how's the baby?" said Sean, letting Brian off his knee.

"Not so good," said Brian's father. "Svarich was around to see him yesterday. I hope he pulls through it all right!"

"He will," boomed Sean. He stood up. One broad, freckled hand gripped his brother's shoulder. "I—if there's anything I can do—Gerald."

"Thanks, Sean. Will you stay for supper?"

"No," said Sean. "And there's reasons fer that. The old—Mrs. MacMurray ain't—I'll be gettin' out to the farm."

"How's it going?" asked Gerald.

The concern that had been in Sean's eyes was replaced by a sudden intense light. In the course of the drought years Sean had changed from a bewildered man, watching dry winds lick up the topsoil from his land, to a man with a message. Now he launched into one of his evangelistic denunciations.

"Awful! She's plumb awful, Gerald! Stupid!" he cried. "They never hearda strip farmin' an' they don't wanta hear! 'Plant yer crops,' I tell 'em, 'in strips acrosst the prevailin' winds—fight the wind an' fight the driftin'—stop clawin' her plumb back fer wheat or oats or barley or flax! Farm her with yer hearts an' brains. Fergit yer little red tractors an' yer yella-wheeled cars an' yer trips to Washington an' Oregon an' California! Jist look at her—creased an' pocked an' cracked—no grass to hold the topsoil down! That's what happens when you crop her out an' away fer the winter—then back again in the spring to scratch at her agin—on agin, off agin an' away agin!"

Brian watched his uncle, open-mouthed. Then he turned to see his grandmother in the

(Continued on Page 95)

"I got those forty winks in, like you said, doctor, and I feel much better!"

Which spoon would you choose?

The one with these

. . . or the one without?

Come now! . . . nothing to it if you're a bright young modern Miss. You'll peek at the back of the spoon. If you see the mark INLAID you'll say, "that's the silverplate for me."

Because you'll know it's Holmes & Edwards silverplate . . . the kind that's invisibly INLAID with two blocks of sterling silver, and not just *reinforced* or *extra-plated.*

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It's Sterling Inlaid

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..."and it's no TRICK to make 'em"

GLAZED HAM ROLLS

1 cup grated raw tart apple
½ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter
6 slices boiled ham, ⅛ inch thick

Thoroughly mix ingredients for stuffing. Spread spoonful of mixture on each ham slice; roll as for jelly roll. Place in shallow baking dish. Pour KARO Glaze over ham rolls. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes, basting frequently. If desired, garnish with whole canned apricots studded with cloves.

KARO GLAZE: Combine ¾ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label, 3 tablespoons water, ¼ cup vinegar, 6 whole cloves and 2-inch piece stick cinnamon. Simmer 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Makes enough Glaze for 6 Ham Rolls.

THEY LOOK FANCY... they taste delicious! But they're sure-fire and easy. No practice needed... no sleight-of-hand. The first time you try these new recipes you'll do 'em quick—and right. Just be sure to have on hand some wonderful KARO* Syrup. It does lots more than sweeten. It adds *food-energy value*—and the finest flavor you ever struck!

Such "dressed-up" plain food disappears like magic, when the family gets a taste. How about trying the recipes tomorrow?

THE KARO KID

PARTY BAKED APPLES

½ cup KARO Syrup, Blue Label
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons sugar
4 baking apples
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar
14 almonds, blanched, shredded
4 maraschino cherries, chopped

Combine first six ingredients. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Core apples; pare upper half. Place in shallow baking dish. Pour syrup mixture over apples. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour or until tender, basting frequently. Remove from oven. Beat egg white until foamy; gradually beat in 2 tablespoons sugar. Top with meringue and insert almonds and cherries. Return to oven and bake 15 minutes or until delicately browned. Makes 4 servings.

*KARO is a registered trade mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N.Y.

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(Continued from Page 92)

ki en doorway, her mouth down-curving in bitter disapproval. "Come into the ki en! Yer bread an' milk's ready!"

ian moved slowly toward her, still half da d and hypnotized by the spell of his ur 's words.

ian had to knock twice at the brown ho e by the church. A man opened the door, an Brian's eyes went immediately to the pi e-nez glasses with their black cord loop- in down his vest.

Yes?"

I'm visiting God today."

Oh," the man said, and smiled a slow sm e. "I'm at breakfast right now, but I th k we could make it after another piece of to t. Whose boy are you?"

My dad's. I'm B n."

Brian who?"

Brian Sean Mac- M ray O'Connal. W at's your name?"

John Hewlett H op," said the m ister, "B.A., B.D. C ne inside."

Mrs. Hislop was s ing at the kitchen t le. Brian waited i patiently while the m ister ate another p e of toast. He a it noisily, as B an's father always d.

By the time he was f shed, Brian could h dly contain him- s . He ran down f house steps and t those of the c urch. Mr. Hislop l ked through the k s on the ring. ey crossed a short l way and entered e church.

Through the ined-glass window morning sunshine eamed, a fluted r of light shear- g the church dusk. ifting motes trav- d from outer dark- ss, across the light d into nothingness ain.

Their footsteps opped echoing rough the empty urch. Brian looked to the window's ue-and-ruby glow.

"How do you like it?" Mr. Hislop's voice emed to bounce off the quiet.

"Is God busy right now?"

"Yes. He's busy. Just what did you have mind?"

"Where—where is He? That's just His icture—all grapes and bloody."

"Lemon-colored, too," pointed out Mr. lislop. "Why do you want to see ——"

"What are those—with things to their acks—wings?"

"Angels."

"And wherever they go they fly there—ll the time up in the sky, and there's sunhine, and it's blue, and heaven's where God s. He's in heaven—that's just like a picture f Him—isn't it?"

The minister nodded.

"He has lots of fun." Brian turned. "He as lots of fun up there."

"He looks after things."

"Does He? What things?"

"Flowers—birds—people—things. He makes meadow larks sing. If an ant climbs a grass blade, a—a grasshopper spits tobacco uice, that's God."

"Trees—trees—does He do trees?"

"He makes leaves from buds—men from boys. He hands out the colors and the sounds and tastes and feels. He makes hunger—loving—sleeping—waking ——"

"Everything?"

Mr. Hislop nodded.

Brian was silent a moment. "What are their wings made out of?"

"Feathers," said the minister. "I think."

"Are there any little boy angels like I am?"

"There are some. When a little boy dies, he becomes a boy angel."

"Oh," said Brian.

Outside, the sunlight was bright in Brian's eyes; he stood on the church steps a moment, thanked Mr. Hislop. Then he started home.

Mr. Hislop watched Brian as far as the corner; he turned to the house, then through to the back where the lawn mower waited. As he pushed it ahead of him over the back lawn, he thought of the boy. Something had been proved, he supposed. He bent down to extricate a piece of twine that had wound itself up in a mower wheel.

He sat down in the grass and stared out over the untidy yard. No two ways about it; it was messy, with its litter of papers, its grass growing rank along the edges, its old bones that dogs had left. It had offended Mrs. Abercrombie to the point of her mentioning it to his wife as she left church last Sunday. That old girl had her knife into him all right.

At MacTaggart's Corner, several blocks away from the Presbyterian manse, Brian and Forbsie Hoffman sat on the top rail of the fence.

"I wish I knew where we could get some feathers from," Brian was saying.

"I busted a pillow once."

"We could start from the garage and get there quick."

"Get there—get there," said Forbsie, "quick there—quick there—quick."

"We could bounce on the clouds."

"Pillows' stummicks is full of feathers," said Forbsie.

Brian got down from the fence. "With string we could make them."

Forbsie jumped down, his fat cheeks jouncing as he landed. "They snowed all over my room."

"We'll tie them together," explained Brian with excitement, "and that'll be wings for us. You can have wings too—string-and-feather wings. How do you get their feathers out?"

"Paring knife."

"Wait here," Brian told him. "I'm going into the house. You wait here."

His grandmother was ironing in the breakfast room; he saw only her erect back as he went silently through the smell of newly ironed clothes and into the living room. From the couch he took a pillow, then went out the front door and around to the back where Forbsie waited.

He made two more trips into the house without his grandmother's knowing it, once for the paring knife, again for string.

The feathers, as Forbsie had told him, were very tiny, hundreds of them spreading themselves over the sand, stirring to the slightest breeze, lifting and drifting over the yard.

"What yuh doin'?"

Arthur Sherry, a six-year-old cynic in overall pants and sleeveless, faded blue shirt

NEXT MONTH

LEONARD looked down at Anne. There should be something wrong with her: her ankles should be thick, her nose stub, or her eyes too far apart. Maybe the real flaw in the picture was his being with her in the first place. He couldn't shake the feeling that they were heading for some kind of disaster. He knew now that it was marriage or nothing with Anne. Her principles were not many, nor were they very conspicuous, but, like a sunken boulder, they were immovable.

So Leonard married her. There was only one way to hold Anne. One way to gentle a creature so wild and undisciplined.

He did it so quietly that Anne never realized how captive she was until she saw the man she might have married. Not until she stood so close to the girl who had stolen Fred from her that she could see the fear and shame in the other's face, did Anne discover what Leonard had done to her heart.

THE HELLER

By William Henning

condensed from the novel soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, complete in the March JOURNAL.

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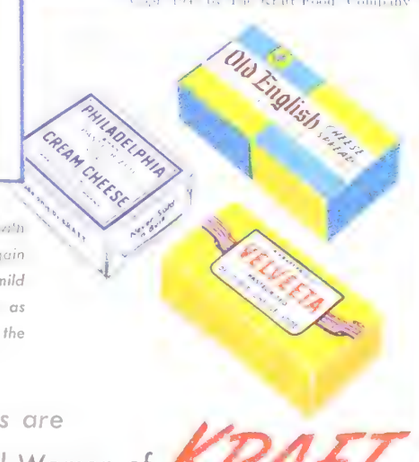

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looked down at them through thick-lensed glasses.

"Making wings," Brian told him. "We're going to fly."

A sound of disgust issued from Arthur's lips. "Anybody knows you can't make wings to fly."

"Yes, we can," said Brian. "We can if we want to."

"Maybe they won't work," said Forbsie.

"Yes, they will," Brian said with fervor. "They will so work." Even as he said it he was aware of a sinking feeling in his stomach, a sudden and very physical loss.

Arthur made a snorting noise. "Just with airplanes—that's all."

"And wings! Angels got wings! They fly too!"

"Not made outa string—with pillow feather. They grow 'em."

Brian was silent. He had not thought of that.

Arthur went on: "Outa their shoulders. They always had 'em—like a sparrow—not outa chicken feathers tied with string. Store string," he added disgustedly.

Brian faced Arthur. "Well, I'm going to heaven!"

"Artie—dinner!" called Mrs. Sherry.

Arthur looked back over his shoulder and saw that his mother had gone back into the house. He pushed Brian in the chest with both hands so that he sat down. "No, you ain't. Not with string an' feathers."

And Brian, staring down at the pitifully few feathers they had tied, knew that Arthur was perfectly right.

MaggieO'Connal had been one of the prettiest things to come to the town after she married Gerald O'Connal in the early twenties. She met him in the Ontario town where he came for his apprenticeship after a pharmacy course at the university and three years overseas in the war.

Maggie O'Connal was still pretty; slight and small-boned, she had the same dignity of posture that was both Brian's and her mother's. From her Brian had inherited his dark eyes and hair, and learned his careful enunciation.

At the dinner table that evening, Brian bowed his head, palms together against his breastbone, as his father said grace:

"For what we are about to receive at this time, O Lord, make us truly thankful. Amen."

Tonight was the baby's first meal with them, and he sat in his high chair between his grandmother and his father. His illness had given his usually pale face a waxen quality. He looked far from fragile, however. Orange-red hair was like froth on the top of his head, and his blue eyes were almost wild with devilishness.

"Ye need not give me any of the carrots, thank ye, Maggie," said Brian's grandmother. "We're a wee bit short on material—ye should have read what the pattern called for." She had been working on another suit for Brian.

"You'll need all the cloth before you're through," said Brian's mother. "Put your plate down, Brian."

"You needn't give me any of the carrots, mother."

"Carrots are good for you, son," she said as she heaped his plate.

"They make ye grow," his grandmother said. "I'm fond of them myself ——"

"You can have mine."

"—— but they disagree with me."

"Eat your carrots," said Brian's mother. Brian picked up his fork.

"Isn't he the comical one, though!" exclaimed the grandmother.

Butter and jam were smeared around the baby's mouth and on the tip of his nose. He wore an oilcloth bib decorated with kittens and a great deal of the egg he'd had for his dinner. He was holding out what had once been bread and butter to his grandmother.

"Dere—brea'."

He had very bad manners, decided Brian.

Foolish eaters are to be found all over the world, but natives on the Gold Coast of West Africa prepare a main dish of a potato-pumpkin. They smash this up and cook it in a big pot, sprinkling in a lot of salt. When pronounced done, the whole family surround the pot and eat the filthy-looking sludgelike mixture by the handful. They gorge themselves and, directly they begin to suffer pains in their "inner man," send off to the near-by store for a quantity of pills and salts. "White man's magic," they call these purges.
—NEW HEALTH.

The puppy's feet were spraddled out, the grass brushing his fat stomach. He was red and white. He was Brian's.

"He's the jeezliest thing."

"What's that?" Brian asked.

"I dunno," said Forbsie. "I just made it up."

"His ears flop," pointed out Artie Sherry.

"But they will stick up," Brian assured him. "He'll get older. He's a fox terrier. He's a fox-terrier pup."

"I like his belly," said Forbsie.

"He has a very pretty inside to his mouth," Brian said. "Freckles—black ones. Look." The puppy tried to get away from him, but he managed to hold its jaws apart for the other boys to see. "There's tiny, tiny waves," he explained to them. "They're hard ones. You stick your finger in and you'll feel them. I'll let you feel."

Forbsie and Artie felt.

"He's got a candy tongue," said Forbsie as he wiped his fingers on the grass. "Where did you get him?"

"My dad brought him home."

The puppy's attention was taken by a white butterfly that went scattering past him; he galloped awkwardly after it.

"He don't seem so bright," Artie said. "Is he housebroke?"

"He doesn't do on rugs. Just on bare floors."

"Do you rub his nose into it?" asked Artie.

"Uh-uh!"

"You're sposed to."

"I don't care! Nobody's rubbing my dog's nose into anything! I'll fix her!"

"Your maw?" asked Forbsie.

"Gramma. He gets under her feet all the time. He chewed up a lot of squares she was saving for a log-cabin quilt. He coughed them all up in her room. She says he's yappy."

The puppy was yapping shrilly now—at Artie's boot. He stopped to look under his stub tail. He sat up. He yawned. He turned his head over his shoulder, saw Brian, ran to him with his stern wiggling, and climbed up into his lap. Brian tried to hold his head out of reach, but the puppy licked at his nose and tried to get his ear to chew.

It was a shame that he liked to chew things. It was a shame that the grandmother's dresses were so close to the floor and that they rustled. Several times the puppy had got his teeth into the hem and had leaned back tugging.

Three weeks after Brian got his dog, the grandmother's patience almost reached the breaking point. She was crotchety one day at lunchtime when she was unable to find the pillow she usually sat on.

"I've not used it all morning," she said. "I left it on my chair right here in the breakfast room. It is not here now."

"Well," said Brian, "the pup didn't get it."

"I did not say that he did. But if he did not, has it grown legs and walked away?"

"Perhaps it's on your rocker, mother, in your room."

"It is not there, I tell you."

"I'll just take a look," said Mr. O'Connal.

When Brian's father had brought the pillow downstairs from her room, she did not tell Brian she was sorry. Throughout the meal she complained of the dog. She had never known a smellier dog; as she said this she lifted her head and sniffed loudly. Brian's mother asked him to leave the table and wash his hands.

(Continued on Page 98)

ve any course a new lease on flavor!

Starters, salads, desserts — they all com easy with Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail

1-We put extra care here

Extra care where? In the "case history" we keep on every lot of pears for Del Monte Fruit Cocktail.

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Why go to such lengths for just one ingredient in a five-fruit combination? Because *flavor is our responsibility*—to you and to our brand. We know that every bit of extra care we take means greater enjoyment for you.

Extra flavor? Sure—Del Monte always puts

flavor first

2-You get extra flavor here

Take one good look at those festive colors—one good taste of those five perfectly blended, rich-ripe fruits—and you'll know Del Monte Fruit Cocktail is going to solve a lot of menu problems for you! Best of all, no work for *you*—no peeling, dicing, mixing! There's no end of ways to serve it—these three will just give you an idea:

BASKET SALAD: (Center) Hollow out grapefruit; set scooped-out fruit aside for breakfast. Line shells with endive; fill with drained Del Monte Fruit Cocktail and serve with this

Nut-Date Dressing

- ¼ cup syrup from the Del Monte Fruit Cocktail
- 2 tbsps. cornstarch
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- ½ cup finely chopped dates
- ¾ cup cream or top milk, whipped
- ½ cup chopped walnuts

Mix together the syrup, cornstarch, salt and vinegar. Cook [illegible] constantly, until mixture is thick and clear. Continue cooking [illegible] 4 minutes longer. Cool slightly, stir in dates and nuts. Fold in the cream, whipped light but not stiff. Makes about 2 cups dressing.

ORCHARD APPETIZER: (Right, above) Chill can or jar of Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, open, serve in frosty glasses—it's easy as that!

HURRY-UP DESSERT: (Left, above) Frill grated coconut around the edge of dishes of chilled Del Monte Fruit Cocktail. What could be simpler? And so lavish in luscious fruit flavor!

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MOM! I'M FRANTIC!

THAT DARNED HUSBAND OF MINE THINKS HE DOESN'T LIKE FISH!

STOP WORRYING, SUE!

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(Continued from Page 96)

Just as dessert was brought to the table, the grandmother's stomach rumbled distantly. "'Tis my nervous indigestion," she excused herself. "The dog has done it."

"Has the pup been chewing that too?" asked Brian's father jokingly.

The grandmother chose to be hurt. "Go ahead. Poke fun at an old woman while ye still have time for it."

Mr. O'Connal apologized immediately, but the harm had been done. To mollify her mother's feelings, Mrs. O'Connal announced that from now on the dog was not to enter the house; he was to sleep outside—in the garage.

That night, with Brian's help, Mr. O'Connal tied the puppy with a length of binder twine in one corner of the garage. The puppy bit vainly at it, jumped from it again and again. Then he sat and cried pitiful, squeaking cries.

Brian could hear the puppy long after he had gone to bed. After his father and mother had left to visit the Abercrombies, he took two blankets from his bed, sneaked down the two flights of stairs and out of the house. He had difficulty in getting the wide garage doors open, and as he struggled he could hear the dog scratching frantically on the other side. One of the doors came open suddenly, and the puppy was jumping up on him. It had chewed through the twine.

It took the dog some time to quiet down; for a while it wriggled ecstatically on Brian's stomach, then curled up in the curve of his elbow. Finally it laid its chin over his shoulder, took one deep breath, nudged Brian's neck with its cold nose, and went to sleep.

It was nice, thought Brian, that his parents had gone to the Abercrombies'. The dog's stomach rumbled twice. Brian put his arms around its neck. He went to sleep too.

Mr. Abercrombie dealt the cards with deft little flicks that sent them round the table to drop in piles as accurate as the man himself. His hands, thought Mrs. O'Connal, were bank-manager hands, square in their palms and finger tips, the knuckles sharply angled.

To Mrs. O'Connal's right, Mrs. Abercrombie was having some difficulty in concealing the irritation she felt at seeing Mr. O'Connal absent-mindedly picking up one by one the cards her husband dealt.

Gerald O'Connal's mind was not on bridge. It was in the office of Doctor Svarich, where he had spent part of that afternoon. As he had linked up his sleeves, Peter Svarich, a thin-faced man with an air of discontent, had watched him, one leg over the corner of the table.

"Bit of gastritis, I'd say."

"Serious?" Mr. O'Connal had asked.

"No—not yet. Might bloom into an ulcer. You could try relaxing a bit. Stay away from liquor—pastries—fried stuff; take a quart or two of warm cocoa to the store with you—drink it in the middle of the morning and the afternoon. That'll put out the fire."

The sound of Abercrombie's flat voice brought Mr. O'Connal back to the room. "The trouble with the West," Abercrombie was saying, "has been threefold." He paused in dealing the cards. "A—too much credit in the beginning—an unhealthy amount of it through the twenties. B—farmers are not a thrifty lot. C—the wealth of the country doesn't come from sufficiently diversified sources." The cards took up their snickering again.

"We need an up-and-coming man in the church," said Mrs. Abercrombie. "Just look at the condition of that yard. There's no rhyme or reason to his calls."

She's on poor Hislop again, thought Mrs. O'Connal wearily.

Mrs. Abercrombie was as shapeless as her husband was angular. Strange that so large a woman was so energetic; she was active in church work, the Red Cross, Daughters of the Empire, the Eastern Star, the library board, the local relief committee for the unfortunates of the dried-out area. By virtue of her rings, the dignity of her husband's work, a trip they had taken to Europe six years before, and a certain insensitivity to what others thought, her social position in the town was unassailable.

Jake Harris, the town garbage collector, fireman and policeman, stood in the O'Connal garage with a flashlight turned on Brian and the dog asleep on the floor. He had been summoned from his room on the second floor of the town hall. Mrs. O'Connal's usually contained voice had been frantic.

"So this is where you got to."

Brian concerned himself with getting sleep from his eyes.

"You've give yer maw an' paw quite a start."

"I just thought I'd sleep with my pup," Brian said.

The puppy was awake; he stood for a moment with his feet apart, then went to smell the bottoms of Jake's pants. He wagged his tail. He liked the bottoms of Jake Harris' pants.

"Nice-lookin' pup. Better git in the house an' let your maw know you're all right."

From the darkness of the front veranda, Brian's mother came out to meet him; her arms around him were convulsively tight.

Within the house, his grandmother embraced him; but his father, when he had returned from downtown where he had been looking for Brian, was not quite so effusive.

"Why did you ever do a thing like that? Why did you go out to the garage to sleep?"

"I wanted to sleep with my pup," said Brian.

"I don't suppose it occurred to you that we might worry about you?"

"I just wanted to be with my pup, that's all."

His father looked at him seriously. "Look, spalpeen, I got that puppy against your mother's wishes. Now there's been nothing but trouble ever since that dog came to the house; if I hear of any more, there isn't going to be any puppy around the house. Understand?"

Brian nodded.

Mr. Hislop laid the letter down on the desk in his study. It was a protesting letter. It had been written by the Ladies' Auxiliary and was signed by Mrs. Abercrombie. The candlelight service of the Canadian Girls in Training had not found favor with the Ladies' Auxiliary. The letter had come as a shock to Hislop, who had assumed that everyone in the congregation had been as pleased as he with the service, with the white middies, blue skirts and blue ties of the C.G.I.T. girls. They had filed down both aisles of the church, each carrying a candle, their young voices lifted in Follow the Gleam. To Hislop it had been a moving ceremony.

Now, he felt rather sick. He had not thought that any members of his congregation would consider the candle ceremony an indication that Knox Presbyterian church was turning Roman Catholic.

But he might have known, he thought bitterly. Mrs. Abercrombie's intolerance was an evil force in the town; he had known it very soon after taking over the church, when he had been indiscreet enough to play tennis with Father Cochran, and later when she had bucked combining services in the summer with the Baptist church. He got up and went to the study window; there he stood looking out to the hedge and the street beyond. Perhaps he should call a meeting of the elders tonight. He could use the assurance of their confidence in him.

Brian O'Connal, his puppy in his arms, walked down Sixth Street in the direction of MacTaggart's Corner. It had not been the dog's fault; the chain his father had got for it should not have been long enough to reach the washing; the clothesline should have been stronger too.

But last night, his father had said to him, "Remember what I told you, spalpeen?"

"Yes. I remember."

"There was some trouble this morning."

"He just pulled the clothesline down."

"I have to do something about it."

"Send him away?"

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COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1231-R Cherry St., Phila. 7,

1—I've had a talk with Forbsie's Hoffmans haven't a grandmother with them, you know."
ow."
uppy wouldn't cause such a rumpus se where there wasn't a grandmother. at that if we were to send the puppy ntil it wasn't so much of a pup, it e a good idea."
all the time?"
"
for a long time," Brian had said, hat his eyes were stinging.
for a long time," his father assured until he has grown up. Mr. Hoffman t they'd look after him for us."
—couldn't—send gramma away till— ——"
ther had reached into his hip pocket ded him a handkerchief.
after his father had left, Brian had im in their bedroom below; he had a lot like Uncle Sean.
ie was standing at MacTaggart's he had evidently been told of the ment made for the dog. Brian said: aking my pup over to stay with ot very long. It's not for good."
t's dandy," said his fat face shin- Our pigeon's got gs now."
s only staying gets bigger."
eggs are in a d I'm going to our pup to play d ——"
got to feed him ing and noon and on and at night ve him milk."
ight," said Forb- an I carry him "
Don't feed him an what I say. et fat. His legs funny."
ight. There's go- e baby pigeons t of those eggs. carry him for a w?"
s kind of heavy." doesn't look I could carry right."
"
Hoffman, when had taken the nto the house, promised him that it e allowed to sleep by the stove in the It would not have to sleep alone he barn.
orning Brian played with the puppy. ernoon he played with the puppy. inner he missed the dog badly. He wn to the coal room in the cellar and chunk of wood there. When he was , he went up to bed.

days that followed, Brian O'Connal accept his dog's exile, after he found could see him daily. He spent his nornings and afternoons over at the ns'. It was a week later that he and first saw the baby pigeons.
hay in the Hoffmans' loft was piled ne end; the sunlight, slanting down window high in the peak, was almost ith dust. Forbsie and Brian gazed e top of the hay hill and into the one of the two-by-fours between the all studding.
e nest were open mouths, eager and ly upon wormlike necks.
ey came out of the eggs," Forbsie said proprietary ring in his voice.
ll their mother sit on them like she the eggs?"
wonder how they got in there in the ace?" said Forbsie. "There weren't les for them to crawl into that I could ow did they do it?"
ask my dad."
n did not climb through the hole in t floor when Forbsie left. He watched the baby pigeons for a long time. He was still there when Forbsie [illegible] out the [illegible] tion of their origin. He was still considering it as he walked home to lunch.

Brian met his father returning from work. "Dad," he said as he walked by his side, "I want to ask you about some pigeons. How did they get in there?"

"Where, spalpeen?"

"Those eggs. How did they get in there in the first place?"

"The father pigeon put them there."

"How?"

"Well, at first there wasn't any egg. Then the mother pigeon put the egg around it."

"She built it?"

"Yes, she built it."

"I guess that's right," said Brian. "I'm going to tell Forbsie."

In the Presbyterian manse study, Mr. Hislop said to Digby, "There's nothing else I can do. I couldn't get up each Sunday and preach to them, knowing they that they all felt as she did."

"The trouble with you," said Digby, "is that you're too thin-skinned. You're tender. That's no good if you're a minister or a schoolteacher. You've got to be tough good and tough. I'm tough. You're not."

"And my elders I never thought for a minute they'd take the stand they did. I'll have to resign."

"Fight 'em," said Digby. "Get up there and give it to them."

"If it only hadn't happened," said Hislop. "It makes me feel like a fool—stupid blind—gullible fool! I knew they thought I was impractical—you can always expect a certain amused patronizing from your congregation—but ——"

Digby got up from his chair; he went over to Hislop and put his arm over the minister's shoulder. The two stood silently side by side looking out at the rain.

On Hoffman's barn roof the rain was loud; the hayloft was dim. Brian had not called in at Forbsie's house. No one knew that he was up here. In the dusk of the loft he could just see the heads of the baby pigeons. They were partly feathered, their eyes opened. The mother pigeon had left the nest, slapping her wings frantically at Brian's approach. She walked back and forth now, cooing anxiously on a rafter at the other end of the loft.

Brian reached out and touched the head of one of the baby pigeons; it was blood-warm. He stroked the weaving head with his finger. He slid his hand under the pigeon and took it from the nest, cheeping loudly. He held it to his chest, his head bent over it. He put it inside his shirt, then buttoned up his coat. A baby pigeon was almost as good as a pup.

The rain had stopped, and the air had a fresh and sparkling quality; eaves dripped steadily into rain barrels overflowing. In the running gutters could be seen the reflection of the sun, now a clean, whole disk, now a broken, quicksilver thing that joined, then broke again into rippling bars.

Rain still streaked the windows of the O'Connal back porch where Brian O'Connal sat on the floor, staring down at the baby pigeon in his hand. His father stood tall above him. The bird's skin lids were closed over its eyes; the bald head, with its tiny plowshare beak edged with yellow, hung down. The little body was not warm.

"It's dead, spalpeen," Brian's father said gently.

Fortuneteller

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

The gypsy, the gypsy
With magic-tinged art
Said two would come wooing
To sue for my heart,
Slender and supple
With eyes darkly blue—
And one would be false
As the other was true.

She told me, she told me
That one would bring song
And one fill with sorrow
My whole life long.
But there was an end
To her clairvoyant art:
She didn't say how
I could tell them apart!

"Bake this better tasting Cake and hear 'em yell for more!"

says Aunt Jenny

Lighter, more delicious cake—so easy with Spry and its One-Bowl Method!

"I CAN'T begin to tell you how heavenly-light and luscious this Valentine white cake is. You just bake it for company and *they'll* tell you how scrumptious it is.

"Spry has a magic cake-making secret you don't get in any other type of shortening. And Spry's One-Bowl Cake Method is a miracle of speed and ease. You can thank Spry for grand new cake success."

Sweetheart Valentine Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar
3½ teaspoons baking powder (or 4 teaspoons if low-sodium type)
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon orange extract
3 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry and creaming needed. Add ¾ of milk, then flavorings. Beat 150 strokes. Scrape [illegible] throughout entire mixing. Add egg whites; beat 250 strokes. Add [illegible] strokes. Notice what an easy-to-beat, easy-to-pour batter you get with Spry. Only one bowl to wash!

Bake in two deep 8-inch Spry-coated layer [illegible] Spread Valentine Frosting between layers and on top and sides. Mark a large heart on top of cake; fill in with sugar tinted red. Sprinkle one cup coconut over sides and top around heart.

Valentine Frosting

Use one-half your regular recipe for 7-Minute Frosting. Flavor with ¾ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond extract and ¼ teaspoon orange extract.

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Get Spry's grand help with *all* your cooking if you want more compliments. Make sure of flaky, tender pie crust with creamy, easy-to-blend Spry.

Fry with pure, all-vegetable Spry and serve crisp, golden-brown, fresh-tasting fried foods—so digestible even the youngsters can have all they want!

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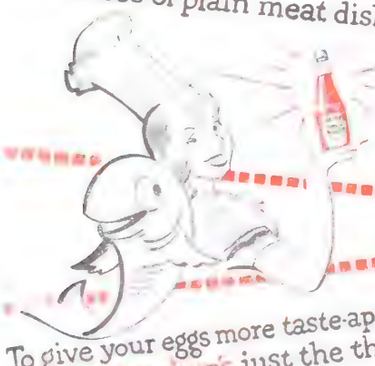
Transform plain dishes into food folks talk about! Use Heinz Tomato Ketchup ...the mingled richness of prize tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar and rare spices!

Gravies lose their pallid look -
Take on a racy savor -
Stews taste better, too, when blessed
With grand Heinz Ketchup flavor

The makings of delicious sauce
For seafoods and for fishes,
Heinz Ketchup also lends new zest
To scores of plain meat dishes



To give your eggs more taste-appeal
Heinz Ketchup's just the thing -
A dash or so of this thick sauce
Will make an omelet sing

HEINZ KETCHUP

Made from Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, rare spices and fine vinegar!

"It happens to things."

"Why does it happen to things?" He turned up his face to his father, cheeks stained with drying tears.

"That's the way they end up."

Brian looked down again at the baby pigeon in his hand. "It was in an egg. Now it's stopped."

"Yes, spalpeen, it's stopped."

"I want my pup."

"All right. We'll bring him back."

"Why did it ——"

"Let me have it, spalpeen."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll bury it for you."

"Where will you do it?"

"Where do you want me to? The back garden?"

"I guess so." He looked down at the baby pigeon's limp body again; it was just like dirt, he thought, like prairie dirt that wasn't alive at all. He looked up to his father again. "I know where. The prairie—dig a hole for it in the prairie."

"All right."

"Where the boy is," said Brian. "There is where—not with houses." He was aware of a sudden relief; the sadness over the death of the baby pigeon lifted from him.

"After dinner, then, spalpeen," his father promised.

The late-evening sun lay dilute on the flat fronts of the houses along Sixth Street as Brian and his father walked out to the prairie. By a pile of field stone just outside the town's edge, the father turned to the boy. The son lifted his arm with the bird's neck lank from his small fist. The father knelt, placed the dead pigeon on the sod beside him, and began to dig with the small, green garden trowel he had brought out.

He stood up, brushed the dirt from his hands, looked into his son's face. As he did, he caught a flicker of movement in a clump of buckbrush to the left. He walked toward it, his son behind him. He bent down and carefully parted the bushes. Crouched there, looking up, was the boy that Brian had met out on the prairie earlier in the summer. The father let the branches go back together.

"He was watching," said the son as they walked back to the town. "He does that all the time."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. It's his."

"What is, spalpeen?"

"The prairie is."

"How is it his?"

"I don't know. It just is. What's his name?"

The father looked down at his son, a puzzled look upon his face. "That's the Young Ben."

Father and son began to walk home.

II

ALTHOUGH two years of wind had piled the black dust even higher against the fences and farm buildings, the fall of 1932 still brought the excitement of harvest with it. It was an urgent time of the year for the town, whose livelihood depended upon the prairie.

On the morning of the first day of September, the bright noise of sparrows woke Brian. The curtains in his room breathed in and out with the fall breeze as he lay still beside his brother; he could see his clothes folded over the foot of the white-enameled iron bed. His mother had put them there the night before. Today was to be his first day in school.

From under the bed came a frantic scrabbling of sound; the red-and-white fox terrier jumped up. His one red ear gave to his head an archly tilted look.

"Down, Jappy." Brian pushed him from the bed; he flung back the covers.

With the dog trotting after him, he went to the open window. He would not have to say that next year he was going to sch thought Brian—he was going today. was old enough now. He would find out about things.

"You up?" Bobbie was a chunky b four now. "I wish I was going to school."

"You will when you get old enoug Brian began to dress.

DOWNSTAIRS Maggie O'Connal stood the stove in the kitchen; she prepared family breakfast with quick, birdlike mo ments. Brian said good morning to trying his best to hide the excitement t was in him.

"Off to school, spalpeen?" Brian felt a r of emotion, as he always did when his fat spoke to him. Gerald O'Connal ruffled son's hair as he passed Brian; he sat dow the opposite end of the table. "You—u do as they tell you, Brian."

"I still think I should go with him —

"No, Maggie," Brian's father interrup her.

"You don't have to go," said Br "Forbsie's starting, too, and his mot isn't going with him."

The look upon Maggie O'Connal's sm face tightened; it was not a happy one.

As he broke up stale bread and poured m over it for his dog, Brian wished that pare wouldn't act as they were doing. straightened up from the dog's dish.

"It's not time yet," said his mother.

"I know. I'm going upstairs a minu

> **One may be discouraged about the Administration, about Congress, about the Supreme Court, about the racketeering of labor leadership, about political corruption, about many ominous tendencies in American life, but he cannot be discouraged about the way the common man seems to be understanding and correctly appraising, on the average, the American situation as reflected by the Gallup polls.**
>
> —DR. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN: Science, War & Human Progress.

In his room he pic up the pistol that on the table by the b it was a water pi with a rubber bulb a handle. He carrie with him always was not truly dres without it. He w downstairs again.

"He's so young," heard his mother ing.

"She says you're ful young to go alo said Bobbie.

"No, I'm not. W time is it?"

His father looked at his watch. "Half eight."

"I better be going."

His mother went over to him quickly bent down. When he straightened up felt that his cheek was damp, he was in tient with her.

He left the kitchen after instructing B bie to hold the dog until he'd got away f the house. Dogs did not go to school.

Forbsie's fat face shone. "Do we hav line up?" he said to Artie.

"Everybody does," Artie answered, face contorting at the offending glasses. " girls go in the girls' door an' the boys g the boys' door."

Ahead of them and behind them s groups of children made their way to school on the eastern edge of the town.

"There's the China Kids," said Artie.

Brian saw them: the Wongs, Tang Vooie. It was Vooie's first day at school, his sister, Tang, with the protectivenes an older sister, had the collar of his clenched tight in her hand. Brian had the Wong children often, for they had gr up on that section of gray cement that before their father's Bluebird Café. that the mother, a small amber woman, died, the father had left Vooie to his sist care. He cooked meals for the children, that was all. Brian knew Wong, too, a sm stooped Chinese with a white mustache, wore summer and winter a rooster-comb toque.

Brian's confidence ebbed as they ne the schoolyard and as Artie regaled the o boys with stories of the terrible Miss M Donald. She was cranky; she hated kid was she, he told Forbsie and Brian, would be their teacher.

When the bell rang the children for into two lines at the doors; those left out the lines were the beginners, forlorn l

(Continued on Page 107)

You're right in liking MEAT

Simmer or Bake it —it's MEAT

Broil or Braise it —it's MEAT

too when proud hands serve up the meat.
But meat, whether it's broiled or
braised, simmered or baked, has far more
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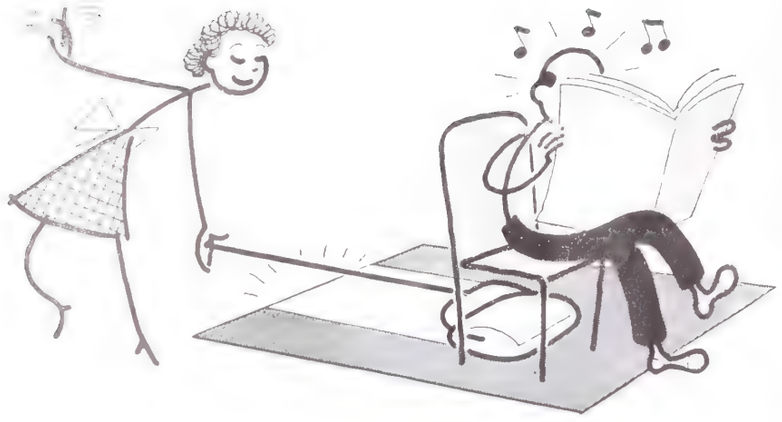

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(Continued from Page 100)

souls whom Miss MacDonald came out to shepherd into the school. She assigned them their seats in the lower-grades room, at the head of the stairs, told them to sit quietly and play with the colored plasticine Mariel Abercrombie had passed out. Then she turned to hand out the readers to the Grade Threes, of which Artie Sherry was a member.

The first excitement over, Brian began to find school a rather disappointing affair. Forbsie sat two seats ahead of him, Artie two rows over. He would go over and see Artie for a while, Brian decided; he got up and started down the aisle.

Miss MacDonald, at the board, turned and saw him. "Sit down, Brian."

"I'm just going over to see Artie."

"You'll have to sit down." She turned back to the board.

Brian continued on his journey to Artie. She wasn't his mother; he wasn't hurting anything; he wasn't doing anything wrong.

"I said to sit down!"

He stopped at the end of the aisle. "I just want to see Artie for a minute."

"You must put up your hand if you want something. Then I'll give you permission to see Artie."

He continued to stand.

Miss MacDonald's thin face reddened slightly. She bit her lip. "*Sit down!*"

Brian stood. Utter classroom quiet had descended. Miss MacDonald began to walk down the aisle in which Brian was standing. He reached into his hip pocket and felt the comfort of the water pistol there.

Miss MacDonald stopped three seats ahead of him. "Will you sit down!"

Wordlessly he drew the pistol out, being careful not to squeeze the butt. He held it behind his back. Miss MacDonald reached out her hand to guide him back to his seat. It paused in mid-air as Brian brought the water pistol to view. Her mouth flew open. She stared at the pistol and at the slight drip of water from the small hand holding it.

"I filled it," Brian assured her, "out of the fountain."

Her face flamed. "Give me that pistol!"

He made no move to hand it to her.

Her hand darted out to the water pistol. Startled, Brian squeezed. The pistol squirted. Miss MacDonald, with her dripping hand, jerked the pistol from his grasp. She propelled him from the room.

As he walked ahead of her to the end of the hall where the principal's office was, Brian's heart pounded. The front of her dress dripping, Miss MacDonald knocked on the principal's door. It opened, and Mr. Digby, a questioning look upon his rough face, stood there.

The legend that the wren is the king of all birds is preserved in the name given it in almost every European language. The story is that, the birds having agreed that the bird who could fly highest should be elected king, the wren hid himself in the eagle's feathers. The eagle, having outdistanced even the lark, and ceasing to soar, the wren flew out and flew above him, and flying higher than all, was declared king.

R. L. GALES: Dwellers in Arcady (The Sheldon Press).

With emotion poorly concealed, Miss MacDonald told him what had happened. When she had finished, Digby said:

"You'd better let your classes go. Miss Spencer has, hers. I'll attend to Brian."

The door closed on Miss MacDonald's outraged back.

Mr. Digby walked to the desk, sat down; he leaned forward with his elbows on the top. "Well, Brian?"

The boy stared at him.

"Little trouble?"

With his dark gaze deliberately unflinching, Brian continued to stare.

Mr. Digby's long fingers began to drum the desk top. "Don't—won't you talk to me?"

Unchanged, Brian's face looked up to the principal; no expression was there, certainly no inclination to talk was indicated.

Mr. Digby rose from his chair. The thing was to get the child to talk—without frightening it out of him. "Miss MacDonald is your teacher now. You must do as she says. It's—it's like ——" He cast about for something to say, any wedge to slip under the barrier between them. What would the boy understand? "Have you a dog, Brian?"

There was a flicker of the boy's eyes. That was it.

"He does what you tell him. You expect him to do what you want him to. A dog isn't much good if he won't do what he's told." He looked for a moment at the boy with his erect back, his legs slightly apart. "Does he do any tricks?"

"He can jump over ——" The words spilled out, then stopped.

"Over your arms if you hold them out?"

"Over a stick," Brian corrected him.

"Oh." The teacher was silent because he knew it was the right moment to say nothing.

"Tricks aren't any good. He's going to catch gophers. That isn't a trick."

The principal nodded.

"They're *for* catching gophers."

"That's right."

"Fox terriers. He's a fox terrier. I don't like her."

"Don't you?"

"She tried to make me sit down. I didn't feel like sitting down. I wasn't hurting anything."

"What if everyone in the room wanted to stand up? She couldn't teach very well then could she?"

Brian considered a moment. "She stands."

"That's because she's the teacher."

"Does she have to stand up to teach people things?"

Digby nodded.

"Maybe I have to stand up to learn things."

"You could learn anyway," suggested Digby, "couldn't you?"

"Yes, I could. But I don't think I'll learn from her. I better have another teacher."

"I don't think that could be arranged. You see, she's the only one we have for Grade One. You want to go to school, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm going to find out about things."

"Then you'd better try to get along with Miss MacDonald." There was a note of firmness in Digby's voice.

Brian was silent.

Digby reached into his desk drawer; he drew out the water pistol and handed it to Brian. "She'd like you to have this back," he said, knowing that it was the farthest thing from Miss MacDonald's desires.

"Thank you. It doesn't work very good anyway."

"All right. No more school today—this afternoon. Think about what I said."

For some time after Brian had left, Digby sat at his desk. With a feeling of helplessness that couldn't come quite into focus, he thought of his perennial problem—the Young Ben. As at the beginning of every term the Young Ben had attended school, he had not shown up for registration.

The feeling of helplessness flooded over him as he thought of the Ben, the boy's father: the drunken, irresponsible and utterly mindless Ben, always at odds with some rule, law, or convention; shooting prairie chicken out of season or without a license, running his still, completely unaware of the demands of family or community. The Ben was seldom sober; he knew only two stages of drunkenness, the dramatic and the unconscious. Digby got up. He'd have to call on the Bens after lunch.

On the second day of school, the Young Ben showed up and was given the seat across from Brian. Ten years old, a child all elbows, shoulder blades and knees, he lifted his blond head high above the children in seats around him.

He could not read; he did not write. He sat always with his narrow, gray eyes distant

(Continued on Page 105)

There was a young woman named Cope
Who washed dishes with a bar soap
Kind to hands it is true
But so slow she was blue—
So she'd stay in the kitchen, and mope!

NATURALLY, no woman likes slow-poke dishwashing! That bar soap was mild—easy on hands—BUT too slow-sudsing for dishes!

There was a young woman named Head
Doing dishes made her hands red
Her soap was too strong
And so—before long
Mr. Head had to do them instead!

NATURALLY, no woman likes red hands. Too bad Mrs. Head used her regular washday soap for dishes. Granulated for speed, but oh, so strong!

There was a young woman named Neal
Her soap had a double appeal!
"It's as kind as can be,
And so speedy," said she,
"This Ivory Snow is ideal!"

NATURALLY, Ivory Snow is ideal for dishes! It's the only soap that's both Ivory-mild for snow-white hands and made in granulated "snowdrops" for speedy sudsing! Tops in safety! Convenient! Leaves dishes sparkling—leaves lovely hands soft and smooth!

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"Ultra Violet" and twelve other "Genius Colors," including "Pink Lightning," "Bachelor's Carnation," "Fatal Apple."

JEWELS FROM JOHN RUBEL

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Miss MacDonald had looked secretly at Brian several times, and once she had wished that she could think of an excuse to let him sit down. But seeing him stand there, a seeming stoic, she had hardened. She was an efficient woman who looked for results; a strapping was fruitless, she felt, unless a child broke down and stood red and sodden-eyed before her.

Brian's arms were heavy. The muscles under them were painful. Over the tops of his shoulders they were almost unendurable. His chest ached. The classroom was hot. To Brian, wishing that he could get away from his own arms, that they were not part of him, the room seemed to be lifting and drifting. The faces in the front row were suddenly clearer. The faces in the front row receded. The Lord's anger must be a fearful thing.

"You may sit down, Brian."

He began to walk to his seat, then remembered his upraised arms; he looked questioningly to Miss MacDonald; she nodded; he let them drop to his sides. They fell heavily and hung leaden with pins and needles in them, as though he had slept on them for a long time. His knees trembled as he went slowly down the aisle. Just before his seat, he felt them melt under him; he dropped to the floor.

With panic in her face, Miss MacDonald rose from her desk. By the time she reached the aisle, the Young Ben had leaped from his seat. He picked up Brian, stood a moment with him in his arms, then placed him gently in his seat. He turned to face Miss MacDonald, and as he did, his hand dropped to the knife on the top of his desk. Miss MacDonald reached out her hand to Brian with his head back over the seat. She saw the ugliness in the Young Ben's eyes; she saw the knife in his brown hand; she did the most sensible thing she had done in her life—asked Charles Funder to get water, then turned back.

Brian spent recess in the boys' toilet, hidden in one of the cubicles; when the end-of-recess bell rang, he wiped his face of sweat and tears; he avoided Artie and Forbsie as he hurried up the stairs.

He waited in his seat till the rest had left at noon. As he walked home he was still faint and weak, and when he felt an arm slide around his waist, he welcomed it. The Young Ben walked the rest of the way to Brian's house with him. He left Brian as silently as he had come.

Brian was unable to eat his dinner that night, and when his mother gently asked him what was wrong, he burst into tears. He could not bring himself to tell her about the lie.

He listened to a rising wind that night as he lay in bed with Bobbie. Brian lay wide-eyed, filled with awful guilt, and—much worse than that—with the fear of promised punishment.

He felt a gathering Presence in his room as the wind lifted high. Fearful, avenging was the gathering wrath about to strike down Brian Sean MacMurray O'Connal, the terror-stricken Brian O'Connal, who had lied about his hands. He dared not move. He dared not lie still. He dared not cry out. He dared not stay silent.

Nearer and nearer the Presence drew. The house moved. A giant hand began to shake the bed. Brian cried out, and once he had done that, the screams came again and again and again: Bobbie, wakened, added his shrill voice to Brian's.

Light flooded the room. Maggie O'Connal stood above her sons. She looked into Brian's wild eyes. She left Bobbie for his father to calm down, and carried Brian from the room.

After he had told her of what had happened at school, and after he had fallen asleep in her arms, she lay awake with her eyes against the dark for a long time.

Maggie O'Connal sat sideways on one of the front seats in Miss MacDonald's room. Upon her dark face there was a puzzled look.

"You don't—there's no reason that Brian should dislike my son, is there, Miss MacDonald?"

"Why—no—there isn't." Miss MacDonald was slightly embarrassed. Brian's mother had just told her why Brian had been to school for the past two days.

"He is just a child," Maggie O'Connal said. "He's only six." Her brown eyes looked at Miss MacDonald steadily, searching. "I'm still unable to understand what you ——"

"He lied to me," said Miss MacDonald simply. "The boy had not washed his hands ——"

"Yes, I know," said Brian's mother. "Of course you didn't know why he—just what made him do it—but—do you *like* children, Miss MacDonald?"

"Yes—of—course—I like them." There was a slight note of irritation in the teacher's voice.

"To be a teacher—a person should think it would help a lot." Maggie O'Connal was silent, and Miss MacDonald had the feeling that she was expected to say something. She was not sure what she was expected to say. "I—I don't see why you should threaten him with God's punishment."

"He lied to me," Miss MacDonald again.

"I suppose you did realize what it involved."

"I didn't think that would hurt his health."

"It hasn't. We have him pretty well calmed down now, but I still don't understand ——"

"He had it coming to him." Miss MacDonald was beginning to regret the interview. "I don't think I can be held responsible for—if your child is high-strung—nervous he had it coming ——"

"But not that," Mrs. O'Connal. "Not has that ——"

"I feel that I was quite right," said Miss MacDonald positively.

Maggie O'Connal got up. "You've never been wrong, have you, Miss MacDonald?"

"Why—certainly—I ——"

"No. . . . You must be an unhappy woman."

"I ——"

"I am a woman of some restraint. Scotch—you will appreciate that it's difficult for me to say what I'm going to say. I have few friends or acquaintances—instead I have my husband and two sons. Brian is mine. I bore him. Perhaps," she said quietly and with a look almost of compassion in her dark eyes, "if you were to have a child you might be a happier and a better teacher."

Miss MacDonald's mouth opened as though she were about to blurt something. It closed and opened again foolishly. A stricken look appeared in her eyes.

"I-I'm sorry, Miss MacDonald." Maggie O'Connal left the room.

For years I was distressed by the incessant and diversified troubles of a client of mine: she was always in a crisis. One day, sprinkling the azaleas with aluminum sulphate, the revelation broke over me. Both the plant and the lady required acid soil—they would perish in sweet soil! She needed tragedy and couldn't thrive without it. Ever since that discovery I have taken acid-loving people calmly.

—From Lanterns on the Levee, Recollections of a Planter's Son, by William Alexander Percy (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).

The Ben was an artist in one respect hiding of his still. For years he had been tent to follow the usual technique of h the thing in a cave some distance fror shack and covering it with squares of pi sod and brush. Determined this spring more than a blind technician, the Be creted his still in his well. A month lat April, the mash boiled over and inebria Dominicker hen, two Barred-Rock roo and a mostly Holstein cow. He knew that he had to move his still again—n cause he feared chronic alcoholism a the inhabitants of the barnyard, but be a staggering cow or a weaving rooster a the existence of a still.

That spring Barney Hepworth, jani the Presbyterian church, refused to Doctor Svarich's advice and go to bec

(Continued on Page 108)

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And no other brush is like the **SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH—** *bent like a dentist's mirror to reach more places*

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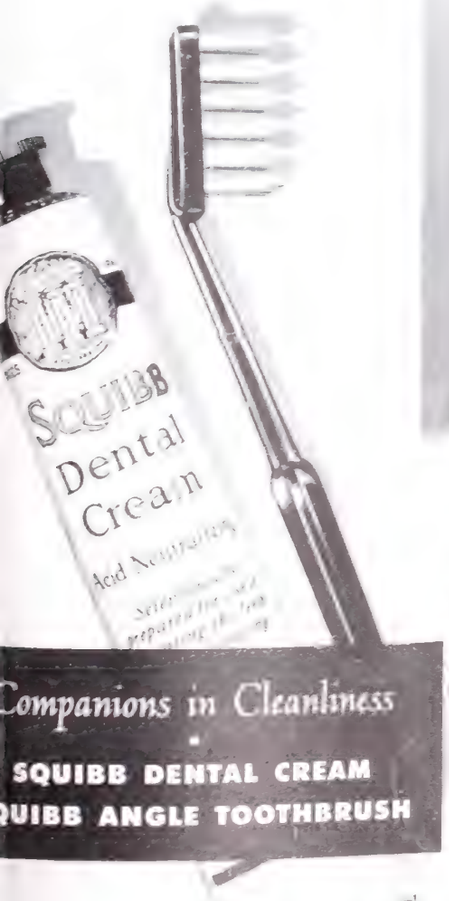

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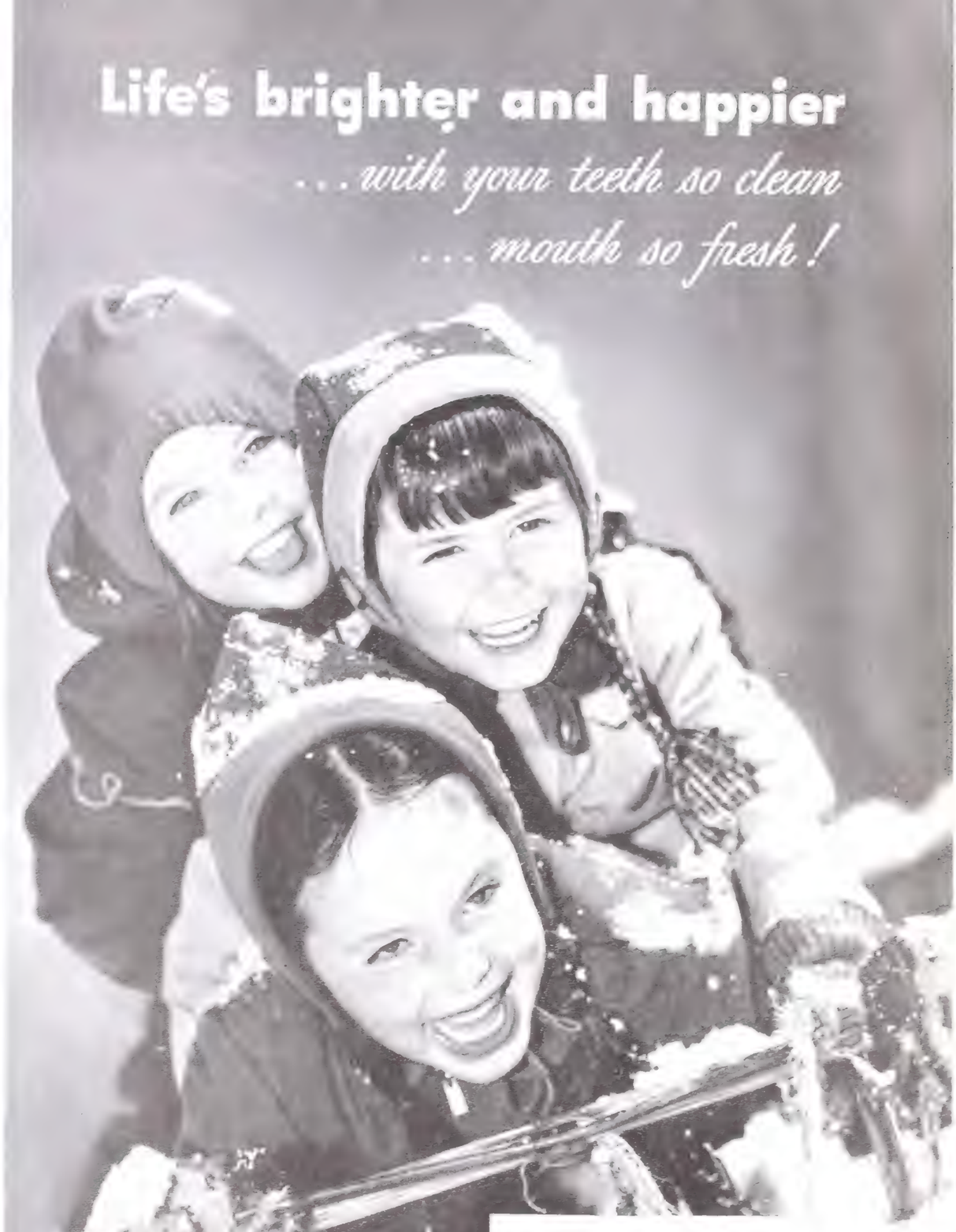

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SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

Individual Achievement Made America Great—Let's Keep It That Way

(Continued from Page 106)

what he was sure was only a spring cold; he died of pneumonia. The Ben went straightway to Mr. Powelly, the Presbyterian minister who had taken Hislop's place, and acquainted him with a moving desire to make personal confession of a newly discovered faith. It was in the midst of the revival campaign and Mr. Powelly welcomed the offer of the Ben's soul; later it suddenly occurred to him that the Ben would be just the man to fill the position of janitor.

The date of the Ben's reception into the congregation was set for the third Sunday in May. He began his janitorial duties immediately. A week later he moved his still into the basement of the church. It was an ideal hiding place; no one but the Ben ever entered the coal room, where the still and its kerosene burner rested on a dark shelf of earth just inside the building foundation; the telltale fumes of the mash were quickly absorbed by the manure pile thrown up behind Mr. Thorborn's dray and livery barn. Without fear of detection, Ben could visit the still, fill the burner with kerosene, the coil bed with ice, the pot with mash, and himself with brew.

Brian's dog was not, in a social sense, a good dog. Jappy was a tramp—he was away from the O'Connal home frequently for days at a time.

Between the dog and the boy there was an easy comradeship and mutual respect, with now and then sudden flashes of downright love on Brian's part, for if Jappy was not a model dog in many ways, he was ideal in one: he was death on gophers. At the mouth of a hole when a drowned gopher poked out its head he was quick and sure. And he always knew when a gopher-hunting expedition was under way.

There had been the day, well on in summer, that Brian and Forbsie Hoffman, now called "Fat," and Artie Sherry, known as "Ike," had gone out drowning gophers.

Down Sixth Street toward the spreading prairie they walked, Brian and Fat carrying between them Ike's mother's washtub. Each carried in addition a red lard pail. Once upon the prairie, they turned east toward Haggerty's Coulee, where they had heard there were many gophers. White, Fat's dog, and Jappy ran ahead; the boys wandered in leisurely fashion, their conversation rambling as it usually did, until it arrived at the question of what a gopher did when he was being drowned out.

"Sometimes," Fat said, "you get three washtubs down their hole, and the water stays there quite a while, and you think he ain't ever comin' up, and then all of a sudden she goes down."

"They back into the hole an' plug her up," Ike explained. "When he unplugs, then the water comes down."

"You take the end of the washtub now," Brian said to Ike.

"Not yet. I'll carry after Haggerty's Coulee."

"You never carry," Brian accused him.

"I do so," said Ike.

"LOOK!" Fat cried and pointed to the dogs in scurrying chase over the prairie ahead. "They found one!"

"Where?" yelled Ike.

"There it is!" Brian caught a glimpse of a brown back rolling in frantic gallop, saw the flirt of a tail as the gopher, inches from Jappy's eager nose, was swallowed down a hole. "He's down the hole!"

Both dogs were at the opening. Jappy ecstatically threw the dirt behind him—stopped to insert his nose right to the eyes—took it out—began to dig again. Fat's dog circled anxiously.

"You an' Fat fill the tub!" directed Ike. "I'll watch."

Brian and Fat brought back two tubs of water, tipped them carefully down the hole, after each one, watched eagerly for the gopher to come out. Jappy sat with his ears cocked, his head solicitously on one side; he made anxious sounds in the back of his throat.

One great bubble burst itself on the surface of the water filling the hole; it was followed by many little ones wobbling to the top. "He's comin' up now!" shouted Ike. "Git ready!"

THE gopher's flat head broke the surface of the water; just out of reach in the throat of his burrow, he crouched with his head barely above water, his almond eyes looking up at the boys and the dogs.

"More water!" shrieked Ike. "All he wants is more water!"

Ike rushed to the tub himself, tilted it over the lard pail, ran back, and soused the contents down on the waiting gopher. It came out in a lunging rush, its fawn hair, dark with water, plastered wet against its skin. The dogs darted for it. Jappy got it by the scruff of the neck, shook his head, and threw it over his back. The gopher hurtled through the air to land near Ike; it lay still upon the prairie.

Ike ran to it. He picked up the wet, tan body and it began to kick. "He's still alive!"

"He'll bite," said Fat fearfully. "They kin bite!"

"No, he won't. I got him round the belly. He isn't biting anybody. All he kin do is squeak."

It was squeaking now; the thin and frantic sound threaded from Ike's closed hand. Brian looked away. He saw with a start that the Young Ben was standing there; he had come upon them without a sound, and was staring at them with his pale, gray eyes under hair the color of the prairie itself.

"I'm gonna take the tail offa him," said Ike, with the gopher still struggling and squeaking in his hand. "Their tails grow back on if you let 'em go." Ike had taken the gopher by the tip of its tail and was holding it head down by his thumb and forefinger. He raised his arm above his head and began to swing the gopher in a large circle. "Hold yer dogs back!" he cried. He snapped his arm. The tail remained in his hand.

Now to one side, now to the other, the gopher ran in squeaking, erratic course, both dogs after it. The Young Ben leaped. He passed the dogs, threw himself full length upon the tailless gopher. He lay there with the squeaking under him. While the boy watched openmouthed, he reached under himself. With one merciful squeeze he choked the life from the animal. As he stood up he dropped it, galvanic, to the ground. He began to walk toward Ike.

Fierce exultation gripped Brian as he realized what was about to happen. Face twitching nervously, Ike backed away. He knew that something was wrong. Just as he had thrown himself upon the gopher, the Young Ben leaped at Ike, who fell backward under his attacker's weight. The Young Ben fought as the boys had never seen anyone fight before. He was a clawing, wild thing on top of Ike. He gouged Ike's eyes, from which the glasses had fallen; blood sprang in long tracks as he drew his crooked fingers again and again down Ike's face. He pounded his about the head, the throat, the ribs. He stood up and kicked Ike rolling helpless on the prairie. When he stopped, one felt that he had done so simply because he was exhausted. He looked at the terror on Fat's face, then for long and level moments at Brian.

(Continued on Page 110)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Heartbeat

By Mary Norton Gordon

A little while after
A little while after
There will be laughter.

There will be sunshine
Following rain.
There will be wine
To ease this pain.

There will be laughter
There will be laughter
A little while after.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Who are you?" he asked. *"I'm Pierrette,"* was all she'd tell him. But he'd never forget the touch of those soft hands.

Six months later—Mr. and Mrs. now. *"Pots and pans come before antiques,"* she says—*"and Jergens Lotion to keep my hands smooth and soft as when we met."*

Mardi Gras. In the Old French Quarter, there was dancing in the streets. Again and again the Pirate danced with Pierrette.

Modern Love in Old New Orleans

SHE wouldn't tell him her name. Tonight was Mardi Gras and she was just Pierrette. But—*"I'll find you,"* he said, *"wherever you go. I'll always know these soft hands."*

Chances are strong—such memorably soft hands are Jergens cared-for. Even softer, smoother hands—even longer protection against roughness—are possible for you now. Jergens Lotion is more effective than ever, because of wartime studies.

Two ingredients in Jergens have such value for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them.

A "must" in your home, too, this finer-than-ever Jergens that makes you surer of darling hands. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no stickiness.

By far the favorite hand care with lovely women

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.
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Big preferences for Jergens among other groups of charming women.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

Jergens Lotion

FREE! **YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now finer than ever**

Mail coupon today for gift bottle.
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
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Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME, ADDRESS PLAINLY)

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City _____ *State* _____

(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

You can catch a cold shoulder in mink, Pet!

YOU *should* be a heart-throb in mink, Honey. But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if . . .

If you forget that even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And heavy furs . . . warm woolen clothes . . . increase your chance of offending.

So *always* . . . after your bath washes away *past* perspiration . . . guard against *future* underarm odor. Use Mum.

Mum better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or all evening.

• • •

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

(Continued from Page 108)

Brian returned his gaze and watched him wheel and begin to run in the direction of Haggerty's Coulee. In his heart Brian ran with Young Ben—running with an easy lope, each step of which smoothed into the other like the ripples of a broad stream flowing. When he had ceased watching the Young Ben, he saw that Fat had gone to get a lard pail of water from the river. He made no move to help as Fat soaked his shirt, and washed the blood and dirt from Ike's face. His clothes unbelievably ripped, Ike had a dazed look upon his sharp face, the look that one expects to see upon the face of a man whose home has just been leveled by a prairie tornado.

"I didn't do anything to *him*," he said tearfully over and over again.

And Brian, quite without any desire to alleviate Ike's suffering, was filled with a sense of the justness, the rightness, the completeness of what the Young Ben had done—what he himself would like to have done.

Ike had to be led home like a blind boy; he was unable to see a foot in front of himself without his thick glasses.

The Bens no longer sat in the second row of Knox church; any ties that might have bound them were rudely severed three weeks after the Ben's formal reception into the fold. "The Lost Sheep," that Sunday's delicately balanced sermon pointing out the church's newest member, had been followed the next Sunday by a sermon built around "The Parable of the Lost Penny," and the one after that by "The Prodigal's Return." The next Sunday the Ben's still in the church basement blew up.

Ignited by the yellow, moth-wing flame of the kerosene burner, which the Ben had left turned too high, it exploded between the announcing of the Ladies' Auxiliary chicken dinner to be held the following Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Abercrombie, and the passing of the collection plate. It detonated with a thud that was felt rather than heard by every member of the congregation.

The Ben sprang from his seat and hurried from the church. Seeing him go, and thinking that whatever was the matter could be attended to by the Ben, Mr. Powelly went on with his sermon.

The church was heated by a system of hot-air vents placed conveniently along its sides, and leading to the furnace room where the accident had occurred. From these, soon after, there stole a yeasty breath that blossomed into sweet fumes of ferment hanging oppressively.

Meanwhile, the Ben below feverishly collected parts of his still from far corners, the copper coil which was still in one piece and such bits of the granite pot as had not been imbedded in the rafters of the Sunday-school room or various chairs there.

Summoned tardily the next day, Jake Harris told Mr. Powelly that there was not enough evidence to prosecute the Ben. The minister was aware of an undying, Old Testament thirst for revenge—a thirst, he resolved fiercely, which should have its full slaking one day.

FALL held a pleasant surprise for Brian—a new teacher. Several weeks before school opened, the children had known that Miss MacDonald was not coming back. Ike had told them; his father was a member of the school board now, Mr. Thorborn still its chairman.

Just before fall registration, Mr. Digby made an appointment to meet Miss Thompson, the new teacher, and to go over with her the plans for the term work. He met a young woman with quick and definite features. Her bluing-black hair, cut short, seemed even blacker against her very white skin. She had the sort of dark eyes that seem all pupil, so deep is the brownness of the iris. When Digby said that he hoped she would like her new school, she assured him that she would, the sudden expressiveness of her face, the girlish quality of excitement in her, attracted him immediately.

"And you were at Westward," he said, referring to her last school.

"Three years. Before that, Azure."

"Azure," mused Digby. "Seems to me—Oh, yes—Svarich; didn't Peter Svarich have a practice in Azure before he came here?"

"Yes," said Miss Thompson quickly. "Doctor Svarich was in Azure."

Digby looked at her sharply. Something wrong; her mobile features were quite free of expression—deliberately so, he thought. "I—I suppose you know each other?"

"We do," said Miss Thompson.

ALSO determined, decided Digby, for a the cameo quality of her pale, small face. "How long were you there?" As he asked the question he felt a twinge of annoyance with himself; it was none of his business.

"Five years. It was my first school—one room."

Probably attended normal school at eighteen; if she had taught eight years, that made her twenty six or seven. Twenty-six-seven—from thirty-eight, he calculated—twelve. With a slight frown on his rock features, he got up from the desk. "Let's take a look at your room, shall we?" Most women would be attracted to Svarich, he thought, as he held her office door open for her. He wished that he had changed his shirt this morning.

> **The famous musician Rubinstein was once spending a few days with a friend in England, who took him to a church on Sunday where he listened to a little sermon on a little theme. The next Sunday the friend invited the musician to go again to church. "I will," said Rubinstein, "but on one condition: you must take me to hear a man who will tempt me to do the impossible."**

When he had shown her around, and had given her the forms she must fill out for the first of the term, he said, "I'm going down town. Perhaps I can show you some of it, if you're headed that way."

He pointed out the powerhouse to the south and east of the school, and explained to her that the river and the railroad ran past to cross First Street. They stopped before the lilac and honeysuckle bushes on either side of the Times building.

He looked down at Miss Thompson. "I guess I leave you here. I—I hope you like it. It's a good town."

"Oh, I'm sure I will," said Miss Thompson, and Digby again felt the inner lift that the clear, young quality of her voice had given him before. He began to walk back down First Street in the direction they had come.

Miss Thompson crossed the railroad tracks, looked down them to the seven grain elevators, then began to cross the wooden bridge that spanned the river. So her cottage was on the wrong side of town; it must be, if the sprawl of tar-papered shacks was Germantown. Fierce-mustached men lived there, men with black-burning roll-your-own cigarettes permanently in the corner of the mouth, necessary men—the laborers of the C.P.R., on highway maintenance, and on sewer work for the town: Polish, Austrian, Bohemian, Ruthenian, Hungarian, Galician, not-yet-Canadian.

She stopped at the end of the bridge and looked down at the slow flow of the tiny creek. Peter's people. Digby had pointed out Doctor Svarich's office; there had been no need of that; she had seen his sign, PETER R. SVARICH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. She looked at the woman bent over a washtub in one of the back yards, and her mental picture of Peter's mother was renewed—a nut-brown woman with unbelievably lined face, a dark kerchief over her head. Unlike Peter's clever hands, his mother's had been fat-muscled, with blunt finger tips. She knew now what she could not have been expected to know earlier—that Peter was ashamed of his foreign birth. As she turned from the end of the bridge

(Continued on Page 112)

An English Complexion

It's young... it's fresh... it's natural

The secret has passed from charming mothers to gay young daughters for generations on end . . . this simple, daily skin-care with fragrant Yardley Creams.

YARDLEY

YARDLEY DRY SKIN [illegible] with its beneficial softening ingredients, restores a radiant freshness . . . and

[illegible] brightens oily skins without [illegible]

YARDLEY NIGHT CREAM is an extra-rich, gratifying skin treat that smooths, lubricates, and softens . . . while

YARDLEY COMPLEXION MILK, a liquid cream, is a versatile lotion you'll use to encourage natural elasticity and as a protective powder base.

YARDLEY [illegible] is the traditional one-step to youthful loveliness, a snowy, feather-light cream that softens, cleanses, and tones.

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Glamour FOR WINTER—
This New Evening Sweater with a
SWEETHEART SOAP Complexion

Look lovelier and help prevent Chapping
with SWEETHEART SOAP'S
1-2-3 Extra Lather BEAUTY CARE!

● Now Fashion adds the gay glitter of sequins to the eternal lure of a sweater. Result: an enchanting style for the season's parties! But don't spoil the glamorous picture with winter-roughened skin. Thousands of women say SweetHeart Soap helps prevent chapping.

And here's another beauty advantage! SweetHeart gives up to *twice as much lather* as the average beauty soap. This richer, creamier lather forms a gentle cushion for more thorough massage.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Massage your face for one minute, night and morning, with SweetHeart's extra lather. Rinse with warm—then icy cold water. This (1) *cleanses* (2) *stimulates* (3) *brightens.* Your skin's a glow with velvety freshness!

Insist on SweetHeart Soap to get "twice the lather for twice as thorough care." See how quickly it may reveal greater loveliness. And rejoice in the way SweetHeart Soap helps you avoid chapping all winter. Get this wonderful beauty soap today.

The soap that AGREES with your skin

(Continued from Page 110)

she felt a ripple of contrition pass through her. She began to walk swiftly toward her new home.

Miss Thompson's children found her refreshing after Miss MacDonald. She seemed to have a faculty for infecting them with enthusiasm in their work.

Though she gave the children more freedom than they had enjoyed before, Miss Thompson expected a great deal of them. Except toward the China Kids, she showed no favoritism; with Tang and Vooie she seemed to have an extra brightness in her voice; in games the Chinese children were selected for coveted positions a little more often. No one resented this, except perhaps Mariel Abercrombie. In the years they had attended school, Tang and Vooie had been subjected to periodic ostracism, a mild form of persecution usually started by Mariel, a full-faced little sadist of ten years. It was she who started the whispering that rippled along the rows, like wrinkles spreading over a pond, breaking into tight and hurried little excitements that spilled into recesses—when the girls would walk one another off with arms about one another's waists, while Mi Tang was left to sit stolidly at her desk, unwhispered-to, unwalked-off-with.

In her first fall, Miss Thompson was startled several times by Vooie, who was in Brian's class. During a Grade Two reading lesson the second month of the fall term she had waited for Vooie to read the chalk legend, "The man has a dog. The dog runs."

"Your turn, Vooie," she had said.

He sat stanchly enthroned in his seat.

"Vooie."

His eyes were fixed carefully on the corner of her desk.

"Don't you want to read, Vooie?"

The broad nostrils of his snub nose flattened imperceptibly more.

"If you don't try, you won't be able to read like Tang."

Now she could see only the top of his glinting, black head.

"Don't you want to read like Tang?"

His head came back up; his hands were pushed up his sleeves to the wrists. "No."

"You—you don't! You don't want to have a blue star in your reader?"

The flat, tan lids flickered down to show her momentarily the cameo clarity of their edges. Then: "He don't wanna little blue star for the little book. He want no money—heaven beyond his power."

It was one of the many proverbs with which Old Wong spoke to his children, and in itself it explained the decline of the Bluebird Café after the death of his wife. Since that event, he had turned to a Stoicism that told him the world was upsetting and could take from him; he had retired to the tranquillity of his dark kitchen to sit for long, lonely periods of time, his red toque a bright spot in the shadows. His business had suffered; tables stood bare. The café itself became indescribably dirty. Children and parents alike often told one another with the same delicious thrill that Old Wong was an opium eater.

NEAR the end of October, Miss Thompson noticed a listlessness in the China Kids, so she sent them down to Doctor Svarich; then with the resolution of one who knows that some things are inevitable and that putting them off simply increases their awkwardness, she went down to the doctor's office herself.

Svarich's office building stood next to Funder's Meat Market, the only new building on the business street. Miss Thompson hesitated a moment, then opened the door. Except for an overalled man with a bandage around his head and one ear, the waiting room was empty.

The door with frosted glass opened at the back, and Peter Svarich stood there. He glanced impersonally at Miss Thompson, then beckoned to the bandaged man with a nod of his head. The man got up; the door closed behind him. Miss Thompson sat down.

She had wondered what it would be like to see him again. Now she had. He had changed little in appearance; his face still had its satyrlike conformation, the V peak of crisp black hair salted slightly with gray; the deep creases bracketing his long mouth had deepened. And in her heart, she was asking herself, hadn't there been a hint of the familiar flutter, a suggestion of the breathlessness that had always possessed her when she was about to see him?

THE bandaged man emerged from the door. Peter Svarich gave Miss Thompson exactly the same nod he had given the patient who was leaving. The teacher entered the office.

"Peter—I—I ——" She found it difficult to express what she was feeling as she looked at the discontent in the lines at his mouth. "You must understand that I didn't know you were here when I came—when I applied ——"

"I believe you," Svarich said. "About these children ——"

"Oh, Peter—is there any reason that we have to be unkind to each ——"

"They're suffering from malnutrition," he said in his dry voice. "What do you care?"

Miss Thompson, in spite of herself, felt a stir of the old resentment. "I care," she said in a voice that matched the impersonality of his. "They're my children."

"Not yours. You didn't conceive them—bear them." If he had thought to shock her, he was disappointed.

"I said they were my children. They are Chinese, and they are my children." She looked at him steadily with her eyes large in her pale face. "They would be mine if they were Ukrainian."

The lines of bitterness almost forgot themselves on Svarich's face. "I believe they would," he said softly. "I believe they would—and they might have been."

A faint flush colored Miss Thompson's face. "It would have been a bad bargain for both of us. You know ——"

"I suppose," he said; "and as you say, there's no point in being unkind. I'm sorry. Now—about these children—they're not getting enough to eat. If you're interested, I'd advise you to go and see their father. See what the situation is." He looked at Miss Thompson a moment. "Same face," he observed; "same heart. I—I'm glad to see you again, Ruth."

Ruth Thompson held out her hand. Svarich took it with the look of a man about to do something that he knows perfectly well is not good for him.

Miss Thompson walked quickly from the office to the Bluebird Café, and as she walked she wondered why most people were fooled by Peter Svarich, why they went no farther than his outer defense of irony, assuming that there was no farther to go.

Brittle—that had been Peter, unable to adapt. The course of love had not run smoothly; there had been too much of emotion, of irritation growing into sarcasm calling out recrimination, and that in turn bringing flaming anger. She had told him finally that they could not have a smooth marriage out of it—not possibly. He had listened to her almost as though he had expected it all along; that had sent her off the deep end again. They had not been able even to end it with restraint.

She found Wong in the back of the café. He had been feeding the children mush three times a day. He had just enough oatmeal left for one more day. Miss Thompson left the café and walked swiftly till she came to the sign that said, "Your Tonsorial Requirements Looked After." She walked in without hesitation.

"Mr. Neally."

(Continued on Page 114)

If in the last few years you haven't discarded a major opinion or acquired a new one, investigate and see if you're not growing senile.

—GELETT BURGESS:
Look Eleven Years Younger.
(Simon & Schuster, Inc.)

College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!

IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS— 99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something *not* in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here's the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.*

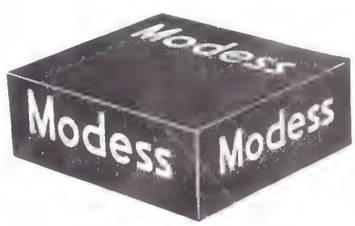
The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe too! Every *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a tell-tale outline—Modess is *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin *now.* New, improved *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



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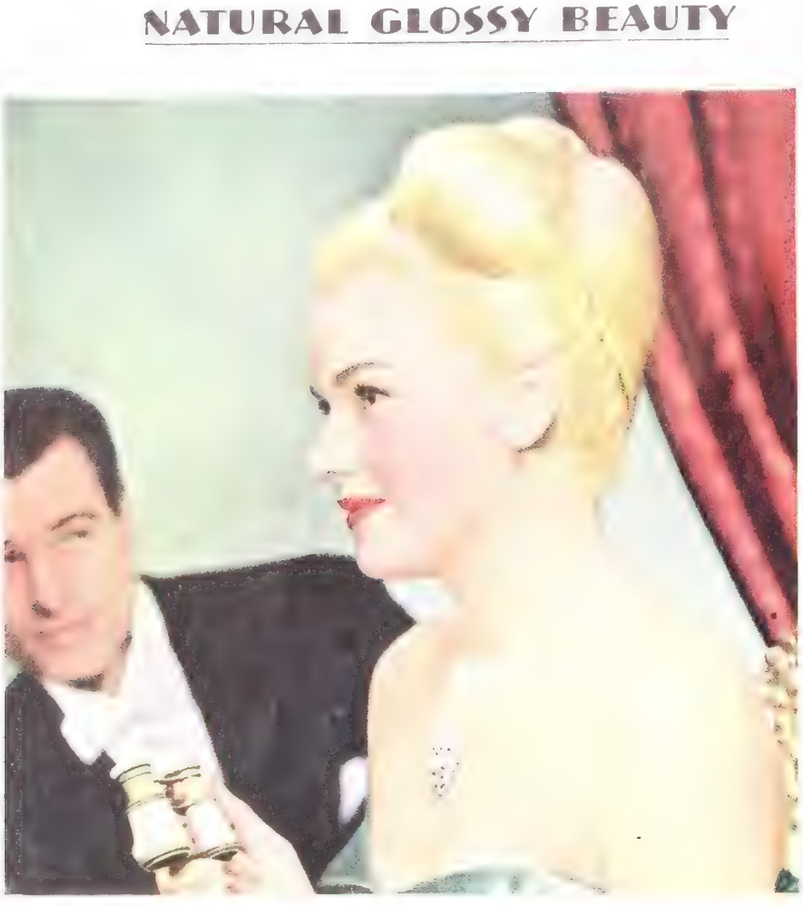

Miss Nancy Palomino, beautiful Powers Girl well on the road to Hollywood Stardom, washes her hair with glorifying Kreml Shampoo

Why not give *your* hair a "beauty-treat" with this famous hard-water shampoo!

Leave it to the beauty-wise Powers Models to discover a way to make their hair look even more beautiful. They use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair.

This famous shampoo is especially developed not only to thoroughly cleanse hair and scalp of dirt, grease and dandruff flakes—it ALSO actually 'unlocks' *all* the hair's natural brilliant highlights and leaves it shimmering with its glorious silken-sheen lustre that lasts for days.

Works like magic even in the hardest water

Use Kreml Shampoo *plentifully*. It rinses out so easily and *never* leaves any excess soapy residue. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals to dry the hair.

Instead, Kreml Shampoo has a beneficial oil base which helps keep the hair from becoming dry or brittle.

Amazing results even after the *first* shampoo

Even after the first time you use Kreml Shampoo—notice how much softer and silkier your hair is—how much easier it is to arrange in a stunning new hair-do. Just notice how your hair glows with lovely highlights and radiance you didn't dream possible.

Buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo at any drug, department, or 10¢ store and 'glamour-bathe' each tiny strand of your hair to its natural sparkling lustre!

THE LARGEST-SELLING SHAMPOO WITH A BENEFICIAL OIL BASE

KREML *Shampoo*

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 112)

His Worship, the Mayor, owner of the town's two-chair barbershop, turned to her. "An' how's the demigong today?" he said heartily. Mr. Neally always said everything heartily.

"I've just come from Wong's."

"Anythin' I kin do fer you?"

"Yes, there is. Those children are not doing very well."

"Ain't they?" With his forefinger he tilted up the nose of the shavee and bent over.

"What has the council done about those—about seeing that those children get food?"

Mr. Neally wiped the razor on a square of paper. "We're considerin' the matter."

"But—this must have been going on for some time; is anything going to be done about it?"

When he answered her the jovial quality of his voice was a bit strained; this was a political matter. "I'm jist the mayor, you know—ain't the ee-lectors; an' them Chinese ain't the only ones needin' relief. Them folks got their own way to take care of the indigement. They got tongs, ain't they?"

Miss Thompson did not answer him; she had left the shop.

That evening Miss Thompson called upon Digby at his boardinghouse. She told him about the China Kids and her visit to Mr. Neally's barbershop; she asked him if he couldn't get some action. He assured her that he would do his best and insisted upon sharing half the Wong grocery bill with her.

At the end of the month, Digby and Miss Thompson found that Peter Svarich had taken care of the Wongs' grocery account at Blaine's Store.

THE China Kids were not the only unfortunates who benefited by Miss Thompson's active sense of justice and her understanding. Very soon after she had come to the school she had surprised upon the Young Ben's face a look that returned to her again and again in the days that followed, a look haunting in its intensity and disturbing in its strange appeal. She found herself, during classes, looking over to the boy, where he sat beside Brian O'Connal and the other Grade Two pupils, whom he dwarfed. She tried to name the expression that was in his triangular face, and suddenly knew: it was the look that lies in the eyes of a caught thing. She changed his seat to a back one among the Grade Four students, there he sat uneasily, lifting his thin shoulders almost a foot above the younger children.

It was the best that Miss Thompson could do.

She sought to ease the boy's tension by assigning him numerous tasks: she asked the Young Ben often to post letters for her; if she wanted a window opened, she let the Young Ben do it. Mr. Digby noted all this; he blessed the chance that had sent Miss Thompson to his school.

Digby had changed. In November he bought a new suit at Blaine's; a rough, herringbone tweed, coarse and wiry,—a cloth that stubbornly resisted Mrs. Geddes' repeated attempts with an iron to put a crease in the trousers, which had as much personality as gunny sacking. In spite of his morning and noon efforts, the sandy lock of hair continued to spring down ove his forehead. He no longer wore the blac knitted ties he had before, but instead brightly striped and crosshatched cravat equaled in brilliance only by his socks.

The Ben had not changed. He had n worries now that his still was secreted be neath three feet of manure in the cow barn The cave there had a square, well-like li filled with the stuff and fitting perfectly int place.

Since the Ben's brief career as janitor, Mr Powelly had nursed scalding bitterness in hi heart. Deliberately he had arranged persona encounters with Jake Harris, bidding him d his duty. He made passionate exhortation to the police department at town-counc meetings; as time went on without the Ben being brought to justice, he delivered pointe sermons criticizing the garbage department It was of no avail.

IN the O'Connal family, Christmas bega as a rule early in December, when the boy started to decide what presents they woul like. In Brian's second year of school, Christ mas was called earlier to the parents' atten tion because with the beginning of winte Brian asked for skates.

Maggie's first response was unbelief; i was difficult for her to think that one of he boys was old enough to want skates. Sh reminded him that he was just past seve and that Forbsie Hoffman did not hav skates yet. Brian replied that Ike Sherr had them. Ike, who was a year and a ha older than Brian, had inherited a pair fro an older sister.

Skates became a frequent topic of conver sation at meals. At length the grandmothe said she was sick of hearing about them Maggie forbade Brian to mention skates a the table again.

The day that he saw the new tube skate in the hardware-store window, Brian calle on his father at work.

"Why can't I have them, dad?"

"Because your mother says you're to young for them."

"But I'm not—I'm ——"

"Seven's pretty young for skates."

"I'll be older at Christmas. That's a lon ways away. May I have them for Christ mas?"

"I don't think so, spalpeen."

(Continued on Page 117)

"Gee, to look at him now you'd never think your dad was a Class-A lover at one time!"

(Continued from Page 114)

fter Brian had left, Gerald felt a pang of orse. That night he had a talk with ggie.

Perhaps by Christmastime?" he asked. "He'll be almost seven and a half then."

His wife looked at him a long time before wering him. "You know—I love him, too, ald. I hate to deny them things as much ou. It's just that he seems so—do you k he's old enough? Do you—honestly?"

I think so, Maggie."

It isn't because he wants them so ly?"

Well—he's old enough—let him skate."

fter a decent interval Brian was told that might possibly get skates, and the night ore Christmas he was almost sick with tement and anticipation. He closed his s tightly. If only he could get to sleep, time would pass more quickly. When one t it was nothing—swift as a person on tes—swift as the wind. . . .

He came, Brian! He came!" Bobbie was ping on the bed, his hair bright in the ter sunshine that filled the room.

Brian jumped from bed. "C'mon!"

Their stockings, lumpy with oranges, each n a colored cardboard clown protruding n its top, hung from the mantel of the blace. Bobbie's sled that could be red was before the tree. Bobbie threw nself upon the cels.

Wait a minute!" d Brian. "They're all yours—just n your name!"

He began to sort out presents upon which ggie, the night be-, had printed in the ge block letters that an could easily read. Anxiously Brian ched the growing of parcels beside . He opened a deep to find it full of ored cars and an en-, in little compart-nts. He opened another—a mechanical ir which, when wound, caused two long ck men to dance galvanically, all the le turning around. Slippers were in one mising-looking parcel. As he opened the of his parcels he was filled with the hor-e conviction that something was wrong. Then he saw a parcel behind the Christmas e. His name was on it. He opened it. ey were not tube skates; they were bob tes, double-runnered affairs with curving cleats and a half-bucket arrangement to ch the heel of the shoe.

For a swift moment Brian's heart was ed with mixed feeling; disappointment ter and blinding was there, but with it a f-dazed feeling of inner release and relief t he had got skates at all.

Throughout dinner he spoke only when ken to. When his father and uncle were ted in the living room with lighted cigars, d his mother and grandmother were in the chen washing the dinner dishes, he went noticed to the hallway, put on his coat and que, and with the bob skates went out.

NCE on the ice, he stood for a moment on mbling legs. He pushed with one foot; it dded sideways; the other went suddenly m under him, and he came down with a mp that snatched his breath. He got care-ly up and stood uncertainly. He pushed a ntative skate ahead, then another. He od still with knees half bent. He gave a sh with one skate preparatory to swoop-g over the ice. He fell flat on his face. He t up.

He began a slow forward sliding across the e—painfully—noncommittal steps of a oke victim just risen from bed. He was t skating, he was walking with an over-elming feeling of frustration that reminded m of dreams in which he ran with all his ght, but stayed only in one spot. He fell ain, and felt his elbow go numb. He sat the ice, looking at his own feet ahead of m.

He began to cry.

Brian's parents, his grandmother and his uncle were seated in the living room when he got back to the house. He was carrying the bob skates as he came out of the hallway.

"Been skatin'?" asked Sean.

Brian did not answer him.

"Uncle Sean asked you a question, son," said Maggie.

Sean's big, freckled hand reached out to take one of the bob skates. "Damn fool question," said Sean. "Fella doesn't skate with bob skates. Had somebody pullin' you, did you?"

Brian shook his head.

"What's wrong, spalpeen?" Brian's father was looking at his tear-stained face.

BRIAN rushed from the room.

"What do you mean?" Maggie turned to Sean. "What's wrong with his skates?"

"They call 'em skates," said Sean. "Can't skate with 'em. Just teaches kids a healthy respect for ice, that's all. Got no grip at all—skid all over."

"But—then that means that Brian—he's ——" Maggie got up and went swiftly from the room. She found Brian at the kitchen window. "Don't they work, son?"

Still looking out the window, Brian shook his head.

"Aren't they what you wanted?"

"Tubes," he got out with difficulty. "Like in Harris'."

"I'm sorry, Brian." Maggie turned his face around to her. "Don't—please don't! I'll fix it!" She went to the phone. "Mr. Harris? Have you a pair of—of tube skates left? Small size? I wonder if we—if you could come down to the store with me—my son—will you ——"

"Mother!"

I don't think anybody can ever have cared more for poetry than he (Padraic Colum) did. He read poets that I couldn't read, and he nearly always had a volume in his pocket. And everything he read he seemed straightway to know by heart, whether he had liked it or not. If he told you So-and-So was a bad poet, he would immediately quote one of his poems from memory to show how bad he was. It was a marvelous gift—more akin to an ear for music than anything else.

—FORREST REID. Private Road. (Faber & Faber).

In his seat, under the yellow chicks and white rabbits alternating around the top border of the blackboard, Fat Hoffman twirled a ruler on the point of his pencil. Seeing the look on his friend's face, Brian O'Connal wondered what had excited Fat. He must have something to tell; he had been late that morning.

The recess bell rang; Fat's ruler dropped with a clatter; Mariel Abercrombie, who had been leaning over so that her hair almost hid her face as she whispered to Eileen Gatenby, straightened up. Mariel was in the midst of another whispering campaign against the Wongs. Today was Mi Tang's birthday; there was to be a party over the Bluebird Café—just for girls. Miss Thompson had announced that she would like Mariel to stay at recess, and now as the others filed out, Mariel remained seated. Brian, looking back over his shoulder, saw her there as he took Fat by the arm in the hall.

"I got rabbits!" said Fat excitedly. "Dad came home last night. He got them in Regina—two of them!"

In the bright light of the schoolyard, Brian stared at Fat. "Live rabbits!"

"One is gray—it is the Belgium rabbit. They were hopping around the front room like anything this morning. You can help me build a pen—you use wire—old screen." Fat's full cheeks shook as he talked.

"What out of old screen?" Ike stood in front of Fat.

"I got two rabbits for Easter," Fat was explaining. "One of them has pink eyes and the other is a Belgium rabbit. He is gray."

Ike's mouth was open in his sharp face; interest was alive in the startling eyes behind his thick glasses. "What about rabbit pens?"

"You come after four—you and Brian. Nobody else though."

Miss Thompson, meanwhile, sat at her desk and looked thoughtfully at Mariel Abercrombie standing before her. She thought of what she had overheard in the cloakroom that morning just before school

(Continued on Page 119)

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Take a tip from the Toni Twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . give yourself a Toni Home Permanent today... and look lovelier tonight. It's this easy:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers, dabbing on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.

2. Tie a turban round your head and relax for 2 to 3 hours. (No sitting under a hot dryer.)

3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

With your hair set, step to the mirror and admire your new Toni Permanent. See the deep, wonderful waves. Feel the silky softness of your hair. Notice its radiant natural luster. Toni is a *Creme* Lotion that gently coaxes your hair into deep waves that are frizz-free and easy to manage from the start. And they last as long as a $15 permanent.

Toni works like a charm on any hair that will take a permanent—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. Every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. So ask for the *Toni* Home Permanent Kit. On sale at leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters.

Kathleene, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is on the right above. Did you guess?

Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

$1.25 plus tax

Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers—but the wave stays in

"tonight, let's take the long way—"

I couldn't bear to go straight home
and waste these stars! Not tonight,
when Tom and I and the Plymouth can
drift together, listening to the music,
while the motor purrs along . . .

Watch him take the turn into the back road
without thinking—that's what you've done
for us, Plymouth! A sort of second honeymoon,
in which my tired business man can relax
against your deep cushions and drive and
talk his heart out, as he used to.

Honestly—he sounds like a kid with his
first car! Forever asking if I've noticed how
few bumps we feel. Or how little effort it is
to shift (something to do with very special
transmission gears!). Or how fast and smooth we
stop, because of these new brakes.

Noticed? Who drives you, daytimes, anyway?
But a woman likes a car that puts her man
at ease. And, well—look at Tom and see,
Plymouth—you're for *me!*

PLYMOUTH

MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED CARS

(Continued from Page 115)

had started. She heard again the girls' shrill voices.

"Nobody's going to her party anyway." That had been Mariel.

"I'm not going—Gracie's not going—nobody's going but you," said Helen Roberts.

"I know a riddle!" cried Mariel. "She's in Grade Three—she's got a nice blue bow in her hair—her name starts with *E*."

"Eileen Gatenby!" the others chorused.

"An' another: she's in Grade Four—she has black hair that isn't curly—it is straight and it is stringy and kind of greasy! She is yellow and has slanty eyes!"

"Tang!"

With an effort, Miss Thompson brought her attention back to Mariel standing stolidly before her.

"Tang is having a birthday party today," said Miss Thompson. "She has invited me."

"It's Parent-Teachers day," said Mariel.

"I think I can manage it for a minute before the meeting. Are you going to Tang's party, Mariel?"

The child looked over her shoulder at several pupils who had entered the room.

"Mariel!"

Mariel's head swung round, the hair flying out at the sides of her face. "No," she said. "Mother says not!" The answer was triumphant.

For the rest of the school day Miss Thompson's troubled mind was only partly concerned with her classes.

On her way downtown she passed Hoffman's yard, where Brian and Fat and Ike and Bobbie bent over the rabbits. Their teacher walked along the main street toward O'Connal's Drugstore. When Brian's father came out to wait on her, she bought a small, carved bottle of twenty-five-cent perfume. She also bought a "Happy Birthday" card.

She came to the orange splash of potted geraniums behind the Bluebird's dusty windows, opened the door and went in. The swinging door at the back of the café opened. Old Wong appeared.

"Where are the children?" asked Miss Thompson.

"He opstahs—he theah—he theah now." Old Wong spoke with a complete stopping and starting of each word, now and then the sudden singing of a long vowel. "You go—you see he some." He turned to push open the kitchen door again.

They were in one corner of a tilting settee, quite close together. Tang had her arm around Vooie's neck; over the top of the stove with its elbowed pipe disappearing into one wall, Miss Thompson could just see the boy's black, chrysanthemum head. She stepped around the stove.

"Happy birthday, Tang."

The tan, flat planes of their faces tilted up to her; their dark eyes stared.

"Thank you." Miss Thompson barely heard the words.

She held out the bottle of perfume and the card tied to it, and with her arm still around her brother's neck, Tang took it. 'Thank you," she whispered again. Her hand dropped to her lap.

The teacher looked down at them uncertainly. There was no doubt that they knew. As well as she could, under the gaze of the two silent children, she turned from the room. The abrupt stairs urged her forward.

At the kitchen table Old Wong sliced birthday sandwiches. Birthday cocoa had begun to steam in granite pots. Evidently he did not know yet. She hurried from the café.

In the sunlit street, the feeling of utter helplessness which had been leeching at her heart suddenly flooded her whole being. Surely the mothers could have helped! She couldn't face them at the meeting. She couldn't!

At first there had been only two rabbits in the pen by Hoffman's barn; now there were ten. The boys were elated. The Belgian hare was the mother; Brian and Fat had witnessed the actual appearance of the baby rabbits.

"Gee, Fat," Brian had said, "they look funny—they haven't got any hair!"

"They will," promised Fat. "They'll grow up and get it."

"Then they'll have rabbits," Brian predicted, "and *they'll* grow up."

"And have rabbits too," supplied Fat.

"And they'll grow up and have rabbits."

"We'll have lots of rabbits," concluded Fat.

"What'll we do with 'em, Fat?"

"Sell 'em. Dad paid fifty cents apiece for these. We'll sell 'em."

And so for two weeks they waited with impatience. At the end of a month, when no new rabbits had put in an appearance, Brian went to his father.

"Dad?"

"Yes, spalpeen?"

"How do rabbits get started?"

From his leather chair in the den, Gerald O'Connal stared at his son. He must be frank and honest about the thing. "You know how a plant gets started?"

"How?"

"From a seed. You plant it in the ground, and it grows into a plant."

"I know that."

"Know what?" asked Bobbie, who had entered the room.

"Something I'm explaining to Brian. With animals, it's the same."

"What is?" asked Bobbie.

"Babies," said Brian. "He's telling me."

"You remember asking me about pigeons a long time—about four years ago?"

"No," said Brian.

"I told you then that the pigeon grows inside the egg—inside—the egg is inside the mother pigeon until she lays it. All the time that she is hatching the egg, the baby pigeon is growing there. When it has grown enough, it comes out."

"They don't with rabbits," said Bobbie. "Brian saw them come right out he said he saw them."

"Rabbits are different. They don't have eggs. They simply grow inside the mother, and when it's time, they grow—they come out.

Gerald O'Connal looked down at Brian's thoughtful face. Evidently the explanation had been enough, Brian's father told himself. He picked up his Reading Leader again.

"Where does the seed come in," asked Brian.

"That—oh—that's what the baby rabbit grows from inside the mother rabbit, spalpeen."

"Is she full up with them?"

(Continued on Page 121)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Second Love

By LEONARD SNYDER

She kept his house; she shared his
food and bed
And gave him two strong sons,
but always there
Were days when he was silent and
apart.
Each time she told herself she
must not care.

She never understood why they
would come,
These days when darkness
seemed to rise inside,
Something that he could never
bring to words
But only showed he was
unsatisfied.

She never understood that in his
heart
Green waves were locked in
stormy aftermath.
She never knew that still the boy
at sea
Lived in this man who walked a
prairie path.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's the

WALDORF SERT ROOM

"MAYFAIR" $15.75*

It's the

DOBBS

Distinguished background for interesting people...that famous room with the murals only one artist in the world could have painted. There's a master touch, too, in the DOBBS hats so often seen in this setting. It's a significance of line and a feeling for color, infinite care in detailing and fitting, a talent for hats in which you are always confident of looking and being your best.

Dobbs hats—styled and sized to fit.

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T for Taste...
T for Throat...

That's your own proving ground for any cigarette

YES, the "T-Zone" is your own critical laboratory for any cigarette. That's where you learn by actual smoking experience the particular cigarette that suits you best.

For your taste and your throat are individual to *you*. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects your throat.

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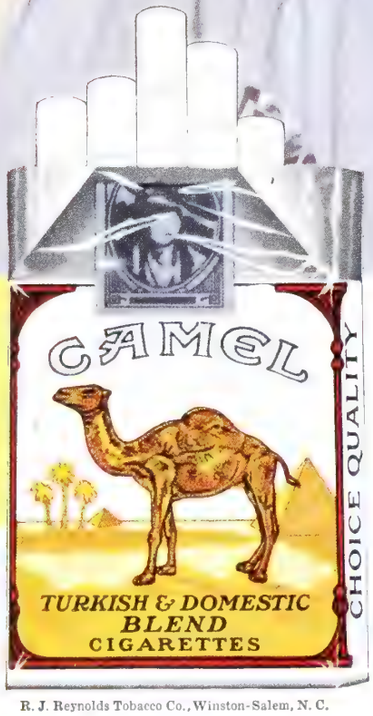
On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



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According to a recent Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. They appreciate flavor and mildness just as you. When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

(Continued from Page 119)

—she—in a way."
ı can't grow anything without seeds."
d O'Connal laid down the paper. He
at Bobbie. "That's right. The father
plants the seeds."
ere'd *he* get them?"
y—they're in him."
y don't they grow up in him and come
him then?" asked Brian relentlessly.
ause they don't. They have to grow
nother rabbit."
ı was silent. He looked up thought-
his father. "And like Ike says—that's
e's doing when ——"
—that's what he's doing. He's—
g."
n's intense stare was disconcerting.
a way," Mr. O'Connal finished up.

buck and the doe that Mr. Hoffman
ought home came of a particularly
train, the boys found out during the
of the summer; they were delighted
after litter made its appearance and
bbit population of Hoffman's back
ncreased by arithmetic progression.
rease soon became an alarming thing.
lined the sides and one end of Hoff-
yard; there were old apple boxes,
nd pear crates; and in them all, rab-
uched and hopped and sat up. There
ay rabbits, black, and white, and all
rmutations and combinations of the
vith bucks and does at every period of
.
e were one hundred and twenty-three
.
had done what he could; in the begin-
eral had been sold, but it was not very
l there were no
he had tried
them away, but
venue was no
pen—the town
ached its satu-
point.
y in September,
ffman went into
al's Drugstore
way from the
, and engaged
father in ear-
nversation. His step was noticeably
when he came out and started for
ne, carrying as he always did the little
lub bag that he took with him on train

that night Joe Pivott's dray rolled
offman's yard; Mr. Hoffman, Mr.
al and Joe worked swiftly and silently,
ack after sack with kicking, grunting
. Mr. Hoffman spent that night in
eep.
was heartbroken; he pleaded with his
for another pair, and when his father
d home, the boy asked him. Mr.
an did not weaken; his hesitation was
perceptible when Fat backed down to
e rabbit.
n was shocked, but not emotionally
at was, by the blotting out of the rab-

brought another crop failure to the
; the land was dotted now with empty
uses, their blank windows staring out
e spreading prairie. The sash-and-door
closed down; Blaine's General Store
And for the first time in years, Sean
nal was almost happy; his garden-
on project had worked wonderfully
He set about trying to interest other
s in the district in a plan he had to dam
er and irrigate larger areas of drought-
land.
t fall, Brian's grandmother had a
l cold that threatened to turn into
onia, but she managed to draw on re-
of Scotch stubbornness to throw it off.
that fall, too, that Digby and Miss
son and Peter Svarich finally got ac-
the China Kids. After much deliberа-
he town put the Chinese family on re-
temporary measure until arrange-
were completed for sending the chil-
way: Tang to an uncle in Vancouver,
to a home in Winnipeg. The taxes piled

up on Wong's building were ignored. Two weeks after his son and daughter had left, Wong was discovered [illegible] red toque on, [illegible] kitchen; he had managed it by using a length of clothesline, by standing on one of the kitchen chairs and kicking it over. Jake Harris found no opium among his effects.

On an afternoon early in October as Brian walked home from school, he saw Jappy run out to meet Joe Pivott's dray, passing in front of the O'Connal house, his red-and-white quicksilver body half curved so that he could look up into the faces of the horses as he ran. Brian called to him. In that split second of distraction the dog was knocked off balance by one of the horses' hoofs. The near horse veered at the scrabbling white thing under its feet, and pulled over its mate.

Brian saw his dog briefly through huge and hairy feet; he saw the metal-rimmed front wheels of the dray miss Jappy. The hind ones did not. A shrill and agonized cry arose, trembling on the fall afternoon, shearing the silence, going up and up and hanging there. As the wind carried the settling dust sideways, Brian saw Jappy lifting his shoulders and head in a vain attempt to rise, struggling, only to move in a futile circle with lifeless hindquarters for a pivot.

He ran to him. He took him in his lap. The cry went up again. It died down to a scarcely audible whimper deep in the dog's throat.

"Wasn't nothin' I could do, kid." Joe stood tall over him. "I didn't even see him."

Brian simply stared down at Jappy.

"I'm sorry, kid."

"It's all right."

"Spine busted, mebbe?" Joe's hand reached for the small of Jappy's tapering back.

"You let him alone!"

"Okay." Joe straightened up. He stood uncomfortably. "I'm sorry."

"That's all right."

"Better not set here in the middla the road."

Jappy cried out again as Brian got up. He was dead by the time they got to the garage behind the house.

Gaffer Thomas lent him a garden fork. Brian returned to the garage, where he had left Jappy lying on some gunny sacking there. As he picked up the dog's body, he noticed that the head remained rigidly turned over one shoulder; the eyes were filmed with gray mucus. He went through the caragana hedge, turned out onto the street and started toward the prairie.

Halfway down the block his brother joined him. They walked in silence.

The prairie sod resisted the garden fork. A meadow lark sang twice as he struggled. The hardpan came away in flaking lumps to show glistening, riblike marks where the fork had been.

"How did he die?" asked Bobbie.

Brian picked up the dog by the middle, still with its head turned relentlessly back over one shoulder. He placed it in the long hole with foxtails and spear grass tossing along its edges.

"How did he die, Brian? What happened to him?"

Brian eased a forkful of dirt onto the dog's body. The next were easier. He covered the head with its one red ear last.

"How did he ——"

"Go on home, will you, Bobbie?" He looked as though he were going to cry. He turned away. "I'll come later," Brian said.

He looked down at the grave, and it was hard for him to believe that Jappy was under it, that he wouldn't in a moment see the earth bulge up and the dog's head come out. Then he remembered the stiffness of the body, the turned head, the filmed eyes. He knew that a lifeless thing was under the earth. His dog was dead.

He heard a rustling in the grass and looked up to see the Young Ben with his pale hair on end in the wind and his disturbing gray eyes steady upon him. The eyes left his face to

> **Happiness is not to be solicited, but comes with an appearance of finality, to be juggled with offhand. It seems to be some kind of balance, as in riding a bicycle, attempted painfully a thousand times, and achieved at last without effort.**
>
> —ELIZABETH BOWEN.

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it reaches every surface of every tooth better!

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CORRECT DESIGN is the secret back of the amazing cleansing power of Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft. The brush head is curved two ways so you can reach every surface of every tooth—inside, outside and in between. Millions have discovered that no other toothbrush can do this job so *thoroughly*. Sealed in glass for extra protection and guaranteed for a year, one brushing will convince you that Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft is the toothbrush for you. Get one or two today!

rest on the grave, then back again. The Young Ben turned away; he came back stooping under the weight of a rock. He laid it gently on the grave, then went back for another. Brian joined him, and together they carried enough rocks to cover the heap of loose dirt.

When they had finished, the Young Ben said, "Kiyoots can't git him now."

Somewhere within Brian something was gone; ever since the accident it had been leaving him as the sand of an hourglass threads away grain by tiny grain. Now there was an emptiness that wasn't to be believed.

III

BRIAN was called "Chirp" now, because he could make the sound of baby chicks cheeping. In the two years since his dog had been run over, he had grown little taller, still retaining the quiet poise of his mother, her quickness of movement, her dark hair and skin. Almost eleven, he had passed into Mr. Digby's room; at the spring examinations he had been third in his class.

On a day in August, Brian saw the Young Ben across the street, leaning forward as he pulled a wagon piled high with washing. Brian stopped and stared across at the Young Ben; he never saw the other boy without excitement stirring within him; as ever, it was a wordless attraction strengthening with each additional and fleeting glimpse he got of the Young Ben. He felt an impulse now to cross the street and walk along with the Young Ben. But as he stood, the Young Ben turned the corner toward the downtown district; Brian walked on.

The Young Ben stood before Harris' Hardware, the empty wagon beside him as he stared into the store window. A .22 rifle leaned against a washing machine with sunlight glinting from its metal fittings. Boxes of shells were next to the gun; one of them was opened so that the shells were spilling out. The price tag said $8.95.

"Nice gun."

The Young Ben looked up to see Mr. Digby. The Young Ben turned silently away, pulling the wagon after him.

The look that had been in the Young Ben's face stayed with Digby as he walked home; there was no doubt that the Young Ben wanted the gun badly, and the yearning that the Young Ben must feel found its match in the school principal. Digby also wanted something badly. He wanted Miss Thompson.

Just the night before in his room at Mrs. Geddes' he had thought the matter out. He was a teacher, a public-school teacher. He boasted no degree and could not look ahead to a possible high-school principalship. The best that could be hoped for was perhaps an inspectorship many years in the future. Actually he could offer her very little; one could hardly build up an estate on fourteen hundred a year.

A doctor, on the other hand—there was some distinction in being a doctor's wife. Svarich had everything to offer—security; not that he himself couldn't give that—security from actual want, but not security from the nagging little worries of not quite enough money. He was afraid that he and the Young Ben were in the same boat. It was not likely that the Young Ben would get his gun.

As Digby turned into Mrs. Geddes', Brian O'Connal walked slowly down Sixth Street. He found no one in the living room, and he did not notice the usual smells of dinner cooking.

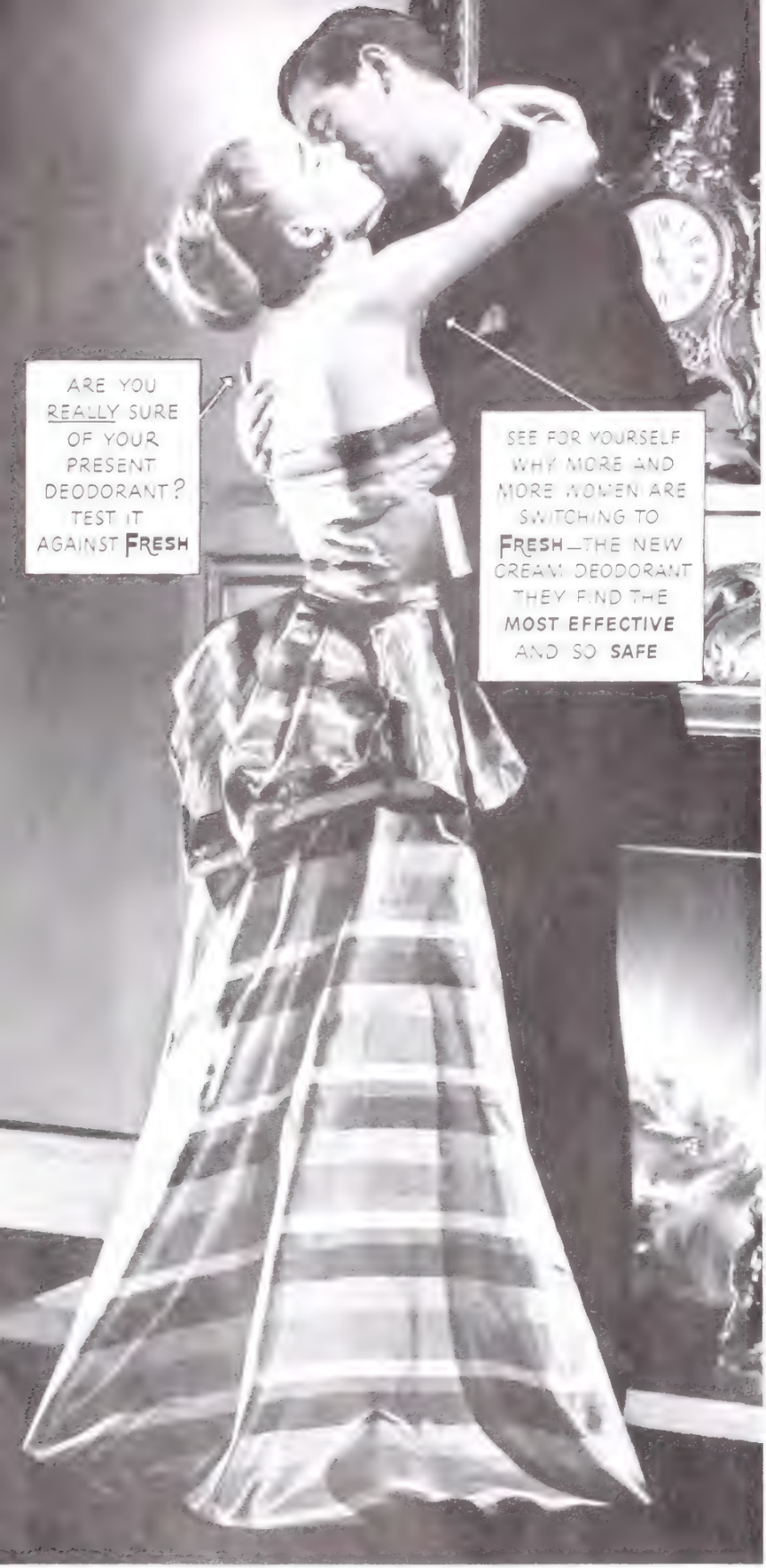
He heard movements upstairs, and as he turned by the stair banister, saw Bobbie on the landing above. His brother had been crying.

"Daddy's turned all yellow," he announced. "Doctor Svarich was here."

"Was he!"

"It's his gald bladder," Bobbie told him. "The white parts of his eyes—they are yellow, too, Brian. Brian—what's your gald bl——"

Brian started up the stairs two at a time; he met his grandmother in the hall. "Is he very sick, gramma?"


ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT AGAINST FRESH
SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE SWITCHING TO FRESH—THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT THEY FIND THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND SO SAFE

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Lovely to use . . . gentle *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

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No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.

Company coming. Head starts to ache.
Needs Alka-Seltzer. Knows what to take.
Bottle is empty, but she doesn't care.
She has an EXTRA, calls it her "spare."

Alka-Seltzer

Be wise—but no extra headache

If you've ever been caught with a pesky headache and—no *Alka-Seltzer!*—you'll agree that an EXTRA package on hand is a mighty comforting forethought. And that includes waking up at night with an upset stomach, or those other common ailments like muscular aches and pains and the discomforts of a cold. So be wise! On your next visit to the drug store buy TWO packages of Alka Seltzer instead of one.

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with the triple-action tooth powder

. BRIGHTENS TEETH!

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. SWEETENS BREATH!

made by McKesson & Robbins with years of pharmaceutical know-how

It was a mean call bladder Svanish told

mother in town Brian at his Uncle Sean's

being terribly in favor of the latter part of the

arrangement. Like most others in the dis-

trict, Sean's crop was a failure, and each time

The thought of Ab's pure and stirring ex-

Harris' Hardware to steal a .22 and five

that nothing had been done since Digby

had paid for shells and gun. Mr. Powell

placed the feather at the head of his cell list.

The evening of the Presbyterian minister's

visit was the end of a bad day in the romantic

life of James Digby. He had spent the

almost to disconnect them in her eyes now

stood him a mile that established complete

and intimate understanding.

Miss Thompson looked at him, startled.

"I always thought people went about this

sort of thing differently," Digby went on.

"There is!" said Digby. He felt relief

now. "I was always under the impression

I'm startled."

YOURS FOR KEEPS [illegible] his [illegible] your hands—those ravishing, romantic hands that use the [illegible] NEW HINDS!

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Digby was aware of a sudden and sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. "Well—I—at least, you know my intentions were honorable." He felt her hand cool and gentle on the back of his. The look in her eyes was one of startled hurt.

"I'm very fond of you, Jim."

"Oh." Digby swallowed. He was aware of a stiffness and dryness in his throat, and felt his face flushing. "It's—that's all right."

"It isn't, Jim!"

"I ought to have known. It was stupid of me to think that you'd even ——"

"It wasn't," she said quickly. "I'm fond of you. If it came down to a fine point—but—well, I guess next to Peter, you come next."

Digby looked down at the white tablecloth. "It's all right."

And that night as she lay in bed, Miss Thompson wondered why she had never thought of Digby in *that* way. With all her sympathetic heart she wished he had not asked her; and then, aware of a distinct tingling over her entire body, she wondered whether or not, if she and Peter had not finally made it up again, she would not have accepted Digby. She had thought that Digby understood, though she had told him nothing about her plans to marry Svarich when school was finished. What would she have done if Peter had not entered her life again?

And yet she could not think of Digby as "poor Jim." Somehow a person did not think of the principal with commiseration, not as with Peter. Digby could take care of himself. Peter needed her.

That was the night that Mr. Powelly visited Digby. The schoolmaster answered the door himself. He took the minister through the dark, deep hall and to the room at the back of the house.

"I've come to see you about the boy who broke into the hardware store," said Powelly as soon as he was seated.

"Yes?" said Digby in the act of filling his pipe.

"I understand that you—paid the money for the articles he stole."

"He wanted a gun."

"Do you think that with the unfortunate background he has—do you think you're doing him a favor?"

Digby looked at the minister who had come to take the place of his friend, Hislop.

"I thought a long time before I did it, Mr. Powelly. I'd welcome any help with the Young Ben that you ——"

Mr. Powelly waved a long hand. "Far be it from me to tell you your job. It's just that when I heard today of what you'd done, I felt it my duty to call—to have a talk with you. That boy should have gone to reform school."

Digby exhaled smoke slowly, took his pipe from his mouth. "Why?"

"He's a bad lot. His father's a drunken old reprobate ——"

"'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.'"

"Eh? Oh—no—no, that isn't it at all. I might find it hard to get an unbiased viewpoint of the father, but the boy—for the good of the town ——"

"If my life depended on it, I couldn't tell you what was for that boy's good—or for the good of this town. I'd like to be able to. What do you think good for the people who live in this town, Mr. Powelly?"

"Right now my concern is for the boy who ——"

"Yes—I know. The trouble is that the Young Ben's a lone coyote, Mr. Powelly. Because he is what he is, I don't think you have any need to worry about the good of our town. He has little or nothing to do with other boys. He won't go near them. He never has."

"But—that he should steal and then get off scot free," protested the minister. "It can't help but create an unfortunate impression among other youngsters who may be so tempted."

"You overestimate the potency of the Young Ben's example. I can guarantee that his influence will be next to nothing."

"You don't intend to do anything, then, about a—about his correction?"

Sugar-pink [illegible] in Knox's famous fine fur felt: sophisticated roller in sea [illegible] other Knox hats from $8.95. Knox the Hatter, [illegible] and leading stores everywhere.

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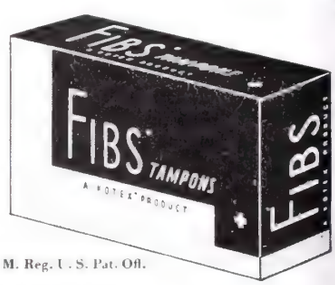

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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I want to try FREE sample of Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream, and see its softening action on my skin. (Print name, address clearly. Paste coupon on penny postcard.) Mail to Box 45, Dept. 400, Cincinnati 14, O.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

(Sorry, offer good only in U. S.)

"Not much I can do."

"You could say that you had changed your mind about paying for the articles. The case would be reopened."

The pencil that Digby's hand had picked up from the desk was unconsciously drawing on a piece of paper by his side. "I don't think you really meant to make that suggestion," he said slowly. "The Young Ben wanted a gun. Now he has a gun."

Mr. Powelly got up. "I thought it would do no harm to call," he said stiffly. His face was slightly flushed.

"It was nice of you to come," said Digby. "I've done what I think best."

"I'm sure you have." Mr. Powelly turned toward the door. "That's what is going to make it more difficult to do what I shall have to do."

Brian found the evenings on his uncle's farm strange. He was allowed to stay up until the flame flickered in the coal-oil lamp on the kitchen table. While Sean relaxed, big and silent in his chair, Brian amused himself by tracing horses from the harness section of the Hudson Bay catalogue. Ab would perch himself on the top of the wood box to read the Prairie Farm Review. He returned again and again to the correspondence section, in which people asked for remedies for sick animals. Ab did this with Noreen in mind. Noreen was a contrary Holstein that suffered from asthma.

Annie sat with them in the kitchen, doing needlework on flour sacking, from time to time a slow smile lifting her long, tenting cheeks so that her eyes were almost lost. One hardly noticed, then, the terrible cast in Annie's right eye.

It is bad manners to say "You are welcome to your own opinion": but it is the perfection of good fellowship to really mean it.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

At first Brian found the relationship between his uncle and the hired man a strange one. Sean never spoke to Ab—directly; he addressed all requests and observations to the air in front of himself, to the floor, to the wall. Ab was expected to hear, but in no way shatter the illusion that he did not exist. Ab was the "he" in Sean's conversation.

The third evening of Brian's visit, Sean took his pipe from his mouth; he spoke to a moth fluttering in the chimney of the lamp.

"That runt pig's not doin' so well."

The moth was still a second.

"He should have taken care of it long before now."

The moth's wings were frantic for a moment, then stilled for good.

"'Twould be too much to expect him to take care of it in the mornin', I suppose." Sean got up from his chair.

It was nice of Sean and Ab to take care of the runt pig, thought Brian, as he went to bed that night under the slant ceiling of his upstairs room.

The next afternoon Brian followed Ab into the blacksmith shop; he watched him take down a hammer from the wall and began to follow him as he took up his rockering walk over the yard.

"Better go play with the cats in the barn," Ab advised.

"I'd just as soon go wherever you're going, Ab."

"Nope," said Ab.

"Why?"

"You wanta know," said Ab. "I'll tell yuh. I gotta knock that runt on the head."

"I thought you were going to take care ——"

"That's right. You ain't gonna see. Go play with ——"

"But—look, Ab, would—you wouldn't do that! You wouldn't hit him over the head—with a hammer!"

"She's gotta be did. I ain't fussy about it." He started for the pens again.

"Ab! You can't kill my runty pig!"

"I gotta," said Ab. "I'm gonna."

SHORTBACK

Foot Savers

shoes with a dual personality

the newest in fashion—Foot Savers—for the latest look, the ultimate in fashion! Crafted of treasure-leathers in Spring styles so varied and so-very-tomorrow, yet so subtly done, they go on forever.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Suggests—
this tempting arranged platter for your weekly treat of his scrumptious Spaghetti Dinner

Chef Boy-ar-dee Spaghetti Dinner

Years ago, Hector Boiardi* ruled the kitchens of a great hotel as Chef de Cuisine. People came from miles around to enjoy his famous spaghetti cooked to order, blended with a superb sauce and crowned with zesty cheese.

One day a customer said to the Chef, "If only you'd visit *my* kitchen and prepare your spaghetti dinner!" That started the Chef thinking. Now all food stores have the inspired result—the handy all-in-one carton of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner!

It's thrifty . . . quick . . . grand for hungry appetites. Serves three or more hearty eaters for just a few pennies a portion.

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Delicious "No-Work" Meal

The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee carton contains:

1. [illegible] package of [illegible] spaghetti [illegible].
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PARTY FRANKFURTERS

12 frankfurters

1 tin Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce

Cut frankfurters lengthwise, but not clear through. Place split side up in shallow baking pan, and cover with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 20 minutes. Serve with corn niblets, rice or noodles, and pass hot extra Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce in bowl. Serves 6.

Copr. 1947, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods, Inc.

"All right, Ab!" Brian drew a deep breath. "Go right ahead and kill that damn pig!"

Ab stopped so quickly he teetered. He turned. "As the twig is bent, so the tree groweth! I sure hate to think what's gonna happen to you if I ever hear you talkin' like that agin!"

"Hit that pig with that hammer, and you'll really hear me cuss!" Brian surprised himself with his fluency.

It surprised him that Ab could run as fast as he did with his game leg. The two covered the yard, one corner of the south pasture and part of the garden. There they stopped, one at each end of a row of raspberry bushes. Brian could see Ab trembling in the afternoon heat; the whole garden was steeping hot and still, oppressively so.

Annie came from the house with a slop pail in each hand.

"I'll give you ten to come get what you got comin'!" shrieked Ab.

"Catch me!" called Brian.

They took up the chase again. Brian realized with some surprise that he had been enjoying himself. He didn't care if they stayed in the garden all day. Perhaps they would have, if Sean had not come out. Annie had got him.

"'Bout time you took a look at this here kid!" Ab called. "Swearin' an' cursin' like a Irish thrasher."

"Don't come any closer," Brian warned his uncle, but Sean did not stop. The boy began to swear, with a slight hardness to his *r*'s and a touch of the lilt that was in Sean's own voice.

"What coz dis trobble?" asked Annie.

"He don't want me to knock the runt on the head."

"Does he want him to die slow?" asked Sean. "It's a favor we're doin' him."

"Killin' a thing's no favor!"

"Leave him to me," said Sean.

"You get baby t'ing forbowtell," said Annie.

"I will not! I'll be good and ——"

"Oh, yes you will," contradicted Ab. "You get that there nipple so's the kid kin feed the pig hisself."

In the days that followed he spent more and more time with Annie. Brian came to know the depth of her fondness for Ab; she showed the boy the cowhide chest in her room where she had laid away pillow slips and table runners and dishcloths, all stitched bright with flowers. Annie's conversations were simple ones, consisting largely of the same question rephrased again and again: "You t'ink Ab marry sometimes?" "You t'ink Ab like to be my hoseban'?" Brian, filled with gratitude for what she had done in saving his runt pig, assured her that Ab had love in his heart.

Two weeks and five catalogue horses after the pig episode, Brian sat in the evening silence of the kitchen with his eyes on Annie bent over needlework. Ab was reading his Prairie Farm Review; Sean was puffing in his chair. Brian turned a page of the catalogue to the Optical Department ad. He looked for a minute at the clear-eyed woman in spectacles, surrounded by glasses of various styles.

Next morning he said to Annie when they were alone in the kitchen, "You got me my runty pig, Annie. I'm going to help you."

"Me—I don' need halp."

"With Ab—you got to have glasses, Annie."

"But—I can't read some."

"Not for reading—fix up your eye."

"Feex my eye?"

"Sure—all we got to do is write away to ——"

The kitchen-door screen banged as Ab entered. He greeted Annie, but not Brian, put a handful of oatmeal into the jug he carried, filled it with water, then went out.

Brian sent Annie's letter away the next day. The glasses did not come, however; Brian stood in the shelter of the windbreak and read to her the letter that came in their place. Annie must go to Regina to have her eyes tested. She told him that she could not go; Brian explained that if she told Sean she had a stomach-ache and must see a doctor, it could be arranged.

In Annie's absence, Sean himself did the cooking. He knew three dishes: fried eggs, oatmeal, and tapioca. Ab, who in his doleful way had appreciated Annie's cooking, several times called attention to the indigestibility and monotony of Sean's cooking.

With Sean and Ab, Brian went into town to meet Annie the day that she returned; he stood excitedly on the station platform, scarcely able to contain himself when he heard the train whoop far off to the prairie stillness. Ab said, "She's passin' Magnus Petersen's now." Later, "There she is—beyond the roundhouse!" His shrill whistle carried a note of excitement too.

The train stopped. Annie got down two cars away; sunlight stabbed out from her new glasses. Brian ran to her.

Ab came up. He came the closest then to swearing that he had ever done since he had stepped out of the Odd Fellows' Hall eight years before.

"Christmas!"

Annie's right eye was perfectly straight behind the powerful lens of her glasses.

> **A robin redbreast, on the day of the Crucifixion, about the seventh hour, nestled upon the crown of Syrian thorns and tried to turn aside one of the cruel spikes from our Saviour's brow. The robin strove in vain, and only rent his own soft breast until blood flowed over his feathers from the wound. Then a voice from the angels promised that, from that hour, birds of his kind should wear upon their breasts the hue and banner of His blood.**
>
> —ELLA FULLER MAITLAND: More Pages From the Day-Book of Bertha Hardacre (Constable & Co., Ltd.).

On the way to the farm Ab was silent, and in the days that followed he observed a strange coolness toward Annie; it was as though she had been stricken with some terrible contagious disease. Brian, who had persuaded her to go away and get the glasses, felt that he was responsible for Ab's attitude.

An evening after Annie's return, he went out to the barn. As he stepped inside he heard the singsonging of milk into the pail; then he saw Ab at Noreen.

"Ab."

"Yeah?"

"Ab, what do you think of Annie's glasses?"

The milk continued to hum, *some-fun, some-fun.* "Fixed her up fine," said Ab.

"You going to marry Annie?"

"I was." *Fun-fun-fun,* said the milk as he stripped Noreen. "I ain't now."

"Why, Ab?"

"Jist ain't. All there is to her."

"But—why, Ab?"

"I dunno," said Ab. The milk took up its drumming again.

By the back porch where the runt pig lived in its apple-box home, Brian looked down. It would always be a runt, he decided, a shivery runt. It had no twist to its tail; it never would have. The world was a funny place. He loved his runt pig that wasn't any good for anything. Ab was fussy about Noreen, the snuffiest cow in the herd, with her wheezing and sneezing and coughing. Before Annie's eyes had been straightened he had ——

Brian knew then. He ran to the house to tell Annie.

Country was much stiller than town was; the clear fall afternoons lay over the farmyard like something measured out; the sounds could not have been more distinct if they had been dropped down a deep well. A bee droomed lazily. Annie sang in her kitchen. After harvest she and Ab would be married. Sean was giving them the upstairs of the house for their own. Soon there would be eight or nine threshers to cook for.

If he were in town now, thought Brian as he stood on the back stoop, he could be playing around with Fat or Ike or Pinky, not hanging around with nothing to do.

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NEW RANGE

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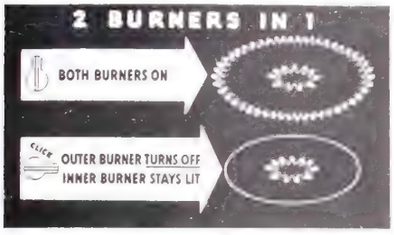

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He walked down the road stretching and thinning ahead of him, the spidering telephone wires reaching to the far horizon. He heard a wagon on the road behind him. It was Ab. He stopped the team and sat silently, a high and waiting grasshopper upon the wagon seat. Still holding the reins in one hand, Ab leaned forward and Brian felt the pull of him as he helped him up.

Ab did not start the horses. Upon his wry little face lay an expression as gentle as a benediction. He cleared his throat.

"Yer paw," he said. "Telegraft lady phoned us, kid. Yer paw down in Rochester he went an' died."

The house was filled with the smell of flowers, a following sweetness that grew stronger and stronger as Brian neared the back porch. There they were banked, wreath against tilting wreath, in ovals, circles, half circles, cross and harp shapes. Upon each was sheening white satin and a card with someone's name. There were lilies with their tall stamens sticky, curving out in lipped cups; blood-red carnations sending out their spice so that the house was filled with the all-pervading flower smell.

All blinds were drawn and in every room a strange half dusk had settled down. The voices of Maggie O'Connal and her mother and their visitors had a squashed quality, as though they were coming from under something.

It was seldom that Brian's mother spoke, and when she did, it was in a low, toneless voice. For the most part she sat quietly with her hands in her lap, tenseness in her small dark face and a look of unbelief in her eyes. Brian had not seen her cry.

He himself had not cried yet. His father was dead, but Brian did not feel like crying. He did not feel happy, but he did not feel like crying.

The funeral was held in the house, with Mr. Powelly standing in front of the fireplace, his fine voice dipping and soaring in deliberate strophe. He said, among other things, that Gerald O'Connal had been a fine man.

Mrs. Abercrombie sang There's a Beautiful Land on High.

Brian did not cry.

His mother and grandmother did not go out to the cemetery, nor did Brian and Bobbie.

AFTER everyone had left, he stood before the house, the inexplicable longing within him deepened by the clarity of the fall day. The smell of burning leaves came to him, and across the street he saw blue smoke threading slowly up. Leaves off the trees detached themselves to fall hesitantly. The branches showed. Wishbones, he thought, curving up like wishbone arms.

The walk was dark-and-light its entire length; blocks down, where the yellowing trees met the hedges, it tunneled to the round disk of light at its far end, the prairie end. Brian began to walk toward it.

He'd never see him any more; he was his father, and he would never see him any more. A tickling came to the end of his nose and his forehead; he brushed at it; it persisted.

He was at the end of the street. He walked on with the tall prairie grass hissing against his legs, out into the prairie's stillness and loneliness that seemed to flow around him, to meet itself behind him, ringing him and separating him from the town.

When Brian turned he could just pick out the water tower, the gumdrop dome of Lord Roberts School, the spire of the Catholic church. All around him the wind was in the grass with a million timeless whisperings. A forever-and-forever sound it had, forever and for never. Forever and forever the prairie had been, before there was a town, before he had been, or his father, or *his* father, or *his* father before him. Forever for the prairie; never for his father—never again.

People were forever born; people forever died, and never were again. Fathers died and

(Continued on Page 129)

Women choose the EKCO pressure cooker

for a dozen different reasons ...all GOOD reasons!

* We turned Inquiring Reporter and asked women why they chose the Ekco Pressure Cooker in preference to others . . . and what they think of it now, after constant use. Here are their comments...you'll find they point out many exclusive features, found only in the Ekco!

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"My Ekco cooks so fast it's just unbelievable. That was the big reason I wanted a pressure cooker, and I picked the Ekco because it's so lightweight and easy to use."

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"I like the way the Pressure Control on the Ekco keeps the pressure steady. It's so simple that cooking with an Ekco is as easy as using a regular pan."

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RIGHT NOW THERE'S PLENTY! STOCK UP ON *Libby's* TODAY!

(Continued from page 125)

were born; the prairie was forever, with
nd whispering through the long, dead
es, through the long and endless silence.
er came and spring and fall, then sum-
nd winter again; the sun rose and set
, and everything that was once was
—forever and forever. But for man,
prairie whispered—never never. For
's father—never.

d as the boy stood with the prairie
hing from him, he knew that things
different now—forever and forever:
er the dark well of his mother's loneli-
forever the silence that could never

s mother! The thought of her filled him
tenderness and yearning. She needed
now. He could feel tears sliding slowly
his cheek; he could taste the salt of
at the corners of his mouth. There
no catches of breath, simply tears as he
l alone in the silence that stretched from
asting to everlasting.

meadow lark splintered the stillness.
startling notes stayed on in the boy's
l. He turned and started for home,
e his mother was.

IV

THOUGH Brian thought often of his father
he first months after his death, in time he
d himself aware with sudden guilt that
ad gone for more than a week without
embering him. He frequently dreamed
im, dreams in which he was sure that his
er had just gone away and was not really
l. The boy woke after them with a faint
ning that sometimes stayed with him
ughout an entire day.

here was a new and warmer relationship
his mother now that he turned to her for
e of the comradeship he had formerly
ed with his father.

Maggie O'Connal talked with the boys
ut their father, carrying out her deter-
ation to keep his memory alive in his
. She told Brian that he was the head
he family now, and that she depended
him. And there was in Brian a growing
ideration for the other members of the
ily; he taught Bobbie to skate and to
n. It seemed, too, that as he got older
grandmother had come to meet him spir-
lly in her declining years; for all his
ity, he was still a child. He was now
ve.

he grandmother had failed noticeably
e Gerald O'Connal's death. She sat in
room from morning until night and had
meals brought to her. Cataracts threat-
l her sight. Brian went often to visit her
he sat in her rocker by her open window
told him stories of his grandfather and
old homesteading days.

One thing had not changed the Young Ben's attraction for him. He was the only child in the school who spoke to the Young Ben or to whom the Young Ben spoke.

The Young Ben was in Digby's room; he sat near the window, his strange gray eyes as always staring out over the prairie that spread from the schoolyard. As Miss Thompson had done, Digby sought to relieve the tension in the boy. He was no longer able to ignore the Young Ben's truancy, for Mrs. Abercrombie was on the school board now. She was not sure that Digby was a strict enough disciplinarian.

It was possible that Mrs. Abercrombie's doubts about Digby were helped along by Mr. Powelly: the principal was a stubborn man, he had told her often; there had been the case of the Young Ben and the stolen .22 rifle the year before. It was his duty, felt Mr. Powelly, to bring these things to the board's attention. Mrs. Abercrombie thanked him; Mariel was not doing so well in school as she ought to. She had never forgiven Digby for telling her that her daughter was lazy.

For Digby it had been an intolerable winter. He alternately cursed and blessed the fact that he and Miss Thompson worked together. When he was not with her, he could hardly wait for the candid and temperate friendship of her company; when he was with her on school business, he wished with all his heart that the woman were a thousand miles away. He wished that the school term would hurry its end; he wished that the school term would never finish. With spring and blandishing chinooks, he became, for the first time in his teaching career, irritable and unreasonable.

Then, at the end of the spring term, with the sudden lift of a reprieve, he heard the news that Miss Thompson's wedding to Svarich had been put off till fall.

The course of love was again not running smoothly for Peter Svarich and Miss Thompson. There had not been the fiery complications of the old affair, but there had been a certain just-missing-harmony that marred. With the engagement, Svarich's old [illegible] assertion had appeared again. There was the night late in spring when Peter had taken Miss Thompson for a drive and had stopped the car on the slight rise of ground by the town water tower. He had turned off the [illegible]

THE night had the diffusing clarity of [illegible] of the prairie nights. It was of the sort that prompted prairie people to tell Easterners, "The days are hot but the nights are always cool."

"What's on your mind?" Peter asked, his hand on hers as it lay in her lap.

She turned her head to him, for a moment unable to give the distinctness of expression to her thoughts.

"Nothing, Peter. Just thinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"Different things."

Peter frowned with a slight movement of his dark eyebrows. He took his hand away and sat staring ahead. Miss Thompson felt a tightening around her heart. She remembered suddenly that her mind had been casually on Peter's car, a long and shining one. She had been thinking that he took great pride in it, as he did in the new medical building that he had built. She had been struck with the thought that the key to Peter was his need for respect and attention, and his distrust of it when it was given him.

"Peter."

[illegible]

"Mother, I'll be home for dinner just as soon as I finish my [illegible]"

MENU

Grilled SKINLESS frankfurters wrapped in bacon strips with french fried potatoes, hot southern biscuits and steaming coffee

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"What's wrong?"

"Nothing—nothing's wrong." He said it with an edge of irritation on his voice.

"You know—I'm an individual too. I'm not you, Peter. I'm another person with feelings and wants and thoughts. You can't have all of me."

"What are you talking about?" He was looking full at her.

And Miss Thompson, who was too honest to say he was too possessive—that was not exactly it—and who was too confused to put her finger exactly upon what was wrong, said, "Forget it, Peter."

"Now what have I done?"

"It's just me. I'm tired." She turned to him and tried to smile.

As the spring term went on, her doubts and anxieties increased, and yet she could not bring herself to call the thing off; she had hurt him once before, she had become engaged to him again, well aware of what it would involve. In her unsettled state, she found herself turning more and more to Digby's company. After Svarich had left for a summer refresher course, the meetings were more frequent.

IT was that summer that the Reverend Mr. Powelly's bitterness bore its first fruit. Dolly, the Ben's mare, was the betrayer; led by the Young Ben, she entered the barn while Jake Harris was paying one of his visits. Before Jake's protruding eyes, she stumbled just inside the door, caught herself only to have her hind leg disappear up to the hock. As Jake strained with the Bens to release her, a fruity gentleness, as of rising bread dough, teased at his nostrils. Dolly's hoof came suddenly free. A rotten board in the still's cave had given way.

The Ben came up for trial three days later. Mr. Powelly attended.

The Ben stood before the judge, his hands trembling with a two-day drought, his raw-rimmed eyes steady upon the face of his best customer. He kissed the Gideon Bible borrowed from the Royal Hotel for the occasion, then pleaded hoarsely, "Not guilty." Jake Harris brought out the still pot and coil, a kerosene burner and a half-filled demijohn of whisky. He told of finding the still. The Ben changed his plea to guilty.

The judge picked up his metal-rimmed glasses, perched them on his nose, looked up to the Ben, and said, "Ninety days. Not includin' time in custody."

The Ben found imprisonment hard to bear, and that was a strange thing, for he had never before been so comfortable in his life. The Young Ben brought his meals each morning before school and at noon from the Chinaman who had taken over the Bluebird Café at Wong's death; the food transcended anything to which the Ben had been accustomed. He slept between sheets on a couch that stood in one corner of the twelve-foot-square room that served as his cell. These luxuries served only to sharpen the restraint the Ben endured with difficulty for three months.

The Ben's jail term ran over into fall and partly into the first month of school. It was just three days before his incarceration ended that the pencil-sharpening incident occurred.

Digby had a standing rule that no pencils were to be sharpened during school hours, a rule that, while it did not take into consideration the fallibility of pencils, did quench the pencil-sharpening hysterias that frequently swept that part of the room the schoolmaster was not teaching.

The sharpener lifted its grind of sound three days before the Ben's release. It was the Young Ben standing there by the window, his eyes lost in the expanse of prairie stretching from the schoolyard edge to the distant line of the sky. Digby dropped the intricacies of percentage; the low hum of the classroom faltered and was stilled.

"Ben!"

The boy turned, startled.

"You're sharpening your pencil!"

The Young Ben looked down at the chewed end of the pencil guiltily protruding from the sharpener.

"Take it out. Ben."

Don't be a Rubbit!

Don't rub a crusty, scorchy casserole with a flimsy dishrag. Let a square metal-fiber Brillo pad clean it *fast!*

Be BRILLO wise!

Brillo makes quick work of scorchy crust! Whisks pans shiny-bright! Neat! Easy! Use Brillo daily. The special shine ingredient in Brillo soap keeps pans *sparkling!*

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FREDERICK HERRSCHNER

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He did, then looked at Digby, uneasily
ting his weight from one bare foot to the
er.
'Take your seat."
When the four-o'clock bell rang, Digby
ed the Young Ben to his desk. He saw
t Brian O'Connal lingered behind, then
down in a back seat to wait.
'How old are you, Ben?"
'Fourteen."
'Not fifteen?"
'No."
Digby reached for his register. He opened
He picked up a red correction pencil from
desk and drew a line through the Young
's name. He said, "Ben, I think I better
you go."
The Young Ben looked at the school-
ster; he looked at the pencil sharpener,
n left the room. Brian rose and went with
.

varich drove Miss Thompson to the
ool-board meeting that evening. After his
rn from his refresher course, the wedding
been postponed again, to the Christmas
days, at Peter's request. He gave her no
son; simply said that it would be more con-
ient then. Tonight, after he had picked
up at her house and while he drove her
he town hall where the board meetings
e held, he was silent. They sat for a mo-
it in the car before she got out.
He said casually, "Ruth, I don't think you
uld have liked a Ukrainian wedding."
'Peter, whatever are you talking about?"
He looked at her with his old, quizzical ex-
ssion, the lines deep at his mouth. "Both
es—a mistake. More mine than yours.
knew. You—you're
ded by an overdevel-
d maternal instinct. I
ise children—lots of
m—your own. And
by's."
'But I don't ——"
'Come on. Get in to your
eting. I've got a call."
'Oh, Peter—I'm so sorry!" she told him.
It wasn't your fault." He put the car in
r. "It's all right."
he watched the car move off down the
et, then turned into the town hall.
Mr. Thorborn, chairman of the school
rd, looked down the long table in the
ncil chambers with reddened eyes and a
vy feeling in his chest. It was a bad time
the year for colds. Mr. Harris blew his
e frequently. Mrs. Abercrombie's breath-
was more audible than usual. She had
d Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gillis, the secre-
y, that really she should be in bed, but once
gave in you were lost.
n spite of her cold, Mrs. Abercrombie
med in high spirits, and threw herself
o discussions with abandon. The minutes
he last meeting were accepted; the matter
extra coat hooks for the primary boys'
akroom (the reason for which Miss Thomp-
had been summoned) was disposed of.

ISS THOMPSON, in her chair beside Digby,
d little attention to what went on, her
ad busy with what Peter had just told her.
om time to time she stole a glance at Dig-
s rough face under the untidy lock of
dy hair. A slight breathlessness possessed
; she wondered if her face was flushed.
'And now"—Mr. Thorborn cleared his
oat—"we come to another matter the
——" He looked over to Mr. Digby.
—we find it rather painful," went on
orborn, "to have to call certain things to
ur attention, Mr. Digby. The board's of
opinion that you don't keep strict you
ht to keep a little tighter rein on the kids
oils."
Digby's eyebrows rose slightly.
'Another thing's been worrying us some
ve feel that you could uh set a little
ter example in the community. The kids
n't educated just inside the schoolroom.
feel that you should be taking more inter-
in the church, and we figure it wouldn't
t if you was to take a Sunday-school class
h Sunday."
Mr. Harris and Mr. Johnson nodded their
ads in agreement; neither attended church,
but their wives and children did regularly.
"The main point, though," said Mrs. Abercrombie, "is the Young Ben."
Miss Thompson saw Digby's face tighten. "What about him?"
"He's not attending school," said Mrs. Abercrombie.

DIGBY [illegible] him. I've crossed his name from the register."
"How old is he?" asked Mr. Gillis.
"Fourteen," said Digby.
"School Act says he can't leave till he's fifteen," said Mr. Thorborn.
Mrs. Abercrombie took over. "We aren't interested in having that boy in our school, but we must have some regard for the Act. I have suggested that he be sent away to a school an institution of correction."
"But to correct just what?" asked Digby.
Mrs. Abercrombie chose to ignore the question. She turned to Mr. Harris. "That theft from your store last fall could be reopened. Then, when he was was sent away, he would no longer be a bad influence on the other ——"
"Why not just say that he is a bad influence and expel him?" suggested Digby. "The board can do that. There's no need to send him away."
"No," said Mrs. Abercrombie flatly. "We feel that what we have in mind is best."
"I don't think so," said Digby. "I don't think you can expect me to throw in with you on ——"
"In that case," said Mrs. Abercrombie with a gleam in her eye, "we should have to ask for your resignation."

So that was it. Digby felt sick. He ought to have known there was more behind it than what appeared. She had carefully laid her trap; he had stepped into it.
"So we feel that you'll see it our way, Mr. Digby," Mrs. Abercrombie was saying. "That you'll be reasonable in this and the other things Mr. Thorborn has pointed out."
No, thought Digby, *she doesn't want to get rid of me. It's the Young Ben; she actually wants to see the boy in reform school.* That was what Powelly had meant by his parting shot the night he had visited a year ago.
"But Mr. Digby is a young man."
The members of the board and Digby looked at Miss Thompson with surprise. She stood by her chair with her candid eyes on Mrs. Abercrombie.
"I don't see what his age has to do ——"
"Oh, yes," Miss Thompson interrupted; "he has several more years in which he'll have to live with himself." She looked around the room at the other members of the board. "It seems to me there's something that ought to be cleared up here. And it seems to me that this whole thing goes back several years to an incident that occurred in the Presbyterian church. Isn't that right, Mr. Thorborn?"
The chairman looked at her in astonishment.
"May I refresh your memories? A still blew up. It was the Ben's still. I don't think Mr. Powelly has ever forgiven the Ben or his family for that and I don't think he ever will. I understand that the Ben evaded justice by the skin of his teeth at the time that his still blew up. Strange that there was no evidence for Jake Harris, Mr. Thorborn."
In an agony of embarrassment, Mr. Thorborn looked down at his papers.
"And, Mr. Mortimer," she addressed the judge, "was it not with regret that you sentenced the Ben to three months in jail or had you been foresighted enough to lay in a good supply of ——"
"I'm afraid we haven't time to listen to ——"
"Oh, yes, Mrs. Abercrombie. Mrs. Abercrombie, very soon after I came to teach in this town, I saw evidence of your influence — the insensitive and vindictive persecution of the China Kids by your daughter, Mariel."
Mrs. Abercrombie's face flamed. "You—that's the most ——"

If you growl all day, it's only natural to feel dog-tired at night. New World News.

Recipes

[illegible]
MOR "SCALLOPS"
1 can MOR 1 egg
cup fine bread crumbs deep fat
Cut MOR into 5 slices; cut each slice into 10 squares. Roll each piece in [illegible] and roll again in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat, heated to 375° F., until browned. Serve on cocktail picks with zippy cocktail sauce (mix ½ cup ketchup, 2 tsp. horseradish, ¼ tsp. [illegible] 1 tbsp. hot water, and ½ tsp. Worcester[illegible]

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and Sticks to the Ribs!
George Rector

MOR and pancakes—the breakfast dish that makes a man give out his happiest morning smile. Your own good pancakes, doused in syrup (and butter?) will do. But when you add MOR, pan fried to a toasty, crispy brown, Madam you have a pancake dish that not only *tickles the palate* but, also, sticks to the ribs. Note my recipe above.

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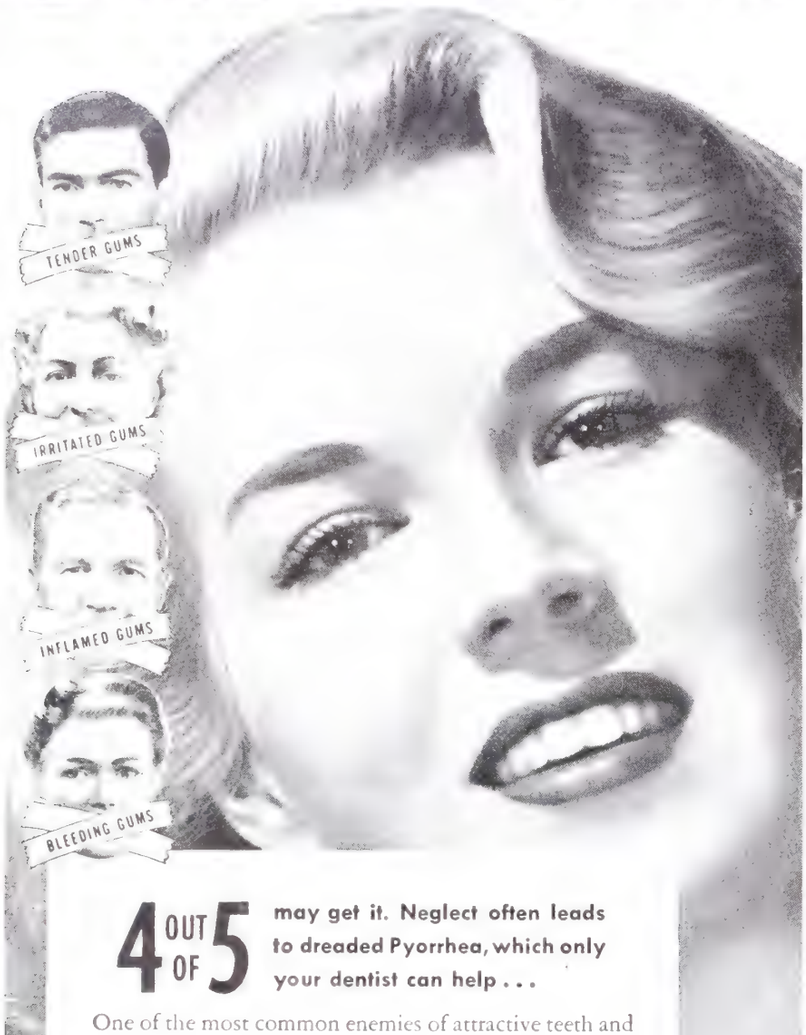

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One of the most common enemies of attractive teeth and firm gums is *Gingivitis*. Watch out for tender gums—or gums which bleed when you brush your teeth. These are often the first signs of Gingivitis.

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NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use **Forhan's** *with massage*

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

"The deliberate spoiling of their birthday party is still to me even more—more—wicked than the callousness that led to Old Wong's suicide! You have asked Mr. Digby either to resign or help you. I find it hard to believe you people—all of you. Tonight you've shown me the heart of darkness—you, Mrs. Abercrombie. It is in you—all of it—in your dark, dark soul!" She turned to the rest of the board. "Isn't it about time for a little sweetness and light around here? A little backbone?" She turned and walked toward the door. She stopped. "I resign." She left the room.

For a moment there was shocked silence. Mr. Harris blew his nose loudly. Judge Mortimer cleared his throat. Strangely, it was Mr. Harris, a slight, sad little man with thinning hair, who spoke first.

"Seems like an awful lot of fuss—losin' two teachers in one crack 'counta one kid. I don't know so much about that there School Act—has it got anythin' to do with sendin' the Young Ben to jail?"

Digby got up and went quietly out of the board room.

"Not jail," protested Mrs. Abercrombie. "Just to ——"

"Isn't so much difference," said Mr. Johnson. "I didn't know the Young Ben was giving trouble."

"Gentlemen!" Mrs. Abercrombie was standing; her voice was shrill. "I have been insulted by that—that woman! I have only tried to do my duty as a member of this board. I thought the board would be interested in doing what was right. But I see that ——"

"I figger, Mr. Chairman, that ——"

"I'm still talking."

"Mebbe we ought to leave this matter over for a while till we git sort of cooled down a bit," suggested Mr. Thorborn.

"We will not!" Mrs. Abercrombie had completely lost the complacent restraint that made her a formidable antagonist. "If this is shelved tonight, you can carry on without—I will not be here when you come to take it up again!"

Mr. Thorborn leaned eagerly forward. "You mean *you're* thinking of resignin'?"

Mrs. Abercrombie had never resigned from anything in her life. Her words had been intended only as a threat. "Why—I—if something isn't done I ——"

"I move we accept the resignation," rumbled Judge Mortimer and spat on the floor.

"I second her!" said Mr. Harris.

"Wouldn't be a bad idea to move a vote of confidence in Mr. Digby an' Miss Thompson," suggested Mr. Johnson.

"There's already a motion before the board," said Mr. Thorborn. "But we will—we will."

Mrs. Abercrombie had recovered her poise. She looked around at the other board members. She rose majestically, turned; all eyes were upon her broad back as it went through the door.

There was upon the faces of the board members the same look: that of a boy who has waited for the explosion of a giant cannon firecracker, and has been given instead the long and disappointing *whoosh* of a dud.

HER chest had been aching that morning, and the flat, hard cough came oftener and with greater intensity. The evening before, Doctor Svarich had come with his stethoscope, thermometer, tapping fingers and the bitter smell that doctors always have. After the examination, the grandmother had heard Maggie and the doctor talking out in the hall. The voice subsided, then she heard Svarich's footsteps going down the stairs. Maggie had come into the room and told her that she was to stay in bed. With the window down.

So she lay now, looking at the flat faces of four walls and a ceiling, at the log-cabin quilt that covered her. Brian came in to see her. He seemed ill at ease as he stood by her bed.

"Open ——" Her voice thinned. She tried again. "Open—my—window."

Brian went to the window. He lifted it; it refused to move at first; then, as he struggled, it gave, only to stick again a few inches above the sill. He bent his knees and placed the heels of his hands on the bottom of the window. It slid the full length of his arms and the warm room was suddenly filled with the mint freshness of the outside. Stray flakes of the winter's first snow floated out of the afternoon and into the room, to melt in mid-air.

AS he turned around he saw that his grandmother's head lay back on the pillow. Her eyes were closed. He tiptoed from the room.

Flakes of snow floated softly down as he walked along Sixth Street, carrying his skates by their leather laces. It would be another couple of weeks yet till skating season, but he might as well take them in to Mr. Palmer's for sharpening.

The bell above the door tinkled as Brian entered the shoemaker's shop. As he laid his skates on the counter, the bell tinkled again.

Mr. Palmer picked up Brian's skates and looked past the boy. "Hullo, Jim."

"Afternoon," said Digby. "Hello, Brian."

Brian mumbled hello.

Mr. Palmer placed his hands flat on the counter. "I read that fella Barkly."

"Did you, Milt? Like him?"

"Just the way I figgered—same thing—a little cleaner," Mr. Palmer answered. "That's all—nothin' outside—all sensations."

"That's right," said Digby. "That's what the author says."

"All insidea me," went on Palmer in his metallic voice. "Shop's insidea me—town's insidea me—whole shootin' match insidea me."

Digby nodded.

Fascinated, Brian stared at the shoemaker. "You—do you get a funny feeling—like—well—you wanted to know something, only you don't know what you—have you got a feeling?"

Mr. Palmer looked down at the skate he held in his hand; he pursed his lips. "No," said Mr. Palmer, "can't say I got that, kid. I guess that ain't there no more." The shoemaker turned to Digby. "I still don't know who 'me' is."

"An idea."

"Whose?"

"God's."

"Oh."

"You're inside Him, Milt. When I get inside that door, I'm out of you, but I'm still inside Him."

Mr. Palmer stared at Digby. "That what he says—Barkly?"

Digby nodded his head.

"When'll my skates be done, Mr. Palmer?"

"Thursday." He bent down at the counter again, straightened up. To Digby he said, "Yours'll be ready Friday—the shoes. That soon enough?"

"I think so," said Digby.

"Best of luck," said Palmer.

"Thank you," said Digby.

Outside, the flakes fell lazily, silently.

"About Mr. Palmer," Brian said. "I was just wondering—is he all right?"

"Yes."

"I'm not inside of anybody."

"Aren't you?"

"No. What's he mean?"

Upon Digby's angular face was a faint look of frustration. "I don't—I don't think you're old enough."

"I wouldn't understand?"

"Name something."

Brian thought: *Skates—ice—snow—road-apple.* "Ice?"

"All right—what is it?"

"Something you skate on."

"Then you can feel it—you can see it, taste it. That's all it is—a sensation of sight, taste and touch. Anything you can think of is just such a bundle of hearing, smelling, feeling, seeing. That's all. A set of sensations. They're yours. They're inside you."

Brian tried to work his way through the seething sees and feels. "I guess you were right," he said.

(Continued on Page 134)

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education. —MARK TWAIN.

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"I was cooing in my shower when..."

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*Acc. to Surveys

Mennen

Baby Oil.. Baby Powder

(Continued from Page 132)

"I was afraid so," said Digby. "Don't let it bother you."

"But it does!" Brian looked up to the principal's face. "I've been trying to—to figure out for a long time, and it won't! Everything has to figure out, doesn't it?"

"No—not everything. You just keep on trying."

"Then I'm on the right track?"

"I think you are."

Mrs. MacMurray's death did not come with the shocking impact of her son-in-law's; it was followed by a gentler sadness more akin to nostalgia than to deep grief. She managed a departure typically Scotch and Presbyterian in its restraint, a predestined event of logical finality. In her own words, her time had come.

It was Sean who handled the funeral details and arrangements for Maggie. He came into town in a cutter, and stayed at the house for a week. One evening, as he sat with Maggie before the fireplace after the boys had gone to bed, he asked her what plans she had for them. She told him she hoped to send them to the university.

Sean was silent for a moment. "Do you think Brian will be takin' over the store?"

"It's a long time yet," said Maggie. "You seem to have put an idea in his head."

"Me? What?"

"He says he'd like to be a—dirt doctor."

"Dirt doctor!"

"He's heard you say that the prairie's sick. Evidently you've told him what has been already done about rust—that there could never be another rust year like 1935. He has mentioned a new wheat too—being developed in Russia—a perennial." Maggie gazed a moment at Sean. "I'm told that you think it would be the—clear rig for this country—for feed—to prevent soil drifting. Brian tells me it wouldn't winterkill. His last composition for Mr. Digby was, 'Why People Should Raise Cows in Southern Saskatchewan.'"

SEAN got up. He stood with his elbow on the mantel, his red mustaches moving jerkily. "You figger you can swing it? University?"

"I think so."

"Next summer," said Sean, "wouldn't be a bad idea if he was to come out with me for part of the holidays."

"Why, Sean, that would be very ——"

"Be doin' me a favor—have somebody round listens to what I say—an' I'll learn him. I'll learn him to be a dirt doctor." Sean went back to his chair. "You got that there composition around?"

"It's in my sewing basket," said Maggie.

"Let me have a look at the thing," said Sean.

Two days after Sean had left for the farm, Brian walked home with Mr. Digby. The schoolmaster noted the intentness on the boy's face. Just as they were about to part at MacTaggart's Corner, Brian said:

"I've thought a lot about it since my grandmother died—about what I was telling you in Mr. Palmer's that day. I've thought about it ever since."

"Have you?" said Digby.

His mind went swiftly back to the first day of school some six years ago when Brian had faced him in the office. He thought of the Young Ben, who no longer attended his school. That was it—the look upon Brian's face—the same expression that had puzzled him on the Young Ben's: maturity in spit of the formlessness of childish features, wi dom without years.

"Perhaps," said Digby to Brian, "you'v grown up."

Brian walked the rest of the way hom alone.

No one answered his call at the doo way of the house. He hung up his scarf an coat and toque, then went through the livin room and up the stairs. He opened the doo of his grandmother's room. She had bee dead two weeks now.

As he turned toward the door, he was sud denly aware of an emotion long familiar t him; it was as though he were recognizin again an experience that his memory ha stored for him, but not too well.

Outside the door of his grandmother room, he remembered the meadow lark tha had sung the day he had been unable to cr He remembered it with an aching nostalg that he strained to keep within himself as h went down the stairs and as he took his co and scarf and toque from a peg in the ha way.

The freshly fallen snow protested und his feet. Why did people die? Why did the finish up? What was the good in being human? It was awful to be a human. wasn't any good.

Goose-gray above him, the prairie sky ha a depthless softness undetermined by i usual pencil edge, melting invisibly into th spread and staring white of the land. H walked over the prairie, his ankles turnin to the frozen crust of hummocking summ fallow and stubble fields. No living thin moved; and he saw only the domino trac of jack rabbits, the sidling wells of a trottin coyote's trail, the exquisitely stamped trac of prairie chicken. He looked out over th prairie again.

All kinds of people had died. They we dead and they were gone. The swarming hu of telephone wires came to him, barely pe ceptible in the stillness, hardly a sound hea so much as a pulsing of power felt. He looke up at rime-white wires, following them fro pole to pole to the prairie's rim. From ea person stretched back a long line—hundre and hundreds of years—each person stu up.

It had something to do with dying; it h something to do with being born. Lovi something and being hungry were with too. He knew that much now.

As he turned back toward the town he s the moon pale in the afternoon sky, a gr ghost half dissolved. And the town was dim gray and low upon the horizon, it lay, r real, swathed in bodiless mist—quite sunl in the rest of the dazzling prairie.

Someday, he thought, perhaps when was older he would know; he would find c completely and for good. He would be sat fied.

"He's been grounded—for flying in windows!"

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Your baby's "flower-petal" skin really is very fragile. It's *actually thinner* than an adult's you know, and your care of it is very important to your baby's comfort.

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Trade Mark

By Ruth Mills League

PHOTOS BY STUART

It really isn't up to you entirely to make a Saturday after-ski brunch a success. The weather will bring its own exhilaration. The gang can be depended upon for appreciative appetites in large sizes. All you have to do is fast footwork the day before, sleight of hand after play, and follow the rules. For once, your sporty friends will eat with more than just the gusto resulting from the exercise—it might be with a gourmet's delight.

Conversation Piece

PICK a fine Saturday in February when there's snow for skiing or ice for skating or perfect weather for a good long hike. Get your crowd together in the morning, have a lot of fine healthful exercise and then let everyone bring his fine healthy appetite to your house for brunch. Success? Of course, you can't miss, but let's not take advantage of the situation. Anything that called itself food would get by—that we know—but we want our food to be wolfed ecstatically, not just plain wolfed.

The menu must be planned carefully, for you're not going to stay in the kitchen whipping up delicious food while the others are joyously whipping up appetites. You'll be in on the fun; so—the same old day-before business I'm always talking about is scheduled. We'll have the stage set so that (Continued on Page 138)

You can begin with a hot drink—we like cherry punch. But you will finish up with icy-cold fruit—peaches and strawberries mounded high and just unfrozen are wonderful. You can use other kinds, naturally, but the fresh thaw adds a fillip. And you can have cookies, too—check your own favorite recipe for sweet-tooth filling—but there isn't any crying need for them—the fruit will be enough. We all know about the sugar shortage.

Take one part highly seasoned cheese sauce, one part spaghetti and roll in ham (or bologna or bacon) and you've got the pièce de résistance for the meal. Flanked with egg croquettes amandine (a dish you'll put in the place of honor for future meals) and tossed green salad, the meal hits a high spot for week-end treats. Guests, serving themselves, come back for seconds all around—and some of them, probably, even for thirds.

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Ask for Wallace Sterling Silver

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CHOICE YOU [illegible] CE FOR A LIFETIME...THAT'S WHEN NOTHING LESS THAN THE FINEST WILL SATISFY

(Continued from Page 136)

even without a helper in the kitchen a little last-minute sleight of hand from you will do the trick—and a mighty neat trick it will be.

A hot drink should come first. I'll give you a recipe for hot cherry punch, and with it there will be an appetizer loaf served with crisp wafers and a fine bunch of water cress, if your grocer can supply it. Bowls of nuts and olives will complete the hors d'oeuvres. The main dish will be ham-and-spaghetti rolls, which have the twin virtues of being a gourmet dish and requiring the minimum of meat. Instead of the thin slice of cold boiled ham needed for each roll, strips of bacon or thin slices of pressed ham or bologna could be substituted. For the other hot dish, egg croquettes amandine, which could take first place on any menu and hold it with honor. A bowl of fine salad greens tossed with French dressing and a stack of crisp toast sticks, and next comes dessert.

Fruit should be the finale. For one thing, this is brunch; for another, our menu calls for a light, refreshing dessert. A platter or bowl of peaches and strawberries—icy cold, of course—will be perfect. The fruit can be fresh, frozen or canned, and with it you might serve some tiny icebox cookies.

Now we're ready for recipes. We'll plan for ten hungry people, and you can decrease or increase quantities depending on the size of your crowd.

HOT CHERRY PUNCH

Boil for ½ hour, covered, 1 cup water, 10 whole cloves, 3 inches cinnamon bark and 3 inches vanilla bean. Strain and add juice of 1 lemon, juice of 1 lime, 1 can of unsweeded cherries, black or red, and 1 sliced orange, skin and pulp. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Let stand overnight, then strain. Just before serving bring this mixture to the boiling point, add 2 quarts ginger ale, heat until steaming hot and serve, either in a punch bowl or a large pitcher. (Dubonnet can be added if you like.) This is a very light punch and not too sweet.

APPETIZER LOAF

Use 1 pound cottage or cream cheese as the basic ingredient for this loaf. If cottage cheese is used, wrap it in several thicknesses of white cloth and remove as much moisture as possible by wringing and pressing.

To the cheese add 5 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 4 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 4 stuffed olives, chopped, 6 large ripe olives, chopped, 5 tablespoons minced sweet pickle, 2 tablespoons chopped sour pickle, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 10 tablespoons fine cracker crumbs and 5 tablespoons mayonnaise. Stir until thoroughly mixed, form into a long-shaped loaf and wrap in heavy wax paper. Store in the refrigerator overnight.

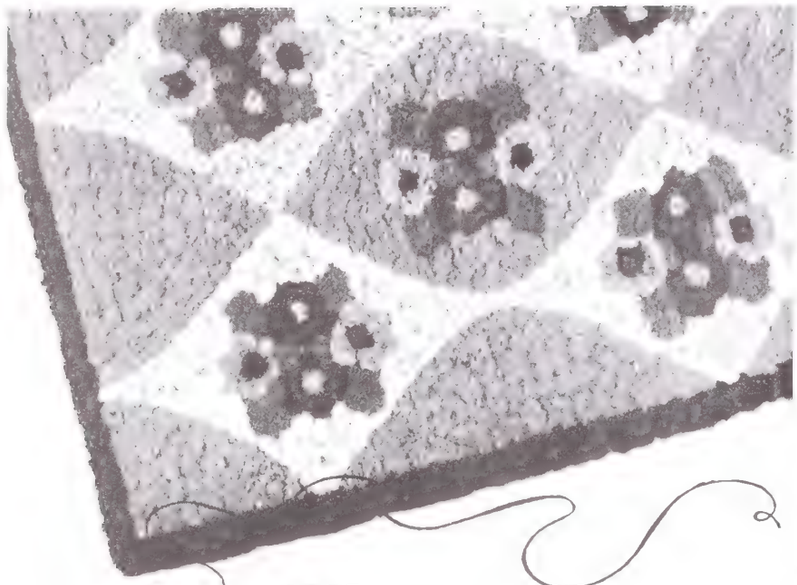
To serve, turn the loaf out on an hors-d'oeuvre tray, garnish with strips of pimiento and heap a nice fresh bunch of water cress beside the loaf. The loaf can be made with a strong snappy cheese as the base, and very good it is, but not for this meal.

HAM-AND-SPAGHETTI ROLLS

This recipe will make twenty rolls, and you'll need a thin square or oblong slice of boiled ham for each roll.

To make the sauce, melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, add 4½ tablespoons flour and stir until smooth. Add slowly, stirring constantly, 2 cups hot milk and 1 pound good strong cheese cut or broken into pieces. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 3½ tablespoons horse-radish, 1½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chili sauce, ½ teaspoon powdered thyme and ½ teaspoon dry sweet basil. Cook in top of double boiler until cheese is melted and sauce is thick and smooth. Stir often, but not constantly. Try it on direct heat, and if the sauce bubbles up at once it is done. Taste for seasoning and add a little more of this or that if you like. Not too much, though, for this is pretty sharp as is.

While the sauce cooks, bring a large pan of salted water to a rolling boil, add 1¼ pounds fine, unbroken spaghetti and boil until tender but *not* mushy. Timing is important, but I hesitate to say



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tly how many minutes it must cook. lve minutes should do it, but I've had ok some spaghetti fifteen. Taste test cooking when the strands are still g enough to be a little chewy. Drain ce and rinse with cold water. Put the hetti in a bowl, pour in the sauce and the two by lifting the spaghetti with spoons until the strands are coated cheese sauce. Set the bowl in a pan of water, roll up your sleeves and go to . Have a towel handy, and a pan of n water. This is sticky business, and e it might be done with spoons and s I wouldn't think of trying it.

ace a slice of ham on a mixing board, ut some strands of spaghetti and place n across the middle of the slice, letting n extend beyond the ham about an on either side. Be sure that at least t of the strands are looped at the ends. o this up until you have a sizable stack paghetti, then carefully fold the ends he ham around it and secure with hpicks. Thus you have a roll of ham strands of spaghetti sticking out of end. Clear? If the spaghetti becomes cool to handle successfully, pour boil- water into the pan under the bowl. e the finished rolls on a heavily greased y sheet, brush the ham with melted er or margarine and set in a cool place. the last minute, heat the rolls in a F. oven until piping hot, remove hpicks and serve. Make them the day re, if it suits your convenience.

G CROQUETTES AMANDINE

ake a heavy cream sauce of 5 table- ns butter or margarine, 9 tablespoons and 2½ cups k, using same hod as in cheese e for ham rolls. sauce will be very k and must be ed constantly un- t boils. Season h 2 envelopes cken-bouillon der, a little cay- e pepper and ½ poon salt. Hard- k 14 eggs, chop me- n fine and add n to the sauce, ring until thor- hly blended. Taste seasoning and add e salt if needed, don't be heavy- ded with the salt. croquettes should pply a bland ntrast to the rply seasoned a rolls. Make this ture the day before, because it must be y cold before it can be molded. lanch and sliver, the long way, ½ nd almonds and let them dry. ow to molding the croquettes, another ssy but not difficult job. Have ready almond slivers, a pan of soft white ad crumbs—don't use the crusts for se—and a pan of toasted bread crumbs, de by drying bread scraps and crusts in ot oven before they are ground. With a k beat 2 eggs to which 2 tablespoons er have been added.

Mold the croquettes into whatever pe you like. Cones are a little fussier to ke, but I think they look pretty. Take a all handful of egg mixture, shape it, l it in the soft white bread crumbs and it aside. Repeat until mixture is gone; l don't wash off your hands as you go ng, or you'll waste too much egg. Some the bread crumbs will stick to your gers and get mixed with the egg stuff, t that's okay. When you're finished with s step and your hands are dry you can ape the croquettes more perfectly. Next dip each croquette in raw egg, let it ain a bit, and roll it in almond slivers. re again I don't advise washing off hands you progress: too many almond slivers uld go down the drain. Now roll each oquette in the toasted bread crumbs. this time they are well coated and more anageable and you can put the final uches on the shapes. Set them in a cool ace until you are ready for frying.

Use plenty of fat for French frying, and very sure it is hot enough or your cro- uettes will go to pieces. Try the tempera- re with a little piece of bread. If im- ediately the bread begins to bubble hard d change color, you're ready. Cro- uettes can be fried ahead of time, allowed to cool off, and reheated just before serving. Or they can be fried ahead of time and kept hot for hours on an electric hot plate or in a barely turned on oven. Or, of course, they can be fried at the last minute. But whatever method you use, I think egg croquettes amandine will be part of your repertoire from here in. That soft creamy egg center with its crust of almonds and crumbs is hard to beat.

SALAD

Since this is the classic green salad, there's nothing much I need say. Just use the finest greens you can lay hand to, the more variety the better, and use the best oil and vinegar available for your dressing. If good olive oil isn't to be had—I've been able to get some lately, which encourages me—use my jar French dressing. Rub the salad bowl well with garlic and have the greens washed, wrapped in a wet towel and waiting in the refrigerator for last-minute tossing.

TOAST STICKS

Cut bread into thick slices, remove crusts and cut each slice into three strips. Toast on all sides, spread with butter or margarine and dry thoroughly in a low oven—about 250° F. Reheat at last minute.

COMPOTE OF PEACHES AND STRAWBERRIES

There's no trick to this except that the fruit must be attractively arranged and icy cold. If you use frozen fruit, set it to thaw just before you start out on your skiing, or whatever, expedition. Frozen fruit is best if it's a little bit icy when served. Pile the peaches in the center of your serving dish and make a border of the strawberries. I've found that *crème de cacao* has an affinity for peaches—why, I don't know, for they would seem to be strange companions. But if you like you might pour a few spoonfuls of *crème de cacao* over the peaches just before serving.

> The thing most equitably distributed in all the world is common sense. No man will admit needing more than he already has.
>
> —DESCARTES: Discourse on Method.

At one of those bluestocking salons where brilliant men and women used to forgather and engage in sparkling conversation, pitting their wits against one another, a lady, hoping to stump Sheridan, a famous wit, asked him a poser:

"Mr. Sheridan, as you seem to know everything, tell me what is the real, essential difference between a man and a woman."

Thinking deeply for a moment, Sheridan replied: "Madam, I cannot conceive."

There you are, except for the cookies, and that I'm leaving to you. Almost everyone has a favorite cooky recipe. Also, we each know how acute our sugar shortage happens to be at the moment. We don't *need* cookies with this menu, but they'd be a pleasant addition.

Service. Set the food out attractively on your dining table, buffet or whatever, and let everyone serve himself. It's more fun for this kind of party and it's easy on the hostess. The problem here is not *how* the food is to be served, but having it ready to eat in what seems to be the twinkling of an eye.

With a helper in the kitchen even that is no problem, but if you're swinging this alone you must do some careful planning. You don't want to seem flustered or hurried, and you needn't if plans are complete and you stick to them. The other girls will use a lot of time, what with make-up, perhaps clothes-changing and certainly talk. Fine. You can be quick about that and have some precious minutes in the kitchen by yourself. By the time the punch is hot and in the living room with the hors d'oeuvres, you should have everything under control.

Now just a word about the hot food and I'll stop. The croquettes could be fried at the last minute while the ham rolls are heating. Or both could be finished and kept hot in a warming oven or on electric hot plates while you're away. Or, if you have neither warming oven nor electric hot plate and still want the last-minute cooking out of the way, try this. Fry the croquettes and leave them in a *barely* turned on oven. Cover the ham rolls and let them stand in the same oven. Just before serving, remove the croquettes and broil the ham rolls for a very few minutes -long enough to brown them a bit but not dry them out.

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even if the lid-lock is unhooked, this cover can't come off while pressure's on. Vegetables pressure-cooked in a Wear-Ever stay dewy fresh; meat comes out temptingly tender! Reaches temperature *fast*, then cooks, f'r'instance, *peas in 15 seconds*, fried chicken in 14 minutes!

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NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Helen Train Hilles

Helen Train Hilles, author of *To the Queen's Taste* and *Young Food*, has a nice respect for leftovers. Mrs. Hilles says, "I have always been annoyed at reading sets of menus, presumably following each other in the same household, that took no apparent note of the fact that you had roast duck the night before."

HERE are a week's menus in the life of a family consisting of a couple with two children of primary-school age. In this series I have tried to anticipate what might be left over; but the undeniable fact is that, no matter how you plan, no one can tell if there will be cold broccoli in the ice-box—or if there will not!

First Day

Situation: You have promised to work in a local drive from noon until relieved by the late-afternoon shift. You are not at all sure when that will be, as you know the late-afternoon shift and she is addicted to sudden colds in the head or forgotten dentist appointments. The laundress will cover the children and the telephone as she irons, if you are late. Your husband doesn't know when he'll be home, as he has a six-o'clock conference with a man who is never hungry until nine P.M.

Breakfast

Baked Apple
Oatmeal Gruel
Bacon Toasted Rusk
Coffee *or* Milk

Children's Lunch Basket

Vacuum Bottle of Milk
Peanut-Butter-and-Bacon Sandwiches
Bundle of Celery Hearts
*Cupcake Jam Sandwiches

CUPCAKE JAM SANDWICH

Take a plain cupcake, slice through center, spread with jam or jelly, and put together again. If cake is slightly stale, slice twice through center. It will be more moist.

Explanation: You pack the children's lunch while they are eating breakfast, using the extra bacon you cooked on purpose. You make the chowder in the morning, dressing while it cooks.

There is nothing left to do except reheat the chowder and fry the diced salt pork at the last minute.

Dinner

Large Casserole of Fish Chowder*
Pilot Biscuit
Wooden Salad Bowl of Shiny Red Apples
Cheese Coffee

FISH CHOWDER

Follow any recipe for New England fish chowder, and save a few crisp dice of salt pork to serve on top.

Result: The afternoon shift arrived on schedule, and you are home before the laundress is finished. You give the children supper early, and have time for a long, luxurious bath. The chowder casserole heats in a slow oven. When your husband finally shows up you have a relaxed meal on the card table in the living room. Neither of you says so, but it is a pleasant contrast to dinner with the children, which is sometimes a strain.

Carry-over: Some chowder; an apple or two; a piece of slightly crumbly cheese; about ⅓ pound of salt pork.

Second Day

Situation: The children have been off eggs, your son declaring they look naked, and your daughter, too suggestible for her own good, immediately agreeing with him. You plan to stay home today, as you have set yourself the task of going over the family wardrobe with a fine-tooth comb, and of undoing the boxes which have lingered on the top shelves and of whose contents you are no longer quite clear. You have time, in between, for cooking, but you want to be free tomorrow. The children are to eat with you both nights.

Breakfast

Half Grapefruit
Corn Flakes
*Oeufs en Cocotte Strips of Toast
Coffee *or* Milk

OEUFS EN COCOTTE

The advantage to this, besides the fact that it is good, is that you can cook any number of eggs to individual taste with almost no trouble. Take individual custard cups, place a spoonful of cream or a little butter or margarine in the bottom, slip in

gg, add salt, [illegible]
n or butter or margarine. Put cups in
n of hot water over direct heat, or
e oven, and cook till [illegible]
ed firmness.

Children's Lunch Basket

*Cream of Chowder
Chopped-Lettuce [illegible]
Bundle of Carrot Strips
Handful of Dried [illegible]

CREAM OF CHOWDER

e remains of the [illegible]
ugh a sieve. Add [illegible]
lt to make into a thin cream soup,
ng additional salt and pepper. For a
e meal, serve [illegible]
eed parsley or chives on top.

lanation: [illegible]
ng the [illegible]
e firm. During [illegible]
[illegible]
em from the stepladder. When you
hrough with tonight's chicken, you pre-
[illegible]
whole and set [illegible]

Family Dinner

Jellied Mushrooms
*Breast of Chicken and Noodles
and Chicken-Liver Pâté
*French Carrots Soft Rolls
*Peach Soufflé
Coffee Milk

ICKEN WITH NOODLES AND CHICKEN-LIVER PÂTE

e breasts of hot roast chickens on a
ter with little piles of buttered bread
nbs, and follow with a platter of noo-
with chicken-liver pâté melting in
e pools at intervals. The pâté is made
king the chicken livers, sautéing them
t. Then rub them through a [illegible]
salt, black pepper and onion juice to
, and work in as much [illegible]
garine as they will absorb. Then set
to harden.

FRENCH CARROTS

carrots any shape you like. Place in a
ll amount of water. Add pepper, salt
a little sugar and butter or margarine.
e pan uncovered and cook till carrots
ender and water has evaporated. Serve
their juice and [illegible]

PEACH SOUFFLE

e canned peaches and place in the bot-
of a lightly greased baking dish.
nkle with a little sugar and put in the
to get warm. While the fruit is heat-
beat 5 egg yolks with 4 tablespoons
gar. Beat 4 egg whites [illegible]
in lightly. Pour soufflé mixture on
of the peaches and bake in a moderate
for about ten minutes. Serve at once.

ult: Your son, who [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
too. During the day you answered a
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Save Sugar!

Luscious Fruit Bars

NEW, QUICK, EASY!

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√ All mixing done in one saucepan!
√ A handle to grasp as you beat!

GOLDEN FRUIT BARS

Luscious, fruity . . . stay fresh for days!

½ cup shortening • ¼ cup sifted flour
½ tsp. baking soda • ½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg • ¼ tsp. cloves
½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses
2 eggs, unbeaten • 1 cup nuts, chopped
1 cup raisins, chopped

No creaming of shortening. Melt it in 3- or 4-quart saucepan over very low heat. Remove from heat; cool. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices.

No beating of eggs. Just add the molasses and unbeaten eggs to the cooled shortening and mix until well blended. Add the sifted dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Lastly, stir in the chopped nuts and raisins. Bake in a greased and floured 10" x 6" x 1" pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes or until done. When cool, cut into 1" x 3" bars. Makes about 20 bars.

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eggplant, which the children say tastes "thick." You bought a small one and let the soup serve for their vegetable instead.

Dinner

Whole-Onion Soup Parmesan Toast
Eggs Scrambled with Browned Chipped Beef
Crisp Fried Eggplant Rounds
Blancmange
Jelly Roll
Coffee

WHOLE-ONION SOUP

This is more of a technique than a recipe. Take some good soup stock that has been skimmed of all grease, and pour it, boiling, over a whole Bermuda onion that has been put in an individual clay soup pot. Put the pots in a slow oven, and bake slowly till the onion is tender but has not gone to pieces. Serve the pots covered with their own covers (as they should have been all along) and pass cubes of thick dry toast that have been sprinkled with Parmesan cheese and toasted under the broiler.

Lunch result: The years have dealt lightly with your friend, who is unmarried, and you begin to feel a little middle-aged. She admires the house, but would never have noticed any dust, and has an excellent appetite, remarking that she never knows what she eats. However, she is very stimulating and knows a lot about world affairs. You ponder taking a refresher course in your favorite college subject.

Dinner result: The children like eggplant, if French-fried, which is usually forbidden, and there isn't enough.

Carry-over: Grapes; celery; ⅓ pound of salt pork; parsley; ⅔ loaf of white bread.

Fifth Day

Situation: It is Friday, and you have let yourself in for twenty people for buffet supper tomorrow. As you owed everyone in town, or so it seemed, you took the plunge earlier in the week and didn't think much about it till the phone rang before breakfast. It was the maid you had secured to help, and she had turned her ankle. The doctor said to stay off it a few days.

Breakfast

Orange-and-Grapefruit Juice
French Toast, Maple Sirup
Coffee *or* Milk

Children's Lunch Basket

Canned Cream of Asparagus
Crisp Crackers
Unpeeled Hard-Cooked Eggs
Buttered Hard Poppy-Seed Rolls
Grapes

Explanation: You are in for it now, and you market for both days. Then you mull over tomorrow while you do today's work, and leave word for your laundress, who washes for someone else on Saturdays, to call you as soon as she gets there. (She has no telephone and you don't know where she works on Fridays.) You bought six rolls for dinner last night and forgot to serve them, so they turn up in the lunch basket.

Dinner

*Cauliflower with Shrimp Sauce
Frozen Peas
Toasted Poppy-Seed Rolls
Applesauce *(bought)*
Gingersnaps *(bought)*
Coffee Milk

CAULIFLOWER WITH SHRIMP SAUCE

Cook a cauliflower till done, but firm enough so it stays whole. Make 2 cups of well-seasoned white sauce, using half and half milk and either chicken broth, shrimp liquor or cauliflower liquor. Add either fresh or canned shrimp, in the amount you can afford. Put cauliflower on a serving dish, and pour over it the shrimp and white sauce.

Result: You know shellfish isn't supposed to be the thing for the children, but it has never disagreed with them, and certainly tonight's dinner was easy to cook. You got everything pretty well planned for tomorrow, attempting no more than you could do alone, though you pray the laundress will call up. Your mother-in-law has offered to take the children for supper, which is a help. (Of course on Saturdays they are home all day.)

Carry-over: Celery; ⅓ pound of salt pork; parsley; ½ loaf of white bread.

Sixth Day

Situation: You are up early and have already made a row of long-stemmed glasses of dessert, when the laundress calls up and says she will come and help when she has finished her day's work. She is nice-appearing, and will fit into the black dress. The children are each going to another child's house to play this morning, but they have not been asked to stay for lunch.

Breakfast

Grapefruit Juice
Scrambled Eggs with Fried Salt Pork
Toast Points
*Coffee-Milk for the Children
(Because you are going to neglect them)
Coffee for You

Coffee-Milk

Stir a couple of teaspoons of the breakfast coffee into the children's milk—just enough to flavor it. Sweeten to taste.

Children's Lunch
(served from the kitchen)

Meat Balls Baked Potatoes
Coleslaw
Chocolate Dessert
Milk

Explanation: You do almost everything in the morning, timing the meat balls and baked potatoes so you have a ready-made lunch for the children. (You reserve two of the oddest-shaped dessert glasses for them.) The casseroles are ready to heat in the oven, and for last-minute chores there are only the buttering of the rolls and the making of the appetizers that require bread. You are satisfied with your menu, for you know that good simple food can be more epicurean than fancy.

Buffet-Supper Menu

Appetizers
(To be served in the living room with any beverage you like)
*Cottage-Cheese Finger Bowl
with Fingers of Norwegian Bread
Green-Pepper Appetizers
Tiny Virginia-Ham Sandwiches
on Rye
Celery
(Served from dining-room buffet table)
*Casseroles of Herb Meat Balls
*Special Hashed Cream Potatoes
Vegetable-Salad Bowl
Buttered Rolls
*Chocolate Dessert
Bowl of Cut-up Fruit
Demitasse

COTTAGE-CHEESE FINGER BOWL

Take contents of a carton of cottage cheese and stir into it 2 or 3 tablespoons of canned tomatoes, draining the tomatoes of juice or the mixture will be too runny. Now stir in ½ small onion, grated, salt and black pepper to taste, a couple of tablespoons of sour cream. Put mixture in a finger bowl (this amount will just about fill it) and wreathe the edge of it with small bits of parsley.

CASSEROLE OF HERB MEAT BALLS
(For twenty)

Have 5 pounds of meat (pork, beef and veal) put through the grinder twice. Soak ½ loaf white bread without crusts in 2 cups milk. Mix with the meat, add 1 tablespoon mixed dry herbs, salt and pepper to taste, and 2 beaten eggs. Form into meat balls the size of large marbles, and brown

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a few at a time in fat in a heavy frying pan. As they brown, transfer them, a layer at a time, to a casserole. Sprinkle each layer with flour, and pour on stock, using in all 4 or 5 cups of stock. When the casserole is full, swish out the frying pan with some stock, and add to the casserole. Simmer slowly in the oven one to two hours.

HASHED CREAM POTATOES

Take a medium-sized baking potato per person and bake till three quarters done. Put aside till needed. When ready to make dish, peel potatoes and cut into as small dice as you can without using grinder. Place dice in casserole and add enough plain cream so mixture is a little runny. Also stir in about a teaspoon of meat paste and salt and black pepper. Place in oven long enough to cook the potatoes, but not long enough for them to mush—you will have to test. The dish should come out looking like creamy rice pudding. Sprinkle top with a little nutmeg and serve. (This can be done in a double boiler just as well.)

CHOCOLATE DESSERT

Melt 1 square of unsweetened, bittersweet or sweet chocolate per person in a small saucepan, adding enough sugar, depending on the chocolate, and stir till smooth. (You may have to add a few drops of water.) Remove from range and stir in thoroughly 1 egg yolk per person. Then fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white per person. Spoon into sherbet glasses and let cool in icebox.

Result: The laundress came early and not only helped set the table, but polished the tines of some of the forks. You were tired, but had a feeling of accomplishment as you put the casseroles in the oven and left her to butter the rolls. The guests were impressed by your initiative in having a party, all of them evidently being under the impression that they, too, owed everyone in sight. (You begin to have a pleasant vista of parties ahead, all cooked by other hostesses.) The casseroles were bubbling when brought to the table, and stayed hot under their covers for second helpings. Everyone stayed late, but you don't mind, because that proves the party was a success. This bolstered you up no end as you cleared up the living room and eyed the food that was left.

Carry-over: Most of the cut-up fruit; some white bread; some rye bread; some Norwegian bread; 5 buttered rolls; a few slices of Virginia ham; a cup or two of hashed potatoes; ½ green pepper; celery; a few meat balls; some gravy; sour cream.

Seventh Day

Situation: Despite the fact that it is Sunday and you went to bed at two, you wake early, in an exhilarated mood. Your husband is still asleep. You had bought nothing for today except spinach and string beans, to make sure of the children's vegetable. You needn't have.

Breakfast for You and the Children

Cut-up Fruit
Hashed-Potato Eggs
Hot Buttered Rolls
Coffee *or* Milk

Your Husband's Breakfast

Fruit Juice Black Coffee

Family Lunch

*Meat-Ball Hash
*Spinach with Sour Cream and Onion
Norwegian Bread
Prune Whip
Coffee Milk

MEAT-BALL HASH

Mash remaining meat balls till smooth, adding enough gravy to make the right consistency. Cook like any hash.

SPINACH WITH SOUR CREAM AND ONION

To finely puréed hot spinach add a small grated raw onion and some sour cream—not enough to make it runny.

Explanation: You decided to start right in with the carry-over and give yourself and the children an unexpected breakfast. Then you take them out with you and when you come in you bring your husband his breakfast on a tray. (This disposes of the excess juice from the cut-up fruit.) After yesterday's cooking, four people don't seem very many and you wonder whether you couldn't get along without the part-time maid who is coming to you next week. You decide against this.

Family Supper

*Ham-and-Celery Casserole
Whole String Beans Scalloped Tomatoes
Breadbasket of Assorted Bread
Vanilla Ice Cream *(from the drugstore)*
Chocolate Shavings on Top
Coffee Milk

HAM-AND-CELERY CASSEROLE

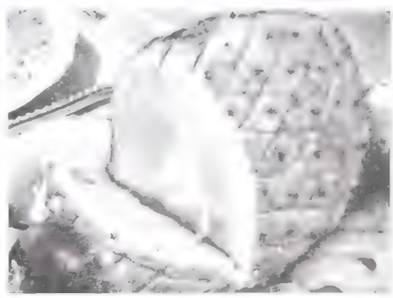
Cook diced celery in a small amount of chicken broth, or water to which a couple of chicken-bouillon cubes have been added. Season with pepper but no salt. Make a white sauce, using half and half milk and chicken-celery stock. Pour the celery and white sauce into casserole. Stir in a few tablespoons of ground Virginia ham (depending on the amount you have) and reheat if necessary. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve in the casserole.

"Nothing, thank you—I'm just looking!"

Result: You have made great inroads on the carry-over, have plans for the rest. The breads will lend variety to school lunches, and you have most of the ingredients to try out both the green pepper and cottage cheese on the children. For a wonder, you have added only one leftover (egg yolks from the prune whip) with which you will thicken the soup tomorrow. The party was well worth while. Your husband had remarked innocently, "Why don't we do this more often?" You did not make the remark you would have liked to at the time, and can now contemplate entertaining again—but not too soon.

French's

baked in



U-m-m-m!

Ham with that French's Flavor!

Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325° F.) allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10- to 12-lb. ham.

Now take ham out, remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablesp. French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablesp. flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.

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LD YOU VOTE FOR A WOMAN PRESIDENT?

(Continued from Page 10)

n't think this country's destiny ive been much different under a ial system. Maybe I'm not a very t person, but I fail to find much e between men and women. My sually quicker to spot a bad male the road, and I am usually quicker ne bad female drivers. That's about nk Tolstoi summed it up very well said that the only difference he between the sexes was that a man be a wet nurse. Doctors say that a who has given birth to three or more and has successfully passed her ise is immune to practically every lisease and will die of nothing but —that is to say, sheer desiccation. ot so fortunate, no matter how many he may have fathered. (Note the sident and Mrs. Roosevelt.)

as soon vote nan for Presi- for a man. not the trou- ie trouble is hundred and illion people so little presi- timber of r sex. That's tional tragedy. up the right . and she'll y support." JY ENDORE.

ould not vote man for Presi- f the United Women have reached the equality with administrative which would em the back- necessary for . The largest of successful are found in ich were once d to the home re now per- d outside— , education, r decoration, o on. The department- esident, polit- der or diplo- still the excep- ther than the When women accepted in atter jobs so of-factly that vill no longer news value attached to their succes- those jobs, they will have acquired ckground necessary for the job of President. I do not think that time ved yet." —HELEN JEPSON.

not for or against a woman for Presi- I see no biological infirmities which prevent a woman's functioning in that

ond that the question is only you eat a horse with no horse. I could and name many women who could ast as healthy and adequate a job in ite House as did Coolidge, Harding ver. I can think of no male or female uld have matched F.D.R., for ex- Of course women who might fill the President would have tough going to nomination." —MORRIS ERNST.

uld I vote for a woman for President nited States? Why not? Some of our e members of Congress have proved ey are more capable of manning the state than some of our congressmen. this country comes under the head of siness, there are many women with more business acumen than many of our misrepresentatives. Most women do not play politics, or at least the kind of politics played by our males; at present there are few, if any, female cogs in any of our corrupt political machines. Of course there may be corrupt women in politics, and on the fringe, but to date they haven't been in a position to prove it. Unfortunately, there have been males who left little doubt.

"So I'll answer your question by saying that I would vote for a woman for President if I thought she possessed the necessary qualifications, but I doubt if one will ever run. In the first place, if a woman threw her hat into the ring nobody would know what it was. And in the second place, where will you find a woman who will admit being over thirty-five years old?"

—"SENATOR" FORD.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Dead

Written in a German prison camp in the spring of 1945

BY R. J. CROT

The dead are silent. Passionless and still
They lie in dreamless slumber, robed in peace.
They will not stir though raging armies fill
The air with frightful clamor. The sweet release
Of death has soothed their anguish. They have found
Within that timeless land the secrets men
Have sought since time began. They are not bound
By fetters forged of race or creed . . . and when
The frantic living join the quiet dead
We, too, shall learn that in that gentle dust
All flesh is kin; within that narrow bed
There is no room for hate or fear or lust. . . .

The living plague the gods with selfish cries:
The dead are silent—the dead are wise!

★ ★

● "Don't you think we'll need a man for a change?"

VINTON FREEDLEY.

● "A female President in the White House would certainly add a fresh, vital and much-needed touch to our national affairs. Great women in history, with far less opportunity than the feminine followers of today, have demonstrated as much shrewdness and ability as any of the great men.

"The male of the species has long maintained his position of dominance by reason of his superior physical strength and his greater prowess on the hunt. The average apartment kitchenette of the present day no longer depends upon some muscled male to bring in bear meat or venison from the surrounding woods. Any delicate feminine thing, with a good secretarial job, can fetch home hard-to-get bacon with as little difficulty as any businessman. Since lady wrestlers have entered the field, the mighty male has been pushed off his last pedestal of dominance.

"Our next woman President will have to make more mistakes than Peck's Bad Boy to keep up with some of her male predecessors. Personally, as well as women's famed intuition, I think a well-turned ankle and a few lacy edges would humanize the habitual grimness of the White House and our national affairs." —FRANK C. HIBBEN.

● "Yes, I would. A woman, I think, would be more concerned with what will happen to the next generation rather than expedient, dead-end action lasting only for a day."

—MRS. NORMAN DER. WHITEHOUSE, *President, Women's Action Committee for Lasting Peace.*

● "When John Knox fulminated against 'the monstrous regiment (rule) of women' he started something that has come rolling down the ages, gathering masculine moss as it went. (At that, I would rather vote for Queen Elizabeth than the Reverend John!) Too many of us males cherish the unconfessed and uncomfortable suspicion that if allowed an even chance, the female of

When baby cries because of "Childhood Constipation"

...give **Fletcher's Castoria!**

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your usually-happy baby frets and cries...when he's upset merely because of "Childhood Constipation"...it's time to do the wise thing:

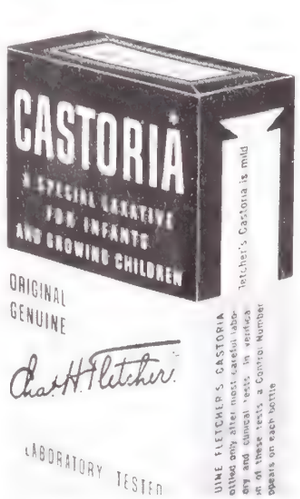
Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Why it's right for children

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle. Caution: Use only as directed.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug store today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.*



Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The original and genuine

the species might do better at the job than we have done—just take a look at the world!—and so fear to risk our superiority complex.

"As for the presidency, is there anyone outside the intellectual Black Belt who would not feel safer with the late Jane Addams in the White House than the unfortunately extant Theodore Bilbo? Or with Eleanor Roosevelt than Pappy O'Daniel?

"And why not broaden the field? If there were a woman or two on the U. S. Supreme Court bench, would the nation have been treated to any less seemly an exhibition of hair pulling and toga snatching than the recent lamentable spectacle?

"Naturally one must discriminate; there are women and women. I would hardly have voted for the late Mrs. Carrie Nation, and it would take some persuasion to secure my suffrage for Miss Mae West. But to the specific question, 'Would you vote for a woman for President of the United States?' I return another: 'Why not?'"

—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

● "Yes, I should like, sometime, to vote for a woman for President of the United States. Man is romantic; woman is realistic. She is the house cleaner, and we surely need a house cleaning in Washington on a grand scale.

"Woman has a keen political acumen. I could name some great women, past and present, who would have made great Presidents—greater than some of the men who were in that august office.

"At the City Temple, in London, I had as my colleague Dr. Maude Royden, the greatest woman preacher of my generation. She could do some things that I could not do; and handle some issues which I could hardly touch.

"More than once the wife of a President has been his wise helper, if not his savior—her intuition, her estimate of personalities saving him from blunders. Rare qualities, in either man or woman, are needed to fill the office of President; and seldom do we have anyone who really fills it."

—JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

● "A woman President? Why not? Perhaps what we need is a neighborly over-the-fence 'Good morning!' every morning, instead of just on Sundays, holidays and during a war."

—NAN MERRIMAN.

● "I am not a very good person to ask about a woman President. I am not very politically minded; and, being a dyed-in-the-wool Philadelphia Republican, every time I ask myself that question I begin to wonder whether I would vote for Mrs. Roosevelt, to which, being dyed-in-the-wool, I reply to myself that I wouldn't. It gives me a curious sort of pleasure always to vote Republican.

"It has been my belief that people aren't primarily male or female, but primarily human beings. Which means that it would be much more sensible to vote for a good woman President than a bad male President. Against that is the fact that all too many of our women politicians have merely taken over from a deceased husband or somebody, cashing in on his assets. And that, so far, we have not a great many women who have enough political training, and that a woman President would be taking more of a chance, judging by the majority of women now working at politics, than a man. But—after all this wavering ——

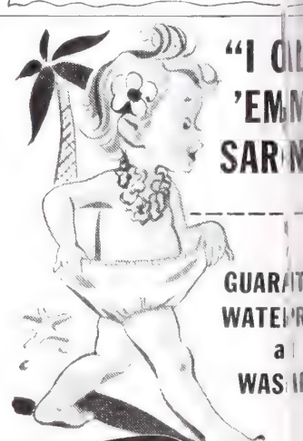
"I would vote for a woman presidential candidate if her record, and the record of her party, was better than that of her opponent. But I certainly would *not* vote for her merely to help forward the feminist cause, if she weren't as good as her opponent.

"Being a timid soul, I find myself shivering a little at the idea. So many women in charge of important affairs seem to turn matriarch; I would not like to have my country run by a lady who acted as if it were her angel child, to be adored and bossed in a personal way. I would not like to have my country run by a lady who was a politicians' figurehead.

"Oh! Oh! Mommy, us my Stork Castile

Your ... will tell ... Castile is ... irritating, ... especially to ke... ter care of bal...

MOTHER! Keep your skin ... baby's—with Stork Castile ...



"I ... 'EM ... SAR...

GUARA... WATE... a ... WAS...

Rand

BABY PANT...

Some baby pants are tighter 'n a tig... glove! But guaranteed Rand Bab... are the roomiest I've ever worn loose and comfortable as a saron... wriggle to my heart's content when I ... ing roomy, cool, ventilated Rand Bab...

Rand DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

My Mom wore Rand Dress Shields before I was born! She says they keep her dainty and fresh always!

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CASH'S 77 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Con... 6227 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles ...

E-Z UNDERWEAR

"FOR ANY CHILD OF ANY AGE"

Shopping for baby's underwear? Be sure to ask for E-Z, the name that means comfort and long wear. E-Z infant's shirts are comfortable because there's no twisting, no binding, no buttons—and they are conveniently sized according to baby's *weight*.

Send for our free booklet, "Let the Scales Help You." It offers a handy weight-size chart.

E-Z MILLS, INC.
57 Worth Street
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"On the other hand, we have had male Presidents who couldn't possibly be worse. Perhaps, in the words of the Scotch proverb, 'a change o' deils is lightsome.' A woman mightn't be better or worse, but it would be interesting to see what would happen."

—MARGARET CULKIN BANNING.

● "The question, voting for a woman for President, may be an invitation to others for a light, bright and 'entertaining' reply. But not for me. I marched in a woman-suffrage parade in Pittsburgh in 1912 (when I was night editor of the Pittsburgh Post) and suffered not only catcalls but whatever vegetable was seasonable and ripe at the moment. The experience confirmed me to the cause.

"Today I would vote for a woman for President if the woman candidate was the more capable. In this, as in other matters, I would not draw the line of race, blood, color or even sex."

—GEORGE SELDES.

● "I'm old-fashioned. I wouldn't. I would feel much too sorry for the man who, in introducing his wife to his pals, is forced to say, 'And this is my wife—the President of the United States!' And yet someday I'm sure some poor man will be doing just that."

—LAURITZ MELCHIOR.

● "To me, the question of the candidate's sex is secondary. Very seldom have we had candidates for President so equal in themselves, running on platforms and backed by parties so equally desirable, that the question of a man versus a woman should decide the issue. In practice, of course, it would. A weak man with a poor platform and a corrupt party would defeat an able woman with the best of platforms and backing hands down. Hence I should always work against a woman's nomination, for practical reasons.

"There is no denying that there are important differences in temperament between men and women. We do not know what strength and what weaknesses a woman would show in the presidency. We know only that she would be different. *All other things being equal*, I'd vote for a man against a woman, simply out of reluctance to experiment. But all other things will probably never be equal.

"A sensible opinion on the matter cannot develop until we have observed, not an occasional oddity like Ma Ferguson, but a large number of woman governors, senators, Cabinet members, and so forth. We have never yet had a stateswoman of any significance. Let one arise and real opinions will begin to form."

—OLIVER LA FARGE.

● "I would vote for a woman for President of the United States. The hand that rocks the cradle has been ruling the world since time immemorial, so why not give women a chance to do their ruling directly instead of [illegible]"

—HELEN TRAUBEL.

● "Were Eleanor Roosevelt nominated, I think I would vote for her. I believe she would make a better President than either of the men the two major parties appear at this time to be likely to nominate in 1948. I realize of course that there is no chance whatever of Mrs. Roosevelt's being nominated. Also, she recently declared in print

Love is very much like a game of cards. You know how your partner will play, and you depend upon him: but you don't know what he will play—and therein lies the whole fascination of the game. Never to be twice the same, and always to be attractive—that is the whole art of finding love and keeping it.

RICHARD KING:
[illegible] Hands.
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

© King Features [illegible]

FROM BABIES ON UP-
THE QUINTUPLETS
always used this for coughs of
CHEST COLDS

The Quintuplets have always relied on Musterole for coughs and sore throat of tight aching chest colds. Musterole *instantly* starts to bring wonderful *long-lasting* relief! It helps break up painful congestion, too. Just rub on chest, throat and back.

In 3 Strengths: Child's Mild Musterole for average baby's skin. Regular and Extra Strength Musterole are [illegible]

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Salzers 3 Big Offers!! All postpaid!

NO 1 [illegible] all for $1.00

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3 offers for $1.25 postpaid. All seeds 99% plus pure

Send for Big FREE catalog [illegible] den seeds, plants, bulbs, shrubs, trees, field seeds

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BACKACHES CAUSED BY MOTHERHOOD

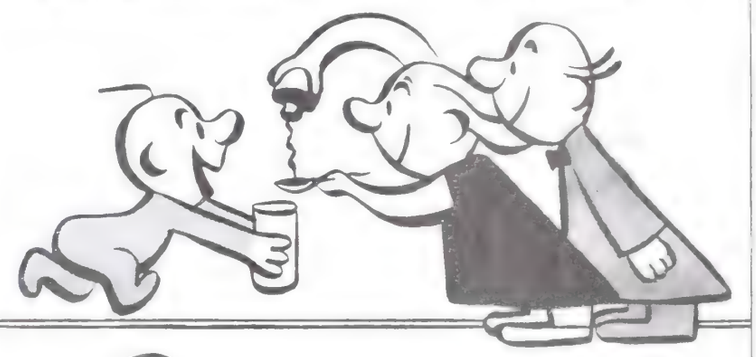
Muscles are often strained by motherhood and cause backaches for years. Allcock's Porous Plasters give prompt effective relief . . . They support the muscles, bring heat to painful spot. 25c at druggists

ALLCOCK'S Porous Plasters

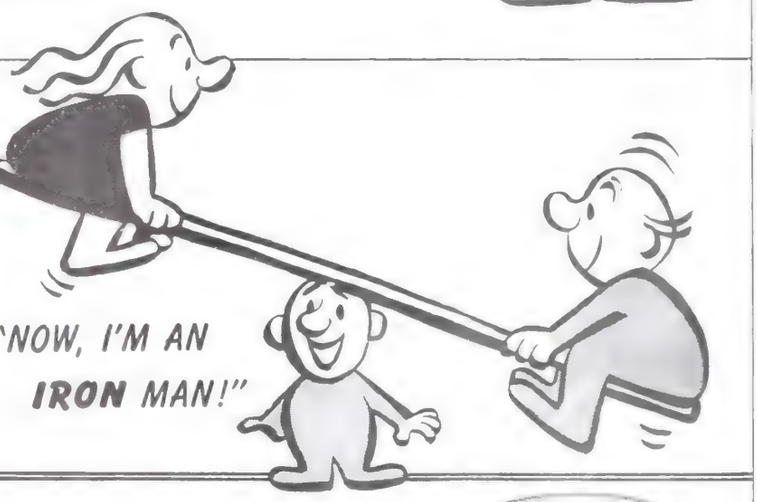
THE BOSCO KID!

"YOUR MILK, ANGEL!"

"WITH CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED BOSCO!"



"NOW, I'M AN IRON MAN!"



"BOY OH! BOY! I GET MY IRON EVERY DAY (VITAMIN D, TOO!) FROM JUST 4 TEASPOONS OF CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED BOSCO IN MY DAILY QUART OF MILK. IT'S KEEN!"

SEE HOW RICH BOSCO IS IN IRON!
The following chart shows the relative amounts of available IRON in:

Spinach
Raisins
BOSCO

Be sure your child gets his iron every day!

that she was out of politics. I am not aware of any other woman with qualifications for the presidency.

"Women are people—they are the product of their training and environment. A woman would be no more likely (all things else being equal) to bring about a series of calamities than a man of the same age. Men can be, and often are, just as silly and notional as women.

"How *could* the budget be any more upset than it is now? How *could* our affairs generally be in worse shape than they are now, in consequence of centuries of male 'statesmanship'? As for a housewife's applying household economics to the national scene, the woman who could survive the rough-and-tumble lifelong politics necessary to bring her to the attention of a political party would probably know as little about managing a household as most men in the same position." —LOUIS ADAMIC.

● "I wouldn't vote for a woman for President of the United States. To begin with, she wouldn't be elected—it takes a man to go around the country kissing babies, especially those around nineteen."

—GROUCHO MARX.

● "A candidate should be elected to office on personal qualifications and the issues involved, not on a basis of sex. I have seen many women who were well qualified to hold important executive positions. I do not anticipate the election of a woman as President at any time in the near future. There is a very definite probability that the nation will have a woman President sometime within the next 50 or 75 years."

—EUGENE TALMADGE.

● "I shall be disappointed if I leave this earth without having lived under a woman President of the United States. I have had the good luck to observe women in so many other activities—marriage, medicine, art, journalism—that I feel the presidency would be the final occupation not yet represented among women's activities. But I would feel that not only for the sake of completing my observation, but because surely women have special aptitudes for being President. As mothers, they are accustomed to looking after children. Why, then, should they not be good at looking after the citizens of a country, for the citizens are only that country's children? And as to foreign policy, women are used to having trouble from the neighbors' children, to having to pull their own kids out of a scrap, so why wouldn't they be good at handling other nations, who are simply the neighboring families of the world?

And I should like to see a lot of senators who hold dull ideas about keeping everybody in his place, including women, have to take orders from a woman. And I should like to hear a woman demanding a vast budget from Congress. Women have had budget trouble with men long enough; a woman President would be able to submit a budget without worrying about the squawks. And I should like to know what kind of hats a lady President would wear; whether she would wear a bright scarf over her hair on a windy day, and whether she would ever be found in the kitchen whipping up a batch of hot biscuits. Yu-u-m-m!"

—PAUL ENGLE.

● "In choosing the candidate for President of the United States for whom I would vote, certainly the matter of sex would not be taken into consideration. We have thousands of women in this nation who are certainly better qualified for the presidency than any male who has filled the position since 1932."

—W. LEE O'DANIEL.

Professor: "Name a great time-saver."
Student: "Love at first sight."
BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

A Baby, a Spoon and a Dish

When your doctor says, "It's time to start cereal," buy one specially made for babies. It should be suitable as a *starting* cereal as well as for use all through babyhood. Millions of mothers have raised their babies on Gerber's cereals.

Your doctor will tell you how much to serve. Measure amount right into the baby's dish. Add milk or formula, warm or cool, and mix. That's all you do—Gerber's cereals are pre-cooked, ready to serve.

Your baby gets *extra* food values from these cereals. For instance, they are rich in added iron for a very good reason. Babies are born with a store of iron which begins to run low some months after birth. This must be built up and Gerber's cereals help you do just that! All three Gerber's cereals also have vitamin B complex as a further aid to baby's well-being.

Your baby's digestive system is delicate, so the three Gerber's cereals are finely strained. They mix creamy smooth, with uniform texture for easy digestion. Millions of babies have grown to healthy boys and girls on Gerber's!

VARIETY THAT HELPS BABY'S APPETITE

Gerber's makes three different cereals: Cereal Food, Strained Oatmeal and the new Barley Cereal. Many mothers find that serving all three cereals turnabout helps baby's appetite. Be sure to get Gerber's cereals, with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the front of each box.

Gerber's Baby Foods

FREMONT, MICH.—OAKLAND, CALIF.

CEREALS STRAINED FOODS • CHOPPED FOODS

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FREE SAMPLES

My baby is now ____ months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Barley Cereal, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. 82-7, Fremont, Mich.
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Name _____

"Coming, Mother!"

"You don't have to call twice! *I* saw you makin' those keen rennet-custard desserts this mornin'—an' do I love 'em!"

Babies—children—grown-ups . . . the whole family enjoys milk that's made into delicious rennet-custards. They have all milk's food value because they aren't cooked, and the rennet enzyme makes them even easier to digest than milk itself. They're so quick and easy to make—give your youngsters *and* yourself a treat by serving rennet-custards today!

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste; or "Junket" Rennet Powder—already sweetened, in six delicious flavors. Both at all grocers. For free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets, write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 22, Little Falls, N. Y.

WORTH WAITING FOR!
"JUNKET" BRAND FOODS
Freezing Mix
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"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada

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It's an outstanding collection of moderately priced fashions and accessories for infants and children, displayed for your pleasure in a beautiful catalogue. Just write and enjoy these wonderful items for a child's wardrobe and comfort. Write today: Dept. F87

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THANX AIDS IN CORRECTION OF THUMBSUCKING AND NAILBITING
A "STILL" PRODUCT

MARY TODD BURKETT

It isn't that a scratch is dangerous—it's the dirt that might be left in the break, and that's why mothers have to know first aid.

First Aid and the Home Medicine Cabinet

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

ACCIDENTS happen in every family, but tragedies usually happen to families which are unprepared for accidents. Every year thousands of children suffer, d a few die, because their homes did not ve the equipment, or their parents the owledge and skill, to meet an emergency ness or injury.

Thus it is every mother's duty to make re that her home has a first-aid kit or medine cabinet with the right things in it, and e must also know what to do when the ild gets hurt or becomes suddenly sick. Of urse, for serious hurts and acute illnesses, r first thought is to call the doctor. But e must be prepared herself to care for minor iergencies and to give first aid when the ctor cannot come right away.

The accompanying list shows what should in the home medicine cabinet to meet the eds of the average child. Ordinarily, these ems are sufficient, if mother knows how to e them all intelligently. In many cases there may be special needs, such as drugs to relieve the seizures of a child who has asthma, so it is always a good idea to go over this list with the family doctor and make certain that it has his approval.

Minor cuts and burns are the injuries that mothers must care for most frequently. It is for these that our medicine cabinet should have bandages, gauze, cotton, adhesive, green soap, salve and an antiseptic. Scratches, for example, are dangerous only because they may be dirty. These should be washed gently but thoroughly with soap and water, then painted with an antiseptic solution. If the scratch has stopped bleeding by the time it has been cleaned, it need not always be covered with a bandage, though usually this helps to keep it clean when the child returns to play.

Deeper cuts hurt more and bleed more, but are not necessarily more serious. In fact, the bleeding itself is often protection against contaminating germs, which are washed away with the blood. Nevertheless, cuts should be cleaned by the same methods, and covered with gauze or cotton and adhesive to protect against tears while the wound is healing. The same precautions should be taken when the child skins his knees, hands or elbows on the sidewalk or some other hard, rough surface. When cinders, gravel or dirt has been ground into these sores mother must take care that the particles are washed away during the cleaning. If they are ground in deep, so that removing them is too painful, the child should be taken to the doctor.

Cuts or wounds from which blood is spurting forcibly are harder to handle. If pressure on the wound itself will not stop bleeding, the artery from which the blood is flowing must be located and the flow stopped by pressing the artery against a bone. The "pressure points," or spots at which this can easily be done, are on the inside of the upper arms and legs, and at the angles of the jaws. To prevent possible tragedies from excessive loss of blood in such cases, all mothers should study a first-aid textbook or insist on learning this simple but important technique from the doctor or his nurse.

Puncture wounds, such as occur when a child steps on a protruding nail, are potentially the most dangerous of all, because they are the most often neglected. In these cases, infectious germs may be driven in

(Continued on Page 151)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Give baby this modern skin care!

NEW LOTION PROTECTS HIM BETTER!

Irritations dropped when new Johnson's Baby Lotion was tested on thousands of infants in hospital nurseries. This entirely *different* kind of baby skin care—smooth, snow-white, antiseptic—lowered cases of diaper rash and prickly heat amazingly!

Mothers find Lotion pleasanter! "So different—so pleasant!" say mothers who have tried Johnson's Baby Lotion. You, too, will find it a delight to use—after baby's bath, at every diaper change. Leaves baby's skin soft, clean, *protected*. Start Johnson's Baby Lotion care—today!

Johnson's Baby Lotion

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Priceless

What will you take for your children?

Nothing, of course. They're priceless. And with-
in your means, there are no limits to your care
for their happy, sturdy growth and well-being.

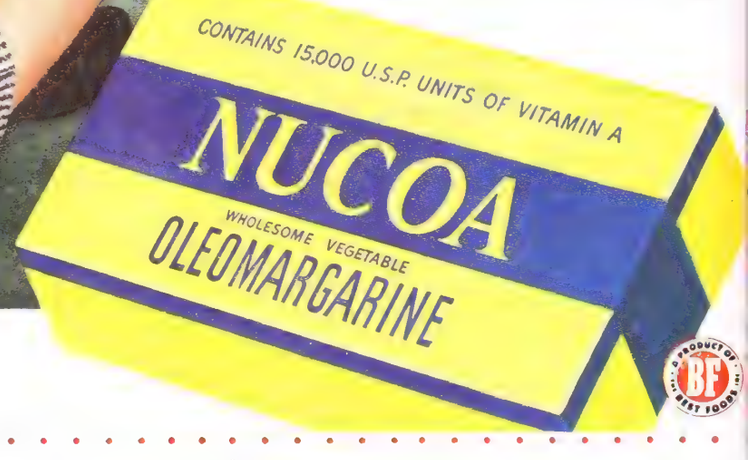
We're on your side. Because a spread for bread
is even more important in a child's diet than in
a grown-up's, we have always been mindful, in
making Nucoa, of children's nutritional needs. So
here are some of the things we do to make Nucoa
good enough for your children:

- ✓ **Maintain constant relationship with a consulting board composed of leading American nutritionists**
- ✓ **Guard Nucoa's uniformity and flavor by strict labo-ratory control.**
- ✓ **Guarantee at least 15,000 U.S.P. units Vitamin A in every delicious pound of Nucoa.**
- ✓ **Make Nucoa of pure vegetable oils churned with fresh pasteurized, cultured skim milk—products of American farms exclusively.**

No wonder Nucoa has made friends with millions
of mothers! Try it on *your* table. No other churned
spread, at any price, furnishes more food energy
or is a finer year-round source of precious, pro-
tective Vitamin A!

● **So fresh, so good, "it melts in your mouth!"**

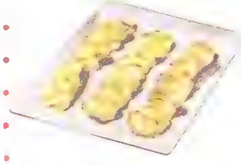
Nucoa is freshly made the year round, on order only.
There is no "storage" Nucoa! For cooking, use it as it
comes—pure white. For the table, tint it a delicate yellow
with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package.



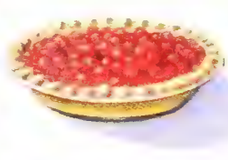
Enriches your cooking, too!

CORN CHOWDER: (1) Sauté ½ cup thinly sliced [illegible] in 4 tbsp. Nucoa until yellow. (2) Add 4 cups diced raw potato and 2 cups water, season to taste and cook 15-20 min., or until [illegible] are tender. (3) Add ¾ [illegible] pepper slivers, 1 can (2½) cream-style corn, 3 cups milk, and simmer 5 min. (4) Add 1 cup cream and 2 soda crackers crushed into crumbs. Serve very [illegible] servings.

OVEN "FRIES": (1) Peel and slice 6 potatoes in thin slices. (2) Arrange on Nucoa-d flat baking pan in rows, overlapping potato slices so that about half of each slice is exposed. (3) Brush well with ¼ cup Nucoa, melted. Bake in very hot oven (500° F.) for 15 minutes, or until potatoes are tender and have crisp edges. Season to taste. Yield: 6 servings.



NUCOA-QUICK-OATS CRUST: (1) Add 2 cups H-O Quick Oats to ⅓ cup melted Nucoa; stir well. (2) Add ¼ tsp. salt, 2 tsps. grated lemon rind, 4 tbsp. sugar. (3) Turn into well-greased pie pan; press lightly onto pan with moist fingers. (4) Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 min., or until lightly browned. (5) Cool; fill as desired. Yield: one 8- or 9-inch crust.



(Continued from Page 140)

ep, beyond the reach of any cleansing proc-
s. Yet often the wound is apparently
rmless, with only a small amount of pain
id little, if any, bleeding. The puncture
ould always be washed and covered. If it
in the bottom of the foot, as it is in so many
ses, the child should be kept off his feet un-
all soreness has disappeared. If he has not
ready had the antitetanus immunization
jections, which are now given many times
ong with diphtheria and whooping-cough
ots, the doctor should by all means be told
out the injury; he may want to give tet-
us antitoxin to play safe against this grave
fection.

Mild burns—another common childhood
jury—hurt more than they harm. Unless
e burn is severe enough to blister, or unless
covers a large area, such as the greater part
the hand, foot or forearm, mother's main
ncern can be directed at relieving pain and
oviding protection against further injury
the tender skin. Immersion of the burned
ea in lukewarm water is the best way to
ing quick relief. When painful smarting
ops, the burn can be covered with a special
lve (the doctor will recommend one for the
edicine cabinet) and then with cotton or
uze held loosely in place with adhesive. A
in paste made from baking soda and water
ll do the trick if no burn salve is available,
t neither this nor the salve should be used
r burns that blister. These should be left
ne, except for immersion in water, until
e doctor can come.

Few doctors think that the home medicine
binet should contain antidotes for poison-
g. The chance that just the right antidote
ll be at hand for the particular poison the
ild has taken is small, and there is always a
k that mother will get panicky and use
e wrong thing. Few poisons act so quickly
at mother hasn't time to call a doctor
d get specific advice.

Definitely belonging in the medicine chest,
wever, are a mild laxative (again, the
ctor's choice), aspirin to reduce fever and relieve discomfort of severe colds and infectious diseases, a gargle for sore throats, aromatic spirits of ammonia to be used sparingly if the child faints or suffers shock following an injury, and doctor-recommended cough medicine—either a sirup or lozenges. For the most part these are safe, useful remedies; but the laxative, especially, must be used only when the doctor explicitly recommends it, *and never when the child has a stomach-ache*. The possibility that an infected appendix may be ruptured through use of a laxative must never be overlooked.

Finally, a word of caution should be added about what *not* to keep in the home medicine cabinet: *Never keep* prescription drugs, including sulfonamides, after the illness for which they were prescribed is over; sleeping pills; cure-alls, or patent medicines—no matter how effective they are supposed to have been for the neighbor's Aunt Jenny!

Following these rules will make the medicine cabinet in your home what it ought to be: first line of defense against accident.

IN THE HOME MEDICINE CABINET

***Do* Keep:**

Prepared sterile bandages
Surgical gauze (2 inches wide)
Cotton
Adhesive tape (1 inch wide)
Green soap
Antiseptic solution
Burn salve
Baking soda
Mild laxative
Aspirin
Gargle
Cough medicine
Aromatic spirits of ammonia

***Don't* Keep:**

Poison antidotes
Prescription drugs
Sleeping pills
Patent medicines
Anything else

THIS IS A RUNAWAY
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A RUNAWAY
By Munro Leaf
This sad-looking thing sitting on the curb is a Runaway, and it is lost. This Runaway is tired and hungry because it is way past suppertime and it doesn't know how to get home. It didn't tell anybody at home where it was going or promise to be back when it should. It just ran away and now it is sorry, but it's too late. Nobody knows where to start to look for it. Maybe this Runaway will have more sense the next time, if it ever gets home. Let's hope so.
YES
NO
WERE YOU A RUNAWAY THIS MONTH?

Why Delicious Quaker Oats is Unequalled *For Your Growing Child!*

1. Because, unlike many modern refined foods, Quaker Oats is a *natural, complete* whole-grain breakfast cereal. Gentle Quaker processing does not change, denature or destroy any of its natural values.

2. Because, even among natural cereals, none equals hot, whole-grain oatmeal in four great "key" elements* absolutely essential for normal growth, stamina and youthful energy.

3. Because Quaker Oats is unmatched in deliciousness. Voted best-tasting cereal** in a national survey! Actually enjoyed by more people each day than any other cereal!

The secret of Quaker Oats is simple. Real oatmeal is simply our greatest natural cereal in food elements that promote growth—and *your* energy and stamina. Its greatest benefits can be obtained by enjoying Quaker Oats regularly. For this reason—and for its unique whole-grain deliciousness—start today serving Quaker Oats at your house! So economical. So easy to prepare. Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee.

* OATMEAL LEADS ALL NATURAL CEREALS IN PROTEIN, FOOD-ENERGY, VITAMIN B_1, IRON!

** *Actually won more votes than any other cereal, hot or cold!*

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"LOOK MOMMY! We left some for you"
Peanut Crunch Peanut Butter is a great thrill for kiddies . . . a great treat for mom and pop! With meals or in-between, everybody likes Peanut Crunch Peanut Butter, the blended combination of crispy, toasted peanut bits and smooth, delicious peanut butter. Contains essential vitamins that help build strong bodies. Look for Peanut Crunch Peanut Butter on your grocer's shelves.
A HOLSUM PRODUCT
Peanut Crunch BRAND
PEANUT BUTTER

ROSIE'S IN

(Continued from Page 45)

We went back and fixed the dam some more. The dog sat on the driveway and shivered.

We rang the front doorbell again.

"Look it how he's shivering," I told mother.

"Tell him to go home," mother said. "And get in here. You'll catch your death."

We told him to go home, but he just sat and shivered.

"He acts like he *is* home," Pud said.

We went in on the back porch. The dog came and looked in the door. He whined and shivered. We got some rags and got the dog in on the porch. We rubbed him as dry as we could. We got a rug and put it down in the corner where the screens are stacked. We pushed the dog down on it and tried to cover him up.

It was wonderful and warm and good-smelling inside after we had our wet mittens off. We looked out the kitchen window. The dog was lying on the rug shivering.

When father came home he was holding his ears. "Cold spell coming," he said. "What's that dog doing on the porch?"

"On the porch!" mother said. "Let it out. Send it home."

"It won't go," I said.

Father went out and put the dog out. "Go on!" he said, shooing it with his hands. "Go home! Go on home!"

The dog just looked at him. Father came back in and rubbed his hands together by the oven. The dog howled outdoors. Father looked at mother. She kept on setting the table. The dog howled again. Father sighed.

"I know, I know," mother said. "You wouldn't let a *dog* stay outdoors on a night like this."

"It's wet and getting cold," father said. "Just long enough to get dry?"

"All right," mother said. "But wait till I get into the dining room."

She went into the dining room and shut the swinging door. She's scared of dogs. She even has to walk to the car line a special way where she knows there aren't many dogs. She even walks in the middle of the street so they won't think she is thinking about coming to their houses. When she sees a dog in front of her, she turns around and goes the other way.

We let the little dog in. Was he ever glad! He ran all over and slid on the waxed linoleum. Father patted the floor under the oven. He lay down there. He looked so glad to be in the warm.

We had to serve the dinner. Mother sat in the dining room and pulled her feet up and looked nervous every time we went through the swinging door.

"Hi, Rosie!" Pud said to the dog every time we went into the kitchen.

The dog knew his name! He jumped up when we said it and wagged his tail.

"None of that," mother called. "Don't try to name him. That only makes it harder."

"He ought to be dry and warm by now," mother said. "Enough to find his way home." That was when we were through eating.

Mother did the dishes and came and sat down in the living room.

"Well," she said, "you see. I guess the little dog managed to find his way home all right."

"Yeah," I said. "I suppose he did."

"Yeah," father said.

"I wish he didn't," Pud said.

"Why, Pud," mother said. "That would be stealing. That is a good dog. He belongs to someone."

"He *could* belong to us," Pud said.

"But he doesn't," mother said. "After he got warm he trotted along home like a good little dog."

"Yow-oo-oo-oo!" It came from the front step.

Father laughed. "I guess he got cold again," he said.

"Couldn't we just keep him tonight?" I said.

"We could not," mother said. "You," she said to father, "go out and take him away a block or two till he gets the idea. He's young. He doesn't know enough."

"Me?" father said. "On a night like this? I wouldn't send a dog out!"

"Yow-oo-oo-oo," the dog yelled.

Father took him up to the corner and around toward the car line a block or two. "I gave him a swat and said, 'Get going,'" he said. "He got." He settled down in his chair and read the paper.

We went to bed.

"Pud," I said. It was the middle of the night, I guess. Pud sat up quick in bed. "Pud, he's back," I said.

The dog was howling on the front step. We could hear mother and father talking. We got up and turned on the hall light. We went into their room. Mother turned on the bed light. We just stood and looked. It sounded awful.

"I give up," mother said. "Close him in the kitchen. Tomorrow ——"

"Oh, tomorrow there'll probably be an advertisement in the paper for him," father said. He was hurrying down the stairs before mother changed her mind.

There wasn't any ad in the paper and Rosie didn't go home. He stayed around. It was warm in the sun.

Mother didn't let us feed him. "That'll encourage him," she said. "That'll make him think he belongs."

"I guess," Pud said, "I never wanted anything all my life like I want a dog. When I get big," he said, "do you know what?"

"No, what?" mother said.

"I'm going to be a—a—a dogman. I'll have a thousand dogs," he said.

"Eat your lunch," mother said.

We didn't feed him that day, but he was still there at night. Father roughed him up good. The dog jumped all over father. He jumped up and licked his face. He yipped and yipped.

"He's glad you're home," I said.

Father looked at the house. "I wish *he* was," he said.

"We couldn't let him in the house again tonight, I suppose?" I said to mother after dinner.

"No," mother said, "we couldn't. You people are encouraging him. And as soon as you have finished eating I have some errands for all of you. I have not been able to get out of the house all day with that beast standing at the door ready to pounce on me. I have emptied no garbage, I have not taken out the cans. The trash must be burned and those two rugs at the back door have to be taken out and shaken. I intended to make chocolate pie for dinner," she said, "but was out of chocolate and I couldn't get out

(Continued on Page 154)

BIRDS THAT FLY UPSIDE DOWN

In the Florida sunshine, visitors from the North are seeing America's only stork, the great wood ibis, go sailing overhead. Its five-foot wings are strongly marked with black and white.

The wood ibis has its avian cities, with thousands of the birds nesting close together. The wood ibis can soar like a vulture. Sometimes a whole flock will rise a mile or more into the air, and then will come rocketing down for thousands of feet apparently just for the thrill. It has been observed to climb in a sudden wing-over, roll on its back and go sailing along for hundreds of yards upside down. Ungainly and awkward on the ground, the wood ibis is a consummate artist on the wing. *Edwin Way Teale*

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For PURE *Enjoyment*

for free copy of Welch's Delicious Recipe Book, Dept. L, The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, New York.

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(Continued from Page 152)

to go to the store." Mother started to clear the table.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," father said. "Teaching the children to be afraid of dogs."

"They don't have to just because I am," mother said.

"It's silly," father said. "Dog is man's best friend."

"But I'm woman," mother said. "And dog is not my friend."

"You don't trust them, that's why," father said.

"They attack me," mother said. "They always attack me."

"It's because you're afraid," father said. "They can smell it."

"They attack me even when I don't know that they're there," mother said. "I go walking along on the sidewalk peacefully and they run out and go for me. It should be against the law. The streets of this town belong to the dogs; people can't use them safely."

"You go walking down the street, looking carefully to both sides," father said. "The dogs can smell you're afraid before you see them. Well, give me something," he said. "We can't let this one starve."

Mother said, "Tomorrow I'll call the dog pound."

"When I get big, do you know what?" Pud said.

"Yes," mother said. "You'll be a dogman."

"No," Pud said, "I'm going to get married."

"Oh?" mother said.

"To a lady that likes dogs," Pud said.

Oh, he was a cute dog! He said good morning to us. He put his paws on our shoulders and licked our faces. He wagged his tail, he danced. It was wonderful how glad he was to see us. We put him out so mother could come into the kitchen.

"You can't send a good dog like that to the humane society," father said. "I'll report him to them, so if the owner calls —— There may be a reward," he said.

"There'll be a big reward for a dog like that, I bet," Pud said.

"It beats all," mother said, "how my home is not my castle any more. Go ahead. Keep me a prisoner. All right, I'll give you one more day. But *outside*. Maybe he'll wander off."

"Do you suppose he will?" Pud said when we started to school. So we tied him up back of the garage. We tied him up with a rope to a tree.

At noon he was gone! The rope was gone. We didn't hardly dare say anything. We

BABY LOVES THE JAR-FREE RIDE

It's so heavenly comfy! Thanks to Center-Suspension Springs*, exclusive with Whitney, practically all the jolts and jars are absorbed before they reach the baby!

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It's so effortless! No tilting and awkward shoving for Mommy with a Whitney Folding Coach. For only Whitney has the Steer-O-Matic Wheels* which turn corners automatically with just finger-tip guidance.

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Bringing up Parent

DR. BARBARA BIBER, CONSULTANT
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

How would *you* like it if everyone around you talked Japanese—and you could understand only English? How would you feel if you were alone in a strange land, with no map, compass or idea of when you could get home—if ever? Suppose you couldn't keep your job unless you could give a clear, three-minute explanation of Einstein's theory to your boss! How would you like to live in a world where chair seats and doorknobs were out of your reach, and you had to keep your wallet in a pocket that kept disappearing? It's safe to say that, in such a world, *you* would not be the bright and cheerful life-of-the-party type. *Yet such a world is what a child faces every day of his young life.* So when your youngster pleases you with endless questions, or when he insists on being lifted up to see something above his eye level—or even when he throws his new train out the window because he can't make it work—try to remember what he's up against in this world he never made.

"Last night you said when I woke up it would be tomorrow. Now you tell me it's today!"

Tip to a New Grandma

Do you remember how you struggled trying to stretch nipples over narrow-neck bottles? How the darn things sometimes slipped and spilled the milk? Do you remember how you watched the nipple to see that it did not collapse and prevent baby from getting its food?

Modern Evenflo Nursers with their handy nipple, bottle, cap all-in-one abolish these nuisances. Air valves in Evenflo Nipples prevent collapsing. Babies finish bottles better and get more benefit from food. Your busy daughter will welcome some Evenflo Units. In spite of increasing production, the great demand for these popular nursers makes it hard to keep the stores adequately supplied.

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TOL. HIGGINBOTH

didn't want mother to know we had tied

"I gave him away," mother said.

"*Gave him away!*" I yelled. "You can't give him away. He isn't yours."

"Well, I did," mother said. "To a man."

Pud cried after school. I felt like it. He was crying when father got home.

"You gave the dog to a man?" father said. "What man?"

"Just a man," mother said. "A man who came around."

"Humph," father said. "Another tramp! Good heavens, woman! You befriend every beggar that comes to the door. You invite them in to eat. But you can't befriend a little homeless dog."

"The man was homeless too," mother said.

"You gave that dog to a homeless man!" father said.

"Now they'll have each other," mother said.

"The dog went with him?" father said.

"On a rope," mother said. "The boys had put a rope on him. He was crying. He didn't want to be tied up. The man was glad to get him."

"A tramp!" father said. He curled his mouth up. "He didn't want him. He'll sell him. That was a valuable dog." Father quit eating his dessert. He shoved it away.

"You make me tired," mother said. "All of you." She got up and started to clear the table. "You think more of a little tramp dog than you do of me. You don't care about my peace of mind. You don't care about my safety."

"No," father said. "We let you invite tramps in."

"I know a good tramp when I see one," mother said. "I don't invite bad ones in."

"Well, I know a good dog when I see one," father said.

"There are no good dogs," mother said, "as far as I'm concerned. That dog would have gone for me. They all do."

Just then we heard it. "Yow-oo-oo-oo!"

"He's back!" I yelled.

Father's eyes got sparkly and glad. He opened the front door. The dog came tumbling in. He jumped all over us. Mother edged around the wall. She ran upstairs and slammed the door.

We did the dishes. We fed the dog. Oh, he was a swell dog! He ran all over the kitchen smelling it. He ate everything we gave him. He licked our faces. He lay down under the stove when father told him to. He was a good dog. Anyone could see he was a [illegible] dog.

"I wish and wish and wish and wish we could keep him," Pud said.

"Oh, we've *got* to keep him," I said.

"We ought to be able to figure it out," father said. "He's a swell dog," he said. He sat down on the floor and patted Rosie's head. Rosie put his head in father's lap. "Good fellow," father said. "*He's* made up *his* mind," father said. "*He* intends to stay."

"I've made up my mind too," Pud said.

"I guess we all have except mother," father said. "What we have to do," he said, "is show her she *needs* a dog."

"Look," he said to mother in the morning. "Boys ought to have a dog. I couldn't ever have one when I was a kid. I always thought when I grew up I would. It really means a lot to us. Couldn't you try to get over being [illegible]?"

"How?" mother said, cold.

"Let him stay in for a few days. Just give it a try. I know he won't hurt you. He likes you."

"Does he?" mother said.

"Pat his head," father said. "See how good it makes you feel." He got a little rope and brought Rosie into the kitchen. He held him. "Stand still, boy," he said. Rosie stood real still. "Now," father said to mother, "pat him."

"On the [illegible]," father said.

"Of course, on his head," father said.

Mother did, just a couple of little pats. Rosie jumped at her. He wagged his tail.

MOTHER . . .
when your little one catches cold...

Warming, soothing Vicks VapoRub is the best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of children's colds. Rub it well on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Even as you rub it on, its wonderful relief-bringing action starts right to work—*two ways at once . . .*

DO THIS
at bedtime . . .

This special penetrating-stimulating action keeps working for hours during the night to relieve distress *while the child sleeps.* Often by morning most misery of the cold is gone. Try it! Get the one and only Vicks VapoRub . . . because remember . . .

only VapoRub gives you this special penetrating-stimulating action.

IT WORKS FOR HOURS
to relieve distress . . . bring comforting relief while the child sleeps!

Say...here's the low-down on Flu season rules

Medical School tests prove flu virus can dry up, live in house dust...still cause flu **6 WEEKS LATER!** But "Lysol" kills flu virus quickly on contact! So, use "Lysol."

BABY: See how *tough* that flu bug is? See what y'gotta do?

YOU: You mean, if a flu-infected person sneezes in our house...

BABY: Yep! That sneeze can scatter the flu bug as far as 12 feet... to live in house dust. Then if this bug is stirred up, *even 6 weeks later,* it can *still* cause flu! That's a scientific fact, Lady.

YOU: I must keep my rooms spotlessly clean, then!

BABY: Sure—and *disinfected* too. That's your Flu Season Rule: Add "Lysol" brand disinfectant to the water—*every time* you clean! To kill that wicked old flu bug. See?

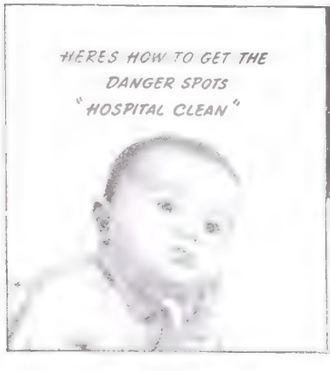
YOU: "Lysol" can kill the flu bug?

BABY: Right! That's another proved scientific fact. So, Lady, use "Lysol" when cleaning floors, shelves . . . *all* places where dust collects.

YOU: Sold! It's "Lysol" for kitchen, bathroom, baby's room...my whole house . . . *every time* I clean!

The "bug" that causes flu is a virus (an organism much smaller even than a germ), visible only under the new electronic microscope.

MORAL: Every single time you clean... *disinfect with* "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant REG U.S. PAT. OFF.



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Clean the toilet with "Lysol". Powerful germ-killer. Helps remove stains. Deodorizes while you clean. Helps keep bathroom more sanitary.

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(Continued from Page 155)

ried to lick her hand. Mother screamed. ran into the dining room and shut the

Get him out!" she screamed. "Get him

No," father said. "He was being friendly. ," he said. "Does he bite me?"

'm different," mother said, peeking ugh the door. "I mean it. He's got to

d sat down in the corner on the floor. ut his head down and cried. He cried cried. I could hardly stand to listen. I d hardly keep from crying, too, listen-

guess Pud will maybe die if he has to up Rosie," I said. I knew I would.

other looked up at me quick. She looked at Pud. She looked like she might cry

Didn't you ever want something you dn't have?" father said. "We'll help " He was begging her. "Give him a y-day trial. Just a month. If he still s you I promise we'll get rid of him."

d was looking up at mother with every- in his eyes. Everything. If Pud looked that and asked me for even my sheath I'd give it to him.

other put her arms around Pud. "You I don't want to be mean," she said. try. Thirty days," she said.

sie was in! For a thirty-day trial. He to make good. He *had* to.

What we have to do," father said when ook Rosie for a walk, "is show mother eeds a dog. Show her a dog is important a—a ——"

pecial," Pud said.

Yeah," father said. "Yeah—like we've o teach him things."

ure," I said. "We could teach him to in the newspaper."

nd catch mice," Pud said.

nd wipe his feet," I said.

Yes," father said. "Those are all good s. But things like keeping other dogs f the flower beds, too, and barking at gers and ——"

nd saving our life if we fall in the ," Pud said.

Well," father said, "better not fall in. Rosie's a smart dog. We'll teach him a f things. And be careful he doesn't get other's way. Be careful he doesn't do hing wrong. Be careful he doesn't scare That would never do."

e tried hard to teach Rosie. For a little e it went pretty good. The weather was so he could be out-of-doors when we n't home. Mother was getting a little used to him. She'd save some good scraps for him. She bought some funny-looking meat and cooked some stew for him. On a chilly night she got down an old coat and told us to give it to him in the back hall.

The whole trouble was, Rosie was too friendly. He loved everybody. He loved everything.

Chasing squirrels is a helpful thing for a dog to do. Squirrels eat our awnings, so mother does not like them. We taught Rosie to chase squirrels when we said, "Sick 'em." But Rosie just played games with the squirrels. He'd chase a squirrel to a tree and then stand there smiling at it while it ran up the trunk and sat on a branch and scolded him. Then when the squirrel came down, Rosie would run and let the squirrel chase him.

We found a dead mouse down by the ravine. We brought it up and gave it to Rosie. We thought we'd call mother and tell her Rosie'd killed it. That would show her how useful he was. But Rosie picked up the mouse and went tearing into the house after us. He took it into the living room and put it down by mother's feet. It didn't make a hit with mother.

"He'll be a swell watchdog," we'd tell mother, and when someone would come to the door, we'd get down beside Rosie and growl and bark to show him how, but he'd only lick our faces and wag his tail. And when we opened the door, he'd fall all over whoever it was. He greeted everyone. If a man came up to leave a slip on the door telling us what was on sale at the paint and varnish company that Saturday, Rosie was so happy about the whole thing he almost knocked the man over giving him a welcome. When mother's best friend came, Rosie yelped and barked and jumped so that she ran back to her car, afraid he would eat her up.

But when the doorbell rang late one night and father wasn't home, Rosie just lay on the rug and wagged his tail a little bit. Mother was a little afraid to open the door.

"Come on, Rosie," she kept saying, wanting him there for protection. But Rosie just opened one eye and looked at her and went back to sleep.

It was a man, whose car was broken down, wanting to use our telephone. Mother let him.

"You hold Rosie," she said, "so he won't go for him." But the man could see it was just put on. Rosie was too sleepy to notice him.

When we tried to teach Rosie to wipe his feet, he got the idea quick, but he didn't wipe them on the mat. He wiped them in the mud where there wasn't any lawn yet

"Would it be all right if I express an opinion, provided the opinion were not my own?"

No tears, but joy in every moment of living . . .

I dream of her growing up happy . . . able to laugh easily . . . certain of being loved.

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if she develops beautifully from birth,
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throughout her life . . . sound teeth, a well-shaped head,
a fine, full chest, a strong back, straight legs . . .

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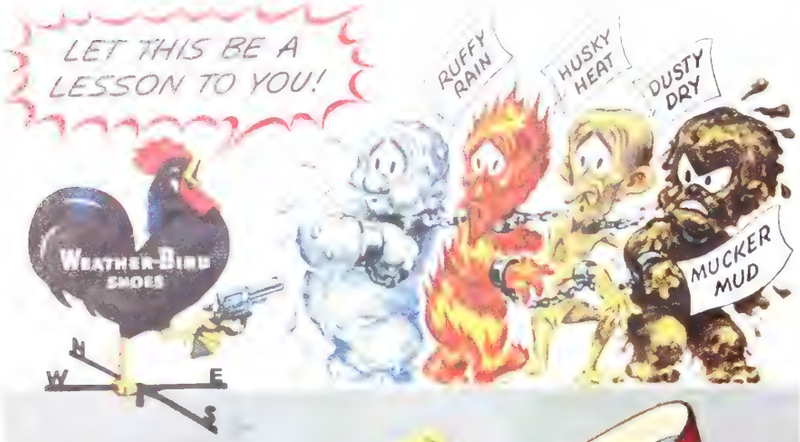

PARENTS . . . win the battle of the budget, too, with stylish, long-wearing Weather-Birds! They have extra reinforcements in vital parts, and special fitting qualities. Demand Weather-Bird Shoes . . . because "it takes real leather to stand the weather."

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ARE *Weatherized*

Look in Phone Directory or Write Us for Your Dealer's Name

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

and came bounding in, leaving tracks every place.

He went racing all around in the yard, where we had planted grass seed, and he left big footmarks. He made friends with every dog that passed down our street, bringing them back into our yard to tussle with them in the mud. He had a couple of friends who were St. Bernards and they left regular holes when they walked in the soft earth. The three of them were wrestling one day and broke down a shrub.

"It's a meeting place for all the dogs in this end of town now," mother said to father. It didn't sound much like Rosie was selling himself.

"He's hopeless," father said when we took him for a walk that night. "He does all the wrong things."

"But I like him anyway," Pud said.

"Sure," father said. "You don't stop loving someone because they're naughty. Not when you love them already. But it doesn't make someone like mother start loving them. But I tell you what, Pud," he said. "Maybe we can get a dog someday that's already trained, an old dog."

"Who wants an old dog?" Pud said. "I want Rosie."

"Well, there's still a little while," father said. "Maybe he'll get better."

He didn't get better. But what really decided mother was the day Pud came in the back door and held it open and called Rosie. It was raining and mother let us take Rosie into the back hall after school when we were there to take care of him. We were trying to teach him that the back hall was his place and he was not to go in the living room. Pud held the door and called and in came Rosie with his two pals, the St. Bernards. We had thought Rosie was getting pretty good about staying in the back hall where he belonged, but of course today he had company. Maybe he wanted to show them the house.

They all three bounded into the living room where mother was sewing. They ran all around with their muddy feet. They jumped up on chairs and knocked over a small table and broke a lamp. Mother was standing up on a chair screaming at them. Screaming at us.

We came and got them all out. We set up the table. Mother got down and picked up her sewing.

"That does it," she said. "That does it. Tomorrow that hound gets out of here. He's dumber than I thought he was. He's dumber than I thought a dog could be."

THERE was no use arguing. He had had a thirty-day trial. Anyway, twenty-nine. Tomorrow would be thirty. We couldn't teach him any better in one more day. He hadn't learned anything at all. He couldn't do one thing he couldn't do when we got him. He did everything wrong. He was dirty and a nuisance. And we loved him to pieces.

"There's no use crying," father said. "We made a bargain. We'll stick by it, like men, won't we, Pud?"

"I guess so," Pud said.

"We'll see that he gets a good home," father said. "We'll find out where he goes and we can go to see him there. You can go with me to take him down to the dog pound tomorrow," he said.

Tomorrow was Saturday. The sun was shining. The wind was blowing softly. It was a very sad day. Pud and I sat around on the front steps with our arms around Rosie. We didn't really see how we could ever stand it. Rosie was happy. He licked our faces. He licked tears off Pud's cheeks.

A CAR stopped out in front. A man got out and came up the driveway. "Got anything you want hauled away?" he yelled at us.

"I'll ask mother," I said.

I called to her.

Rosie went leaping out to welcome the junkman. He jumped up on him and tried to lick his face. He yelped and wagged his tail.

The junkman pushed him off.

"Get off!" he yelled at him.

But Rosie came right back. Finally the man lifted his foot and gave Rosie an awful kick. It sent him flying across the walk to the corner of the step. He lay there and whined a little bit.

Mother had come to the door. She was as white as a sheet and her eyes were like fire. "You—you beast!" she said to the man.

"He went for me," the man said. "I had to protect myself."

If mother's eyes had been loaded the man would have dropped dead with two bullet holes right through him. "A little puppy," mother said. "A sweet little puppy. Trying to lick your hand." She came out the door and knelt down by Rosie. "He's hurt," she said. "Come on," she said to Rosie; "come on, get up," she said like she talks to us when we are sick.

Rosie tried to get up, but he couldn't. His leg was hurt. He lay down and whined.

Mother put out her hand and felt of his leg. You wouldn't ever know she was afraid. She patted his head. "I won't hurt you," she kept saying to Rosie. She kept feeling of his leg. The man had gone away. "I think it's broken," mother said to me. "Go in and call father and tell him Rosie's hurt. Ask him what I should do."

She sat right down beside Rosie and put his head on her knee.

"Poor Rosie," she kept saying. "Poor, poor Rosie. We'll fix it up, Rosie."

Rosie stopped crying. He licked mother's hand.

I flew to the phone. "Rosie's done it," I said to father.

"Done what?" father said.

"Sold himself," I said.

Father let out a yip over the phone. "He has?" he said. "He showed mother she needed him?"

"Oh, no," I said. "He showed her *he* needed *her*. He broke a leg. What should we do? Mother's holding him."

"Mother's *holding* him?" father said.

"Yah," I said. "In her lap."

"Well, hap—py day," father said. "And I'll be dogged. I learn about women from him."

"What?" I said. "What should I tell mother to do?"

"Tell her to keep on holding him," father said. "I'll be right out."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lullaby

BY MARK VAN DOREN

Sleep, grandmother, sleep.
The rocking chair is ready to go,
And harness bells are hung in a row
As once you heard them
In soft snow.

Sleep, grandmother, sleep.
Your sons are little and silly again;
Your daughters are five and seven and ten;
And he that is gone
Was not gone then.

Sleep, grandmother, sleep.
The sleigh comes out of the winter woods
And carries you all in boots and hoods
To town for candy
And white dress goods.

Sleep, grandmother, sleep.
The rocking chair is old as the floor,
But there he nods, at the noisy door,
For you to be dancing
One dance more.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Braces Away"

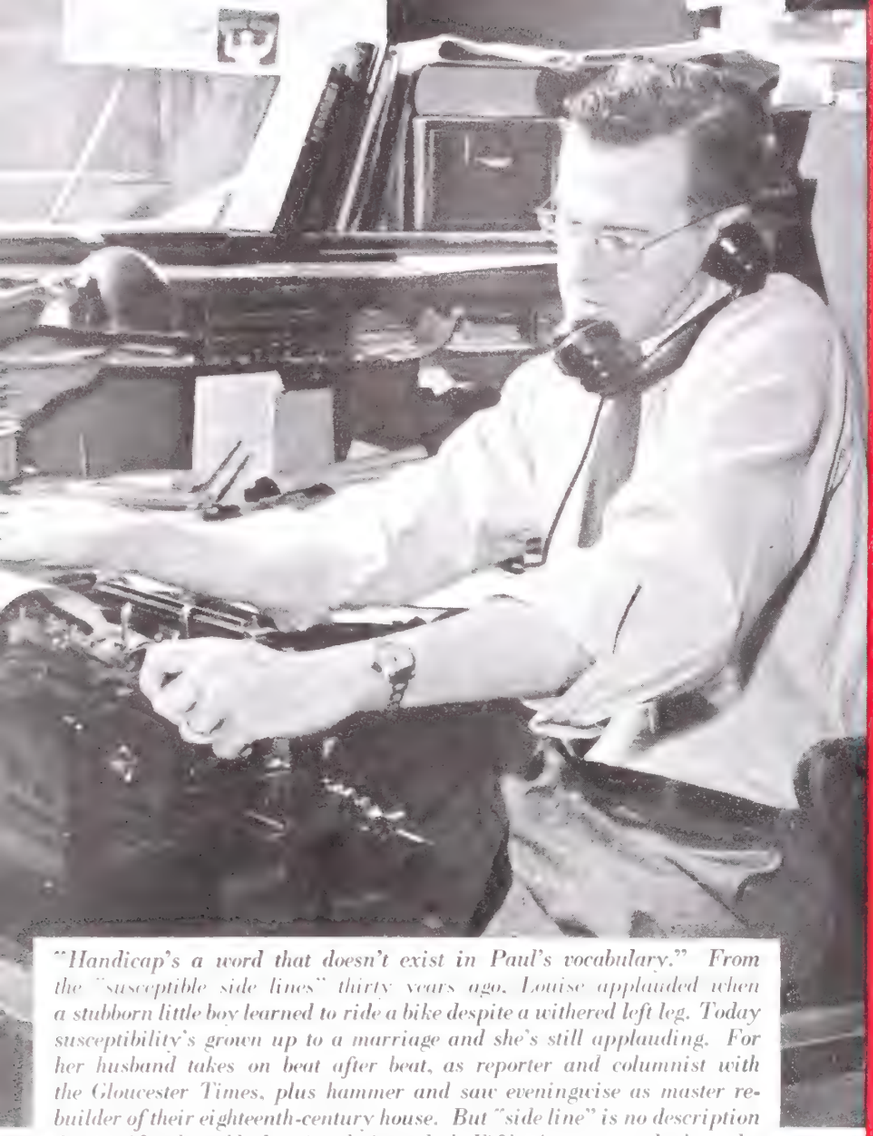
A POLIO VICTIM TURNS A BAD BREAK INTO THE BEST OF GOOD FORTUNE ★ BY J. C. FURNAS

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago brutal tragedy assailed a certain household in Boston, Massachusetts. Mrs. Estelle Kenyon's older baby boy, the one with the comically determined chin and the inquisitive air, had been mildly ailing a few days—just a touch of fever and loss of appetite. After the trouble went away, his mother became suddenly aware that he could not move his legs.

On the basis of knowledge of infantile paralysis then available, nothing had to say that the boy would never walk again. The start he had made on baby-style walking was lost forever, and Mrs. Kenyon would just have to learn not to fill up with strangling tears when she saw little Paul reverted to crawling on the floor alongside his three-months-old brother. But medicine could not know how Estelle Kenyon's devotion and Paul Kenyon's eager pluck could obviate its verdict.

Before Paul was well into long pants this mother-and-son team had his handicap licked to an abject frazzle. During the past seventeen years the team has been notably

First it was a crutch and then a brace—but today Paul Kenyon lives full speed ahead with his designer-wife and family.



"Handicap's a word that doesn't exist in Paul's vocabulary." From the "susceptible side lines" thirty years ago, Louise applauded when a stubborn little boy learned to ride a bike despite a withered left leg. Today susceptibility's grown up to a marriage and she's still applauding. For her husband takes on beat after beat, as reporter and columnist with the Gloucester Times, plus hammer and saw eveningwise as master rebuilder of their eighteenth-century house. But "side line" is no description for a wife whose block-print designs deck Fifth Avenue—and whose domestic know-how is always on tap for super apple pies or the super parties that crowd the Kenyon ménage with friends from "eight to eighty."

strengthened by a copper-haired girl named Louise whom Paul married, and gradually reinforced by two boy children.

Nowadays, when Paul's mother visits the young folks at their place in Annisquam, Massachusetts, part of the ancient fish-salt-granite-and-summerfolks town of Gloucester, she finds her boy a zealously active newspaperman on the Gloucester Times, covering beats that would make a metropolitan reporter fold under sheer overwork, driving a car with no hint of clumsiness, sailing a boat, doing arduous chores round the place, even grown fond of walking for its own sake. True, his gait differs from yours and mine. But it gets over ground in a style so efficient that the stranger forgets any idiosyncrasies.

Refusal to be licked paid off early. Setting her boy on one end of the kitchen table, it was mother who made the crucial experiment. She stood at the other end and called him coaxingly; little Paul struggled to his feet and stumbled the length of the table into her arms, startled by his newly restored freedom into shouting and laughing as his mother cried, happy tears this time.

From then on progress was long-drawn-out but definite via casts and braces successively abandoned. This observant and conclusion-drawing youngster studied a one-legged man who often rode a bicycle past the house and determined that he, too, could manage it. So he did, learning on a girl's wheel without the hampering crossbar. Louise says the regardless nonchalance with which he snubbed his handicap and rode that bicycle was what first made her look more closely at him.

Later still, learning that some post-World War I cars were being made with clutch and brake on one pedal, he gave himself no rest until he found a jalopy built that way. One of Louise Tomlinson's brothers—she is one of eight—helped him tinker the jalopy when it needed it, which was often. Consequent frequent visits to the Tomlinson home in Newton, Massachusetts, just outside Boston, furthered his growing acquaintance with the second Tomlinson girl.

Paul Kenyon now wrangles his '37 Plymouth without even needing clutch and brake on the same pedal, performing immense but smooth dexterities with the hand throttle and one foot juggling two pedals. His mother saw to it that he early learned to swim and canoe as body developers consonant with his trouble, and went to agonizing expense for the best specially built-up shoes to compensate for his left leg's being permanently an inch and a half shorter. In his teens Paul made up his mind to wear regular shoes, trusting for compensation to his own skill in eccentric locomotion. The key to it all seems to have been asking nothing special from anybody, neither God, man nor shoemaker.

ANY expense was agonizing back then. Paul's father left the family scene early and Estelle Kenyon reared her boys on what her talent for music would earn. Thirty-six years she has been organist at a Unitarian church in Waltham, Massachusetts; she used to supplement that by a little music teaching, by playing in inconspicuous ladies' orchestras and later, for seven years, by a ten-hour-a-day stint of pounding the piano in a small movie theater, craning up at the screen to make sure that a few bars of the Light Cavalry Overture duly coincided with the hero's leaping on his steed and galloping off.

Lack of supervision for the boys, school age by then, was always on her mind while she was piano thumping. In illness and other emergencies, at least, her sister could be counted on to rally round, or sometimes a roomer obliged. Flittings from one Boston suburb to another were frequent. But finally, aided by two small family legacies, Estelle Kenyon managed to buy her present house in Newtonville. She went through it all scatheless. Her shy, gentle voice now carries no trace of whine or anger as she harks back. Like her boy, she is grit clear through.

Grit can have fun in it, as Paul's present life testifies. A familiar early-Sunday sight on certain Annisquam beaches is the Kenyons—Paul; "Weezie," as they all call Louise; Paul, Jr., now close to six feet and wearing seagoing dungarees by preference; smaller Peter, with his mother's red hair and a mind of his own; Snooper, the tan lady dachshund, and Butchie, her demure black son—all out gathering driftwood. They like the way the voracious, parti-colored flames devour it on their library hearth; it sometimes proves good timber—Paul built his basement workbench out of some gratifyingly solid oak that a storm cast ashore awhile back; and they approve the resulting saving in the annual cost of cordwood for their eight fireplaces. They also relish the sport of seeking treasure-trove with slick wet sand and odorous seaweed underfoot and the bay breeze in their six faces.

The Kenyons are experts at making do. Their incinerator, which doubles as outdoor fireplace when they grill hot dogs on summer evenings, consists of a chimneylike gap in the frowning outcrop of Cape Ann granite in their back lot, next to the vegetable garden from which comes two thirds of the provender that Louise annually cans. They have yet to build a garage, so Paul parks the car in the bitterest weather—and Cape Ann winters are bitter—by the edge of the side road, where, he explains triumphantly, a hundred yards of steep slope get the cold motor turning over without asking the battery to overwork.

A tugboat for sailing the seven seas and a wife "who can do without modern conveniences." Young Pete wants his future on the water, says he'd probably "have gone in for piracy" if he'd lived in skull-and-crossbones days. As is, the Kenyons' back yard is a minor shipyard. Kayaks and yachts materialize from the most unlikely looking lumber, and Louise can tell from the sound of her men's hammers when a nautical experiment is under way. At the whiff of a thaw, dachshunds and boys combine forces for a shore picnic. "I'm never one to object," says Louise. "Beachcombing's definitely easy on the housewife."

...py for the daily column"—odd jobs ...und the house turn up in the paper.

"Beauty with beast" is family's title for Paul, Jr., and decrepit power mower.

...e's personal boat has a ...

A New England winter without a sleigh ... Christmas without mince pie.

"Our cellar's the world's eighth wonder—most of the house has been built there." Louise owes fireplace shelves, kitchen work unit and a most antique-looking cupboard to the two Pauls' mechanical enterprise. But Pete's ideas do credit to Buck Rogers. Stray meat choppers and a salvaged roll-top desk have a way of adding up to a racing car, while orange crates on roller skates keep the firewood coming. "When he tries the air—we'll try not to worry."

Driftwood gets converted to treasure-trove on the workshop assembly line.

"Snacktime is any time Pete's in the kitchen—he's official menu tester."

Pete's piano technique is hunt 'er and peck, even with grandma to keep time.

Paul burns the week-end oil for a stin with his children's adventure novel

Visitors have to dodge the ball when

A stiff breeze and a summer day and

"When I've a problem, I head for the

Gloucester readers like salt in the

Their house itself is a permanent and beloved make-do. They were crazy to buy it, in both senses. It has all the rich character appropriate to a Yankee farm cottage built part in 1689, part a couple of generations later, and sits cozily in the heart of Annisquam across from the village church, with a knoll fending off the worst of the winter storms. Big horse chestnuts and a couple of black locusts, ably assisted by a reverend lilac so huge as to deserve the name of tree, further shield it. But, when purchased, it had been let so run down that the floors were mostly on a dizzy slant and a whole side wall, where the kitchen now is, had pitifully collapsed. Such details kept the place within the modest Kenyon means. But they have also kept the Kenyons busy ever since redoing it with taste, skill and undiscourageable persistence.

They tried the first winter without modern heating. By now they can laugh in recalling how they huddled over the fireplace wearing all available wraps and observing with astonishment that, no matter how impressively the flames roared up the flue, they could still see each breath with painful distinctness. They never dared bring a thermometer into the house. One night when Louise exhausted the stove's hot-water tank for a bath, as the simplest way to get at least temporarily warm, the pipes immediately froze and a burst of water from a cracked joint flooded the place, practically freezing as it spouted. That, too, was the winter the boys chose to have measles. Somehow pneumonia was fended off, and next year central heating was installed.

Decently warmed for the first time in its long life, the old house opened up like an accordion, cracks appearing in all directions. The Kenyons calked some of the worst and concluded that the drafts from the rest would make window opening unnecessary—a point still holding good. Dust does accumulate in some of the remaining floor cracks—which, says Louise, would worry a demon housekeeper, but fails to bother her. This Yankee girl who holds her head so gracefully high to match the regality of her crown of red-gold—and naturally waving—hair has an eminent sense of first things first.

The Kenyons, in fact, treat their house like one of the family, valued for its own sake and entitled to some eccentricities, the charm of its low beams and wide-planked interior making up for occasional inconveniences—just as Butchie's ingratiating sleekness consoled Louise for his having recently spent a happy afternoon chewing up the only hat she ever found that her menfolks would not make fun of. Young Peter was even more philosophical when Butchie gnawed off the front half of his piano-exercise book. The young master is so far quite normally bored with his piano lessons.

Louise learned make-do the hard way. At the bottom of the depression, successive salary cuts from a top of $31 a week decided Paul to quit his job in the business office of the Boston Transcript, then on its last elderly legs. Long possessed of a hankering to write, he had persuaded a Transcript columnist to let him throw an occasional column that went over well. So, jobless now, he took the family for an experiment in the simple and literary life, first in the Tomlinson summer cottage on Cape Ann, then in a $12-a-month house near by for the winter. Low rent was indicated—$15 a week was the most they dared peel off the family savings account while Paul got into production.

PITHILY the Kenyons now tell you that due to the simplicity of planning on so small an amount, that was the only time they ever succeeded in making a budget work. It did work. Louise learned to bake her own bread—she still does—and food prices were then at rock bottom. Particularly, fish in this fishing capital was down to a few cents a pound. Characteristically, in spite of that experience, the Kenyons are still every bit as fond of sea food as are most Yankees.

Paul did sell a few bits of things to magazines, but his total take of around $200 was not encouraging. Playing a hunch when funds had just about disappeared, he prospected the Gloucester Times for a job and found just the news-staff opening he wanted—at $15 a week.

"A glow that lasts all winter"—that's the Kenyons' contribution to the Gloucester summer folk. To each other, it's a glow that lasts all year. Remembering happy hours popping corn, or roasting apples at an open fire, city dwellers wish the whole world were a small town.

Paul, Sr., has known how to win a decision ever since his bout with polio. And in a Y pool or ocean breakers, water's his element. For wrestling matches, marine style, boys put their odds on pop's team.

"Our house is just like a member of the family—always popping at the seams." Six years back, tipsy floor boards, buckled walls and lack of heat took some major reconversion. But now, six inmates all agree that results are worth the trials of the "awkward age."

HOW THE KENYONS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Food (Louise figures close to $95.00 a month)	$1100.00
Clothing (Louise makes most of own)	200.00
Furniture (gradual purchase of old pieces for refurnishing—yearly average)	75.00
Taxes (real estate, income, etc., and interest on mortgage)	450.00
Electricity and cooking gas ($11.00 a month)	132.00
Heating (anthracite for furnace, oil for kitchen stove which heats water)	225.00
Laundry (shirts, linen, some textiles for prints)	150.00
Doctors and dentists	100.00
Recreation ($33.00 yacht-club dues, $30.00 boat upkeep, misc.)	75.00
Contributions	50.00
Telephone	150.00
Car running, upkeep, registration, insurance	150.00
Newspapers and magazines	25.00
Boys' cash (Paul's allowance for school, Peter's music lessons)	125.00
	$3007.00

The Kenyons' average intake over the last three years from Paul's pay, less deductions, and Louise's earnings has been around $4000. Savings are represented by steady small investments in improvement of house and reduction of mortgage as cash is available.

The pay envelope has been on the upbeat ever since, and he enjoys himself immensely covering fire, police and school news and writing a daily column, called The Lookout, dealing with practically anything in a nice dry style. For ten years he also ran the society page. Just to make sure he keeps busy, he is head over ears in local community activity, such as the Leonard Club, the men's civic organization, the board of trustees of the Open Church Association, which has headquarters in Gloucester, birthplace of its founder, Roger W. Babson, the school committee, the preacher-picking committee of the village church, and half a dozen other things. During the early part of the war, when the Coast Guard formed local boating civilians into patrols, Paul Kenyon, the boy who would never walk again, was standing a regular all-night trick at sea on the same footing as everybody else.

Louise contributes solidly to family income through that most convenient thing, a paying hobby. As a girl she went to art school and spent months in New York and Boston dress shops learning how women's clothes are put together—which two trainings combined nicely when she joined the Folly Cove Industries, a group of Cape Ann women headed by Mrs. Virginia Demetrios, wife of the sculptor, George Demetrios, to design and hand-print textiles of great fame.

THE outfit is strictly co-operative. Designs approved by member juries are manufactured at home with hand presses—time was when Folly Covers got proper pressure by trampling the material with their bare feet—for sale through the organization. Proceeds go to individual designers who periodically return a percentage to the organization to cover overhead. Last year New York's Lord & Taylor's bought a number of Louise's designs outright and used them in big window displays. Paul and Louise blew themselves to plane seats to New York and spent a fine day featured by much sidewalk study of Lord & Taylor's Fifth Avenue windows.

The brilliant screen in the Kenyon living room, the wallpaper in the house's small ell apartment that was rented during the war to a friend, the materials that upholster some of the old chairs that they buy, are all home testimony to the composition and color sense of the lady of the house. Applying her own designs to informal dressmaking, Louise has three Gloucester housewives steadily working for her, making items for Boston stores that are good customers of hers. It keeps her busy, since her only household help consists of a cleaning woman once a week. But her workroom, picturesquely full of the blocky iron press, linoleum blocks and bolts of bright fabrics, is next to the kitchen and she can alternately *(Continued on Page 181)*

HER BABY CHARM STILL CHARMS 'EM!

BABY EVELYN McBRIDE was a cute, cuddly baby. She lived in Wilmington, Delaware and wowed folks for miles around with her laughing eyes and rosy-red-apple cheeks. Evelyn's baby complexion was cleansed with pure, mild Ivory Soap. How sane! Most doctors advise Ivory for babies' delicate skin. Then all other family members use it. And Evelyn knows. Baby's pinkly soft complexion are important for girls at any age.

EVELYN McBRIDE, FAMOUS COVER GIRL: That Ivory Look helped [illegible] one of the country's most popular models. She will tell you, "Use a soap that's pure and mild enough for baby. [illegible] use it [illegible]." If you have been careless about *your* complexion, why not start using baby's pure mild Ivory regularly? In just one week you can have a smoother, silkier, more radiant complexion. You can have *That Ivory Look.*

COMMENTS ABOUT EVELYN'S SKIN were lavishly mingled with the [illegible] modeled in local fashion shows. Her radiant complexion (pampered with gentle Ivory) helped take her to the top in a hurry. Evelyn says, "From my own experience I know that a soap that's pure and mild enough for baby's skin is right for my skin, too."

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

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HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth, fragrant ...*not* sticky *not* greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN

By Leslie B. Hohman, M.D.
Visiting Professor of Psychiatry, Duke University

WILLINGNESS to help others by telling the story of his conquest of a handicap comes easy to Paul Kenyon, the successful Gloucester, Massachusetts, thirty-seven-year-old newspaper reporter. But the telling itself was difficult even with the help of his busy, active, loving, artist-textile designer, money-earning wife. The truth is that neither of them thinks Paul is handicapped or ever has been. True, infantile paralysis wasted the muscles of his legs and paralyzed some of them, but that only made Paul different—not different in any crippling sense, but different in the way he had to learn to do what he wanted to do. So thoroughly does Paul believe this that he looks puzzled and confused whenever the word "handicap" or "crippled" is mentioned. He's not sensitive or hurt; he simply doesn't understand.

"I knew I couldn't do a fourteen-mile hike to advance as a boy scout and I had to be excused from drill, but I did my hitch in a canoe. I couldn't fight the same as other boys, but I learned early to fight my way out if I got into a scrap. My mother saw to that: 'If you get into fights, that's your business. Get yourself out.'"

The training for this way of looking at life and his difference began early in Paul's life—so early that he remembers none of the pain and terror his mother felt when paralysis struck the two-year-old Paul. But the pain and agony were not communicated to the lad—only her indomitable will and determination that he would walk again and that he could learn to do what he wanted. The mother invoked all medical aid and used her religion to keep her hopefulness at its highest, but she never suggested anything but success in learning. The child was so thoroughly indoctrinated in the will to learn successfully that he can no longer remember a time that this was not his own attitude. As you look at his accomplishments in using his weak, paralyzed legs, one marvels at his ability to have learned bicycle riding, automobile driving without a special car, taking long hikes in ordinary shoes—not recommended orthopedic ones—canoeing, house remodeling, sailing and everything anybody else, in a busy, active, New England fishing village, loves to do.

The story of Paul Kenyon's psychological attitude toward his partially paralyzed legs is a particularly important story to tell at this time because it should be so helpful to our war-wounded who have so recently come back to be plunged into a world where handicap will receive all possible Government aid, but where successful living can be accomplished only by the man himself. Pensions and rehabilitation training will open the path to success, but the successful taking one's place in the world of accomplishment and happy living can come only with hopeful, determined resolution to learn to do the things a man wants to do.

I am going to set down a list of rules for success in handicap—based on a review of Paul's training and experiences. My first advice is to the families of the Pauls of the world—the children and the adults who are stricken in body or mind or nerves.

1. Accept no limit to your child's (be he infant or man) ability to learn new ways of accomplishment, except so far as sound medical advice tells you it is impossible. It is obvious that certain limitations are irrevocably set by handicap, but all too often parents, family and the person himself make the handicap more severe by crippling mental hazards. Consider the family who insisted that a man be rid of his occasional convulsive seizures before he began to learn to be a farmer. True, he never had convulsions until a German bullet hit him in the head, but his family did him a real disservice by not helping him to start his career in poultry raising. He could have been encouraged to seek complete recovery along with his work. We took the place of his oversolicitous family and persuaded him to start work at once in company with another buddy with the same handicap.

2. Use sympathy in your attitude, but remember that sympathy that paralyzes learning to do what one wants and paralyzes the desire to learn to earn one's living is sentimentally destructive.

3. Establish the attitude that handicap requires difference in learning, not limitation on learning. Keep this fact in mind: most people have very different abilities to learn special skills. To some a skill may be almost inborn, so easy does it develop with only the slightest practice. To others it may mean long and arduous practice, but amazing skills can be developed even in people who seem to have no knack. A handicap means that the arduous way must be followed, but learning the hard way makes for character development and makes further learning the easier. Paul's feet could not follow the easy pattern of learning, but determination made them work in other ways, so that he could even drive an automobile successfully.

4. Do not let overcautious, fearful attitudes hinder the handicapped child or adult. Unless there had been courageous, resourceful people, the blind would never have been freed to go about the streets and into the direct ways of successful life. I have seen, within the short period of a year after being blinded in the war, a wounded veteran taught to help run a chicken farm and to travel one hundred miles by train and bus, without an attendant, to get to a hospital for examination. How easily restricting family fear might have crippled him much worse than blindness

5. By hopeful, resolute attitude make successful solution seem the only possible one. Despair and resentment are easy to develop, especially for the seriously handicapped when the handicap strikes in adult life. We recently treated a war veteran with a bullet wound that pierced both sides of his brain and left him partially blinded and paralyzed in one arm. Resentment over the smallness of his pension to support himself and his dependent parents, difficulty in finding housing, and honest delay in permitting him to start vocational training had made this boy bitter and hopeless. A few weeks in the hospital, with easily given social-service help in finding a small house, demonstrating how readily he could learn to use his good arm and his remaining eyesight, turned this bitter lad into a hopeful working person whose determination to win was quickly revived. Vocational training is already teaching him practical techniques to earn his own living.

Now advice to the handicapped themselves. Follow Paul's rule: "I am not handicapped; I am only different in the way I learn."

6. Refuse to accept yourself as limited, except when doctors tell you that you have gone as far as you can. Remember always, even if you may be mistaken a little, that doctors, too, can make mistakes, and the pessimistic person may try to condemn you to limitations that can be overcome. I remember the amusing incident of an older man entering the military service after much struggle because the authorities thought he would not be able to keep up physically with younger men. Yet this very man solved and executed problems of physical prowess that were declared impossible to solve by the instructors who devised them. He had the mental agility and determination to accomplish what was declared impossible.

7. One of the advantages that come from following the rule to see oneself as different only in the way one learns is that other people soon accept the fact that you are not different even though you carry the physical appearance of handicap. Paul's wife, after a very short acquaintance, ceased to think of him as handicapped or crippled, because Paul himself was not self-conscious or obsessed about his defect. Paul's legs were paralyzed, but Paul was not paralyzed. It was the personality of Paul that showed itself to the world, not the shape of his legs. Think of yourself and act as a normal person, and the world will accept you as one and ignore your handicap as you do.

To most handicapped people who have learned new ways of doing things that other people do in a different way it is hard to accept help that is kindly given. One of my friends who lost a hand told me that it took him years to learn that he must not resent help given, even if he did not need it. He knows he can cut his own meat in his plate without a waiter's help, that he needs no help in dressing himself and that he can park his car one-handed better than most people can with two hands. Yet he must almost daily let himself be helped to do things by well-meaning strangers and acquaintances. A good rule to follow is:

8. Accept the help of well-wishing friends and let them gradually discover that you can do for yourself. Don't make them self-conscious by refusing help. It's amusingly true that people [illegible] what helpless to them. It serves your purpose by making them feel kindly toward you.

9. [illegible] pathy that is sentimental. It can only cripple you psychologically. I advise your relatives to avoid this sentimental sympathy; but if they insist upon giving it, resist it with all possible effort. Remember that there are years ahead when you must live your own life and when yearning parents will not be there to overprotect you. A grateful Government can support you with pension, but a little money and overprotection cannot make you the happy citizen. Only personal accomplishment and ability to earn your own living can lead to personal happiness. I shudder at times when I see children crippled, not in body alone, but in spirit, because parents will not let them try to walk. Paul's mother made him walk, even when doctors said he couldn't. Yet I have within the week seen a child who could have learned to walk long since carried about by a mother who was too sympathetic to teach the child how to use her legs.

Don't let your family, or friends, or the world make you into an invalid. Insist that you can actually or figuratively stand on your own two feet.

Paul Kenyon refused to talk long or much about his legs. He was busy showing me all the things he was interested in and was doing so successfully. He showed me a remodeled house on which he had done most of the rebuilding; he showed me a boat he had helped remodel; he showed me a heating system he had remodeled; he showed me a career remodeled to include time for writing and raising a [illegible] village; and he showed me, more importantly, a body crippled by disease remodeled into a form that made him [illegible] person.

Meet a Soft-Coal Miner's Family,

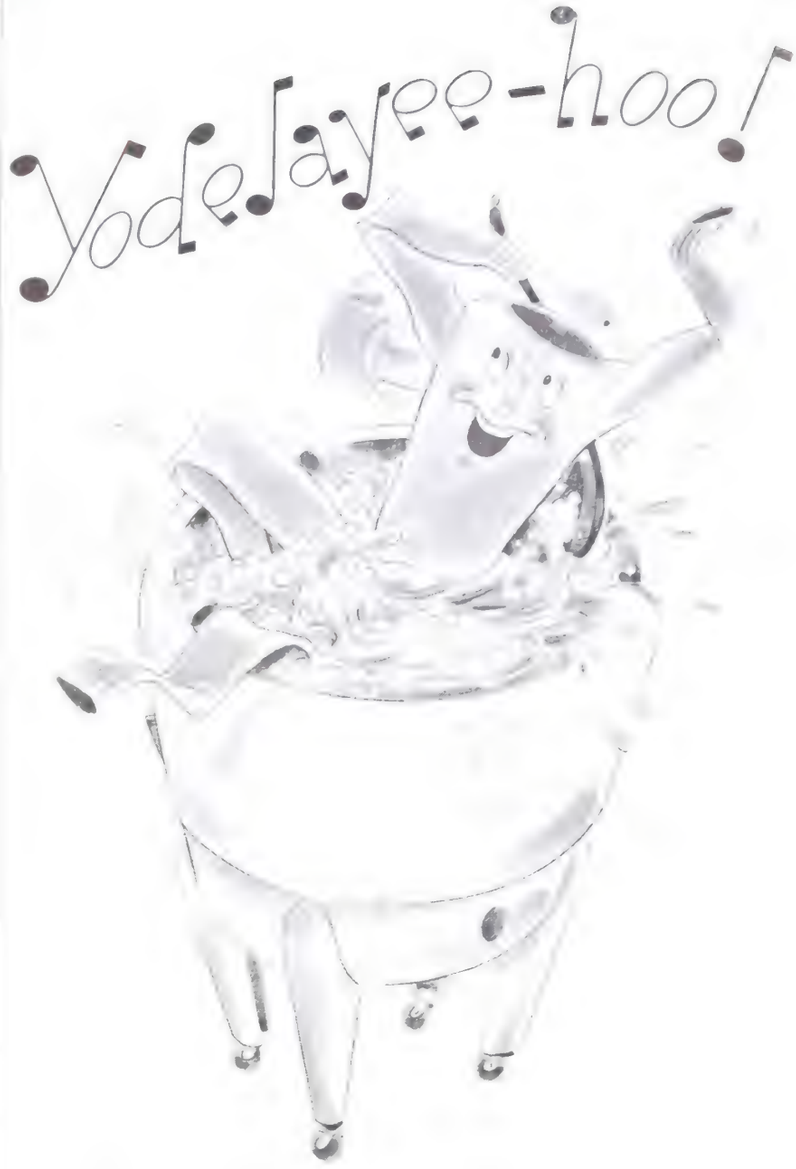
of

Harlan County, Kentucky

[illegible] most of its coal miners are a breed apart [illegible] who labor underground for twelve-hour periods of their days who work in danger and [illegible] and who are, without [illegible] important in the lives of each and every one of us. Barney Alice and Jim Perkins, coal [illegible] are like itself. Their last three seven children have lived out their lives in the shadow of coal and [illegible] the squealing of the pigs in the garbage under their four-room tarpaper [illegible] the cheap brand of chewin' tobacco Alice has [illegible] her youngest child. And, just as with all men, their lives are leavened by laughter and love.

More About Alice and Jim Perkins [illegible] LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

★ How America Lives ★



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Fels-Naptha Soap

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DO'S AND DON'TS FOR DATES . . .

DON'T *ask a girl in the afternoon for a date that same night! "What are you doing tonight?" or "Have you got a date for the prom tomorrow?" is the most unflattering approach to a girl! Give her plenty of advance notice, especially for big dates such as proms, formal dances, and so on.*

DO, before you leave your own house, check up carefully on your appearance. That helter-skelter slightly soiled look is all right on the football field—but dating a girl demands a clean-and-neat technique!

DO call for your girl at her home. Girls waiting on street corners are usually there because of some inconsiderate boy. And you don't want to be one of them! Calling for a girl and taking her home is all part of the date—and chalks up for you on the right side of her parents.

DO put your heart into your smile and produce a firm handshake when you are introduced to her parents; and say, "How do you do, Mrs. X"; or "I'm glad to meet you, sir." Sincerity is an admirable quality—and parents are quick to detect it!

DON'T *lose your tongue and become self-conscious at the sight of older people. You, too, can begin a conversation! Start with something you know interests them. "I noticed your flower garden as I came in, Mrs. X"; or "I've heard about your interesting hobby, Mr. X." This immediately puts the conversational burden on their shoulders. Not yours!*

DO remember to say, when you leave, "I'm very glad to have met you," repeating the name of the person you're speaking to. Courtesy and deference to elders are musts for manners.

DO (if it's a special date and you're in the market for flowers) use your initiative in discovering what color dress your date will wear. Boys who produce green orchids that have to be worn on red dresses are flirting with danger!

DO take enough money for you *and* your date! Boys who ask girls out should be prepared to *pay* the consequences!

DON'T *forget your language when you are with a girl. Girls are partial to boys who treat them with respect. Masculine protectiveness, in any form, is always a delight to any girl.*

DO give your girl "the little attentions." They mean a lot to her. Walking on the outside; holding her chair; giving her order to a waiter; seeing to it that she's made comfortable! And if you're with a mixed group of young people, *don't* forget the major part of your attention goes to the girl *you* are with!

DO adhere to any rules her parents have made about not going to certain places and getting home at a certain time. This is all-important in your success in maneuvering the second date!

DO see to it *in person* that your girl gets safely home! And *do* remember to tell her how much fun you had.

Paul practices last-minute checkups before he starts out on his personal-appearance tour toward the home of his best girl.

PHOTOS BY DI PIETRO

POLISHED, PRESSED AND PREFERRED

By Dawn Crowell

Beauty Editor of the Journal

WHEN a boy reaches the age where he finds himself thinking of girls in terms of dance floors and holding hands, it brings up such immediate problems as learning to whistle the latest love tunes and maneuvering an advance on next week's allowance. It also brings up the subject of good grooming. A subject which up until now he hasn't touched with a ten-foot whisk broom, preferring to think of it as something designed exclusively for girls. Begging off with such protests as "That's sissyish!", he has often succeeded in defeating his mother's pleas in matters of well-combed hair, an immaculate face and clean fingers.

But ever since our older American boys have been marching out of the armed forces, reconverted into neater, sprucer and consequently more attractive versions of their former selves, this argument that "grooming is not for males" has disappeared down the bathtub drain! In most cases, our ex-servicemen have not only cultivated more orderly ideas about their outward appearance, but in so doing they have polished up their personalities and have gained pride and self-respect.

Peter and Paul Kenyon, Jr., twelve and sixteen years old, are well aware of this grooming improvement in the masculine world. Paul, broad-shouldered, six feet tall and girl-conscious, knows a neat appearance makes a good impression. As a member of the R.O.T.C., he is accustomed to regimental orders concerning trim clothes, polished shoes and cleanliness, and says, "This training comes in handy when a guy goes out with a girl!"

In addition to regular toothbrushing and daily bathing, here are a few basic grooming aids designed to improve the appearance of any teen-age or preteen-age boy: stiff-bristled hairbrushes that not only put hair in its proper place, but help clean the scalp too; sturdy and really workable nailbrushes to be used with plenty of warm water and soap to give fingernails a clean look, but not necessarily a "manicured" look; a shoe-shine kit including brown and black shoe polishes and a chamois cloth to revive scuffed shoes; a sewing kit (like the ones used in the armed forces) for straying buttons. Hair tonics, talcum powder and after-shaving lotions are optional. But judging by the mysteriously dwindling supply of these items on a father's bathroom shelf, they seem to have a certain amount of appeal for the teen-age male members of the family!

Peter and Paul together attend to their own minor clothes casualties, such as loose buttons, spotted coats, unpressed pants and soiled socks and handkerchiefs. A good way to learn the meaning of "self-reliance" and "initiative."

Good grooming, however, does not end with the mastering of a polished outward appearance. The teen-age boy who discovers girls in this rosy light of dates and daydreams must consider his *manners.* Even the youngest girls prefer a certain amount of courtesy and respect. And the boy who has had no such training, or who has scoffed at his parents' attempts in that direction, is not going to sally forth suddenly as the Prince Charming of the Sub-Debs! Any boy who is not reasonably sure of himself in the presence of girls (and girls' parents!), who doesn't know what to say or how to act when confronted with unfamiliar faces in surroundings outside his own picket fence, may be in for some embarrassing moments.

But there is a remedy. Good manners act as a passport from one's own home into the homes and lives of others. Parents can furnish their children with this invaluable gift through giving the proper amount of training from early childhood.

Peter and Paul Kenyon have had such excellent bringing up in "home manners" that the courtesy, respect and good breeding they display to the outside world are as automatic as getting up in the morning. And now that Paul's afternoons and evenings are filled with outside activities, his training in conduct makes him not only a presentable but a desirable person!

Paul does a little predate pants pressing. Boys who balk at "helping mother out," please take note!

In matters of grooming, only

Know why Yankee sailors used to break speed records winging home in their tall clipper ships? One reason was to get back to the feasts of baked beans our New England grandmothers used to bake with such a special flavor knack. Beans baked with true, old-time goodness exactly as B & M bakes 'em for you now "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Slowly (with no boiling) for one entire day! With lots of juicy pork chunks and spicy sauces! Till each flavor-drenched bean is mealy and tender and temptingly brown! Treat yourself to these genuine New England favorites . . . and you'll prefer 'em always.
Burnham & Morrill Company
Portland 2, Maine.

PHOTO BY J. DUPLETRO

Millions of pounds of fish are scooped from the holds of Gloucester schooners at all seasons of the year. This morning's catch is redfish.

Folly Cove Favorite

By Louella G. Shouer

EVEN if you had never peeked into the weathered old salt-box house in which the Kenyons live, you would know that there would be red geraniums and fat little pots of growing herbs on the kitchen window sill, old blue willowware plates in the cupboard, and fresh-baked ginger cookies in the crock near the breadbox. We did peek—and there they were. Houses should be like the people who live in them. Mrs. Kenyon makes a real home of her house and loves to cook in its big sunny kitchen all the simple, homely, good things that generations of New England mothers have offered their families. Being a creative artist, she believes it's good to cook. She's as proud of a stew or chowder which she's brewed up on her own as she is of a new stencil design for one of her Folly Cove prints. And why not? Cooking is creation too.

You can tell by her two cookbooks that no matter how much she may improvise with flavors and seasonings, she's loyal to the cooking traditions of the locality in which she lives. One is called the New England Cook Book of Fine Old Yankee Recipes. The other is the Annisquam Village Cook Book, published by the local sewing circle. In its frontispiece are these words: "Amongst its other traditions, Annisquam has always been proud of its cooking, as everybody who has attended a church supper or even a library tea will testify. In prosperity and depression alike, the Annisquam women have vied in friendly rivalry with specialties long since become more or less open secrets in the village."

It's a fine thing for any community—the gathering together of the best of its best cooks, their recipes written in each author's handwriting. It's much more of an intimate record of a group of people who live together than any local historian could provide. Maybe the proceeds bought a new hose for the fire engine, flower beds for the little park—I don't know. But I do know that there are mighty good cooks in this little fishing village close by the sea, and I'd like to pass on to you some of their specialties. There's little these women don't know about fish, and they're loyal to the varieties that are brought to their shores: the cod, the haddock and halibut; the mackerel in summer—which Mrs. Kenyon says is more heavenly to eat if broiled over a wood fire.

Everyone knows how wedded the New Englander is to fish and clam chowders, made with milk, salt pork, onions and potatoes as its only other requisites. No "tomatoey" chowder would stand a chance in this Down East section. I'm not a New Englander, but I'd choose their way any day. Here's a chowder the way they make it in Annisquam:

CAPE ANN FISH CHOWDER

Dice ¼ pound salt pork and fry until crisp. Remove the pork and sauté 2–3 onions, peeled and sliced or chopped in the fat. Add 4 potatoes, diced, and 2 pounds fresh haddock or codfish fillets, cut into pieces. Cover with water, add 1 teaspoon salt and cook until the potatoes are done. Add 3 cups milk and salt and pepper to taste. Add 2 or 3 hard common crackers broken into pieces, and 1 additional cup of milk if chowder seems too heavy of fish and potatoes. Put salt pork back in chowder. Reseason to taste and bring just to boil. Serves 4–6.

The recipe itself is quite elastic. Some cooks use more or less salt pork, more or less fish and potatoes, but i

always has these basic ingredients. Clam chowder is made by the same "rule." Chowder fans believe it is even better reheated the second day. You might double the recipe.

Unless you live close by the sea, you can't expect your lobster to taste quite like that which the Kenyons provide. Mrs. Kenyon says that until you've cooked lobster in sea water you really haven't "tasted" lobster. Now in February lobsters aren't very easy to get, but when summer comes you might like to try this lobster stew from the Annisquam Cook Book:

LOBSTER STEW

Remove meat from the bodies and claws of two 1½-pound cooked lobsters or one 3-pound lobster. Cut the meat into medium-sized pieces. Add 2 cups water to the lobster shells and the tommi or liver of the lobster. Add ½ teaspoon salt, a piece of celery and a few little sprays of parsley. Simmer shells 20 minutes to make a stock. Heat together 1½ cups cream, 1 cup milk and 1–1½ cups of the stock. Add the lobster meat and 1 teaspoon paprika mixed with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper. Do not boil. Serves 4.

Strangely, the Kenyons don't go to the Gloucester wharf for their fish. They buy it in fish stores and supermarkets just as city folk do who don't have an ocean at their back door. Much codfish is dried in Gloucester, and dried salt codfish, creamed and served traditionally with boiled potatoes, buttered beets and coleslaw, is a family favorite supper. Haddock they like baked on a bed of tomatoes with herbs dried from their own garden for seasoning. Little half-moons of lemon add the final touch to the flavor at the table. Here are two ways to serve fish in the Folly Cove manner:

CASSEROLE OF FISH

Cut 4 tomatoes into eighths. Place the cut pieces in bottom of 4 individual casseroles. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until soft and tender. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon chopped chives, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cover content of each baking dish with 1 piece of any filleted fish (¾ pound cod, haddock). Sprinkle the fish with ½ cup chopped parsley. Cover casseroles. Put back in moderate oven and bake until fish is done (about 20 minutes). Before serving, top with a piece of butter or margarine. Serves 4. This is a good little dish—easy to prepare—and can be made in large casserole. During the winter it's more economical to substitute canned tomatoes for fresh. Heat and divide the contents of 1 No. 2 can among the 4 casseroles. Omit the first step of baking the tomatoes, as the canned tomatoes are already cooked.

BAKED STUFFED FISH FILLETS

Wash and dry 2 pounds fish fillets. Divide the quantity in half. Lay half the fillets in the bottom of a shallow rectangular baking dish. Make a bread stuffing, as follows: Prepare 1½ cups fine bread crumbs from stale bread. Cook 2 tablespoons chopped onion and 2 tablespoons finely diced celery in 2 tablespoons bacon fat. Stir into crumbs. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and a pinch of marjoram and thyme. Add 1 tablespoon hot water. Mix well. Spoon the filling onto the fish. Lay the rest of the fish on top. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Blend in 1½ tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper. Cook and stir constantly until thickened. Add ¼ pound sharp American cheese, grated. Stir until dissolved. Pour sauce over the fish. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 minutes.

If the Kenyons are having company supper in front of the big open fireplace and Mrs. Kenyon has to spend most of her day in the studio—fortunately, it's just off the kitchen, where she can keep an eye on a cooking dinner—this is a favorite main dish. The boys help to slice mushrooms and cut

(Continued on Page 222)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"When I take the plump, brown-crusted loaves from the oven," says Mrs. Kenyon, "I feel kin to the traditions of this lovely old house."

PHOTO BY TANNELLI

Wonderful Lenten Supper

FISH FILLETS WITH CREOLE SAUCE

6 fish fillets or
2 lb. whole fish
1 cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup corn meal
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup flour

Wipe fillets with damp cloth and dry thoroughly. Heat Wesson Oil in heavy skillet. While your oil is getting hot, roll fillets in the mixture of flour, meal, salt, and pepper. When Wesson Oil is good and hot, place fillets in pan and brown, turning once (notice how quickly they turn an even, golden brown). Serve immediately with Creole Sauce (see below). A simple supper, but how tempting! You'll find fish or any food, for that matter, is extra delicious fried in Wesson Oil. Digestible, too! No wonder good cooks everywhere have been frying with famous Wesson Oil for years!

Creole Sauce: Brown in skillet ¼ *cup chopped onion* in 2 *tablespoons Wesson Oil.* Add 1 *can condensed tomato soup,* stirring constantly. Add: 2 *tablespoons each of finely chopped green peppers, celery, olives, pickles.* Bring to boiling point and serve.

IT'S A JOY to fry with clear, pure Wesson Oil. So handy and economical. Just *pour* what's needed into the pan. Know immediately when there's enough. Never any waste. And what a difference in the taste of food fried in Wesson Oil. Flavorful outside! Juicy inside! For frying—there's nothing like Wesson Oil. America's favorite *salad* oil!

TIP

Try browning bread crumbs in delicious Wesson Oil. See how extra good they taste!

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS

SO GOOD! HERB DRESSING ON GRAPEFRUIT!

½ teaspoon salt and, if desired, 1 clove garlic, sliced
¼ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
¾ cup Wesson Oil
1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, or minced parsley
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Mix in a jar and shake vigorously so that all ingredients are perfectly blended. Pour over fresh grapefruit sections on crisp greens and toss. Use only enough dressing so that salad is lightly coated. Notice how clearly you can taste the fresh flavor of the fruit. That's because light, *unobtrusive* Wesson Oil never drowns a salad under a heavy, oily taste. One reason more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil.

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3 airless bathrooms
4 bedrooms
5 children's nurseries
6 sick rooms
7 pet odors
8 musty closets

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Dining in the living room is not obtrusive if backgrounds are built in and the dining table and chairs match the rest of the room's furnishings.

Dining in the Living Room

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THE Kenyons had a dining-room problem. Their two-hundred-year-old house had no room suitable for dining; and being decoration-minded, Mrs. Kenyon didn't like the idea of spoiling her living room with obvious dining equipment which she couldn't disguise between meals.

"These big old houses just have rooms and rooms," she said, "and each general [illegible] to the kitchen to remodel into a dining room. We can't find a room near enough to the living room."

These days many families find it necessary to eat in the living room. To do so with style is in the nature of a decoration problem, but not too difficult for an amateur to undertake.

The most successful plan and the key to a really delightful effect is to match the dining accessories to the living-room scheme, so their presence seems a natural part of the day-long furnishings. If you do this, the dual purpose of the room is not noticeable, and even when in use the dining equipment isn't obtrusive.

The plan we worked out for the Kenyons adapts itself readily to any style, furnishings and background. Yours may be a homey room, a modern interior or a period setting, but the procedure for adapting a dining unit is the same. The job can be either amateur or professional, and you can do the whole works, or just any one part that seems to answer your needs.

Here are some helpful suggestions for you to follow:

Since dining table and chairs against a plain wall are stark and uninviting and obviously out of place, plan for them a compatible background which makes them seem to belong there. The very best effect comes from building in a unit arrangement which gives pleasant emphasis to the spot rather than contrasts it. For instance, since the Kenyons use their living room for both work and play, and need lots of places to write and study, visit with friends and work at hobbies, we gave them a homey, informal built-in unit, definitely in character with the rest of the room. If you were to take away the *(Continued on Page 215)*

When the rhumba's not your number . . . Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

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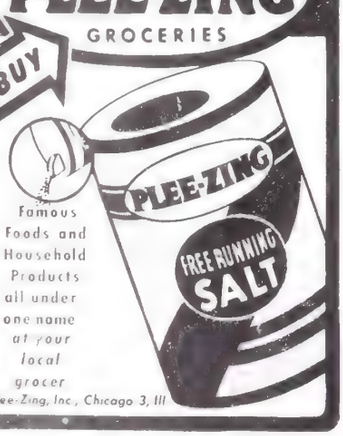

Famous Foods and Household Products all under one name at your local grocer

Plee-Zing, Inc., Chicago 3, Ill.

GETTING DOWN TO FREEZING

The Kenyons ask some questions you may ask, too, if you're approaching the freezing point!

PHOTO BY STUART

Before deciding definitely, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kenyon measure their catchall back room, which they hope to make a freezer-utility room.

BY JUDY BARRY

"What will a freezer do for me?" Several good things, if you choose it and use it well and wisely. A home freezer can be an investment in good living, providing its owner with a variety of good food all year round, allowing the enjoyment of out-of-season delicacies on a moderate budget. A freezer owner may prepare whole meals for some gala occasion well in advance at a time that's convenient for her, or a week's supply of school lunches on some quiet afternoon. She may cut the number of her shopping trips down to minimum, since she may, if she's canny, keep a small-scale market right in her own house. She may save money by buying food in wholesale quantities, or taking full advantage of the yield of her own garden and fruit trees if she's a landowner.

"How large a freezer would I need
At Cornell University, a study was made estimate the number of cubic feet wh would be required to satisfy the proba needs of one person with the kind and qu ity of food needed to furnish good nutrit at reasonable cost. Based on the use frozen meat all year round (3 pounds a w per person) and frozen fruits and vegetal about 32 weeks of the year (7½ pounc week), this study indicated that to fre this amount of food, about 6 cubic feet a y per person would be desirable, but that v well planned and efficient use, about 5 cu feet could be ample. (Six cubic feet wo allow for the freezing of cooked fo baked goods, fats, such as butter and cre in addition to the above-mentioned foo

ow much food do they hold?"

hat about a freezer locker?"

there any need for both?"

w long does freezing take?"

e they hard to take care of?"

w much will it cost to operate?"

here is the best place to put a ezer?"

of their "built-in" thermostat and the side-opening freezer door helps to hold in the

"What type of freezer do I want?"

is that packages are easier to get at with the shelves at hand level. It's sometimes quite a stretch for a small or short-armed or plump person to dig, just the back of peaches or the bottom of a chest.

well, but if a chest freezer and its kids may present fewer problems than the doors of

are kept right up to the minute and ab-

identification.

"I'll probably buy most of my frozen foods."

usual re-

—if, of course, store a package or two or new ones will take care of them. In their

"How much do they cost?"

cubes but in New York freezers' prices around $60 for 10 cubic feet, up to freezer in size in New York at present to

"How soon can I get one?"

the side-opening upright freezers are in pro-

YOU DON'T Cream Shortening YOU DON'T BEAT EGGS!

Betty Crocker

Yet amazing Betty Crocker New Method with Softasilk will give you lovelier cakes than any other method, any other flour!*

- [illegible]
- [illegible] mixing time to 5 minutes!
- [illegible] cakes!
- Betty Crocker Softasilk is [illegible]

- [illegible] *the* cake flour and the Betty Crocker New Method that spell cake-making magic!

* See guarantee on package

A Betty Crocker New Method Recipe

Maraschino Party Cake

Have [illegible]

Sift [illegible] 2 1/2 cups sifted SOFTASILK Cake Flour, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 3 tsp. double-action baking powder

Add 1/2 cup high grade vegetable shortening, 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice (from 5-oz. bottle), 6 maraschino cherries cut in eighths, 1/2 cup milk

Beat [illegible]

Add [illegible] 1/2 to 2/3 cup unbeaten egg whites (4 large)

Beat [illegible]

Fold [illegible] 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Pour [illegible]

Bake [illegible]

Frost [illegible]

*To Save On Sugar: [illegible]

15 CAKE RECIPES, 7 ICINGS & SUGAR SAVING HINTS WITH PACKAGE

SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Mills

BARGAIN! AMAZING OFFER OF 14 PIECE CAKE-MAKING SET WITH PACKAGE!

NAN:

Oh, let the sink go—we'll be late!

SUE: **Want to bet? Cleaning's a cinch when your cleanser doesn't scratch.**

NAN: That's a new one on me! I thought a cleanser *had* to be harsh and scratchy to be quick.

SUE: Heavens no! Coarse cleansers leave scratches that catch and hold dirt and make cleaning up take twice as long.

NAN: Seeing is believing! In no time at all you've made that sink absolutely gleam.

SUE: All the honors go to Bon Ami, dear. It slides dirt right off. Polishes while it cleans, too . . . see?

NAN: I wouldn't have eyes if I didn't! From now on I switch to Bon Ami for *all* my cleaning.

SUE: You won't be sorry. Bon Ami leaves everything satin-smooth, *including* your hands!

Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER *that "hasn't scratched yet!"*

FINE, WHITE Bon Ami Powder makes fas
of cleaning bathtubs as well as sinks. A
Bon Ami Cake for cleaning windows and m

I Wear the Apron Now

By David Duncan

IE first day was hectic, and at five o'clock it began to get frantic. The children were clamoring for food, and I had forgotten that to be eaten at five, must be prepared before then. Even an ent gas stove requires time to bake a o. My wash was still on the line and g was coming in.

th masculine competence I poured two of milk into a saucepan, stirred in a ge of brown powder which was sup- to turn it into chocolate pudding, and on the range. Then I was out the back after the laundry.

r clothesline is the pulley type. I hauled lothes in rapidly until a sheet that come unpinned at one corner caught rosebush. I gave the line a yank and ther corner came unpinned. The sheet d over the bush like a bridal veil.

th an armful of ly clothes I d into the house, ited them on a in the hallway ter sorting, and harged down the steps after the I had my hands when my five- ld daughter ap- d at the top of teps and bawled :

addy, the pud- boiling over." e rosebush was ate, but I was ronger, and with heet a tattered er of triumph ring behind me s back in the once more. The ng had become ingly thick and . It had boiled and was burning oss the top of the I turned off the mmediately and d mopping up the late pudding with heet, which in the confusion of the nt I mistook for a dish towel.

the children were coughing, so I d through the smog to the windows ot them open. I threw the sheet back laundry basket, took a deep breath of e and nerved myself to a new start. otatoes were still like rocks, and my supply was too low to attempt pudding . My daughters stopped coughing long h to tell me once more how hungry they I poured the remaining milk into two s which I placed before them as a s of stopping the clamor while I fried each a chop. Too late I realized I had e milk in the wrong glasses. The three- ld, it seems, could drink milk only the cheese glass which I had placed e the five-year-old. In the ensuing ble the milk went off the table, one landing in the older one's lap and the on the floor. A wail went up from the en, answered by my own deep-throated w as my patience expired and the chops d burning.

en my wife arrived home an hour later, ildren had each eaten some bread and r and retired to their room, where they shrieking out their derision of my s. The kitchen was a mess; dinner for ife and me was a mirage on the future horizon. I was physically exhausted and close to the gibbering point.

THAT describes a small part of the first day after my wife and I decided to make the great experiment and exchange our economic positions. We had talked about it ever since our second child was weaned from the bottle. My wife had worked before our marriage and wanted to continue with some kind of work outside the home. On the other hand, I resented the rigid schedule of commuter trains and office hours which kept me away from home eleven hours a day all during the week. I wanted to write fiction, and was of the opinion that if I stayed home I could increase production to the point where it paid off. My wife kindly withheld comment as to how much I would accomplish under such conditions. By working nights I had managed to finish five novels in six years, but only one of them had sold and returns from royalties stayed in three figures. That wasn't enough of a guaranty for me to leave my job, since we both realized that my wife's potential earnings were less than mine.

The necessary impetus came a few months ago with the sale of a second novel. The cash advance was sufficient to buy food and keep a roof over our heads for a few months at least, and that—plus whatever salary my wife could secure—should be enough to give us a fair chance at the new way of life. If worse came to worst, I could always get a job again.

So I donned the apron and took over the running of the household while my wife donned a business suit and went to work. She leaves the house each morning at 8:30 and returns sometime between 5:30 and 6:30 in the evening, depending upon her schedule. During her absence I care for our two daughters, clean house, market, cook the meals and try to find time to write.

Let me admit frankly that the last activity has occupied the least amount of time during the daylight hours. I still do my writing at night. In that respect our great experiment has so far been a flop. But in giving me opportunity to investigate the life led by the vast majority of mothers, the experience has had an educational value worth all the nervous agony of my first few weeks in the new role.

I have learned humility. Never again shall I be guilty of such banalities as, "But, dear, the children would be no problem if you'd just let them be their sweet selves"; or, "I can't see why you haven't time to pay the bills. All you have to do is sit around the house all day."

Such misconceptions have fled my mind forever. When Sunday comes, I don't think of it as a day for my working wife to spend in golfing; I think of it as a day when my wife takes over at least half the household duties and lets me relax for a change.

I have learned patience. No longer do I explode at the end of the day because the

True Tale

By Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

Two loves there were in my
young life:
One laughed and chattered all
day long;
When evening shadows fell, still
gay,
He sang a lilting song.
The other was a quiet lad
Who sang no song and spoke
no word.
Attuned to long, dark silences,
My soul found his and heard.

The gay love stole my heart away.
(I had it back by break of day.)
The silent one, against my will,
Plucked out my heart and has it
still.

Dogs I've Known... by Robt Day

Finicky Eater —

Noses his food as if it was so much sawdust. His appetite would get a break with Gro-Pup *Ribbon!* It has real dog-appeal, say 7 out of 10 dog owners who've fed it. These crisp toasted ribbons are *different* from any other dog food!

Lazybones —

Nothing seems to stir him to life. What can his master expect if the dog isn't fed right? Gro-Pup *Ribbon* would give him every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vigor, vitality, and growth. A tested, scientific formula of 23 essential nutrients.

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Happy, chipper, and well-fed—on a basic diet of Gro-Pup, of course! It's economical, too. Each box of Gro-Pup *Ribbon* supplies as much food by dry weight as 5 one-pound *cans* of dog food! Get Gro-Pup from your grocer today. It's made by Kellogg's—a name you can count on.

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP

P.S. You can give your dog the same tested, scientific formula as Gro-Pup *Ribbon* in popular Gro-Pup *Meal*, or in crunchy, bite-size Gro-Pup *Pel-Etts*. For variety, feed all three.

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Telechron Inc., Ashland, Massachusetts

children are fussy about their dinner or slow about getting to bed. This used to be the part of their day I shared most often, and it gave me a distorted picture of the whole. Now I see the day in its entirety—the cheerful mornings and afternoons with the gradual accumulation of fatigue which leads to the minor crises of evening.

I have learned flexibility. Under office procedure my life had become a series of habits. I received my mail at a certain time, dictated my correspondence at a certain time, had lunch the same hour each day, made appointments with the expectation of keeping them to the minute, and caught the same train home each evening. Variations from the routine were largely a matter of choice. Now life is all variations. I have learned to leave my typewriter in the middle of a sentence to fish a toy from under the bed or pass judgment on one of my daughter's latest creations with finger paints. Children's activities follow a certain routine, but it is not an adult routine. The adult must conform. I do.

Finally, I have learned a great deal about grown people through constant attendance upon children. Traits of stubbornness, selfishness, quick tempers and foolish pride, which used to annoy me most in dealings with other adults, I now realize are nothing more than continuations of preschool behavior which the individual somehow never outgrew. I have discovered these same tendencies in myself after seeing them reflected in the attitudes of my children.

Obviously, children are the factor which makes the job of the housekeeper difficult. Without children complications would be few, and largely products of the imagination. Illness is a luxury a mother can rarely afford. Social obligations are always dependent upon the physical condition of the family. The children always come first and other things come later, if they can be squeezed in at all.

> **Dionysius the tyrant, being at table with Spartan soldiers, criticized the menu as being insipid. The chef replied: "I do not wonder at it, for the seasoning is wanting."**
>
> **"What seasoning?" questioned the tyrant.**
>
> **"Running, sweating, fatigue, hunger and thirst: these are the ingredients with which we season our food."**
>
> ELIZABETH CRINNELL: Thoughts for the Kit-Bag. (Association Press)

"But how do the children take it?" is frequently asked by our friends.

There is a popular belief that children need the care of a mother, which cannot be replaced by a father, regardless of how conscientious he is. It is probably true that if one parent were to disappear from the household altogether, the father could be more easily dispensed with, as far as the children are concerned. But when it boils down to a matter of which parent is preferable as a caretaker, the popular belief is a fallacy.

By the time I had developed to the point where I didn't burn the pudding any more, the children had adjusted. After the first few days I was accepted as the logical person to whom to turn in case of a skinned knee, a bumped head or desire for a graham cracker. My wife has become the charming lady who arrives home in the evening, listens to a rehearsal of the day's events, reads them a story and assists in putting them to bed. The children hold her in considerable awe and proudly tell their playmates that *their* mother goes to work each day. When asked about father, the reply is generally, "Oh, he just stays home and takes care of the house and sometimes writes on the typewriter."

What the final outcome of our changed life will be, I cannot predict at present, but I do not believe results will be bad. For one thing, my wife is already looking and feeling better. Her job has given her a long-needed and much-deserved rest from the drudgeries

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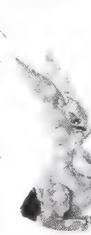

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✓ CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCRUBBING
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of boarewood. [illegible] ances and a wider range of interests. We understand each other better and are able to discuss the problems of our home on the basis of common experience.

The children have shown signs of increasing adaptability and an interest in those subjects which I am better able to teach them than my wife.

On the whole, we have a feeling of greater economic security. Should disaster overtake either of us, the other will be in a position to earn the living and supervise the home.

Although I do not consider our present arrangement permanent and do not intend spending my next fifteen years being handmaiden to two growing girls, I nonetheless look forward to a day when all of us will be adult and able to find real enjoyment in each other's company. Too many fathers end up being strangers to their children. Whether my own will like me or not remains to be seen, but certainly they will know me.

In the meantime my chief requirement is an apron. The ones I took over from my wife have ruffles, and I am still masculine enough that I dislike answering the doorbell wearing ruffles. Besides, a man needs a long apron that protects him all the way to his shoetops.

"BRACES AWAY"

[illegible]

print off a few more yards of an order and dart out to see how the pie in the oven is doing. Even print designing ties in with the family—the motifs of the library-window curtains are strictly all Kenyon, including the family boat and some family jokes.

Few newspaper reporters own pleasure boats and belong to yacht clubs. But in Gloucester such summer-folks doings, associated with the seasonal colony of visitors, tie in cordially with the local people. And the economic fact is that belonging to the Annisquam Yacht Club, which gives young Peter and Paul worth-while privileges, costs the Kenyons only $33 a year, while the Catkin, their seventeen-foot catboat, thirty years old and still sound, asks only some $30 a year for paint and materials lovingly applied by Paul and the boys. The total is hardly what many families in moderate circumstances spend on movies annually—and the Kenyons seldom go to movies.

At double the price it would still be worth it in recreation—Paul and the boys handling Catkin man-of-war style and Weezie stretched out, relaxed as a rag, on the scrap of deck forward, breaking lazy silence only to protest bitterly when it comes time to come about and she has to remove herself to make room for the boom. When he has a spare evening and feels like it, Paul is writing a kids' book about a family strikingly like the Kenyons building a boat, with the hero a small boy very much indeed like young Peter. The Kenyon boat-mindedness goes even farther, with Paul, Jr., now constructing a kayak in odd moments and Pete developing an ambition to be a tugboat captain. And, says Louise: "I don't know just how it will be managed, but I have a feeling in my bones, from the way Paul and the boys are behaving, that there'll be a new boat in the family pretty soon now."

Make-doers naturally have problems. Small ones like how to get Pete into shoes for state occasions between June and September—he claims, with justification, that you don't need shoes in summer and they hurt his feet anyway. Medium ones like how to match postwar high car prices against the multiplying rattles in the old Plymouth. And big ones like should Paul, Jr., whose high-school tests show high mechanical aptitude, learn a skilled trade or go to Massachusetts Tech, and, if so, what will he use for money? But Paul Kenyon, Sr., learned at the age of two what real problems are. In that painful wisdom, neither he nor his are ever likely to lose perspective.

A summer neighbor of the Kenyons' says that just renewing his acquaintance with them annually gives him a glow that lasts all winter.

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Rich glorious tone is just one attribute for which the Lester Betsy Ross Spinet is famous. It is equally famous for its distinguished appearance . . . feather light action . . . durable construction . . . and compact size.

One look at the new models will convince you that they are truly a decorator's dream come true . . . and the choice of handsome styles offers the ideal one to harmonize with your home decorations. The compact size of the Betsy Ross Spinet enables you to place it to advantage in either a large or small room.

The Betsy Ross Spinet will be the "keys to happiness" in your home . . . opening wide the gates of musical enchantment for children and adults.

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Do up your next basket of freshly washed things with Quick Elastic—***find out*** the difference it makes in your starching and ironing. **1.** You'll get smo-o-th hot starch—all cooked and ready to use in 30 seconds. (Follow directions here.) **2.** Each piece you iron . . . your cottons, curtains, dresses, shirts . . . will have a nice, soft, fresh-smelling body and finish. **3.** Special ingredients already mixed in ***powdered*** Quick Elastic end sticking, pulling—make your iron fairly glide along.

Why ***stick*** with the old kind any longer? For smo-o-th ironings—quick starching—join the thousands changing to this special powdered mixture. Get Quick Elastic—***that quick starch***—the only one in the yellow box. Instantly prepared . . . gives a lovely finish . . . wonderful for ironing. Get your yellow box, today.

THAT QUICK STARCH

1 CREAM A LITTLE QUICK ELASTIC IN COOL WATER—

2 NOW, STIR AND POUR BOILING WATER INTO IT.*

THEY SAY:

A new user writes: "Ma[illegible] box of Quick Elastic . . . it's a pleasure to iron. Now I use Quick Elastic exclusively."

Says a California woman: "I sure admire the idea of not boiling the starch. I ironed my first set of dresses today and they ironed so smooth and even."

From the Middle West: "My sons [illegible] Quick Elastic because the shirts had such a sweet smell and were so glossy and had just the right stiffness."

A lady writes this: "Everything you say about Quick Elastic is true. It's amazing to be able to do away with the old cooking method and save time and [illegible]."

*Be sure to pour your boiling water ***into*** your Quick Elastic and cool water. ***Do not*** pour the creamed Quick Elastic into the boiling water.

WHY STICK WITH THE OLD KIND ANY LONGER?

REPORT to the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY

LOOK, NO LEGS!

Handy for baby clothes, blouses or many another small quick pressing job is a new little legless ironing board, which clings firmly by a metal loop to any doorknob, held steady by a wooden brace beneath. It's 32″ long, 8″ wide, a size that fits into many traveling bags and bureau drawers.

•

SHOCK-SAVER

A neat new plastic shield for electric wall outlets seems to be something that every home, particularly where there are children who play on the floor with metal toys, ought to invest in as a safety measure, to help prevent electric shocks, short circuits or even worse. This cover is attached to the baseboard by a special long screw which accompanies it.

•

Did you know that one pound of salvaged fat makes six—count 'em, 6—bars of laundry soap? Don't let a drop go to waste!

•

WONDER STUFF

This is news—a plastic-treated paper that is sewable, water-resistant, wrinkle-resistant, and may be wiped free of soil and stains with a damp cloth! It's good to look at, done in pleasant colors and patterns, has an interesting crinkly texture, and suggests itself for many decorative and practical uses in our homes, since it's reasonably rugged and takes a good deal of surface wear, we have found. Comes by the yard or made up into shelf paper, bridge-table covers, book jackets, and so on, and can be sewed by hand or machine, pasted or glued. Right now, in the Workshop, we are planning to cover our notebooks and cookbooks with it—and to make gay place mats out of the tag ends. Ours isn't, but we are told that the next batch from the factory will be flameproofed.

•

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Clever new scissors have replaceable blades. When the edges become dulled, the tired blades can be thrown away and replaced with sharp new ones at less than the usual cost of sharpening scissors. It takes about ten seconds to replace a set of blades.

•

ELECTRIC LULLABY

The glamour girl of the electrically-warm-by-night family should be arriving in your town just about now: a gleaming satin electric comforter. Practical as present-day glamour girls usually are, the satin shell of the comforter may be easily zipped off for dry cleaning, while the inside warming sheet, where the businesslike electronic controls are, slips out for washing. The "under" side of the 72″ by 86″ comforter is of spun-rayon faille, which is said to be proof against slipping, the bad habit of so many comforters.

•

M-M-M, GOOD COFFEE!

A new thought in filters for glass coffee makers has arrived in the Workshop, and we've invited it to settle down and stay. It's a simple stainless-steel coil easily cleaned in a few moments by just rinsing under the water faucet.

ANY MAIL?

You can see your love letters (or bills, alas!) at a glance in the new transparent plastic mailboxes, which come in ruby red, blue or green to harmonize with the color of your front door, or in crystal-clear plastic. This plastic is well suited for such outdoor service, since it withstands extremes of temperature, rain or hard knocks, and can be kept clean easily with soap and water.

•

DIVIDE AND MULTIPLY

If you have as much trouble with kitchen arithmetic as we do, you will welcome a helpful little gadget, a new kitchen calculator, which does all your dividing of cups and spoonfuls for you when you're trying to cut down or build up a recipe. All you have to know is what portion of the original recipe you wish to use. The economical little measurer will fit into your recipe file, and would certainly fit into the affections of a neophyte cook.

•

OUT WITH THE OLD

Now you can buy replaceable Venetian-blind tapes, with a simple fastening device that makes it easy to slip on fresh new ones without removing the blinds from the windows or even disturbing the cords. Once the new tape is slipped over the end of the blind, the grimy old ones can be snipped off, the fresh ones moved into position.

•

MINIATURE MIXER

Handy little fellow, especially to dinner-for-two cooks, is a new small portable mixer which can be used with any bowl, jar or saucepan. We've found it convenient in the Workshop for whipping up small quantities—a cup of cream or thin popover batter. It's easy to wash: just detach the six-inch-long agitator and slip it under running water for a minute.

•

At the public library in most large cities you will find the Standard Refrigerator Manual to help you find out the trade-in value of your old refrigerator.

•

THREE TIMES A DAY

Anything that makes dishwashing easier is one of our favorite things to report to you about! A new kind of paper dishcloth does this, and so does a new liquid detergent whose mission in life is to make china and glasses sparkle. We've used our Workshop dishcloth (it's vegetable parchment, 17" by 17", all perforated) once a day for a month, and it's still whole and hale and hearty. We think its chief virtue is the fact that it keeps its white fresh appearance, doesn't get that soggy look that even the best of cloth ones do. As for the detergent, a bottle cap full is enough for a large pan of dishes.

•

GLAMOUR GIRL

Believe it or not, we've seen a new garbage container that's practically a thing of beauty. It's polished aluminum, squared in shape so it fits neatly into a corner with its step-on lever recessed so there's no treadle sticking out to bump your toe or catch your nylons. . . . Also of polished aluminum is a little "career girl" washboard, which comes in just the right size for bathroom-basin laundry such as underwear, dickeys and gloves.

•

FLAVORSOME FAVORITE

Pepper, freshly ground from the corns in a mill, has always been a must to gourmets. Now, attractive little pepper grinders are made with salt shakers to match in hobnail glass, in modern blond wood, or brightly colored plastic—making them provide a feast for the eye as well as the palate. Complete with a little packet of fresh peppercorns for the first grinding.

•

PIE IN A PACKAGE

The entire wherewithal for an apple pie just like mother used to make will soon be on your grocer's shelf, all done up in a compact little box. Dried apples and the piecrust mix sit cheek by jowl in the package, just waiting for water, sugar and a short sojourn in the oven; after which it will emerge as a pie which should wreathe your family in appreciative smiles.

•

TOUCH TILE

You'll enjoy getting acquainted with the new pastel-tinted plastic bowls. They're useful and hardy in spite of their lightness. They'll take hot or cold foods, stay in the refrigerator without expanding or contracting, won't chip or crack or break. A little squeeze on the sides and you can pour as neatly from a plastic bowl as from a pitcher—they're very pliant and flexible.

Revive and Shine with these 3 RECIPES!

DUSTLESS DUSTING

- First, make your own treated duster by adding a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to a clean, dampened cloth.
- Then, dust with a "gathering-in" motion, to keep dust from scattering.
- Do floors this same dustless way, by adding All-Purpose Polish to your O-Cedar Mop. It cleans and *gleams* both.

FURNITURE FEEDING

- Experts recommend "feeding" the finish several times a year, to help prevent cracking. Like this:
- Apply O-Cedar Polish *sparingly* and let stand 15 minutes. (It's famous for its protective qualities.)
- Then rub to satiny luster with clean cloth. Notice how O-Cedar *cleans* and *polishes* at the same time. More homemakers use it than any other brand!

SPOTS AND SCRATCHES

- Fresh alcohol stains: Wipe up immediately and rub spot quickly with cloth treated with O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish.
- Light burns and scratches: An application of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish will often help these.
- Deeper scratches: O-Cedar Touch-up Polish does a remarkable job of concealing scratches and other blemishes.

Genuine **O-Cedar**

ALL-PURPOSE POLISH

CLEANS – POLISHES – PROTECTS

IF YOU PREFER A CREAM POLISH, say O-Cedar, too! Quick—easy—no rubbing—to make refrigerators, venetian blinds, woodwork and other surfaces gleam! O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Illinois; Toronto, Canada.

O-CEDAR—"THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

For hair that commands admiration

Jewelite

All the lovely things you are to him are expressed in the shining glory of your hair. Keep it soft and lustrous by frequent use of a Jewelite Brush. Supreme creation of the brushmaker's art, Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have bristles of long, resilient Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide healthful stimulation, while burnishing each strand of hair to alluring, natural loveliness. Brushes, Combs and complete Dresser Sets in Jewelite are available at good brush departments. Look for the name Jewelite on the box. Jewelite is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. No other name means so much in a brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

Jewelite Roll Wave Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire or in diamond-clear crystal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs for men and women are beautifully styled in Jewelite and other lovely plastics. Remember the name . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic!

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

The Aristocrat of Plastics

UNDER-COVER STUFF

(Continued from Page 5)

the water on the floor had apparently brought into play the beaver's dam-building instinct. He had carefully sawed up all the eighteenth-century chairs and tables, and with the aid of cushions and books had constructed a completely adequate dam.

• • •

Every New Englander who hasn't done so already will surely want to read ***Ferris Greenslet's*** THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS—the backbone of Harvard, the Unitarian Church, the Boston Athenaeum, the textile industry and Massachusetts law, poets, architects, astronomers and world travelers. It's an engrossing book because you find yourself arguing with the Lowells at every turn. But they always win. All, we might say, except Lawrence Lowell, who, of all the great Lowells, went out in something less than a cloud of glory. When Sacco and Vanzetti had gone to their deaths, President Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, who had been one of the committee of three to look into the case, lost prestige with a large part of the country. In the Athenaeum on the morning after the two Italians had been electrocuted, there was a slip of paper in every magazine. It read: "On this day Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, dreamers of the brotherhood of man, who hoped it might be found in America, were done to a cruel death by the children of those who fled long ago to this land for freedom."

• • •

Now there's a patriotic dog book! SHADOW, THE ALL-AMERICAN DOG, by *Pearl Darr Snyder*, is written for third and fourth graders, and concerns a dog who wasn't pure poodle or bull or dachshund but a little of each—of French and English and

REPRINTED COURTESY THIS WEEK

"You're as impossible as your father, whoever he is!"

German stock. How he made out in the show with his mixed blood is the crux of the idea.

• • •

Betty Betz **does a smart job on teen-agers in her amusing cartoon book (verses by *Anne Clark*),** YOUR MANNERS ARE SHOWING—an Emily Post for bobby-sockers and up, done in their own language. Certainly a few years back, though there were no doubt quite as many casually made acquaintanceships (pickups) as now, there was definitely no comment on them, especially in verses for the young. But now:

"Beware of wolves! Play safe, my pet,
Don't speak to guys you've never met.
'I'm sure I've seen your face before!'
Are words you'd do best to ignore."

YOUR MANNERS ARE SHOWING presents sound advice. The fact that it doesn't side-step reality is probably all in its favor. *"Don't ever smoke or drink, all you young 'uns! Liquor is poison which tastes like*

SUSIE Q. SMITH

REPRINTED COURTESY KING FEATURES

"MUST you rustle your newspaper, daddy, when I'm trying to study?"

straight formaldehyde and cigarettes are filthy weeds which stain your teeth and fingers yellow.' Actually that's my personal opinion," **says Betty Betz. *"But let's not kid ourselves, kids. If more than half the people of the world indulge in smoking and drinking of some sort, chances are you'll probably be exposed to them somewhere along the line. . . . All I suggest is that you think it over carefully."***

And she proceeds very wisely to show them how to go about considering.

• • •

Apparently ex-Follies girls are not content with the simple pleasures that satisfy ex-Rockettes (see December issue). Not long ago one of these beauties had a purse stolen from a night-club table when she left it to dance. As listed to the police, the purse contained: five hundred dollars cash, diamond-studded gold lipstick-and-perfume set, solid-gold memorandum pad and pencil, diamond-studded gold money clip, diamond-studded gold cigarette lighter, diamond-studded gold compact, diamond-studded gold coin purse, forty solid-gold keys and a diamond-studded pillbox. Saccharin or aspirin?

• • •

According to publishers, a book about Abraham Lincoln can't fail. Every year a new life appears, and now we have THE LINCOLN READER, compiled by *Paul Angle*. This is a new type of biography. It is a selection from the various lives—from Sandburg, Ida Tarbell, Herndon, Gideon Welles, Nicolay and Hay, and so on. These contributions Mr. Angle has tied together to form a chronological whole covering Lincoln's life from his birth to his death. Americans are personally proud of their Lincoln. He was a plain, homely, awkward, poor, honest man, and we love him because of each one of these attributes. That he was also smart and turned a neat phrase and had a good sense of humor is so much extra gold. A country can't go far wrong with such a hero.

• • •

It came as a great surprise to read that at least 500,000 women in the U. S., according to a well-known wigmaker, are bald!

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL

For 500,000 women, a wigmaker is as essential as the local beauty shop.

YOUR *Pride and Joy* FOR YEARS TO COME

a lifetime of PERMANENT

glowing beauty of

your bedroom smile with bright, cheerful, ning furniture.

modern pieces like these. Friendly beauty in the vibrant warmth of the Sandy And lingers there

s you live with it you'll

ure is built to stay sound and lovely for a e. It's *Permanized!*

anized?" Why . . . haven't you heard? el has discovered a way to keep joints and ed surfaces from ever coming apart . . . re- ss of climate . . . no matter how damp or how hot or cold.

And here's something else you've often wished for. A drawer you can pull out with your little finger.

That's a *Permaslide*® drawer, made only by Mengel, of molded plywood . . . guaranteed never to stick or loosen. Its smooth, rounded corners dust as easily as a flat surface.

More! *Feel* that Mengel finish! Many coats are there . . . oven-hardened, so you can restore its lovely lustre with every polishing.

The "Mengel Man" trademark is your guide to advantages like these. Look for it when you buy . . . so you can brighten your bedroom at a price that's no blow to your budget.

MENGEL

We have a new booklet "Let's Dress Up Your Bedroom." Mail the coupon for your copy. The Mengel Company, Dept. 123, Louisville 1, Ky.

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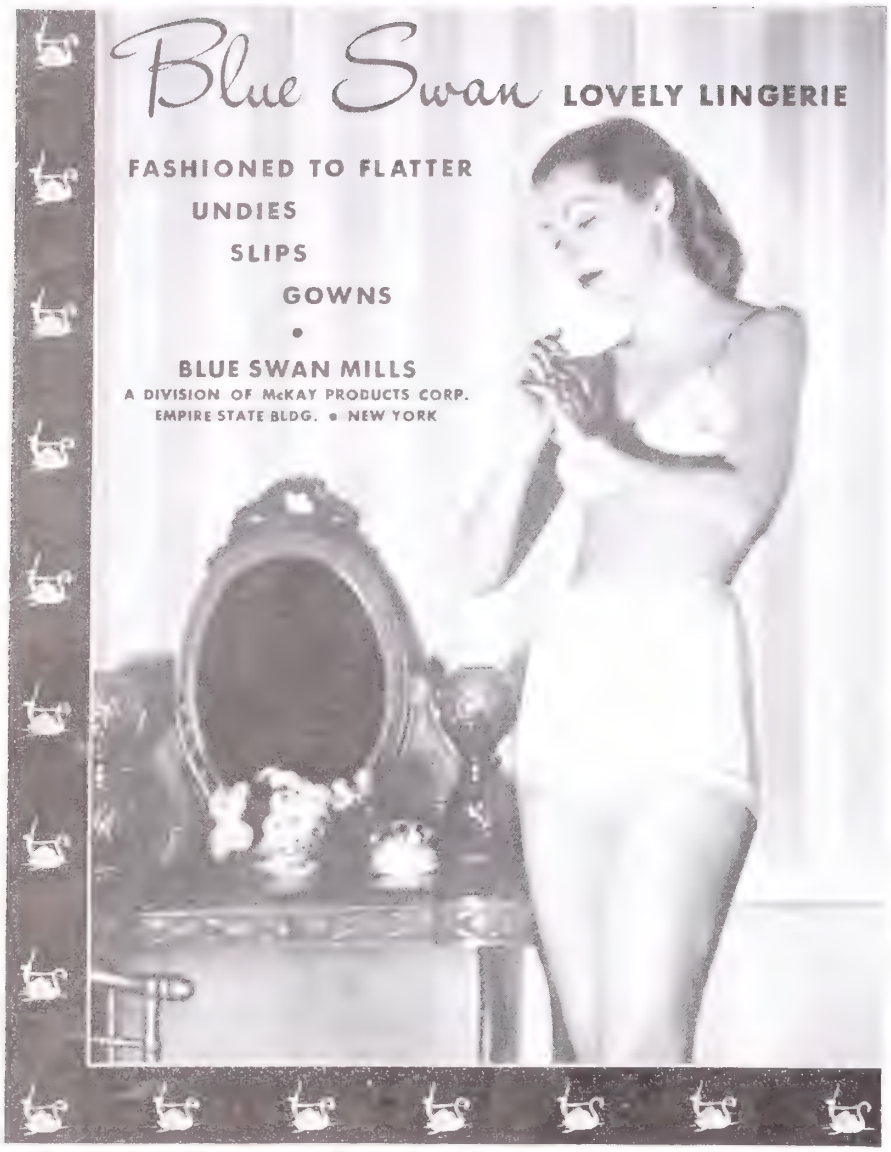

caresses
your instep

collects *his*
compliments

If ordinary pumps cut, try the blissful ease of TANGO, famous Paradise classic. Its flexible instep gives with every tiny movement of your foot. Watch *his* admiring glances, too!

Paradise Shoes

BRAUER BROS. SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI

THE TEMPLE OF DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 34)

*The purpose of the theater is to find, and hold up to our regard, what is admirable in the human race. The theatrical profession may protest as much as it likes, the theologians may protest, and the majority of those who see our plays would probably be amazed to hear it, but the theater is a religious institution devoted entirely to the exaltation of the spirit of man. . . .

The priests and priestesses of these temples are certainly unaware of the nature of their profession. But consider what they sell, and you face a different prospect. The plays that please most and run longest in these sin-haunted alleys are representative of human loyalty, courage, love that purges the soul, grief that ennobles. . . .

As everybody knows, the great plays of the world—those accepted by civilization as part of a great heritage and played for centuries—these are almost all concerned with the conduct of exceptional men or women in positions of great responsibility, men with tragic faults and weaknesses but with mind and strength enough to overcome in the struggle with evil forces, both those within themselves and those without. This is Hamlet, The Cid, Prometheus. And it is also, please note, Abe Lincoln in Illinois. . . .

The worshipers pay a fairly high rent for their pews in Broadway's theatrical Forties, and not many of them realize that they are assisting in a worship, but they sit in church nevertheless, and acquire virtue thereby according to their understanding and the wisdom and skill of the functioning playwright.

Oedipus Tyrannus and Macbeth and Lear and Eyolf and The Little Foxes teach one and all that an evil action revenges itself upon the doer. Antigone and Hamlet and a thousand modern plays argue that injustice is a corrosive, and will eat the heart out of him who practices it. Analyze any play please which has survived the test of continued favor, and you will find a moral, a rule of social conduct or a rule of thumb which the race has considered valuable enough to learn and pass along. . . .

And now I give a definition of what seems to me morally sound. An artist believes that there is good and that there is evil in his work for what seems to him good, and expects ultimate victory for it; then he is moral sound. If he does not believe in the existence of good and evil or if, believing in them, he asks, or even anticipates, the triumph of evil, he is morally unsound. . . .

In brief, I have found my religion in the theater, where I least expected to find it, and where few will credit that it exists. But it is there and any man who tries to write plays with himself serving . . . only because he can succeed in no other way. . . .

According to the worshipers of the good who sit in our theaters, a hero may have his doubts and indecisions, for he is only human, but when it comes to the test he must be willing to take steel in his bosom or take lead through his intestines or he resigns his position as a man. The audience, sitting in our theaters makes these rules and, in setting them, defines the purposes and beliefs of Homo sapiens. There is no comparable test that knows of for what is good in the human soul, what is most likely to lead to that distant and secret destination which the race has chosen for itself and will somehow find.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New Father

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

He came in set to break the tradition
That hounded the men in his position:
No fingernails gnawed, no jumps, no glooms,
No swooning in hospital waiting rooms.

His manner was careless, meant to say
That he went through this at least twice a day,
And as for his poise, his detached air ——
A lion could envy his *savoir-faire.*

But an all-night wait and another's pain
Reduced him to something else again,
And something as big as half his arm
Played hob with his boredom and his calm.

And when it was over, his sheepish grin
Appeared no kin to the one that came in;
Pale and trembling, he paused in the jamb,
"A boy," he breathed, and went out like a lamb!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

** Excerpts from The Bases of Artistic Creation, copyrighted 1942 by The Trustees of Rutgers College in New Jersey and published by the Rutgers University Press, and to be included in The Writer and the Theatre, a series of essays by Mr. Anderson to be published by William Sloan Associates.*

BED MAY BE BAD FOR YOU!

(Continued from Page 33)

Nervous patients show evidences of fatigue and easy fatigability; this fatigue is a symptom of the neurosis. Overstudy, overapplication, overexertion and all other excess expenditures of energy do not cause psychiatric troubles; they are often the expression of psychiatric illness."

And so the modern psychiatrist rejects rest as a cure even for "tiredness"—a symptom which, to most of us, would seem to demand rest, if anything does. But we are wrong. Consider the neurotic being as if he were an automobile, Doctor Menninger suggests. If he is "worn out," perhaps it is because he has been living too tensely—an automobile will become overheated if it is driven with the brakes set. Resting the car will not effect a cure, for as soon as the engine is started up again the same overheating will result.

The question is, "Why are the brakes set and how does one release them?"

And that question leads into the whole vast subject of modern psychotherapy which includes the effort to redirect the patient's wasted energy. Neurotic and psychotic individuals are people whose aggressive drives cannot find a satisfactory outlet; something has blocked their energies so that they can not work or play or really rest. The old treatment of forcing them to be idle and passive meant forcing them to turn the aggressive tendencies inward on themselves; guilt, unhappiness and sometimes suicide were the possible results.

The Army physicians, dealing with men just returned from conditions of abnormal stress, were particularly aware of the psychological effects of rest versus activity. On the

(Continued on Page 188)

"Another date? Gosh, Sis—what that Singer Sewing Center did for you!"

doubt about it—a [illegible] h her happiness. And you can learn to make your own [illegible] ger Sewing Center.

Friendly Singer experts teach you how to plan, cut out, fit. How to remodel dated dresses into gay, new styles. We do finish-up tasks for you, too—cover buttons and belts, picot, hemstitch. And we've smooth accessories and smart trims, at prices that won't embarrass your purse.

We'll be looking for you at your Singer Sewing Center!

• **Sparkle up your simplest frock** with our [illegible] tume flower, a bright scarf, or a frilly [illegible]

• **Delight a dainty lady** with one of these [illegible] scented as spring blossoms, satin-covered hangers, and boxes keep frocks, hose, and hankies leading a charmed life.

forms save tedious try-ons. [illegible] s us only 30 minutes to mold it to gure! This "stand-in" is a wonder-, too, for anyone who sews for a er away at school.

• **Electric Irons of true Singer quality!** Folding travel iron has easy thermostat control. Balanced Singer iron for home [illegible] durability.

• **Easiest notion-shopping in town!** Wealth of notions well displayed so you choose what you need without effort. Threads, zippers, shoulder pads, buttons, and novelty trims—for mighty little money.

• **This lovely incidental table** holds all your sewing needs. Period lines. Mahogany or walnut finish. Ample drawer space and sliding spool tray. One of many handsome models fitted and unfitted.

antam-weight [illegible] ble is efficient out of all proportion size. Sews perfect lockstitch, back- or forwards. Carrying case holds ments and accessories.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION!

Singer sells its machines only through Singer [illegible] the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

Check address of your local Singer Shop in [illegible] Central Avenue, Fort Dodge, Iowa. Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one [illegible]

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THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

NOW!
WASH and BLUE
at the same time
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BLU-WHITE
MAKES CLOTHES
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Blues while you wash
Does not streak
WHITENS! BRIGHTENS!
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BLU-WHITE COMBINES
A SPECIAL BLUING WITH
PURE, MILD SOAP
FLAKES!
WHITER WASHES!
Blu-White does what soap alone cannot do – washes and blues! It gives mounds of white cleansing suds with beautiful blue water. No extra bluing rinse! No streaks! Blu-White alone does a complete washing job, or you can use it with your usual soap.
BRIGHTER UNDIES!
Blu-White is all you need to wash tinted things dainty as never . . . white things dazzling. It's safe for everything, even nylons. And so gentle to the hands. Blu-White never over-blues. No wonder 9 out of 10 users prefer it to any thing else they have ever used
Today-Get BLU-WHITE

(Continued from Page 186)

basis of the first front-line hospital reports—when rest was ruled out by practical considerations alone—Army physicians learned the value of pressing patients to almost superhuman efforts toward recovery. In air-evacuation planes, on their way back from the battlefield, wounded men were told to begin exercises which would make it easier to adjust their artificial limbs later.

In this country, in Army hospitals, men were kept as active as their strength allowed through a series of graduated exercises; these varied from wiggling of the toes, among the patients who could do nothing else, all the way to ten-mile hikes with field equipment for those nearly recovered.

The results of this system—first devised for returned men by Dr. Howard Rusk, of Army Air Forces, at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis—have been sensationally good. In the 259 A.A.F. hospitals where they were used they reduced the relapses in all types of disease by 25 per cent, and cut down to one third the average period of convalescence. Even patients suffering from contagious diseases—scarlet fever, measles, and so on—were up and about in a third of the usual time under the heroic methods of the Air Force.

The get-up-early system was so successful in the Army that it has been carried over into the Veterans Administration hospitals. Dr. John E. Davis, director of the athletic services of V.A., reported to the American Psychiatric Association that "convalescent reconditioning rather than inert bed rest has reduced the length of hospitalization by as much as thirty to forty per cent and has cut readmissions as much as twenty-five per cent." One hundred thousand veteran patients have so far been involved; this shortening of their period of recovery has had the incidental result of cutting the cost of rehabilitation from the $40,000 per case spent by the Government on each World War I hospital patient to $300 a case.

"We have come back to the fundamentals of therapy," Doctor Davis has said, "to increase the patient's sense of importance, to help him feel that his efforts are worth-while and that he, himself, is necessary for the unique contribution to life that his pattern of individuality alone can contribute." Getting the patient up and about is one of the first steps in this program.

Doctors thus are tending toward the belief that—except for patients with a fever—the less quiet the hospital stay, the better. This consideration applies to every type of malady so far investigated. Dr. George Minot, a psychiatrist, reminded a conference of doctors last year that "rest" means different things to different patients. He told of a policeman who was advised by his doctor to rest for two weeks. "He took an automobile drive from Boston to California and back in twelve days. To him, rest meant change. Another patient, a woman, was told to rest in bed; she spent a certain number of hours a day in bed, but answered the telephone, jotted down notes, made up menus, advised the family and worked out her problems for the day. To her, rest meant simply being in bed." Such patients have always got around the doctor's injunction to "take a good rest"; it appears now that their instincts were quite right. Not rest, but a change of pace, was what they needed.

For the human spirit is involved in the debate on bed versus wheel chair. Man is a dynamic animal; neither his body nor his spirit can be happy at rest. Even in sleep—even in sickness—growth and recovery come through movement.

We have to retire from life for a little while when we are feverish or unconscious or in unendurable pain. But the lesson of the newer medical studies is clear enough: the sooner we grit our teeth and take the first painful steps back to active living, the better our chances of making a full recovery.

Pampered patients have died unnecessary deaths. The Army, which could not afford to baby its men under the stress of a war emergency, has given civilian medicine a precious discovery which will be of benefit to all of us for all time to come; the lesson is: Get up quickly, and start living again if you want to get well!

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THERE are three kinds of dusting: In the first, you dust everything, including air rungs; in the second, you dust only the s of things; in the third, you draw the les.

to erworked as a dog with four children low.

th sh stery: How a boy can go straight gh a tub of sudsy water and come out ıg dirty.

a te of encouragement to parents of escents: Children grow up to their noses way puppies do to their feet.

What a man hears is "news," what a nan hears is gossip.

Excerpt from a freshman theme entitled spense: "A flash of lightning showed us at the candle had gone out."

Perhaps parents would enjoy their children even more if they stopped to realize that the m of childhood can never be run through r a second showing.

Families reside in houses and live in homes.

If a graph were taken of some parents' scipline, it would waver like the coast line New England.

Daughters will learn how to iron quickly ough when it becomes a question of hether they're to wear wrinkled or scorched othing.

A group of schoolgirls, giving beau-by-beau descriptions of their latest triumphs.

When I was a child, no disciplining measure equaled the power of a tiny switch; even the flourishing of a dandelion sprout was enough to keep me good a month.

Before the architect goes ahead on the plans of a house for any woman, he ought first to call in all her friends and find out the kind of house *they* like.

Note to children: Always carry your food to your mouth instead of your mouth to your food.

Perhaps one reason that women who have a good start in children just keep on is that they've discovered that the visit to the hospital is their one chance at a vacation.

It is possible to tell almost all you need to know about a woman by listening to the way she calls her children into the house.

They say it's never too late to learn, but in the case of a first child it may be too early.

People liked the family so well they used its guest towels.

Fathers sometimes shirk punishing the children for a selfish reason: they don't want to make themselves unpopular with their offspring.

No one ever balanced a budget without first balancing his wants.

While you go out to market your clothes wash sparkling clean

The dial's set; the soap's in. And there's nothing more to do! All by itself the Bendix fills itself with water ...washes clothes...changes its own water...rinses 3 times...damp drys clothes ...cleans itself...drains itself...shuts itself off. You never put hands in water. Go where you please...stay as long as you like!

Only the BENDIX tumble-action principle washes clothes so clean...so gently...with so little hot water and soap...*and no work at all!*

IT'S TUMBLE-ACTION SUDSING! Clothes are tumbled through the liveliest suds hundreds of times—washing through fabrics so thoroughly that even heavy dirt doesn't have a chance. No agitator—no paddles—no suction! Nothing to pull, snag or grind delicate fabrics. That's why the Bendix washes everything from mud-stained denims to trousseau treasures so clean, so gently!

NO DIRTY WATER WASHING! Of course you wouldn't start a wash with dirty water. And, it stands to reason, you can't get clothes as clean when second and even third loads go through soil-weakened suds and chilled-off water. Every load gets a fresh, clean water sudsing in the Bendix—and clothes never get that dull, gray, dirty water look.

THE RINSING CHAMPION! The Bendix rinses three times—with fresh, warm water. First the Bendix shower rinses away soil-laden suds. Then come two deep rinses—tumbling clothes hundreds of times through two more automatic changes of clean, fresh water. What a cure for washday gray and soil-dulled colors.

SAVE A LOT OF HOT WATER! The water saver cylinder does just that for you. It's so efficient . . . it uses only $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of hot water for the big 9 pound Bendix load—only about 6 gallons more (depending upon temperature of hot and cold water) for all three rinses. And, with less water in the cylinder, you need less soap for good, brisk cleansing suds.

LABORATORY TESTS have proved it time after time—and half a million Bendix owners prove it over and over, with every washing. Only the Bendix tumble-action principle washes clothes so clean, so gently—with so little hot water and soap. Only the Bendix has a nine-year record for wonderful, workless washing. See your dealer's Bendix demonstration.

Coming Soon:
Bendix Automatic Dryer
Bendix Automatic Ironer

BENDIX
automatic
Home Laundry

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC. • SOUTH BEND 24, INDIANA

AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND M IC

A room that turns its face to the sun may be opened to receive its warmth and friendliness—one end completely glazed, with top and bottom sash hinged to allow for almost perfect ventilation, and the flooring beneath the windows done in an impervious material, so that green growing things can be watered without impairing the surface.

PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLER

Room in the Sun

BY HAL WILLIAMS

SUCH a room as this, flooded in brilliant sunshine, could be created on the top floor of a town house, to feed the soul of a city-bound sun worshiper, as easily as it was in the Poconos where this one was made. The large center window sash are fixed; those above and below are hinged for ventilation. Over these, removable interior screens could be installed in summertime, if they were needed. The split-bamboo roller shades are of warm tortoise-shell coloring; the slightly raised floor section beneath the windows, where flowering plants are bound to thrive and grow beautiful, is, in our sunshine room, done in bluestone. It might have been brick or tile or flagstone with equal effectiveness. A small bleached-oak cabinet, between the twin rose-red armless chairs, was once a washstand. Full draperies of striped spun glass may be drawn to shut out the outdoor scene, if the day is rainy and cheerless.

In the inner room with its dusky blue walls, the flooring is bleached oak; the hooked rug, contemporary American. Drawn up to the oversize sofa covered in textured rayon fabric is a coffee table proportionately generous in size and comfortably low, made of wood with a dark marble finish and fitted with a glass top.

In Just 3 Minutes You'll Know

How to choose a Radio-Phonograph by making this simple test:

1. **Ask your radio dealer** to play one of your favorite records (bring one from home if you wish) on any radio-phonograph in his store *except* the new Zenith with the COBRA TONE ARM.

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VALENTINE HONEY
Place 1 teaspoon honey or jelly, 1 slice lemon, whole cloves and cinnamon stick in tea cup. Add muddler in tea cup. Add strong tea prepared according to package directions. Serve at once.
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LOOK YOUR PRETTIEST

(Continued from Page 52)

S and S. You might spend quite an evening with pencil and paper, guessing what *those* two letters mean. Might mean anything. Might mean sugar and sillabub—but they don't. They mean ——

Salmon and Sole. This is a loaf, a hot loaf. This is the receipt:

SALMON-AND-SOLE LOAF

Grease a loaf pan about 9 inches long very, *very* heavily with butter or margarine. Drain and take off the skin and bones from 3 cans salmon (large ones). Flake the salmon. There should be 5 or 6 cups. Fresh salmon can be used, too, if you can get it. To the salmon add the juice of 1½ lemons, ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 onion, grated, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 teaspoon dried dill, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of Tabasco sauce. Now make a very thick cream sauce. Melt 6 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan over low heat. Add 6 tablespoons flour and stir until smooth and bubbly. Then add 1½ cups milk and 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Stir constantly until thick. Mix thoroughly with the salmon. Then fold in 3 egg yolks beaten until light and thick. Taste for seasoning. (How often I've said it. How often I shall say it in times ahead.) Wash 3 fillets of sole or 4 of flounder. The larger ones are better, if you can do your own picking. Season on both sides with salt and pepper. Be sure all bones are cast into limbo. Line the inner sides of the greased loaf pan with the fillets—2 whole fillets for the long sides, 2 halves for each end. They'll stay put pretty well while you pack the salmon mixture. Set the loaf in a pan of hot water and bake 15 minutes to 1 hour in a slow oven, 300°–325° F., until firm. Let it rest 10 to 15 minutes before turning out. It will still keep hot. Turn out upside down on a platter, first loosening around the edges. Garnish with cucumbers dressed with vinegar, salt and pepper. Serve the loaf with:

ALMOND-AND-OLIVE SAUCE

For this, start with a medium-rich cream sauce, made with 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour and 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream. Season well with salt and pepper. Keep hot. Just before serving, stir in ¾ cup sliced stuffed olives and ½ cup almonds that have been blanched, slivered and toasted to a golden brown in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. There you are. Will you treasure this?

Running mates. Now, is there one among you who isn't perfectly cognizant, as my lawyer friends say, of the fact that I love—and I mean *love*—croquettes? Not the old battered down-and-outs you get in most restaurants, composed of a medley of whatever was left from yesterday's plates, but *real* croquettes, the kind I make, that you make, that my fine cook, Leah, makes. Those are croquettes. I love most fried things. I could eat them every day, and most days I do. My heart leaps up to 146 over 90, or whatever it is, and I get all misty-eyed when the croquettes are brought in.

POTATO CROQUETTES

Cook 1 large or 6 medium peeled potatoes in boiling salted water to cover. Drain and rice them. There should be 3 to 4 cupfuls. Whip up light with 3 tablespoons hot milk and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, a dash or two of nutmeg and about 1 teaspoon minced parsley. Taste to be sure it pleases you. Spread the potato mixture out in a shallow pan or tray. Chill until very cold in refrigerator. Shape into thin finger-length cylinders. Roll first in fine cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Chill until ready to fry. Fry in deep hot fat, 365°–380° F., just a minute or so, until golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper and keep hot in the warming oven until everything is dished up.

Speak your mind. If you really *did* speak it, wouldn't you say that something in the

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1 line ended up a luncheon like this as well as anything? I would. I can think ly three other things that measure up. s a soufflé. (Ever eat a lemon-custard with a sauce devised by angels?) Or e Brûlée—that concoction that only the ed can bring to its infinite perfec- Or Crêpes Suzette—not the tough old ernecks made hours before and stacked where in the linen closet until mealtime. speak with some bitterness, it is only I have been around in strange places. -now to dessert.

FRUIT SHERBET

aw 2 one-pound packages frozen sweet- sliced strawberries. Purée through a . There should be 3 cups. Heat. Add p strained honey and a pinch of salt. ner 5 minutes. Add ¼ teaspoon rose ring, 1½ teaspoons unflavored gelatin ned in 2 tablespoons cold water and nice of a lemon. Pour into the freez-ing tray. Set up the refrigerator to the coldest place. Freeze until solid around the edges, but not completely frozen in the center. Scoop into a chilled bowl. Beat up until light and fluffy with an egg beater or a mixer. Quickly fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and return to the freezing tray as fast as you can. Freeze until firm. Serve with a garnish of chopped pistachio nuts—*you* know, just chopped up and scattered about, casual-like.

Making good. You can forget the chill winds and the great white open spaces, the cold blue sky that, like a cynical politician, promises so much and delivers so little. You can plan George's birthday party with roses and candles or kerosene lanterns and baked-bean pots—but either way, you can make it a lovely, friendly, warm and heartening occasion. Myself, I'll eat two or three croquettes, depending on the size and *my* size. And think of you all—as I do a good deal of the time. Yes, indeed, you'd be surprised!

LEAVE US FACE IT

(Continued from Page 20)

h, I don't know, ma'am." Victor Hood d at us with a lot of good white teeth. nd what are you doing now, Mr. ?" she said.
till trying to rehabilitate myself, I ."
nd where do you do that?"
little town in upstate New York. I'm ere to see the sights."
h, an upstate boy, huh?" Katie turned ary. "Aren't you from New York State ' she said.
es." Mary was arranging a bowl of rs over by the window. "This is an old, iendship," she said. "Vic used to carry umps home from dancing school."
weet." Katie almost whispered the and there was a very different note in oice now. "Do sit here, Mr. Hood," aid, "and tell me thing about your-

were the sort oup, I remember ing, that you'd be likely to find sit- about an apart- in the East 50's w York—not cer- in a drawing in Washington, But in one way, s we were all there se of Joe.
eph Wood Demp- was not only my friend; he'd also coproduced with me hree shows I'd done on Broadway. e, of course, staged all three.) He had back in the happy 1930's, without any ion, one of the most successful men in heater. He'd produced ten plays, and f the ten he'd had seven smash hits. he beginning of the war he'd come to ington to the Office of the Co-ordinator overnment Films (OOCOGF), taken se, settled down and done a very re- able job.
e was one of the lucky ones; he could l Washington—financially, I mean— se, aside from what he'd made in the er, he was the blessed heir of a rich lfather, a Middle West railroad king. n other ways—mentally, spiritually and rth—Katie and I were not at all sure this. When the war had finally d to its conclusion, Joe, instead of ng back to show business, had stayed on. it began to look as though maybe he'd ys be in Washington. There was some e job with the State Department, some of selling good will to other nations gh movies and plays. But the point is, new Joe was not really working.
e often thought a piece might be en about the low altitude in our nation's al and its effect on people who try to work there. It's true that with some men you can almost see the slow atrophying of all creative drive. The life may not be pleasant, but it is easy. And Joe Dempster, Katie and I had to keep reminding ourselves, was energetic and a bright boy only in that special way rich people are energetic and bright. You know a person who has not had to work for his initial money in the world is under a cruel handicap when it comes to resilience and starting off again, and the two of us were genuinely concerned about how to bounce Joe back. Katie, of course, was especially worried because she was beginning to think that young Miss Mary Smith might find the answer before she did.

But, to be fair, I must admit that I knew that no matter what lethargies Joe might have fallen into, he was still a great fine fellow. He was generous, witty, had more than average good looks—and women always fell for him.

Perhaps if we define the greatest charm of personality it will be found in sympathy; that giving out of one's self when in communion with others—a lavish laying at their feet of intellect, wit, kindness, and any quality we may happen to possess. If we can do this without being unduly gushing or making ourselves cheap, then, poor or rich, we collect for ourselves in our journey through life a mighty army of friends who will feel, should we be suddenly taken away from them, that indeed we are irreplaceable.

—TROUBRIDGE

There was no question about Katie's being there because of Joe. During the war she had moved down to Washington because of him on two counts, really.

When he found that he was responsible for directing a few Government films as well as co-ordinating them, he'd screamed for her and she'd come because—well, because she was a nice, patriotic girl and liked doing her duty, and also because ever since the first night she met him Katie Hewitt had been in love with Joe Dempster. Ever since the first production she worked on with him she had forgotten that there were any other men around; he was her world. They had fought, loved, separated and made up, but there'd never been a possibility of anyone else for Miss H.

Of course, my reason for being there was much simpler and only indirectly Joe. It was Katie. At last I'd discovered a play I wanted to produce on my own, and I was confident I could arrange the necessary backing without Joe's help. I was keen to do this. It was a simple, straightforward, little comedy that I believed in completely, and naturally Katie was the one person I wanted to direct for me.

I guess, considering who we were, it was a little strange that our talk that afternoon wasn't all show business, but it wasn't. Katie concentrated on the ex-pilot, Mr. Hood, and Joe and Mary sat apart from us and talked on and on interminably about dogs, and human affection versus puppy affection.

About eight-thirty Joe announced that we were going out to eat and we all went

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downstairs, got in his car and drove over to a place called Halls.

It was warm and pleasant in a back room there. We had a really spectacular dinner: shrimps Norfolk, lobsters, and steaks burned crisp on the outside and almost raw in the middle. And finally we began to sing.

There is something important in the fact that we sang just then, and especially in the list of songs we chose—something which I believe turned out to be intricately connected with what happened later—because, you see, as we began to sing we showed our ages. Joe and Katie and I—because of that pride and smug satisfaction which comes from remembering a ten or fifteen year old lyric—insisted on *our* songs. To these the youngsters, Mary and Victor Hood, could only listen and grin. Sometimes they would manage to get one of their new 1940-'46 tunes in, but I'm afraid we outnumbered them and we were impatient. After all, a song without a memory fixed to it does become a bore, and we soon got back to My Blue Heaven, Blue Room and Oh, By Jingo. We leaned our chairs against the wall, closed our eyes and remembered.

It was from this mood, then—warm and close and full of good food and singing—that the conversation between Katie and Mary started. I remember Joe said something about everybody's having "one special period" in his life when he is sensitive to good cheap music. And Katie said, "That we call the happiness period."

"Oh, I don't know." Vic Hood had his arm on the back of her chair. "I think it's just when you first start going out, don't you?"

"Could be," Katie said. "But it certainly does date you."

"The music at your first prom," Hood said, "is always the best music."

Katie nodded. "It's a funny thing," she said, "but no matter how you may try to conceal your age, when it comes to the words of songs you actually boast about it. I know I've won and lost more money on songs—on who sang what in which Music Box Revue—than any other betting."

"And most of it," Joe said, "you've lost to me."

Up until now, I remember, Mary had said very little. She had been leaning back with her head against Joe's arm, but suddenly she sat up. "All this talk about age bores me."

"It does?" I saw Katie come very easily to attention. "And why is that?"

"There's nothing so impressive about age as age."

"Oh, my dear," Joe said, "you're wrong."

"Just what do you mean exactly?" Katie leaned across the table.

"I mean—well, what I'm trying to say is"—Mary was frowning now—"youth as youth isn't any more impressive than age as age. It's what you are and what you think."

Katie raised her eyebrows. "That's very interesting," she said. "But don't you think there's a little matter called experience, dear? That sometimes counts."

"It counts only in how you use it," Mary said. "You can be fifty and full of experience and still be a fool. Or you can be twenty-two and intelligent and understanding."

"Irrefutable," said Joe.

"That's the trouble with youth," Katie said. "Its arguments are always irrefutable."

"Please don't make fun of me." Mary was very serious, and, oh, she was so very pretty.

"I'm not," Katie said. "I talk from force of habit."

"I have a friend," Mary went on, "a girl I was in school with who married a man fifteen or twenty years older than she is and everyone thought she was out of her head. Her family raised all kinds of objections, everyone made prophecies. You know. But they were all wrong. She couldn't be happier. It isn't how many years you have. It's what you do with them. That's the important thing."

"What's all this fight about anyway?" Vic Hood said.

"You see, older people are so intolerant, and that's what my friend had to break down.

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L COUNTERS

She even had to convince the man she married, she had to *prove* to him that they had a mutual need. She could have married half a dozen young guys that would have made perfectly acceptable biological mates, but she understood, and I know it's true, that biology isn't everything."

"Well," Katie said. "Well now ——"

"You've got to have a humanly workable combination as well."

Vic Hood turned to me then and whispered that he'd never realized it was so complicated. "I thought you just fell in love," he said "and got married."

"Live and learn," I told him.

Mary was talking directly to Joe now. "You see, those old proverbs," she said, "about a man being as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks they're a lot of nonsense. The point is that neither one is any older than his or her ideas."

"Very interesting," Katie said. "If I understand you correctly, that's very interesting." She turned to Hood. "What about your ideas, my friend?"

"I've got a few," Hood nodded.

"I wonder," Katie said, "if they're on the same level as mine?"

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

To a New Love

BY DOROTHY QUICK

I should have only tender words for you
Who make spring riot in my veins once more,
Should thank you for this love that can renew
My inner being. I should not deplore
The fact your kisses still can make me feel
The surge of earth responding to spring rain,
Yet, plenitude that growing things reveal
Is only possible through birth and pain.
Youth doesn't realize that this is so,
But I, alas, have years enough to know.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

I happened to be looking at Mary's face when this was said, and I couldn't help wondering from her expression whom she'd been talking to; was she trying to convince Joe of something?

"People make life so complicated," she said finally. "It should be simple."

"Yes," Katie said. "It should."

Joe cleared his throat very loudly then and said, "Well. This is fun, but I've got to get up in the morning. Oh, waiter dear!" and he signaled for the check.

I made an elaborate business of helping Mary with her coat, and Hood did the same for Katie, then the five of us started out.

As we got to the street Katie said to me, "I have a bright idea, thanks to you."

"Good."

"I'm going to give this little drama a third act after all."

"Oh, my," I said.

"That girl's out of her class. She's playing me on my home field now."

Then when we were in the car driving home I heard Katie say to Victor Hood, "Look, I have to be up on the Hill tomorrow morning, and I wonder if it would interest a visiting fireman to come along."

"I'd love to," Hood said. "But only if you'll let me give you a lunch."

"Fine," Katie said. "That'll be fine. Pick me up early."

That's about all there was to that episode, except for a few words at breakfast the next

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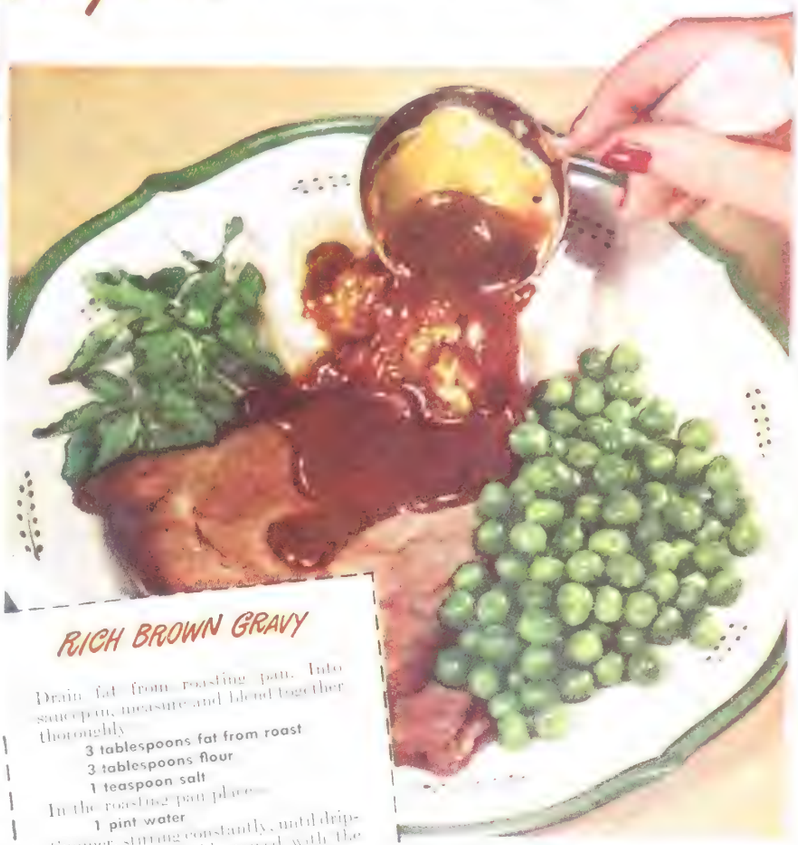

RICH BROWN GRAVY

Drain fat from roasting pan. Into saucepan, measure and blend together thoroughly
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3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
In the roasting pan place
1 pint water
Simmer, stirring constantly, until drippings are thoroughly mixed with the water. Add all at once to the fat-flour mixture, stirring vigorously. Bring to a boil and cook 2 minutes. Add and stir in thoroughly
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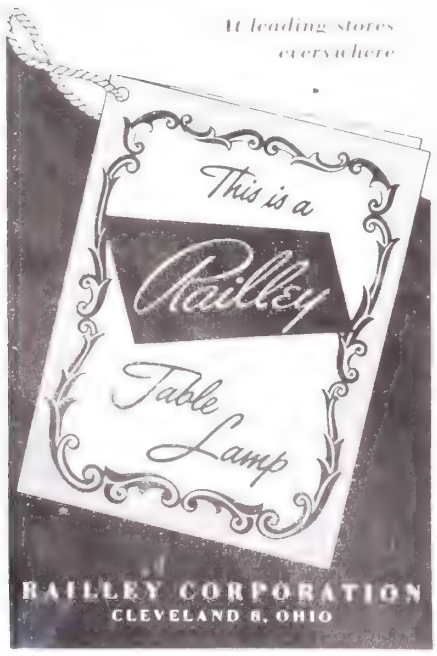

RAILLEY CORPORATION
CLEVELAND 8, OHIO

morning. It was one of those clear, crisp Washington days, and Joe sat across the table looking a little sleepy, but still depressingly bright and well turned out.

"I've got to start getting more sleep," he said. "These late hours are no good."

"How you feel doesn't matter," I said. "It's your ideas that are important."

"Cut it out, will you?" he said. "The girl was making love to me, and I liked it fine."

I remember thinking, *I wonder how this is going to turn out.* Joe was getting love with soft flatteries now, and he'd always been so accustomed to getting it with hard work.

Exactly what happened at the lunch up at the Capitol I never found out, but I got a pretty good picture of events from a telephone conversation the following night.

"But this is heaven," Katie said. "Just as I thought, our Mr. Hood loves Miss Smith devotedly. He wants to marry the girl and return her upstate fast."

"H'm," I said.

"Only we have to work quickly because Junior is leaving town Monday."

"What are you going to do?" I said.

At the other end Katie was silent for a moment, then she started humming a little tune. "Pray for me," she said. "Pray, will you, sweets?" and then she hung up.

Of course, what bias I had in this whole affair should have been toward Joe, I suppose. He was my old friend. I should have wanted him to be happy but—well, I was all for Katie. So I guess I keep thinking of that Washington week as her story, although she was only one of four.

I certainly saw more of Joe. I was staying at his house. I was with him every night and morning and I did know how, in a sense, he felt upset about Katie, but how on the other hand he could not help himself when he was around Mary. That beautiful Mary. When you're thinking back about it you can easily forget the excitement and wonder of a beautiful young girl; when she's across the room, you can't. And my friend Joe had healthy impulses, to say the least.

At first I thought Katie's plan was merely to work on the old jealousy motif again. She and young Hood immediately became inseparable. They went everywhere together and usually with a great flurry and style—and that, believe me, takes a bit of doing in Washington, D.C. She unearthed some of her most fabulous gowns, and Victor Hood proved himself quite an adroit performer. He was only twenty-four or five, and certainly to all appearances he became an utterly enraptured beau. All week they made late entrances and early exits everywhere in Washington—and invariably Katie Hewitt would be seen hanging on Hood's arm and smiling up at him over a cluster of little orchids which I knew had been sent down from New York.

But as far as I could tell it was all so much waste effort. I don't know if Joe or Mary even noticed. Mary Smith went on being Mary Smith, young and earnest, and Joe went on basking in her compliments.

FINALLY on Friday Katie gave a dinner party up in her suite at the Mayflower. There were to be just the five of us, the same five that had been at Halls on Monday. I arrived early, because Katie had called and said she had something of the utmost importance to tell me.

"Look, love," she said as I came in, "this little girl's too good. You know, I'm afraid she believes all those words she uses."

"You may be right."

Katie shook her head. "She's nobody's fool. And she knows what she wants."

"Yes," I said.

"But so do I," Katie said. "Bloody but unbowed, that's Hewitt. And I still have one more trick."

"Give," I said.

"I'm placing everything to win tonight, Charlie, and you can help."

"How?"

"By steering the conversation around to age again."

"Look," I said, "if all those nasty orchids didn't do it, no amount of dialogue will."

"But I've written some awfully good lines; you wait. And Vic knows his part. Now, come on, be an angel and cue us in."

I shrugged. "I don't feel very confident," I said. "The whole thing's too mental."

"Don't say that!" Katie almost screamed the words at me. "You gave me the idea."

"I know I did," I said. "But it seems sex is so unpredictable, isn't it?"

"You're telling me," she said and crossed to the door. Then Vic Hood came in and in a moment Mary and Joe, and we began having some wonderful shrimp canapés.

After about an hour dinner was brought up and it looked very much like just another regular Washington evening with lots of Government talk. But I had that pleasant feeling of thinking, *In a minute, in a minute something's going to happen.*

When it did, it began so slowly I hardly noticed. Hood was talking to Mary about a gent they knew back home named Wallace.

Mary said, "I remember him, he had red hair."

"A terrible thing happened to Wallace," Hood said. "His girl married someone else. And a funny thing, like your friend she married a guy twice her age."

I brightened up.

"Oh, really?" Mary said.

"Poor Wally is all shot about it."

We were silent for a moment then. I searched for something to say.

Hood stretched his legs out in front of him and shook his head. "I can't see it," he said. "Giving up your life like that."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "She doesn't necessarily give up her life, does she?"

"Sure she does. She doesn't have a life of her own now. Everything's handed to her on a platter. She doesn't have to learn how to live with someone, because her husband already knows."

"Well," Mary said, "I don't see how that matters."

"You don't?" Hood said. "Listen. Everybody's got a right to find things out for himself. When you marry someone who's already found out, you merely accept. The book's already written, you just read it."

"Oh, nonsense," Mary said.

"It's not nonsense," Hood said. "Take this girl of Wallace's. The gent she married has plenty of dough. She'll never have to decide whether she can buy a new coat or get a new chair for the living room. Consequently a new chair will never mean anything. And her house will never mean anything because she never had to work or plan or save."

I didn't dare look at Katie. This Hood had learned his part well.

"But chairs aren't the most important thing in a marriage," Mary said.

"Maybe not," Hood said, "but the fun of getting them is."

"You're wrong," Mary said.

"No, I'm not," Hood said. "And you'll notice another thing: girls never marry poor old men, they only marry rich old men."

"That's absurd."

He made it sound, in the argumentative way he went on, almost like a plea from the heart. "Wally's girl's finished now," he said. "Really finished. She's become just a sort of glorified housekeeper to this man's furniture and tastes and thoughts. She even dances his kind of two-step. What excitements, what new thrills can she get?"

THERE was a lot more, of course. Vic took perhaps fifteen minutes to make his point, but finally Mary stood up.

"The whole thing's a lot of sentimental nonsense," she said. "Caveman talk. We live in a much more civilized age."

"Do we?"

"But even so. Even if you take it that way, still there's one little point you forget, Mr. Hood." Her eyes were flashing. "Surely there is a difference now. And in ten years there may be even more. But in twenty years ——"

"Candida," Katie Hewitt said quietly.

"And in thirty years they'll be the same."

"And they'll be far, far too old to care any more." Katie held my hand. Hood had used up all his words. This was the topper then. This ingenious line of Mary's she had not been prepared for. She had to admit defeat.

I watched Katie's face. She smiled at me and shrugged her shoulders.

"Come on," she said finally. "Let's go on and dance. Let's go out and dance all night, shall we, kids?"

Then suddenly I felt a peculiar kind of embarrassment. I felt sorry for Katie. Here something that should never have been permitted in a proper order of things—and I knew, at that moment, I would have to take a hand.

I had been selfish all along, I was aware of that, but now the time had come for me to break in and become involved. Katie could never handle this; she could write a new third act every night and it would never work. And Joe and Katie were a major part of my life. If I wanted that life preserved ——

At least I could make my bid. Abruptly I said I had to go. I gave some excuse about a long-distance call and went out and got in a cab and gave Joe's Georgetown address.

In a closet in my room there was a suitcase, and in the suitcase were four or five typed manuscripts of my new play. I pulled out a clean copy and held it in my hand. Half aloud I said to it, "I hope you are as good as I think you are. I hope you can do this for me." I took the manuscript in and placed it on Joe's bed.

At ten o'clock the next morning Joe woke me. "Buster," he said, "this is dynamite."

(Continued on Page 198)

"It's the same old thing, every year they wake up in the middle of February and want a drink of water."

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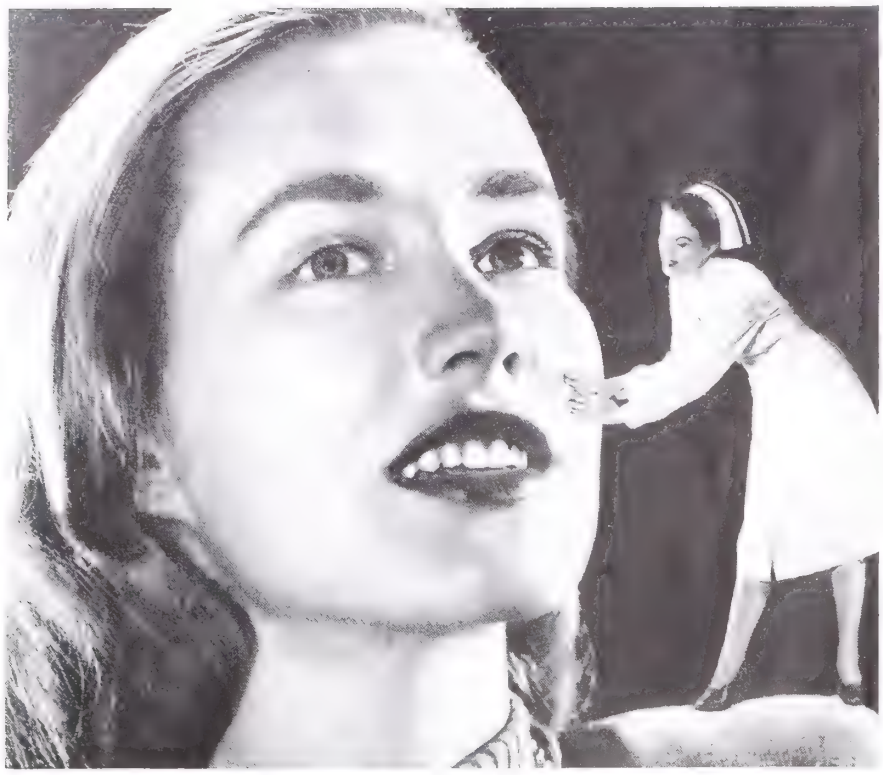

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(Continued from Page 196)

"Yes," I said.

"How could you keep it from me and when do we put it in rehearsal?" It was the old Joe; I hadn't seen him since before the war.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," he said. "When do we start?"

"You'll have to ask Katie about that."

"Oh, I love you," he said. "I love you, you little sleepyhead. Get up. I've already sent the Hewitt a script and she'll do it, I know. She's busy all day, she says, but she can meet us for some talk at five."

Then he pulled me out of bed and started reading aloud from the play.

Well, I was encouraged. The first step, at least, had been taken. Of course, there was no reason to feel safe. Mary was just as pretty as she had ever been.

But anyway I had moved. All I could do now was have faith.

When I joined the others for our conference—it was at a little cocktail-dance place we knew on Connecticut Avenue—the four of them had apparently been there some time. The orchestra was playing a waltz, I remember, and as I made my way over to our divan by the side I could hear Joe and Katie already at it, both talking at once. They had very positive ideas about the casting and just how the show should be set.

Vic Hood and Mary were on opposite sides of the table. Their heads were moving, I noticed, very slightly, but in perfect rhythm with the band.

Then suddenly I had my real inspiration. It was one of those things that occur to you and that you act on automatically. You don't even stop to consider the morals of the situation—that comes later—you just move.

I took a ten-dollar bill from my wallet and walked over to Teddy Hymes, the violinist and leader of the band. "You'll think I'm nuts," I said and handed him the bill, "but I want you to promise that for the next hour you won't play one number written before nineteen-forty-five."

"Okay," Teddy said. "Okay," and as I started back to the table he gave a signal to his boys to start in on a medley from one of the newest musical-comedy hits.

Neither Joe nor Katie looked up as I joined them.

Katie was saying, "But you're so wrong, so very wrong ——"

And Joe was saying, "No, Katie. No. You're wrong, I tell you."

I sighed and relaxed.

The music played on—the ten dollars seemed to add a new feeling, good and loud. Then—well, it was almost too much to expect.

I saw Mary reach out and put her hand on Joe's. "Don't you love this?" she said to him dreamily. "It's one of the nicest songs I know. I'll never forget it, Joe. And you know, it'll always mean this winter to me and all the times we've had."

Joe looked at her. I could almost see his mind working, trying to come back to Mary, trying to leave the argument about casting.

"I'm afraid I didn't hear what you said, kid," he said. "The music is making so much noise."

Then I saw Vic Hood put out his cigarette and turn to Mary. He must have said what I'd prayed he'd say, "Let's dance," because in another moment they got up and went out onto the floor.

I knew there was no point in my staying then. We could talk about the script any time, so I took out my pencil and wrote on one of those paper cocktail napkins: "Our civilized age is toppling, I think. It's your show now. Carry on, Kate." And I slipped it into her hand when I said good-by.

Out in the street, I whistled for a cab, and just as one was driving up a waiter came out and handed me a note. It was written in lipstick on the same paper napkin.

"Thank you," it said. "You were right. My third act stank, yours will work. I'm going to *make* it work. And, oh, what lovely music. Devotedly, Kate."

And I noticed there was a ten-dollar bill enclosed.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

counter. Unless one is sufficiently well in with the assistant—no JOURNAL!

Sincerely,
UNA MAEVE REDMOND.

Old Girl Puts on Weight

Flint, Michigan.

Dear Editor: A friend and I were comparing an old copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, dated October, 1895, with my November, 1946, copy of the JOURNAL.

1895 Vol. XII No. 11 32 pages
1946 Vol. LXIII No. 11 260 pages

The JOURNAL was a grand little magazine then, just as it is today.

Most sincerely,
RUTH COOK.

How High is Up?

Dear Editors: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is getting very bulky to handle.

MRS. A. KIMMELMAN.

The larger the magazine, the more subscribers get for their money—the question is, how much is too much for a quarter? ED.

Milk Bank Might Save Your Child

Norman, Oklahoma.

Dear Editors: Chuck Vose is a chubby, rosy-cheeked tot that anyone with half an eye can see has never been sick a day in his life. But, when the two-weeks-old boy came home from the hospital, he seemed fretful, and within a matter of hours he was a gravely sick baby, the victim of epidemic diarrhea. Formula after formula was tried without success until the specialist suggested mother's milk. A mother with an oversupply of milk was found and a few drops of breast milk gotten down. And then a miracle began to happen. The baby improved. With each feeding he gained strength. But one night they received a call from the hospital that there was no more surplus milk available. Someone mentioned the possibility of a supply from a milk bank and they asked the long-distance telephone operator to place a chain of calls until she found one. At last, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a nursing home was found with a milk-bank supply sufficient for their needs. A few hours later an iced pail containing forty ounces of precious milk arrived at the Oklahoma City airport.

As the grateful parents watched their son develop into a robust baby, able to digest an ordinary milk formula, they began to make inquiries. How many babies die needlessly because mother's milk isn't obtainable? How many milk banks are there in the country?

The answers were frightening. Scores of babies in every community could be saved from diarrhea deaths if breast milk were available. Many more premature babies would live if they had mother's milk. Yet there was only a handful of milk banks in the entire nation.

The Voses reached a decision. Their own son had been saved for them and they decided there was only one adequate way

(Continued on Page 200)

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...pray you deserve their faith! Yours to protect, to guard and to cherish—the eyes that look into yours with such serene and abiding faith. Life lies before them: beautiful or distorted, rich or impoverished, depending largely upon your forethought and devotion. Without perfect sight the world is hard to understand, difficult to cope with . . . *Don't take those precious eyes for granted.* Plan now for their consistent and constant care. Safeguarded and protected sight opens the doors of life. Neglected or abused sight raises a dark curtain before life's radiance. Yours the responsibility, yours the privilege to insure for your child the great gift of good vision . . . *Justify the faith that lies in precious eyes!* Grant them the conscientious, professional care of your Ophthalmologist or Optometrist, the skilled aid of the Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician) . . . BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

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Du Pont Combs

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

(Continued from Page 198)

of repaying the debt. And so the Oklahoma City milk bank was founded, and highest standards set for mothers who were to furnish the milk. Unalterable rules were formulated. Mothers and babies have weekly checkups; no mother can supply milk if her own baby fails to make the proper gains in weight each week; milk is not taken until after the first month, and no longer than the ninth month. A surgeon preparing to go into the operating room is no more sterile than the mothers who supply the milk. They follow a supervised routine. Upon arrival mothers drink a pint of hot chocolate or milk, don surgical clothing and wash in the scrub-up room for a required number of minutes under the supervision of a nurse. They then remove the surgical gown, cap, mask and apron and go into the room where the milk is obtained. They wash a second time with boric-acid water and then the milk is expressed into sterile cups. The milk immediately is boiled for five minutes, poured into bottles and quick-frozen.

The mothers are paid for each ounce of milk they contribute, and parents who receive the milk are charged according to their ability to pay, with 25 cents per ounce the maximum price. Indigent parents pay nothing.

The first really tiny incubator baby to be saved by the milk bank weighed a pound and fourteen ounces. At four months she weighed almost eight pounds, and now at two she is a normal, healthy toddler. Now it has become routine in Oklahoma City for the milk to be prescribed for babies who weigh four pounds or less at birth.

Sincerely,
RUTH S. FERRIS.

Teacher Wants Decent Wages

Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Editor: I am a junior at the University of Arizona College of Education but, frankly, I don't know if the training is going to be worth the trouble. A teacher is subject to more criticism than anyone but a minister, and salaries are not high enough to cover living costs. I remember seeing my biology teacher "slinging hash" to make a living during the summer months. I still want to be a teacher, but I want to be able to get a decent wage for [illegible] of high prices.

Yours truly,
NAOMI DUMES

Help Yourself—and Others

Noroton Heights, Connecticut.

Dear Mrs. Gould: Twice a year, in spring and fall, a group of enterprising women in this small town organize the most practical rummage sale I've ever heard of. Many of the items to be sold are donated outright. But the majority are clothes in good condition, to be sold on consignment. The greatest interest centers in children's clothing. Since they grow so rapidly, much of the clothing mothers must dispose of from time to time is hardly worn at all. The women of Darien look forward to replenishing their children's wardrobes twice each year from this source.

People seem to have no qualms about seeing Mary wearing Louise's coat or Jane wearing Jean's dancing frock. The children don't mind either; I think they rather like it. One third of the price of each garment sold on consignment, as well as the entire proceeds from items which are donated, is given to the Connecticut Children's Aid Society, which places children in foster homes.

Why couldn't other communities adopt this idea? It worked last fall to the tune of $4000, raised free and clear, in a community of 10,000.

Very truly yours,
RUTH S. NEWMAN.

Best Baked Beans in Town

Ontario, Canada.

Dear Ann Batchelder: I have established a reputation for the best baked beans in town by using the recipe you gave in your spread for Washington's birthday, if I'm not mistaken, 1944. I remember you remarked about liking plenty of mustard with or in your beans. I took the hint.

I will be deeply indebted if you will forward a new copy of the recipe. Mine is lost—and think of my reputation if I continue baking beans from memory.

MRS. H. H. DELHI.

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The Countess de Petiteville says... "Pond's Dry Skin Cream does so much for my skin—it's so rich, so soothing."

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It was tops with our Armed Forces the frozen North, and wherever wi and weather made lips act up. handy, so easy to apply—so swift a lasting in results. Get 'CHAP STICK' every member of your family.
Specially medicated, specially soothing.

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GET THE ONE AND ONLY FLEET'S ChapStick 25 U. S. and

KEEPS LIPS

WOULD YOU MARRY YOUR HUSBAND AGAIN?

Age at time of marriage. If you're worrying because your early twenties are slipping by and you're still single, relax; your chances of married happiness, if you do marry, are improving somewhat. For the survey shows that the people whose marriages turned out better than they expected married a little later in life, on the average, than those whose marriages have proved a disappointment.

The average happily married person interviewed was married at twenty-three; the average "disappointed" person was married at twenty-one.

And, as a corollary, two thirds of the happily married would choose to marry at the same age—neither older nor younger—if they had it to do over; fewer than one in five wish they had waited till they were older. But among the disappointed group, half wish they had waited till they were older.

Why is age at the time of marriage a factor? The remark of one wistful young mother supplies a hint: Asked what had been her biggest problem in marriage, she said, "I was so darn' young when I was married. I've got four kids, and I'm only twenty-two now! It's O.K., though!"

Though her plaint leaves a lot unsaid, her hankering for another taste of freedom from [illegible] is clear enough, even if it is O.K.

And the wistfulness of her remark was echoed by many other people, without the optimism.

However, if you're over twenty, and in love (or if your daughter is), don't interpret these facts as an argument for arbitrarily postponing marriage a few years, simply to increase the chances of a [illegible] past twenty, it doesn't make that much difference; it's the extremely youthful marriages that are handicapped. Here are the figures:

Marriage has been a disappointment to:

27 per cent of people married before they were twenty years old;

16 per cent married in the early twenties—twenty through twenty-two;

15 per cent married in the middle twenties;

12 per cent married at twenty-seven or older.

How happy were your parents? Professional observers—sociologists, psychologists and others—have often pointed out the close relationship which exists between childhood impressions of family life and the achievement of married happiness as an adult. Now the survey brings new evidence of this relationship through the testimony of the country's husbands and wives who were interviewed.

The happier your recollections of your parents' marriage, the better your chances of happiness in your own marriage. Presumably it follows that if your marriage is happy, your children's chances of married happiness are correspondingly improved. For among the people whose marriage has turned out better than they expected, 57 per cent say their parents' marriages were very happy

In contrast, among the people whose marriage has been a disappointment, only about one in three (36 per cent) recall their parents' marriages as very happy ones. Try [illegible] so far as you can. You're likely to come out with the same conclusion reached by the survey: that happily married individuals look back on their parents' lives together through rose-colored glasses, while unhappily married people take a dimmer view.

What about children? The parents' happiness in marriage affects the children's chances of similar happiness; do children, by the very fact of their existence, affect the parents' chances?

Rather surprisingly, the presence or absence of children makes no appreciable difference in the likelihood that the marriage itself is happy. The proportion of happier-than-expected marriages, of so-so marriages and of those that have proved to be disappointing is almost precisely the same among couples with children and among those without.

To be sure, there are individual exceptions to this, as to any generalization based on averages. Nor does it follow that the childless couples are happy about the situation; many of them feel that they are missing an important source of satisfaction.

But—and this is the important thing—however deep the disappointment of married people who have failed to have children, in the main it has not affected their attitude toward marriage itself. Marriage is essentially the union of two people; if their relationship is satisfactory, even the absence of children is not likely to disturb it.

Family finances a common problem. Money troubles are more often named as a source of difficulty between husband and wife than any other specific problem. Yet people have a good bit of confidence in their ability to cope, for 76 per cent say that, granting the same conditions, they would marry again on the same income they had when they were married. And this despite the fact that more than half the people interviewed were married on an income of $1500 a year or less!

Compare this fact with the findings already discussed, on age and choice of partner:

Four out of five (81 per cent) of married people say they would marry the same person—probably or certainly—if they were doing it over.

Three out of four (76 per cent) say they would marry on the same income, under the same conditions.

One in two (51 per cent) say they would marry at the same age. Of the others, people who wish they had postponed marriage awhile outnumber, by almost two to one, those who wish they had married when they were younger.

This doesn't mean, of course, that it's more important to marry at the right age than to marry the right person—presumably most people did make a suitable choice. But the table is worth pondering a bit, just the same.

Stranger than fiction is the medical career of Abraham Lewis Metz, New Orleans doctor, teacher, chemist and pharmacist. Until he was fifteen years old, he could neither read nor write—he was a hired boy who drove cattle around Lake Charles, Louisiana. But at fifteen, when Abraham was making eight dollars a month, he began to pay six dollars a month to learn reading and writing. In order to be able to study at night in his dark room, he made candles by molding tallow in hollow sugar-cane stalks, using sausage strings for wicks. He placed these candles in a box painted black to prevent reflections, for he knew that if his boss caught him studying at night, he would certainly lose his job. What lessons he did not finish at night he would tear out of his book and pin inside his shirt to study during the day.

Such was the primary education of a man who took a Ph.C. degree from the New York College of Pharmacists, an M. D. degree from Tulane University, and who was awarded an honorary Master of Pharmacy from Tulane. Illiterate at fifteen, Doctor Metz was instructor at Tulane University at twenty-three, and became one of the youngest men of the Medical faculty.

—JAMES T. NIX.

A Student Refresher course from State University Press

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1. Helps relieve headache pain
2. Helps relieve upset stomach
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Help increase the flow of nature's own lubricating fluids

IF cold weather makes your joints feel sore and stiff—if every move you make hurts—remember this: Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels, cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff. But rub aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. on hand. Only $1.25 at your drugstore.

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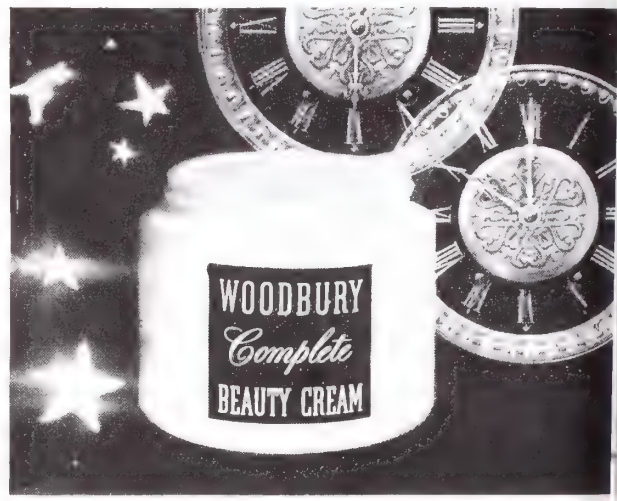

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- Beautifies skin *as it cleanses*
- Freshens tired skin *as it cleanses*
- Brightens dull skin *as it cleanses*
- Fights tiny dry-skin lines *as it cleanses*

around the clock... the Woodbury-Wonderful Way

8 A.M. **Skin glows morning-fresh** after a dewy "cream bath" the Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Even Baby Sharon approves mother's "Always-Fresh" beauty. As Elyse Knox says: "An early-morning face-dose with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—is magic for my skin. *It beautifies as it cleanses.* Try it!"

6 P.M. **Luscious-looking Elyse** with her adoring football-star husband, Tommy Harmon . . . her skin sparkling-lovely after *another* Woodbury-Wonderful cleansing. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream whisks off studio grime and make-up in a hurry . . . leaves my skin looking glowy!"

That "Always-Fresh Look" this Woodbury-Wonderful Way

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, using upward *pressing* strokes. Tissue off cream, loosened dirt, make-up. Smooth on more for *plus*-softening. Tissue off. Woodbury's four rich oils soften, smooth, beautify. Next—a brisk cold-water spanking. Now skin glows with Woodbury "Always-Fresh Look".

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Very Dry Skin: Woodbury cream-cleanse. Soften with Woodbury *Special* Dry Skin Cream—lanolin's benefits! Under make-up, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base.

Oily Skin: Use Woodbury *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream. Light—melts on skin. Finish with Woodbury *Vanishing* Facial Cream to check shine. Purifying Stericin in all Woodbury Creams helps protect against blemish-causing germs.

11 P.M. **Woodbury time again.** And skin-glow cleansing with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. "And," Elyse, "a thin film for overnight softening Woodbury's 4 fine oils smooth, beautify low the Woodbury-Wonderful Way for "Always-Fresh Look" all around the c

HOW TO INFURIATE YOUR HUSBAND

By James C. Adams

Here is an easy, reliable, indisputable method of ascertaining how much you actually earn weekly but are probably not being paid for taking care of your home and family.

Warning: After you have finished this, show it to your husband and in your office—[illegible] responsibility.

Occupation	Rate (Per Hour)	Total Time (Per Week)	Rate (Extra Hours)	TOTAL
Cooking				
Housework				
Washing				
Shopping				
Child Care				
Mending				
Driving				
Entertaining				
Beauty				

Grand Total of Amounts [illegible] Earn Weekly $ ———

See Below for Your Hourly Pay Scale

COOKING. If you are an expert and can get up meals similar to those served at the best hotels, you're worth $1.00 an hour. That's how much one hotel pays its head chef. If you are just plain everyday good, put yourself down for $1.50 an hour. If you are plain butter-fingered and still can't bake a pie, give yourself 50 cents an hour.

HOUSEWORK. Make it a flat 60 cents an hour. That is about standard these days.

WASHING. A good laundress receives 75 cents an hour. However, if you scorch while ironing give yourself only 50 cents. Remember, if you overpay yourself your husband is bound to remind you of the time you burned his collar. So beat him to the draw and let your conscience be your guide.

SHOPPING. Professional shoppers usually charge on a per cent basis. In the case of the housewife that would come to around 60 cents an hour, so pay yourself that amount for each hour spent in shopping.

CHILD CARE. Reliable nurses demand 50 cents an hour. No nurse, though, was ever as good for a child as his own mother. Mothers actually earn more than the standard rate, but to keep your husband happy give yourself the regular rate.

MENDING. If you can darn socks so that your husband never feels about that bump in the heel giving him a blister, pay yourself $1.00 an hour for time spent in mending. A good seamstress gets that much. If you darn with bumps, take only 50 cents.

DRIVING. You should certainly receive pay for all driving that has to do with getting members of the family about and for making purchases for the house and table. Good taxi drivers make $1.50 an hour. Pay yourself the same.

ENTERTAINING. Since entertaining is a chore and not a pleasure a good part of the time, pay yourself what the professional entertainers get—$2.00 an hour. If your husband kicks up a rumpus about this, explain that most entertainment is for him and him alone. As a final shutter-upper, ask him why he doesn't take you out more often.

HOME BEAUTY TREATMENTS. [illegible] of a woman's job. If you had constant [illegible] cost $2.00 an hour. So, if you are conscientious about your appearance most of the day and evening, pay yourself $2.00 for each hour you spend in making yourself that way.

Now total up and see what you are worth in your own home. It may surprise you, but [illegible] what it does to your husband!

"Problem Hair"
made Lovely again
Discouraged by dull, lifeless, listless hair? Then start shampooing with Admiracion. Its luxurious cleansing lather wakes all the luster—all the lovely, glamorous highlights now dimmed by film, dirt or loose dandruff. Get Admiracion at your favorite toilet counter or hairdresser today.
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Hair easier to manage
Removes loose dandruff
Rinses out quickly
Easy to apply
Works in hard water
Does not dry hair
ADMIRACION Shampoo
TO SOFTEN WIRY OR HEAVY HAIR — USE ADMIRACION OIL SHAMPOO

IT'S a "meal in one dish," this Shepherd's Pie—and as easy to prepare as it is to budget. It's the robust, satisfying sort of fare that a man likes—and talks about, too. And, of course, there's creamy-smooth Carnation Milk, heat-refined and homogenized, to produce that wonderful *velvet blend*. Try it!

SHEPHERD'S PIE

A little meat . . . a hearty meal!

4 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
½ cup diced celery
1 cup diced, cooked meat
4 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
1 tall can Carnation Milk
1 beef bouillon cube, dissolved in ⅓ cup boiling water
½ cup diced cooked carrots
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 cups mashed potatoes

Slowly brown onion, pepper, celery and meat in fat. Blend in flour, stirring constantly until brown. Add Carnation Milk, dissolved bouillon cube, and carrots. Cook slowly until gravy thickens slightly. Add seasonings. Pour into well-greased casserole or baking dish. Drop mashed potatoes by spoonfuls over top, or press through pastry tube. Bake in moderate oven (350° 375° F.) to brown top. Serves 4 to 6.

FOR MORE RECIPES, write for the new "Velvet Blend Book" of milk rich Carnation dishes. Beautifully illustrated. Address Carnation Company, Dept. L-2, Milwaukee 2, Wis. And for entertainment, tune in Carnation's romantic [illegible] new daytime serial, "Lone Journey," Monday through Friday. See your newspaper for CBS station.

FOR BABIES, ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, fortified with Poto vita min D. Universally approved for babies and children.

MARRIAGE IS SO COMPLICATED

(Continued from Page 51)

"Oh—love," said Libby largely. "I could be in love with either of them, that's the trouble. When I'm with Steve, he catches me up in a dazzlement. When I'm with Amos, there's a swift run of excitement, just beyond my reach. It's a simple biological matter, that part of it."

"Simple biological nonsense," Doris said vigorously. "You're talking about sex, not love."

"Well?" said Libby.

"You always have sex, in love. But you don't always have love, in sex," Doris told her, from the tremendous vantage of three months of marriage.

"You're just handing out capsules," Libby protested.

Doris shook her head. "I guess I was wrong: you weren't in love with that boy in college. You don't know anything about it."

"Then it's time I found out," Libby said shortly.

"But you can't think it out," Doris said, her eyebrows knotted earnestly. "And you can't go emotionally haywire, Libby. If Steve or Amos is right for you, you'll know it. You'll know there's only one person you could marry."

"All mysterious again," Libby muttered rebelliously.

"What?"

"Nothing." Libby stared at the grass, with its deeper stain of green under the trees. Everything must seem awfully simple, after you were married. Apparently you knew things about men, without doing any thinking. The catch was to know the right things before you got married.

She stayed there on the bench for a little while, after Doris left. People crossed the park on its slanting paths, and spoke to her as they passed. She felt at home there.

A memory nagged at her, as the leaves dipped and blew gently around her. Another green place—but there was a gate, and she was outside.

The Parkinson place, that was it. It had been broken up for building lots years ago, but when she was little she used to walk very slowly past the iron fence, staring in. It was an entrancing place, after the back-yard gardens that she knew. Flowers burst out with a sudden blue and scarlet flaring, far inside the fence. Down the slope toward the house there was the thin shining spray of a fountain, rising above a hedge. She always wished she could see whether the water fell in a pool or on the grass. And then there was the path, the narrow green path, twisting in between trees and leading out of sight, leading on deep into the garden. She would stand holding the iron fence, wanting to walk down that path.

Once in a while she saw people walking in the garden, but they never looked her way. She used to believe that if she called, they wouldn't even hear her. It was their private garden, their fountain and their small green path.

Remembering, now, the park around her seemed dusty, and the passing people too well known. She shrugged it all away and went back to the laboratory.

Working in a white glare of concentration, she closed out all the fretting thoughts about Amos and Steve. But that evening after dinner, waiting for Steve to come, uneasiness caught her again. There must be a simple way to decide about anything as important as marriage.

Steve whistled under the window, Steve came in with his light step, and instantly she felt the streaky excitement that he always brought. Bells, little gay bells ringing somewhere, promising fun around the corner. Steve caught her shoulders, whirling her around and kissing her once on the nose and once on the mouth. After that, it was silly to say hello.

He was laughing, the way he did, so the corners of his eyes and the corners of his

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mouth twisted up brightly and she had to laugh with him. His short-clipped hair shone silver-blond under the light.

"Let's go," he said.

"Where?"

"Just go," said Steve.

He had his car parked in front of the gift shop, with the top down. Libby leaned back with her head on the cool leather.

They drove out of town with two quick turns and a couple of swoops down a straightaway. They fled along a dark road, and the telephone poles swayed toward them in the headlights and swung away behind them.

"No moon," said Steve. "Did you ever sail in wheat?"

"What? No," said Libby.

He turned sharp right, and a dirt road led straight through a wheat field. The grain was high, growing close to the road, blowing and ruffling a little. Steve turned off his headlights and slowed. Abruptly the stars came out as Libby stared up. The car ran slowly, quietly through the darkness, and a soft rustling murmur sounded close by. As her eyes cleared in the dimness, Libby looked out from the car. She saw the dark waves go rippling out all around them. She saw the waves close in against the car, and she let go of her imagination, and sailed on dreamily.

Steve swerved left, and the headlights sprang out fiercely, and she sat up straight. They were running on concrete again.

"That was swell," she said.

"Fun," Steve said simply.

She didn't want to stop having fun. "There's a carnival," she said.

The Ferris wheel signaled, its lights turning slowly. An overtone of sound spread to them, people calling and laughing, barkers shouting, and a clash of music.

"Yes?" said Steve.

"Yes," she said.

So they stopped in the soft thick dust of the parking lot, and followed the others where the music never stopped. The concessions were in a circle, surrounding them with lights and flickering colors.

They got into a swinging seat of the Ferris wheel, and started the slow climb up.

"Let's get married," Steve said, at the [illegible]

"No," said Libby, and they plunged down, and she caught Steve's arm, and he laughed at her.

"That was timing," said Steve.

They rode on the merry-go-round, and Steve caught a ring, and climbed off his lion and gravely presented it to her.

"Let's get married, Libby."

"No," she said, but she put the ring in her pocket.

They ate white spun-sugar candy and pink spun-sugar candy. They shot rifles and they played a complicated game with little white balls that possessed their own personal insanity of spinning.

Climbing up a flight of wooden steps, they sat in a little boat-shaped sledge, Libby in front of Steve, leaning back against his shoulder. A man pulled a lever, and they shot

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Offhand you may think of bankers as men. But today women play as important if not as obvious a part in the country's financial system—to say nothing of controlling the purse strings of the nation's spending. Look for America's first woman banker and you'll discover a young colored woman from Richmond, Virginia, named Maggie Lena Walker, who began her career by delivering wash. After teaching in public schools, then selling insurance, at 31 she founded the Penny Savings Bank of Richmond, with a paid-in capital of $25,000. As its president she led her bank through one successful venture after another and today, as the Consolidated Bank and Trust Company, it is one of the foremost colored banking institutions in the country.

—JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

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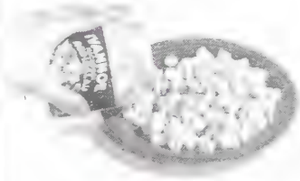
Follow your favorite recipe. A few minutes before serving, add 2 to 4 teaspoons of Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions. Mix well. Tastes extra good. Also, sprinkle on steaks, chops, hamburger.



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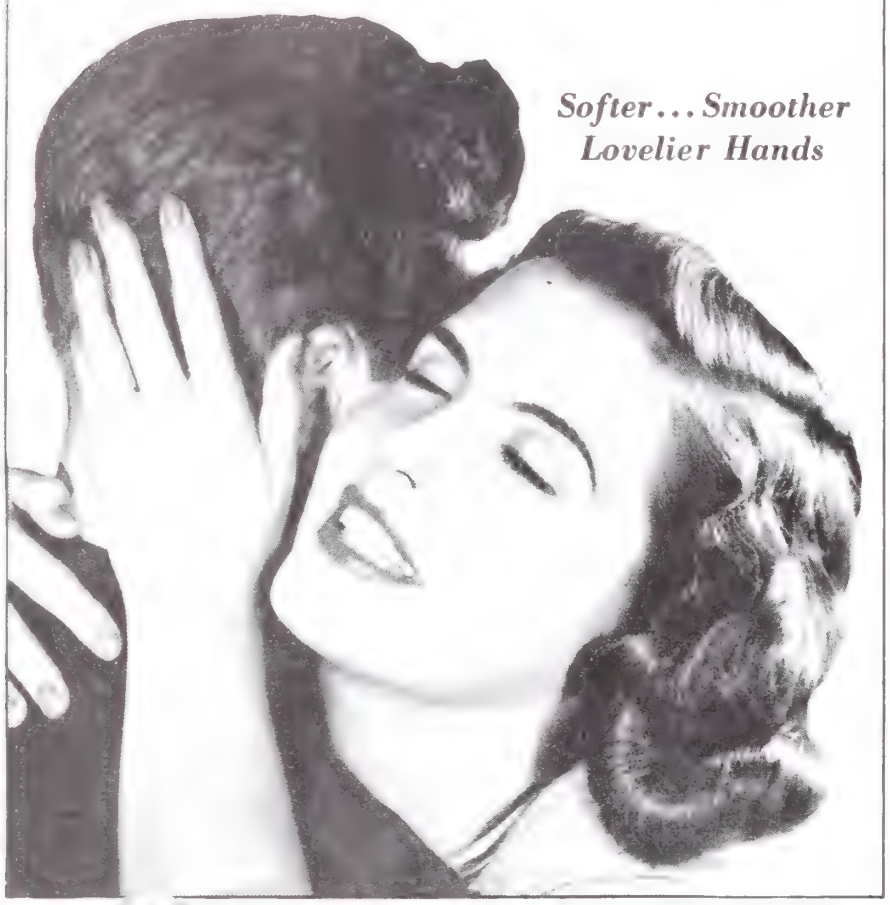

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CREME

At drug and cosmetic counters

down a long tunneling drop. Libby lost her breath and couldn't get it back, and they spun around a curve.

"Marry me?" said Steve.

"No," said Libby, and they stopped with a bump against a padded rail.

They left the bright circle at last, eating hot popcorn as they went. Steve drove slowly now. The air had freshened, as if there were rain behind it somewhere, and there was a smell of cool earth and leaves.

Libby felt half stirred and half content. She watched Steve's face in the little glow from the dashboard.

Still looking at the road, he lifted one hand from the wheel and touched her hair. As if he knew exactly where she was. "No moon," he said softly.

"Why do you like that, Steve?"

"Make my own moonlight, if it's needed," he said, half laughing, half arrogant.

His hand tightened in her hair, and slowly she drew away. He was too sure, and that pricked her into swift defense. But she went on watching his face, and liking to have him there. And she was sorry she had moved away. The little pulse that leaped inside her when he touched her beat on with a muffled waiting thud.

When he drew up in front of the gift shop, however, she slipped quickly out of the car. And she said good night on the sidewalk, and he smiled and made no protest.

She wondered if he knew she was suddenly afraid to have him touch her. As if he could catch her into a sudden dizzy loop, like the Ferris wheel—and then she might say "yes" before the lights stopped spinning.

"Good night," she said again.

"I'll be around," said Steve.

She almost made up her mind, that night. She almost decided it was Steve.

But next morning, with a strong sunlight coming through the window, with coffee boiling on her electric plate, some of the evening's glamour slipped away. You didn't spend your life on a Ferris wheel, after you were married.

And when Amos phoned, she was still more uncertain. Amos said "Hello," and gladness stirred in her, a pricked-ear quick gladness. "Did you say 'no' last night?" Amos inquired.

Libby chuckled. "Don't tell me you're curious."

"Put it this way," Amos said. "Have I got a date with you tonight?"

"Yes," Libby told him. Which was a convincing answer to his first question, after all.

"Then that's all right," Amos said. "Pick you up for dinner?"

WITH THE CHILDREN

I have just been over to Denny's house and his grandmother is here from Chicago. I don't think she is really truly grammy though. You know why? Her hair is black, her lips are lipstick-red like mommy's, she has on blood fingernails and there are holes in her shoes. Besides, she didn't even want to kiss me.

Everybody has a mouth, but there are really only two kinds of mouths—those that turn up and those that turn down. Why don't people whose mouths turn down stand on their heads for a little time every day until their mouths turn up?

Brother and sister, four and three years old, were told the story of Christmas and then taken to a church to see the crèche. Most impressed, they gazed and gazed. In a very tiny voice sister said, "The Lord Jesus' birthday, a lot of candles and no cake!"

When you are sick and people are not in your room it is nice to look at a bowl of goldfish. It looks like someone making faces at you. Sometimes the faces look like people we know.

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

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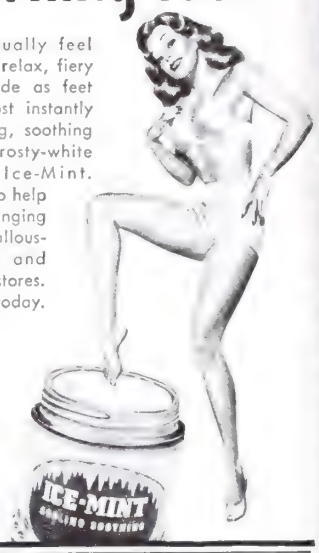

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They arranged it that way, and at six o'clock he came for them in a car and drove them down. Amos seemed very tall, after Steve. Very tall and very dark. He smiled at her slowly, and for a moment she couldn't look away.

Then he said, "Let's eat at the inn," in a practical tone. And everything was easy and natural again.

Dinner at the inn was calm and colorless. Amos made quiet conversation. He watched her, but his tone was impersonal. He was the kind of man that nice girls married, Libby reflected. Steady and prosperous. Conservative. Controlled. Predictable.

Half an hour after they'd left the inn, she wasn't sure about those last three items. In fact, she wasn't sure about anything, a condition that was becoming chronic.

Because without any comment or warning, instead of an evening at the movies or in her living room, Amos drove her over to the river. He stopped at a little tight building, newpainted, with a shiny new padlock.

"What's this?" asked Libby.

"Speedboat," Amos answered briefly. "I've always liked the water, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Libby told him. "I mean, like this."

"Maybe you never asked me," Amos said.

He settled her in the boat without any further conversation, raised the water door, and then they were out on the river. It was almost dark on shore, but the water seemed to hold the light longer. The little boat cut ahead, and Libby trailed one hand over the edge to let the water swing it.

"Nice," she said.

"I've wanted it a long time," Amos told her. "But I didn't like to say anything till I was sure I had it."

"Why, Amos?"

He didn't answer right away, and she glanced at him. His dark head was turned so she couldn't see his face.

"Remember my kid brother, Kent? There wasn't a thing I cared about, when we were little, that he didn't get away from me. Because my mother backed him up, and shamed me into it. And then I got smart, and didn't let him know the things I liked. I guess I got into a habit of playing safe."

"It's a good habit, Amos."

"Not very attractive," he said dryly. "Not dramatic."

She was silent, and the boat took them on down the river, till darkness sifted over them. The shore stood away remotely.

Then they turned and started back, with the town lights glowing faintly against the sky. Neither of them spoke, and the silence held till Libby could feel it tautening between them.

Amos cut the motor suddenly and they lost way, drifting soundlessly. Libby sat very still, and knew she was waiting.

He touched her arm and then his hand covered hers, lightly. Libby felt her fingers turning slowly to lock against his. Then he was holding her, and his mouth burned steadily against her face, and the brightness came again. Brightness that swirled inside her and drove her fiercely toward him.

When she finally pulled away and spoke, her voice was shaking. "You didn't—you never ——"

"Yes," said Amos, his own voice changed. "You told me the other night that I never made love to you."

"But I didn't mean ——" she began, and stopped in honesty.

"I'm taking you home," Amos said abruptly. "I'm certainly not going to stay here and not touch you." She didn't answer, and he said, "You don't love me yet, do you, Libby?"

"I—don't know," she said.

"That's why I'm taking you home," said Amos then. "Because I want you for keeps." And the phrase stirred an echo in her mind of the little boy who learned to play safe, when he wanted things.

When they were in the car, driving home, they sat with clear space between them, space that Libby measured over and over, and was more conscious of than the road ahead. And that same little pulse that she

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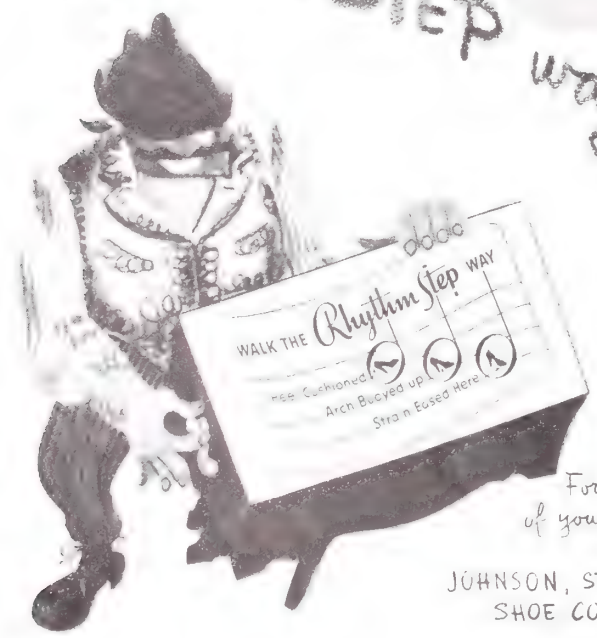

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knew beat on deep within her, expectant, alive.

With a swift shock, she realized that was how she had felt, driving home the night before with Steve. Was that the kind of girl she was, so easily stirred by two different men? Something was wrong with her, or the system of things, or maybe with love. She was half angry, half ashamed. It wasn't decent, to feel like this about both Amos and Steve.

Saying good night in front of the gift shop, Amos turned her face toward him briefly till he could see her eyes. "Don't worry, Libby," he said gently. And it wasn't till he was gone that she wondered how much he knew. She had done that, too, the night before.

She had a few brutal things to say to herself, that night before she got to sleep. And she remembered what Doris had said, about love and sex; it was barely possible that Doris was right.

The next afternoon, after work, she stopped by Doris' house. She had a vague plan of tapping a little of Doris' new store of wisdom about marriage. But she didn't get the chance.

Doris was working at the side of the house, where some ivy had fallen down. She was untangling the strands grimly, and looping each cleared vine over one arm.

"Hello," she said to Libby. "This stuff is fighting me. Hold that piece, will you, please?"

Her husband, Tim, came out as Libby answered He was nice, if not romantic, Libby thought. He had the most friendly smile she knew.

"Thought I heard voices," he told Libby. "Where've you been lately?"

"Around," Libby said, smiling back at him.

"Darn!" said Doris, and they both looked at her. She stood there with her arms full of ivy. "I forgot the string," she said.

"I know you did," said Tim, pulling string and a knife out of his pocket. He began to cut lengths of twine for her.

"I'm dumb," Doris told him ruefully.

"Then I'm crazy about dumb people," said Tim.

He and Doris were looking at each other, and Libby watched them. They hadn't said anything important. They weren't doing anything but fixing some ivy. And yet, for an instant, she knew that if she had spoken, they would not hear. They were off beyond her reach, like the people in the green garden long ago. They had a little green path, where no one else could go. Well, now she knew something more about marriage, even if it didn't help her much.

She went away after a while, still full of unanswered questions. The only thing she was sure of was that she didn't want to have a date alone with either Amos or Steve for a while. Not till she got over the shock of finding out she could react so swiftly to each of them. Not till she was a little more clear about what that reaction was.

And since she couldn't exactly explain all this to Amos and Steve, and since they both phoned her frequently the next couple of days, she ended up having a date with the two of them together. They had gone out only once before, as a threesome; and that time the general mood had been strained. This time, both men seemed to be making a fine effort toward a sporting attitude. There was a general flavor in the air of "let the best man win," and somehow this did not please Libby. She didn't want them giving each other black eyes, but a little healthy antagonism between them might have helped her own problem.

They all sat in the front seat of Amos' car, Libby naturally in the middle. And the two men kept up an irritating run of talk about taxes, golf, politics and blue laws.

"Don't mind me," she said once, rather crossly.

"We don't, Libby," Steve assured her. "We don't mind you at all." He patted her hand, but in a definitely public manner.

Amos turned to give her a swift grin. "We don't you start a nice juicy subject, Libby," he suggested.

And immediately, of course, her mind went blank of conversation. Except topics that would emphasize their personal situation.

"Where are we going, anyway?" she asked finally.

"Thought we'd run out to the country club and have a drink," Amos said. "And then Steve knows a good place for dinner."

It might have been a good place for dinner, but Libby never found out. Because it was at the country club that it happened. One of those small things that carry unexpected power, like touching a family electric socket in your own home, and having the thing stare at you with a sudden tingling heat. It was like that to Libby, who expected nothing from the country club but a cold drink.

She was standing with Steve and Amos at the big walnut bar, drinking a lime rickey. She looked into the big mirror behind the bar, saw her blond hair, and started for the powder room to make repairs.

With her mind full of her Steve-Amos problem, she walked around the bar through the familiar little brown door. And it wasn't till she'd pushed the door open, got well inside it, that she realized she had turned left instead of right. Green metal lockers towered around her, with white benches at their feet. And straight in front of her was a group of men, decently clothed in shorts but obviously startled to have a woman in their midst. They were playing poker, and beyond them was a sprinkling of other men just come in from the golf course.

Libby stood staring at them, appalled, to see that she had calmly walked into the sacred precincts of the men's locker room. Bare tanned arms and shoulders were all around her, and a hideous sea of startled and amused faces.

"I didn't—I'm sorry ——" she said and fled.

She turned into the cocktail lounge again, and the wave of heat that had swept over her lifted to a still hotter embarrassment. Plenty of people had noticed her wrong choice of doors, it seemed. The entire roomful of people seemed to be watching her, laughing at her.

She hadn't done anything so dreadful, she told herself indignantly. Perfectly natural

For My Young Daughter Growing Up

By Joseph Auslander

Dear child, so wise and loyal, though I tell
Over and over crazy golden things,
Still you believe them; though I say, "Her wings
Were moon drift" . . . or "A bright red cockerel
Stalked across the sky at sunset, fell
Into a pool of stars, and left white rings
Of water dust on darkness" . . . your hand clings
Tightly to mine, your eyes accept the spell.

Someday I shall begin, "Dusk rang a bell
Of raindrops in the lupine's rocking steeple" . . .
And when I look up, you will murmur, "Well?"
Quite like a hundred million other people;
Then I will think how beautiful you were
When you insisted that the pansies purr.

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mistake. Two little brown doors. Probably people did this every other day. But still her feet refused to move, and her ears buzzed with heat.

And out of the confusion of faces, she saw Steve. Incredulously, she saw that he was laughing, too, with his bright head tilted back. He was laughing the way he always did at funny things but now he was laughing at her.

She swallowed, and lifted her chin and took one step forward. And then Amos was beside her, his hand firmly on her arm.

"It's too blasted stuffy in here," Amos was saying casually. "Come on out on the terrace, Libby."

She went with him gratefully, while he talked on about the weather in a clear carrying tone. People began turning back to their own tables.

Everything was all right, Libby knew abruptly—walking between the little tables with Amos. She and Amos had nothing to do with the rest of the room. And she discovered that it really didn't matter that she'd gone into the wrong room and interrupted a few men playing cards.

Outside on the terrace she took a step away from Amos, and his hand dropped to his side. She looked at him slowly, carefully. He didn't look different from the way he had before: the same intent dark eyes, the straight mouth that gave nothing away. But everything about him was different to Libby.

THE vines on the terrace wall hung still, the leaves on the trees were motionless, but she felt caught in a high wind.

So this was what happened when you loved a man. No small easy excitement. No pondering and deciding. No drama, even. You just knew that when the bad things happened, and the little hateful things, too, you could hold out your hand and he'd be there. You knew that with him you walked apart from the rest of the world, in a safe place.

"My little green path," she said aloud suddenly, "in the garden."

"What?" said Amos.

She couldn't tell him then, she couldn't tell him yet. Not only because of the shyness that caught at her throat, but because of Steve.

"Come on, Amos," she said quickly. "Let's get the car."

"Steve?" said Amos.

"I'll phone him," Libby said. "Take me home, Amos."

She didn't have to talk to Amos, going home. She remembered now how she never had to talk to Amos.

When they got to her apartment, she went straight to the phone and called the country club. She had a boy sent to page Steve, and then she settled back in her chair and looked at Amos. He was sitting in the chair he always chose, straight in front of her. He was lighting a cigarette. And his face was politely blank as she phoned.

Libby grinned suddenly. This time, perhaps, he wouldn't hold that blank expression. Then she heard Steve's voice saying hello, and she sobered.

"Steve?" she said. "Libby."

Amos knocked the ash from his cigarette carefully on the floor.

"Steve," she said, "you always like it quick and straight."

"Yes?" said Steve's voice cautiously.

"Steve," she said, "I'm going to marry Amos."

Amos dropped the cigarette. His face did more than lose its blankness. For an instant the straight mouth held still, and then the glory came.

Libby's hand shook and she steadied the receiver. Out of the silence, Steve's voice came clearly.

"We had fun, Libby," said Steve.

Amos took the receiver from her hand and laid it gently down in its cradle. Amos was with her, close. Someday she'd tell him about the green garden. But not now, she thought, as his hands touched her face. Not now.

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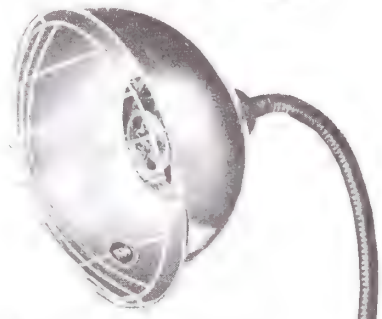

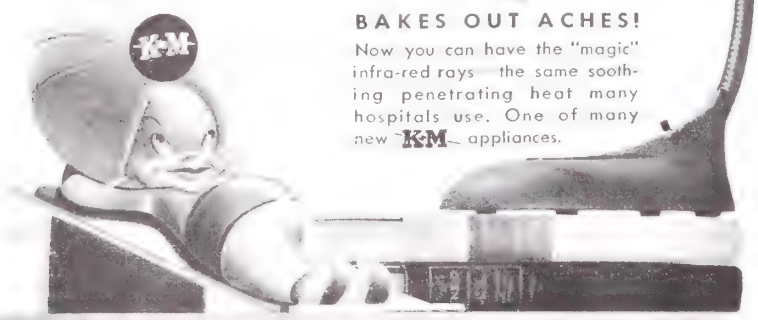

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WANTED: A FEDERAL LABOR POLICY

(Continued from Page 6)

limited application; and the so-called "anti-Petrillo" act, technically called the Lea Act, has been declared unconstitutional, as imposing discriminatory restrictions upon a specific group of workers and on no others.

Disinterested studies made by our most competent experts on labor relations, in and outside of Government, of other proposed legislation such as the Case Bill, vetoed by President Truman, and the Burton-Hatch Bill do not induce confidence that they merit acceptance as an adequate labor policy. "Most of them," says a leading student and expert, Ludwig Teller, "incorporated repressive legislation and reflected pet peeves." Most of them also were hastily considered responses to extreme crises and framed in the worst of atmospheres, passion. Some also showed remarkable ignorance of existing laws and, like the Lea Act, would probably have been declared unconstitutional before courts. Others tended to mix up and confuse different problems, such as antitrust legislation and labor regulation, failing to see that two perils cannot be met by the same means.

It therefore seems to me, who am no expert, but an avid student of the experts, that Congress ought to start all over from scratch in creating a new labor policy and code and institutions for its support, framed in one comprehensive Federal statute to supplant all existing statutes and institutions in this field.

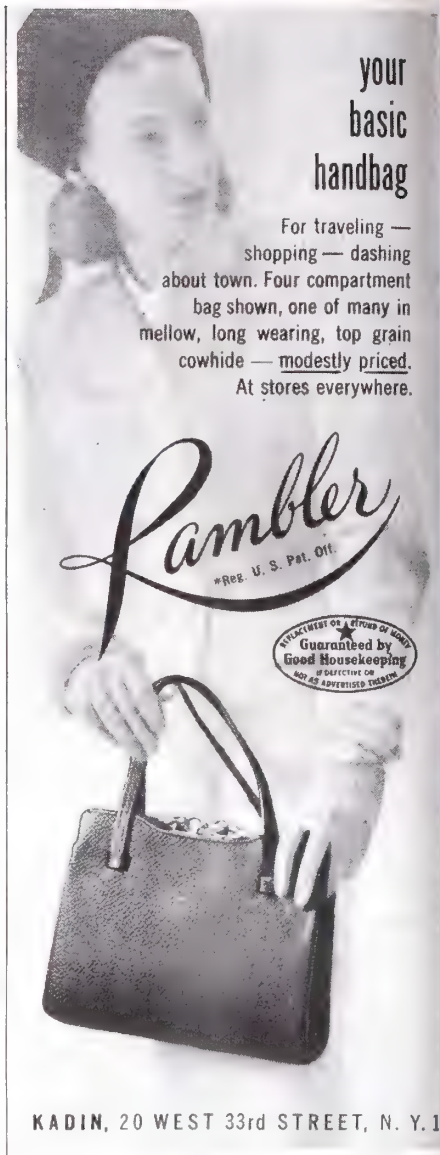
The statute must express in clear and definite terms what public interests must be precedent to all interests; define the rights and obligations of unions; and create new administrative and at least one quasi-judicial body through which the statute can be upheld. The assumptions of such a statute should be: 1—That trade-unions are necessary and desirable to our system and here to stay. There should be no intention or hint of any desire to restrict their functioning; the object should be to assist them to function in the interest of the public and of their membership; 2—That private and corporate enterprise within a proper legal framework has legitimate functions and interests to defend; 3—That all industry is, in the first line, a public service, failure to render which is failure to the common welfare; and 4—That Government is partisan only to the common good.

THE public interest lies in full production and equal access of all to the labor market. That is the basis for prohibiting practices, whether of labor or management or collusive between them, which militate against these public interests. These practices must, however, be clearly defined and prohibited not only in law (as in the Lea Act) but prohibited in agreements arrived at by collective bargaining.

The building and electrical trades, for instance, the stage unions as well as the musicians', are full of make-work rules, quota systems, stand-by practices, and so on, which simply compel the public to pay in prices for services not rendered.

The argument against the closed shop is that no democratic society can legitimately permit control over the job market to be monopolized by any private person or organization. There should, in this connection, be embodied in a labor statute prohibition against discrimination by unions or employers against any persons for reasons of race, creed or politics. Breaches of contracts, or strikes or lockouts in breach of agreements, should be prohibited, as should disorderly conduct, violence, sit-downs, and the hiring by management of strikebreakers.

If labor in Government employment is to be forbidden the right to strike, that should be made clear in the comprehensive statute which would supplant an existing legislation. But wherever strikes are outlawed, much better personal-relations systems need establishing.



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Most [illegible] if [illegible] the ordinary courts [illegible] before which to hear cases involving collective bodies of men. We need special labor tribunals, of which some foreign countries have an encouraging history. Such tribunals should be quasi-judicial; partly, at least, administrative, for what they need are experts rather than judges, and the object in all labor disputes should be to avoid litigation and the use of the injunction, which past and recent history has revealed to be a most unsatisfactory form of judicial process in labor disputes.

We also need, in the place of the present agencies, a new mediation service, conciliation service and arbitration service, all outside of the Department of Labor, which is traditionally partisan, and a compulsion on labor and management to resort to them if a strike threatens.

Labor tribunals, neither strikes nor management decisions, should settle such matters as jurisdictional issues between contending unions. And they should also be authorized to hear individual complaints of union members against intimidation, violence and suppression of democratic rights within unions.

Also, if a national emergency necessitates the seizure of a plant, the rights of employers and labor should be much more clarified during seizure than they are at present, and a regular agency—not, as at present, the President or a person or committee appointed by him—should be in charge of adjusting the controversy which led to the seizure.

Even a comprehensive Federal labor policy will not solve the problems of a modern free industrial society, nor guarantee full and continuous employment. But it would start to bring some order into the present chaos. And for the present chaos neither management nor labor is primarily responsible. Primarily responsible is the Government of the United States, which, vacillating between concessions and impotent showdowns, according to the winds of public opinion or estimates of vote getting, has signally failed up to now to produce anything comprehensive, integrated, rational, constructive and workable. There should immediately be created for the proper congressional committee an advisory commission from among the nation's most objectively minded and unprejudiced experts, in which the nation is by no means lacking.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jeered Clique

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I'd be the last one to deny
You have, my prince, a full supply
Of faults, as who am I to doubt
Who have to wring the bathroom out
When you have bathed? You're often prone
To make a most unseemly moan
If dinner's late. And when did you
Hang up an overcoat, or screw
A tooth-paste cap back on, or bash
An ash tray squarely with an ash?
Yet such my love for you, I'd not
Attempt to bleach one leopard's spot
With which your lordly hide is flecked.
Though frankly, dear, should you elect
To do the job yourself, my cheers
Would deafen your beloved ears!

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In a recent test of 27 leading lipsticks (conducted by a group of impartial experts) Tangee Satin-Finish lipstick was rated No. 1...receiving particularly high marks for "staying power" and ease of application.

PRESENTED IN:

RED MAJESTY *RED-RED* *GAY-RED*
THEATRICAL RED *MEDIUM-RED*
NATURAL

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

USE Tangee...

AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
an excellent thing in woman."—*Shakespeare.*

We hear you talking

BY DAWN CROWELL
Beauty Editor of the Journal

DID you ever stop to think that your voice probably needs make-up just as much as your face? It is possible, of course, that you are a great beauty who needs no added cosmetic polishing. It is possible, also, that you are divinely gifted with a speaking voice of such natural beauty that strong men, who confess themselves extremely susceptible to melting tones, flock to pay you homage. If, however, you are about like most of us, you take pains to make your face as appealing as possible . . . and you should do exactly the same thing for your voice. There is no more reason for accepting the voice you are born with than for meeting the world with an unretouched face or a hang dog hair-do! Good grooming is for *inflections* as well as *complexions*. In fact, you are a lot less limited in dealing with the former, for in voice you can choose your own coloring and features, so to speak, instead of taking what your parents handed you.

Just because you do not plan to use your voice professionally is no excuse for ignoring it. That would be like forsaking make-up because you don't want to look theatrical! Professional speakers, radio and movie actresses were not born with attractive speaking voices any more than you were. They have *cultivated* them. Every woman, wife, mother or career girl can cultivate and improve her voice, not for public speaking, but to add charm and loveliness to her own life as well as to the lives of those around her.

A good voice can be your golden key which will unlock the doors leading to a harmonious home life, happy friendships and successful work. A warm reassuring voice can give tenderness and trust to children; scold effectively without leaving a scar; command others without fostering resentment; give sincerity to words of sympathy and understanding; be the song in the heart of your home; or, if you're a working girl, be the music to your boss' ears! A good voice does not have to show age with the passing of years, but can act as a constant well-spring of youth, enthusiasm and gaiety!

With such invaluable gifts "within speaking distance" of every woman, it might be well worth while to learn and follow some basic rules that will add a golden glow to your voice and make you infinitely more attractive.

Hear your voice as others hear it. You can make a recording of your voice, then listen while it is played back to you. This is an excellent way to discover your tone qualities and voice defects. But Lisa Sergio, radio commentator known for her delightful voice, suggests reading to a wail! Sounds silly. But it's effective. It can give you a pretty true picture of the way your voice sounds to others.

Take something to read over to the corner of a room. Sit as near the walls as possible. Now read out loud, directing your words to the corner in front of you. Use your most natural, everyday voice. (Dressing up your voice for this occasion defeats your purpose.) The sounds you hear are the sounds everyone else hears.

"You can get the same effect," adds Crystal Waters, voice coach, "by using a large piece of cardboard, a door or a vanity mirror to act as your sounding board."

Now that you've heard your voice, do you like it? Does it sound gay and interesting? Dull and monotonous? Are the tones low and melodious, or high and shrill? Do you think your voice has the qualities necessary for making it "the golden key"? These questions, answered uncheatingly, may start you wishing you could do something to improve your voice. For a perfect voice—or a near-perfect voice—is a rarity.

Breathing and posture exercises will flatter your voice the way other exercises flatter your figure. Miss Gertrude Fogler, Hollywood voice coach, has taken the slurs, burrs, nasals and gutturals out of more voices than you can hear at a party. She suggests this exercise: Stand erect. Inhale deeply through your nose, and feel your stomach pushing forward. Now exhale and feel your stomach receding to its original position. Repeat the exercise, breathing through your nose and mouth. Ten or fifteen minutes each morning and night will help form correct breathing habits. While you're doing these exercises for your voice, you're also doing your lungs a favor. For what pair of lungs doesn't appreciate expansive areas of air with which to function?

Another exercise. This is probably one you would prefer to practice in the very, very privacy of your own room. But, if you're a mother, practicing it in front of your children is as funny as the funny papers to them . . . and it's one way of getting them interested in their voices at an early age! Loll your head around and around, completely relaxed, jaw and tongue hanging. Rotate your head in one direction six or eight times. Then reverse rotation, going the same number of ways in the other direction. This *(Continued on Page 215)*

Do You Slur Your Words?

Slurring words is the most common of all mistakes. We detect the mistakes when others make them, but do you make them yourself? Check yourself on this list:

Lemme see	Let me see
Whajasay?	What did you say?
Izzinit?	Isn't it?
Izze?	Is he?
Izzatso?	Is that so?
I dunno	I don't know
Litturcher	Literature
Stujus	Studious
Tamarra	Tomorrow
Whaddyno?	What do you know?
Whadidjasay?	What did you say?
An then he tol me	And then he told me
Cannidate	Candidate
Becuz	Because
Avenoo	Avenue
Labatary	Laboratory
Havenyoo	Haven't you?
Salry	Salary
Awright	All right
Secretree	Secretary
Soverthere	It's over there
Didja?	Did you?
Havya?	Have you?
Whasnoo?	What's new?
Suprise	Surprise
S'mother	Some other

Easy does it!

Preparing nutritious meals planned around canned foods is a pleasure. Easy to serve attractively, these delicious foods make light work of setting a mighty fine table.

Raw foods too often lose precious flavor and nutritive values in transit and storage and during home cooking. But, food authorities agree—*you can trust foods in cans.*

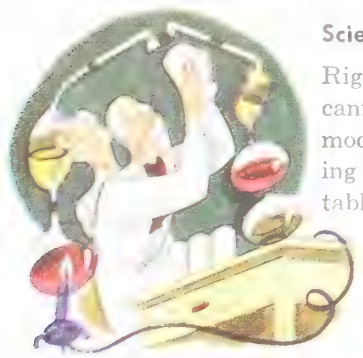
Thank today's modern, scientific canning methods for those delicious fruits and vegetables in cans, whose vitamins, minerals and flavors are *sealed in*, for your protection and enjoyment.

"Reprinted from the booklet 'Food Reminds'"

Fit for a king...chicken, mushrooms, and pimiento for shortcake; cranberry jelly; vegetable juice; crackers; string beans; mincemeat for tarts; coffee...and they all come to you in cans.

Meals Mere Men Can Make

With so many fine foods in cans to choose from, plus the agreeable fact that canned foods are so simple to prepare and serve—you can turn even a husband loose in the kitchen and expect a feast! He just can't go wrong in preparing a meal to be proud of—a most economical and nutritious meal—around canned foods.



Science Knows Best

Right from the beginning, foods chosen for canning are pampered and fussed over. Many modern canneries actually oversee the growing and harvesting of the fruits and vegetables which they can. Foods packed in cans come to you at the very peak of their goodness, for each can itself is actually a miniature "pressure cooker" which *protects* flavor, minerals, and vitamins.

Short Cut to Chicken Shortcake

Prepare cream sauce, add canned chicken. Heat through and pour over shortcake. Garnish with canned pimiento and mushrooms. Easy does it! And what a dish to serve proudly—good-looking, good-tasting, and good for you! Yes, canned foods do make meal planning seem like fun.

FOODS YOU BUY IN CANS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.

SAFE from air, light, moisture.

SAFE even after a can is opened—because in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

BECAUSE

No other Container protects like the Can

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 174)

ves constriction or tightening of muscles
our throat area, two things which pre-
your voice from having the richness of
and full, deep resonance so necessary.
her voice improver is yawning.

The importance of good posture is obvi-
adds Miss Fogler. "If you stand with
head up, chest out and back straight,
ribs are elevated and you are allowing
space for circulation of air. Conse-
tly you are making it easier for your
h to rise triumphantly from your vi-
ng cords. Little short breaths are
o for good voices. You must breathe
your diaphragm, because full breathing
e key to attractive speaking."

to retune thin, metallic or al-sounding voices. Lillian Burns, atic coach, and Arthur Rosenstein, sing-nstructor, are two more people who d their working hours improving the s of Hollywood stars. Both know a few s about making a voice worth listening Miss Burns says, "Exercise your mouth pening and closing it in an exaggerated Close your mouth, purse your lips and until your cheeks are round and filled air. Repeat several times. Practice ng broadly. It increases the flexibility our lips. This exercise is particularly ul to the tight-lipped person, or word er, who looks as though she's hardly ing her mouth at all, and you wonder the sound manages to come out!"

Humming," adds Mr. Rosenstein, "helps ance of voice and relaxes face muscles. *m* and *n* humming sounds are vibrant good. Try to feel the hum riding out our mouth *supported by the breath.* Feel ibration in your nose, on the roof of mouth. The more vibration, the better. eans your throat is an open passage, free of constriction and able to produce attractive sounds. You might also practice singing vowels. Try it with your face muscles completely relaxed. Practice the scale up and down several times. It adds quality and low tones to your voice."

How far can a good voice go? Crystal Waters told us of a girl who came to her about her voice. The girl held a good job in an office, but promotions (along with the boys) were passing her by. Finally a friend of the girl told her she had overheard the boss say that he couldn't bear to have that screeching around him. Miss Waters sympathized with the girl. But she sympathized with the girl's boss too. Each word the girl emphasized sounded like a hack saw cutting through steel pipe. Her voice pattern had been developed through association with her neurotic mother, who screamed at everyone. Miss Taylor had developed a defense by screaming back. She was free of her mother's influence now, but the screech remained.

"I went to work on her," Miss Waters told us. "I should say that I showed her how to go to work on herself. The development came entirely through her own efforts. To bring the lower tones of her voice into play, I told Miss Taylor to grunt and groan like an animal. She was puzzled, but game. She groaned like a soul in torment. Then by alternately humming and groaning a short sound, she brought throat and body muscles into natural juxtaposed movement. Her low voice came into constant use. As her throat became relaxed and free, the savage sounds she was making smoothed out. The groan was still a groan, but it was no longer unpleasant. The open spaces in her throat and mouth brought forth the reverberations called resonance. The sounds were warm and full-toned, free and gentle. Gradually we translated these animal sounds into word sounds. At the end of a month of practice as constant as training for both there was no screech, no nasal twang, no metallic thinness. A pleasant, mellow voice had evolved."

The happy ending should be that she moved onward and upward in her job. Miss Waters says it is even more cinematic: Miss Taylor married her boss a year later!

Probably you don't *want* to marry your boss. But you certainly want to impress him. You can't use sign language, and mumble-jumble inarticulate ways will gain you nothing except antagonism from him.

It's like knowing you look your prettiest at a party. You automatically become more at ease, and you have more fun. If you know your voice is attractive, there will be vitality and interest in what you're saying. Those qualities are catching. Your boss will show interest too.

The personnel manager of a leading New York employment agency said, "The sound of the voice and the manner of speaking tell me a great deal about the interests, vitality and emotional stability of a girl during an interview. They reveal her education and breeding. Her intelligence, her disposition and her attitude toward life are disclosed."

Words and music combine for good speaking voices. You can't do justice to your voice if you mispronounce words. Many unpleasant sounds can be taken out of words by *practicing pronunciation.* When does an *e* sound like an *a?* When does an *i* sound like an *e?* You can turn this into a family game. All you need is a dictionary for authority and a prize for the winner!

A good voice is available to everyone. With a little effort on your part, you can learn to speak words correctly, enhance them with warmth and vibrance, and so make other people anxious to hear what you have to say.

DINING IN THE LIVING ROOM

(Continued from Page 175)

e and chairs, the built-in unit would still well in the room. The pine cupboards shelves, the flat desk for writing and the built-in seat really belong in a living n. The table is used for magazines be-n meals and the chairs look well placed ever convenient.

Built-in Unit. The type of car-ry we used for the built-in feature is st and cheapest to do because of its lute simplicity in both construction and n. There are no tricks at all, just plain t angles with no paneling or design com-ations. But if you are building in a win-seat, be sure to buy your mattress first take your proportions from that. This is r than trying to find a cushion to fit a already built. A cot mattress is ideal; a le-bed mattress is right for a seat which be used as an emergency bed. Two three old automobile seats e a superb built-in, and of se if you have an old sofa can build around that.

he tall cupboard economizes iving-room furniture, by the , and eliminates that empty-er look, no longer fashion-. You can put into it your e collection of glass, Victori-, pewter or plates. You may use it for the living-room e of collection, such as por-in animals, birds or figurines. closed cupboards under-th will hold the tableware you ually use every day. Shelves books add a substantial living-m touch and are excellent oration.

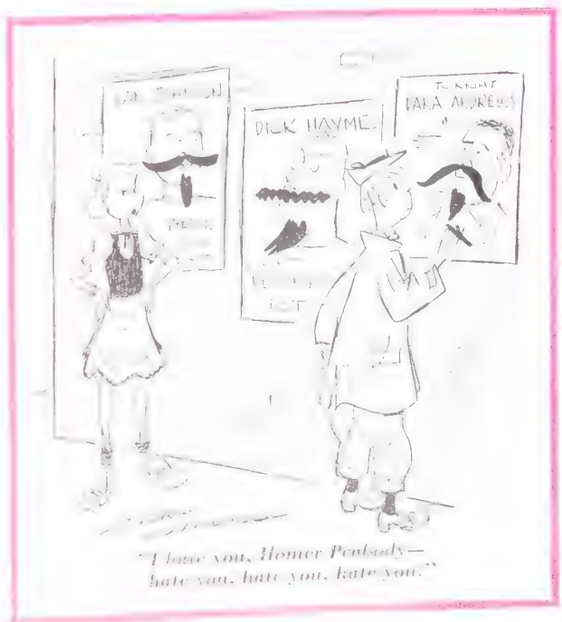
n designing your own built-feature, remember that it sn't have to be attached to walls, or the sections joined ach other. You will find it help-to sketch several possible nbinations of shelves and pboards, book sections and t tops, before you finally decide on the background you need. You can plan the flat tops first if you like, and then make the boxlike cupboards to sit on top of them. Include your radio, if you like, and the aquarium; make magazine files if you need them. Leave out the seat if you would prefer a long desk effect in front of the window. Fit it with a drop leaf if there are just two of you in the family, and use it for your table.

The Finish. If you use pine for your built-in feature, tone it to harmonize with your other furniture. You do this by applying oil stain with a brush, and then rubbing off with a cloth until you arrive at the tone desired. If you want to make your pine go toward brown rather than yellow or red, add a small amount of nigrosine to shellac and apply that with a brush. There are no definite proportions, so it is best to try for the effect you want on an odd piece of board. You can, of course, paint such a unit in color to match your room scheme, but you will have to use clear pine for the construction if you want a smooth painted finish. Two or more coats of paint are necessary to arrive at a lustrous top coat.

The Furniture. Choose a table of the same general character as the remainder of your living room, suited to the size of your family, plus accustomed guests. A trestle table such as the one shown is suitable for use in Early American and country-style rooms, as well as the average room of no period which uses cotton hangings and slip covers and no conspicuous dark wood.

A mahogany drop-leaf table would be suitable in a room with traditional furniture, damask hangings and upholstery or other suggestions of elegance. A glass-topped iron table looks well in a sunny chintz-hung room. But if yours is a room with pickup temporary furnishings, do not hesitate to paint your table leaf-green, lacquer-red or any other darker color that harmonizes with your scheme. With light wood in a modern room, choose a long table with tapering legs and perhaps a glass top, using it as a lamp-and-magazine table between meals.

Since the Kenyons were using New England type furniture of native design, we had made a trestle table as authentic for the period as any you might find in a museum. The cost of lumber for this table was $22.85; the cabinetmaker's bill, $60.00—almost an economy these days, especially as the dimensions are oversize. Such a table does not betray its real function when arranged for the day with magazines and a garden-flower bouquet. The chairs are copies of old arm Windsors, comfortable for dining, but looking quite at home in a living room.



"I hate you, Homer Peabody—hate you, hate you, hate you."

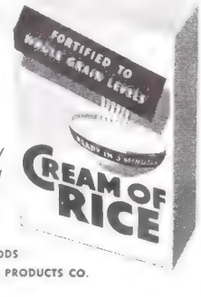
NOW! A Delicious NEW Hot Cereal!
CREAM OF RICE

Specially Designed for children under 12

SO NUTRITIOUS!
Cream of Rice adds Vitamins B_1, B_2 and Niacin—*plus iron*—for rich, red blood and better growth.

SO DIGESTIBLE!
Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as baby's first cereal food. Can't irritate delicate digestive tract.

SO RICH IN ENERGY!
Cream of Rice actually gives children *more energy* than hot wheat or oat cereals. And how they love delicious, *different* Cream of Rice!



CHILDREN LOVE IT!
READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!
ONE OF THE QUALITY FOODS OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO.

DRESS IT UP FOR COMPANY...
DROMEDARY
GINGERBREAD LOAF
"How bea-oo-tiful," your guests will sigh! And it's *luscious* as it's *lovely* . . . the same tender, velvety crumb, the same melt-in-your-mouth flavor that Washington's mother built a reputation on! Bake batter in loaf pan. Then divide into layers. Fill and top with creamy boiled frosting. Trim with melted chocolate, bright cherries.
Just add water, bake! Always perfect!
OR EAT IT PLAIN AND WARM-A-M!
LESS THAN 4¢ PER SERVING!
(Package serves 6 to 8)
Dromedary's a wonderful buy (*still a bit scarce, alas!*) Same top quality makings you'd use yourself, for *less* than they'd cost *you!* No work . . . *and what gingerbread!* Wonderful warm . . . plain or with whipped cream or ice cream. *Like the stripes?* Pin paper strips on the baked loaf, sprinkle confectioner's sugar, then remove paper *and dig in!*
Saves your sugar . . . eggs . . . shortening!
NOTHING IN THE WORLD TASTES SO MELTINGLY LUSCIOUS AS
Dromedary
World's Finest
Gingerbread
Washington's Mother's treasured old recipe
—ready to pop into your oven
Dromedary Gingerbread Mix
Just add Water!
Candy from Trees... DROMEDARY Pasteurized DATES!
Enjoy nature's most delicious confection
DROMEDARY DATES
Right out of the package, or in the fruit bowl . . . in cereals or salads . . . nothing is more toothsome than fruity Dromedary Dates. And there's no finer *energy food* for the children—or you! Get them... whenever you can!

DALE MacLAREN IS BACK IN TOWN

(Continued from Page 46)

that even the syllable with a different meaning could cause the familiar lurch of unhappiness inside her. She had only to hear the words "hill and dale," and there it would be, before her mind could come to her rescue.

And now, after all these years, Dale had come back to Wrenn to spend a week of vacation with her aunt. And on Tuesday morning at breakfast Lincoln, with that look on his face, had said, "I'd like it if you'd invite her out, Lib. Casually, you know, to dinner, or something."

Why, Lib had thought as she ironed the blue dress, would he have asked her to do that unless he still harbored some love for her? What other reason could there be? How could he have suggested such a thing when he must be aware of how easily she tired these days? She would have to spend at least two days on the house, and at least another working herself into a frenzy to prepare one of those little meals that seem effortless, smart and delicious, and which she hated.

She could have jellied consommé, she supposed, lobster salad in avocado halves, with tiny whole-wheat rolls if she could find that recipe, and radish roses and curled celery. Perhaps homemade freezer ice cream in meringue shells. Demitasse in the living room.

She had jerked the dress around on the board to iron it crosswise at the waist, hoping to stretch it, and at that moment Linc came in, his eyes bright and his face flushed with more than the day's heat.

"I've got a sore throat."

She could have burst into happy tears when she read the thermometer. It was a hundred and one and a half. Linc's sore throats could be counted on to put him to bed for the better part of a week.

Not that avoiding Dale had settled anything. Lib admitted that to herself now as she took hold of the hymnbook and stood up beside Lincoln. But Dale's week of vacation at her aunt's was up today. Probably she had left already. By the time she came back to Wrenn again she would doubtless be married. Or maybe she never would come back at all. Gradually Linc would forget her. Lib opened her mouth and began to sing.

And then, halfway through the first verse of that second hymn, there was a lull in the singing, due to the fact that those who turned to stare lost their places for a few bars. Some leaned to whisper to their neighbors. A few, like Lincoln Jones, did not resume singing at all.

The latecomer had seated herself in the pew directly behind the one occupied by the Joneses. Lib, too, had turned to look at the beautiful, beautiful girl. Cream-blond hair was drawn up sleekly under her black cartwheel hat; her dress was summer black, and her long taffeta gloves were diagonally striped with white and a sapphire that was the exact color of her earrings and her eyes.

Lib glanced at Lincoln and saw that he had that look around his mouth, and that his face had gone dull red. *So that's how it is,* Lib thought. *I've wondered and worried about this thing for five long years. Now I know.*

She knew a lot of other things too. Among them was the sudden-born knowledge that prints were dowdy. Even the concealing quality of the dress that, only a few minutes before, had gladdened her heart, now was a source of despair. She wished that her baby were to be born next month instead of in October. There was a sort of massive dignity to late pregnancy; now she looked only as if she had a very bad figure.

Her hair, she could tell, had come out of curl at the back. She was sure she could feel lank strands on her neck. She took off her right glove and was about to put her hand back to feel, when she remembered that her arms were scratched from blackberry briers.

She remembered, too, something that until that moment she had completely forgotten: last August Nancy, in a wet diaper, had sat on her hat. Briefly, to be sure, but long enough to have made a wilted dent at the back of the crown that she never had been quite able to steam out. Nobody would notice it, of course. Nobody but your husband's old girl, sitting behind you for the better part of an hour, with nothing to do but stare at the back of your head.

Lib heard little of the sermon. *I'll have to meet her after church,* she thought. *I'll say, "I've heard so much about you,"* and Dale would say, "I've heard so much about you too!" And they would stand there with fixed smiles, appraising each other, finding little else to say. It would be ghastly, but over quickly.

It was ghastly, but it was not over quickly.

They stood on the steps outside in the now broiling sun while the young minister shook hands with everybody.

Lib said, "I've heard so much about you," and Dale, from under the vast shade of her hat, said, "I've heard so much about you too."

And then there was the silence, which Lincoln broke by saying something about she was staying an extra day, wasn't she. Lib didn't hear the answer. She thought, *Here I am holding my bag in front of me the way pregnant women always do, and I know my slip is showing, and she is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen in all my life.*

And then Dale was smiling, and the dimples Lib had heard so much about came into her cheeks. Her voice was soft and friendly: "I hear you have two of the most adorable little girls. I do wish I could have seen them." Her sapphire eyes moved from Lib's face up to Lincoln's.

"I want you to see them," Lincoln said. And then, as one inspired, "Say—tell you what, why don't you come on out to our house for dinner? Lib always has a great big dinner on Sunday. We can stop at your aunt's and tell her. She can spare you for a few hours, I guess. That okay with you, Lib?"

On the three-mile ride out from town Lib sat in the back with the children because

(Continued on Page 218)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song for February

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Washington and Lincoln
Were tall men and bold;
Often they stood alone,
Or so I've been told,

Looking at an eagle
Lonely in the sky,
Listening to a wave of rain
Passing them by.

They were used to spring green
And the long low hills,
Many a ford they forded
With its rocks and rills,

Many a harvest watched for
Growing in a field,
Knew the long, long patience
Waiting for the yield.

They were country born and bred,
Tempered by the land,
Danger took and forged them
In his harsh strong hand.

Washington and Lincoln
Were tall men and bold;
Often they stood alone,
Or so I've been told.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

You've never bought coffee packed under a *higher* vacuum!

. . . thanks to the *new* Airtight Snap-on Cap

: Woman, take a kiss! Best coffee you ever made in your life.

E: Know why? The jar it came in is the best coffee-keeper I ever had in my life.

: Some high-powered new vacuum pack?

E: Right! It's an *ultra* vacuum pack. And it *keeps* coffee fresher—even after the jar is opened!

: Must reseal—is that it?

SHE: How'd you guess? It has a flexible cap that you just pry off with any sturdy kitchen tablespoon. And to reseal the jar, you just press down. That blessed cap will reseal—even if it's *bent!*

HE: Gosh. Airtight?

SHE: Airtight—always! Doesn't cost any more than any other vacuum container, either.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

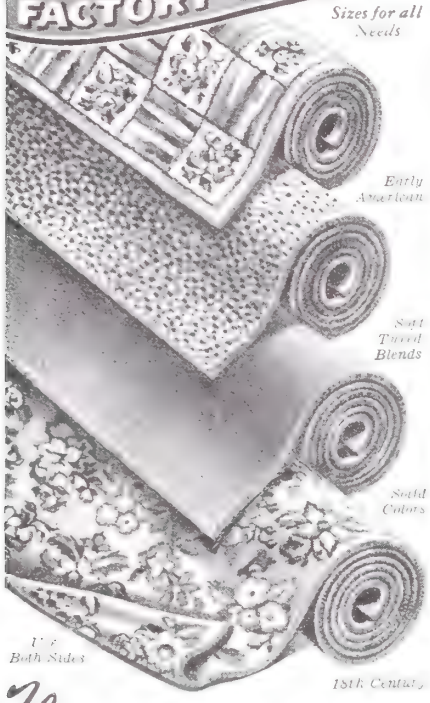
TO UNSEAL: Pry cap up firmly in several places with bowl-tip of a sturdy kitchen tablespoon.

TO RESEAL: Press cap down firmly with palm of hand. Cap is *flexible.* REseals, *even if bent!*

Duraglas **ULTRA-VAC JAR**
WITH THE NEW AIRTIGHT SNAP-ON CAP

RUG "MAGIC" by OLSON

FACTORY-TO-YOU!



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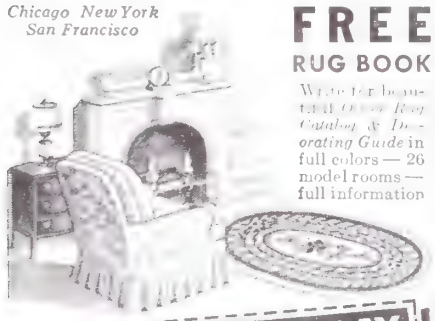
BROADLOOM RUGS

. . . deep-textured rugs that are Seamless and *Reversible* for double wear and luxury. Sizes up to 16 ft. wide, any length, in:

Solid Colors	18th Century	Texture
Two-tone	Early American	Leaf
Tweed Blends	Oriental Designs	Ovals

Our 73rd Year. We guarantee to satisfy or pay for materials. Over 2 million customers. We do not have agents or sell through stores. Please patronize your neighbors, factory-to-you.

Chicago New York San Francisco



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Please mail Free Olson Catalog of rugs, decorating helps, model rooms in colors:

Name _____

Address _____

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(Continued from Page 216)

somebody had to keep them from falling out. Yes, hadn't Wrenn changed in five years; and indeed they would be glad when the new road went past their house; and Nancy was two and a half, and yes, she talked well for her age, and Susan was four, and had her daddy's eyes, and yes, she was a little *s-h-y* with strangers at first; and no, don't be silly, Dale wasn't imposing one single bit. Impromptu things were always twice as much fun; didn't Dale think so too?

The living room, she was remembering, was strewn with Sunday papers and dropped pajamas. The silver was unpolished, and the beds were all unmade. It was a source of wonder to her that she could speak at all.

In fact, always thereafter, Lib was to look back on her behavior that day with pride and not a little awe: it was quite perfect. She could have wished she had been born into a simpler and more primitive society, before the days of movie wives like Myrna Loy, but, standards being what they were, it was unthinkable to do other than accept them. She kept her smile just right, not wistful, not tremulous, nor yet a leer. She maintained the degree of bright interest she felt befitting to one neither in on the conversation nor yet quite out of it, while her husband and his ex-fiancée, seemingly bent on crowding old home week into one afternoon, said, "Do you remember the time that ——" and "Whatever happened to ——" and "Had you ever heard about ——"

Lincoln showed off in a way that, Lib felt, ill became him. He even bragged a little. "Our land starts here," he said, stopping the car. "Got the best acreage anywhere around for building sites. Everybody's wishing they'd had the sense to grab it when I did."

In the house he started at once on a tour of it. "Now this living room used to be the kitchen—never know it now, would you? First time I ever saw it I said it should be the living room because of the fireplace—remember? I built all the bookshelves myself. This is a Dutch door." He worked it for her. "See that view from the terrace? You can see right down on to the town, and the lights at night." He made her come out to look.

He took her down to the cellar to see the furnace and the water softener and the water heater. He took her up to the attic to see the fan and explained how it pulled the hot air out of the house at night. He showed the girls' rooms with unmade beds. In the workshop he turned on the power saw.

He took her to see the brook that edged the lawn, and Lib, clad in her slip, stood back from the bedroom window and watched Dale in heelless toeless shoes pick her way down the steppingstones, while Susan and Nancy, over their shyness now, clung adoringly to the pretty lady's hands.

"Last summer," Linc was saying, "I diverted the brook to flow along here. Lib had an idea she wanted to plant all this stuff."

For a moment Lib just stood there, moving her thumbs over the places in her palms where the blisters from the shovel and pickax had been. Linc had started, but she had finished it. Baffled, she turned to the closet and took down the first smock her hand came to. It didn't matter what she wore; nobody paid any attention to her.

By the time they sat down to dinner not a breath of air stirred. Lib pushed the damp hair off her forehead and saw for a moment in her mind's eye the perfect little dinner-for-a-hot-night that she had been planning last Tuesday: candle flames wavering a little in a soft breeze, highlighting the cool green of avocado, giving jeweled depth to quivering consommé. She averted her gaze from the pot roast, looming hot and dark out of a barricade of carrots, potatoes and rich gravy.

Linc said heartily, Ah, there's nothing like a big Sunday dinner."

Dale said, also heartily, "I think it's simply wonderful. I don't know when I've had a real old-fashioned Sunday dinner."

Susan and Nancy were eating with them. At Lincoln's suggestion they had been allowed to postpone their naps so they could eat with Auntie Dale. And now, apparently taking their cue from their father, they outdid themselves in eagerness to entertain her. Susan poured her milk on the rug. Nancy, giggling in her high chair, put blackberry jelly into her hair.

Do you remember, and did you ever hear about, and whatever happened to? And, oh, ha-ha, will you ever forget the time that? Adjust the smile and laugh at the right places and think, *What would Myrna Loy do?*

Lib's smile was still brave, if twitching slightly, by three o'clock, when Lincoln went off with Dale to show her his vegetable garden. She rubbed her face when they were safely around the corner. What was that bit of information, frequently encountered in Pollyanna literature, about how many muscles it took to make a frown, and how few to make a smile? She didn't believe it · her whole face ached.

She sighed, put her feet up on the chaise longue, and reached for her knitting. The girls were asleep at last. The dishes were rinsed and stacked—she had been firm in her refusal of help, because it was simply too hot to think of doing them now. In spite of the shade here on the east porch, the blue yarn stuck to her fingers. She decided on an intricate stitch for the border of the little sweater, so that she would have to keep her mind on her knitting. Pregnant women were notoriously inclined to get silly ideas. Imagine things.

It was stupid, for instance, to resent Lincoln's almost uncontrollable laughter over how funny Dale's little feet had looked in his wife's big shoes. Really ridiculous. Not that Lib hadn't joined in merrily enough. "Here," he had said. "Tie the laces around

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kles like this so they won't fall off.

n't you coming with us?" Dale had

rcy, no. It's too hot." The thought of te was too tempting, and besides, addle oxfords Dale had on were the oes she owned that were suitable for through the garden.

was that story she had read once ow a wife had been kept at home by ple expedient of taking her shoes? she said to herself sharply, and went pick up the stitch she had dropped. lly Dale couldn't be expected to make f the garden in high heels.

rowned, using all those muscles. But Lincoln ever suppose that Dale, who er had a garden, would be interested Corn could be five feet high on June d mean nothing at all to a nongar- Lincoln really was being rather dull, he insisted on showing every inch of ce to Dale.

aybe I'm the one that's dull. Maybe it's excuse he can think of to get her to him-

er a minute or two Lib perceived that started doing a cable stitch instead pcorn stitch two rows back.

as a good hour before Lib heard them back. The children were still napping. adied her expression, an oh-how-the- es-fly, here-you-are-back-already one. ad seen the garden and the orchard, d even gone up to the spring that fed ok to see if water cress still grew there. rried a bunch of it as proof.

moved her feet so that Dale could sit end of the chaise longue. Strands of r had escaped from the black velvet that circled the bun on top of her he was flushed from the long hot walk; ack dress was untidy. She was still ul.

oln took the water cress from Dale. don't get it like this in New York, all

[illegible] and cold from the [illegible] Susan [illegible] about that watercress sandwich, you and you were going to to stay to supper, of course."

"Of course!" Lib said it warmly, quickly. *Stay all night. Spend the summer.*

Dale looked at her watch. "Well just for a snack. I've got to be at Hartnagles' for dinner by seven. But I would adore a watercress sandwich."

Linc made the sandwiches great wedges of bread with water cress trailing. He served drinks in peanut-butter glasses. Lib said nothing; Myrna Loy would never belittle a husband in front of a guest.

She still said nothing when, after the sandwiches were eaten, Linc lit a cigarette and took off his shoes.

But her thoughts were bitter. *Like a hillbilly cartoon* that's what Dale must be thinking. Probably she was surmising how different Linc would have been if he had come with her to New York. Certainly none of the people Dale knew in New York would sit around on Sunday afternoon and entertain guests with their shoes off.

When Linc left around six o'clock to drive Dale back to town, the relief was exquisite. She gave the girls an easy supper, and when Susan poured her milk on the floor Lib slapped her hands hard and felt quite good about it. Thank heaven, she could lose her temper now if she felt like it. "Now clean it up," she said calmly.

"Auntie Dale laughed when I poured my milk on the floor," Susan told her, as she dabbled with a cloth in the spilled milk.

Lib spooned cereal into Nancy's mouth. "That's because you are not Auntie Dale's little girl."

"Why?"

"Because daddy married me."

"Why?"

Lib regarded her elder daughter silently. *Frankly, my poppet, because Auntie Dal*

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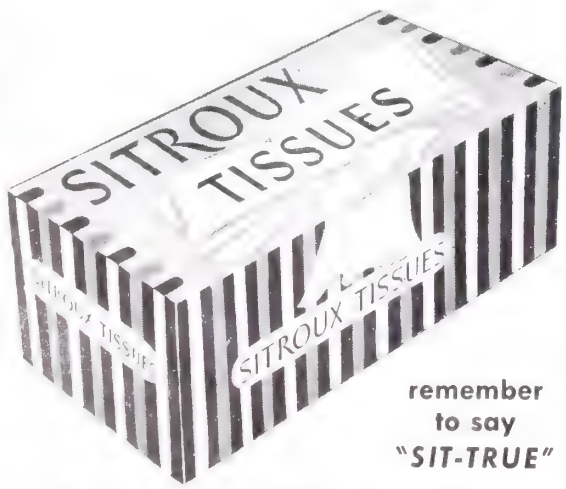

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wouldn't have him. Thank heaven. Daddy may have turned my stomach somewhat this afternoon, but I'm glad I'm the one that got him, whatever the reason.

It was also an occasion for thanks, she thought as she got the children into bed, that this day was over. She had about decided that she had made of it a needless strain. Attached significance to things that meant nothing. "God bless Auntie Dale." Well, that was to be expected. Hadn't she promised to send them both presents from New York the minute she got back?

She took a cool shower and strewed some cologne over herself and brushed her hair and put on a nightie and the pink peignoir she had been saving, more or less, for the hospital. She peeked in at the children and was surprised to find that, in spite of their late nap., they were almost asleep. She went out on the terrace, feeling relaxed and cool, and really quite a bit like Myrna Loy.

Actually, she admitted to herself as she watched the shadows lengthening on the lawn, she had liked Dale well enough. Not a great deal of depth, perhaps, but she was pleasant to have around and had been sweet with the children.

Any minute now Linc would drive up the road and turn in at their lane and find her looking rested and, if not beautiful, at least adequately pretty. There would be no recriminations. "Darling," she would say, "I think Dale is just the loveliest thing I ever saw. I like her *very* much."

DOWN in the town a church bell began to ring. It couldn't be seven-thirty. It wasn't possible that an hour and a half had elapsed since Linc had left with Dale. He had said he'd be right back.

The sunset glowed, then quickly slipped from rose to magenta to deep purple. And then the very last of the light was gone from the sky. The insects of the night began a shrill *sh-h-h, sh-h-h*; as if to hush the country noises so that she might better strain her ears for the sound of Lincoln's car. She had not seen the stars burn slowly through because she watched for headlights.

That's a car I hear now. I won't look this time until it turns in at our drive. It went on by and she said to herself, *I'll wait until the next one comes, and if it isn't Lincoln I'll really go on in.*

Suppose, she conjectured, just suppose they had decided to spend the evening together. Suppose she had read the look on Lincoln's face correctly. Most wives had to face this sort of thing sooner or later. It didn't have to mean the breakup of their marriage. What was it men usually said—"It doesn't have anything to do with my love for you"?

In Linc's case it would be the truth. Whatever it was that he felt for Dale had, Lib knew, existed side by side with his love for her during all the years of their marriage.

The next car had come, and the next. It was stupid to watch for any more. She put her head back against the chair and stared up at the vast assembly line of stars moving so grandly past. *When that bright star over there has moved behind the tip of the blue spruce, then I will go in.* The star moved behind the blue spruce and appeared again before she got up and went into the house.

The illuminated dial of the alarm clock said five past ten when Lincoln's car turned in at their drive. She pretended to be asleep when he came into their bedroom, and for a while after she heard him in the kitchen rattling the dishes she did not move.

I might as well see what he has to say for himself, she thought. She got up and pulled on her old blue bathrobe. *Even if it's only the old gag about a flat tire.*

He turned from the sink, squinting around the smoke from his cigarette. "Thought you were asleep. Grab a towel."

She took a dish towel from the drawer. "Where have you been?" Never mind any more about Myrna Loy.

"Had a flat."

She wiped a handful of spoons and laid them in a row, with mathematical exactness. "Dale must have been distressed about missing the Hartnagles' dinner."

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way home."

"The jack wasn't in the car. Naturally. So I had to walk all the way back to Whitaker's. Sat around. You know how Whit is. Talk your arm off." He dried his hand and took the cigarette out of his mouth and put it on the shelf over the sink. "Just once, Lib, I'd like to find my jack in the car when I need it. I don't see why you have to let the kids play with it."

Her anger, which had almost drained away, came flooding back. To think that he'd have the nerve to bawl her out after the sort of day she'd had! "It was your idea to have her out here, don't forget that!"

He turned and looked at her blankly. "What's that got to do with it? You didn't mind, did you?"

"Mind? Who, *me?*" She swept the spoons into the drawer and banged it shut. "*I* was but enchanted. Looking the way I do just now in my clothes. The house a mess. The silver not polished. Everything wrong."

"She thought you were wonderful." He glared at her. "She thought everything about the place was just swell. And why shouldn't she? Last time she saw this place there were only three rooms, falling in. She hadn't seen any possibilities in it at all. She hadn't thought it was a good buy. That's why I invited her up here today. Just to show her."

Incredulously Lib stared at the man she had married. He hadn't thought he was going to make Dale sorry she hadn't married him, had he? No help. Not any too much money. Three kids, bang, bang, bang.

Linc stirred the dishwater for a while and

> **I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed.**
>
> —BOOKER T. WASHINGTON:
> Up From Slavery
> (Doubleday & Company, Inc.)

then gave her a tight-lipped, rather sheepish grin. "I never told you. But—Dale threw me over."

"No!" Lib widened her eyes. "Really?"

"Yeah." After a pause he gave a little laugh. "Thank heaven."

Lib, putting the peanut-butter glasses away, sneaked a glance at him and suddenly it dawned on her: The fact that Dale had jilted him had stuck in his craw all these years. Today he had got rid of it. She could even place the exact moment: when he had taken his shoes off. *This is my castle,* he had said. *See, my wife lets me do as I please. I have exactly the kind of life I always wanted. The kind I said I'd have.*

In a burst of love and contrition Lib said, "Look, darling. Leave those pans."

"I hate to leave them for you," he said. But the water was already sucking loudly down the drain, and he was taking his apron off. He wiped his hands and put his arms around her and gave her a husbandly smack. "Let's go to bed. I'm sleepy."

Lib hunched the pillow up under her head while Linc made preparations for bed. She was going to miss Dale MacLaren in her life. Because now she knew that Dale, as a menace, was very definitely out of it. *No doubt,* she thought, *now that I no longer have to worry about her, I shall get to be one of those horrible examples cited in magazine articles. Sometimes I shall go to bed with cold cream on my face.* She contemplated the future with satisfaction. *And I will have so many children he can't leave me.*

Linc sat down on the edge of the bed to wind the alarm clock.

"Darling," Lib said, "I really was crazy about Dale. I think she is just the loveliest thing I ever saw. I hope you knew I didn't mean what I said about minding"—she gave a little laugh—"about you bringing her out here. I was *glad.*" She raised guileless gray eyes to his.

"Silly." He grinned down at her. "Think I didn't know that? Why, honey, after all these years I can read you like a book!"

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FOLLY COVE FAVORITES

(Continued from Page 173)

up chicken. It isn't an inexpensive dish, but nice to have when you want to splurge a bit.

BAKED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS

Cover a 5½-pound fowl, hen or roasting chicken, with water. Add a few celery leaves, 1 onion, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt and a few pickling spices. Simmer until tender. Lift out. Remove meat from the bones in large pieces. Strain stock. Skim off fat. Slice 1½ pounds mushrooms and sauté in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Place alternate layers of cooked chicken mushrooms and sliced ripe olives (1 cup) in an uncovered baking dish. Make gravy with 2 cups chicken broth and 3 tablespoons flour. Pour over all. Top with rounds of bread fried in the pan in which you sautéed your mushrooms, or ¾ cup rolled cracker crumbs. Sprinkle ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese over top. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven, 350° F. Serves 6–8.

***Note:** Leftover chicken can be used for this dish.*

After a busy day in the studio, waffles are a big treat for supper. If the cupboard yields some honest-to-goodness maple sirup, so much the better.

JAMES RIVER WAFFLES

Separate 3 eggs and beat the yolks until light and thick. Then add 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk. Sift together 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon baking soda. Combine with the yolk mixture. Beat smooth. Stir in 6 tablespoons melted shortening or salad oil. Fold in the 3 egg whites, beaten until stiff but not dry. Bake in hot waffle iron. Serves 6.

Our grandmothers raised their bread in big yellow crockery bowls with brown stripes. We have one in the JOURNAL kitchen that's never been used for anything else but bread and rolls. It belongs to Ann Batchelder, and she's put more batches of rolls to raise in that bowl than you can imagine. Homemade bread, fresh from the oven—so fresh that it gives to the knife when you cut it—is just the thing to serve when the main dish is a good fish chowder. If you have one of these wonderful old bowls awasting on the top shelf of your cupboard, get it down and put this good brown oatmeal-molasses bread to raise. It's old-fashioned and terribly good. We found it in the Annisquam Cook Book—changed the proportions slightly to make it easier to handle. Here it is:

OATMEAL-MOLASSES BREAD

Cook 1½ cups quick-cooking rolled oats in 1 quart milk about 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add ¾ cup molasses, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ cup shortening. Cool to lukewarm and add 1 cake fresh yeast dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Work in 7¾–8 cups flour. Turn out on lightly floured board. Knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. Punch down. Divide dough into thirds. Shape into 3 loaves. Place in greased bread pans. Let rise in pans until almost doubled again. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375° F. Bake 40 minutes more. Remove from pans. Brush with shortening and cool. If you don't want to make all the dough into bread, shape part of it into rolls. Bake at 375° F. until done.

Fish dinners call for a salad. Mrs. Kenyon grows her own herbs, dries some, pots others to snip fresh for salad bowls during the winter. While green salads are most popular with her menfolk, she often makes this jellied salad when she has morning time in the kitchen. It's a Folly Cove version of the old-fashioned Perfection Salad.

JELLIED-CABBAGE SALAD

Soak 2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add 2 cups boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ½ cup sugar, ½

Chocolate Pudding that's My-T-Fine

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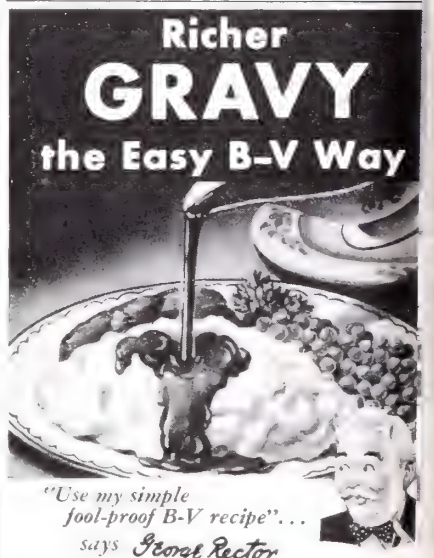

"Use my simple fool-proof B-V recipe"... says George Rector
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

Melt 2 tbsp. fat or drippings, add 2 tbsp. flour, bler well. Add 1 cup water, milk or vegetable water; st until smooth. Add 1 tsp. B-V dissolved in sma amount of the hot mixture. Cook until thickene

Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of concentrate meat extract and selected vegetable flavors.

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cup cider vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped green pepper, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 cup finely shredded cabbage, 1 cup chopped apple and a little grated onion. Pour into square pan. Chill until firm. Cut into squares. Serve on bed of lettuce with old-fashioned boiled dressing. Serves 8.

All New Englanders are loyal to apple pies and puddings, crisp crusted sugary sour-milk doughnuts and Indian pudding. Apple desserts are Kenyon favorites. On winter nights, when the wind whistles in the fireplace chimney and the dry maple branches scrunch against the eaves, the Kenyons sit a little closer to the fire and feast on an old-fashioned codfish supper with boiled potatoes, beets and coleslaw. Dessert is worth anticipating: apple pudding with lemon sauce; or if the apple barrel is nearly empty, as it is sometimes this time of year, orange-marmalade pudding with custard sauce. Here are two ways of making New England apple pudding, with different tops.

APPLE PUDDING

Peel, core and slice 5–6 tart apples. Arrange in bottom of baking dish or casserole. Sprinkle with ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Dot with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, and pour ¼ cup hot water over all. For the batter, beat 1 egg, add ½ cup sugar gradually, beating until thick. Stir in 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Sift ⅓ cup flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder and a pinch of salt; add to batter. Spread batter on top of apples. Bake 30 minutes in moderately hot oven, 375° F. Reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake 10 minutes more. Serve hot with lemon sauce. Serves 4–6.

> Since both men and women are good judges of their own sex and bad judges of the other, I would say to a young man who is thinking of marriage, "Choose a girl who has nice women for her friends, and pay no attention to what other men think or say of her." And to a girl, "Have nothing to say to a man who is not liked and trusted by other men."
>
> —WILLIAM RALPH INGE
> More Last Thoughts of a Dean, Putnam & Co.

YANKEE APPLE JOHN

Slice thin 6 or 7 peeled and cored apples and arrange in bottom of a rectangular baking dish. Mix ¾ cup sugar with ¾ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Sprinkle over the apples. Dot with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Make a rich biscuit dough as follows: Sift 2 cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Chop in ½ cup shortening. Add ⅔ cup milk all at once. Mix with fork just enough to blend ingredients. Knead lightly for 1 minute on lightly floured board. Roll out to fit baking dish. Gash to allow steam to escape. Fit dough over apples. Brush top with milk. Bake in hot oven, 425° F., 25 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and bake 20 minutes more until apples are done. Serve warm with nutmeg sauce. Serves 6.

Nutmeg sauce: Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 3 tablespoons flour and a pinch of salt together. Stir in 2 cups boiling water. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine.

ORANGE-MARMALADE PUDDING

Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually add 4 tablespoons sugar. Fold in 3 tablespoons orange marmalade and 1 teaspoon orange extract. Place in top of well-greased 2-quart double boiler and cook, covered, 45 minutes over boiling water. Loosen and turn out. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts and serve with chilled custard sauce.

Custard Sauce: Beat 2 egg yolks well. Fold in ¼ cup sugar, then gradually add 1 cup scalded light cream. Cook in double boiler or over very low heat until thickened. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool.

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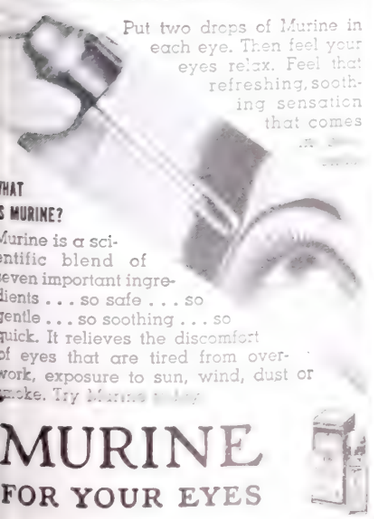
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½ teaspoon salt
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QUICK AND EASYS for Two

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THERE'S more than one way of making cooking for two quick and easy. If you're the kind of person with a flair for efficiency, "cooking double" should appeal to you. Certainly it's just as easy to cook twice as much or more of some foods as just enough. And the next night you really reap the profits—dinner goes together in double-quick time.

Cooking ahead doesn't mean brewing up a refrigeratorful of uninspiring leftovers that you're going to look at and wonder, "Now what am I going to do with that?" Rather, it means taking stock of your meals for the week and deciding what you could prepare double of, just as well as not. Refrigerator dough made up on Saturday or an evening when you are in will give you hot rolls all week. That's what we mean by letting your head save your meals.

Having an indigenous enthusiasm for food and no more time than any other businesswoman to prepare meals, Constance Holland, a member of our staff, uses the doubling-up system to give much more variety in her meals than she would have otherwise. Winter week ends she goes in for cooking and baking sprees after she has done the greater part of the week's shopping. She purposely plans, for the two week-end nights, dinners that include favorite dishes she couldn't possibly have for hurry-up dinners on week nights. Since she is going to be in the kitchen more on week ends—and wants to be, for that's the kind of person she is—she goes full steam ahead and makes up a backlog of essentials that will make dinner-getting easy during the week.

FOR instance, if her week-to-come meals are going to include fruity desserts and an occasional casserole, she makes up a pint of custard sauce and one of a basic cream sauce which will keep well in jars in the refrigerator. A jar of French dressing is a weekly habit. A cake and a batch of refrigerator-roll dough are on her program for Saturday or Sunday too.

If she cooks farina for breakfast, she cooks more than enough. What is left after breakfast goes into custard cups; this, when chilled, makes a good dessert with maple sirup and cream or sliced canned peaches—or when poured into a small loaf pan can be sliced when chilled, and fried like corn-meal mush for another breakfast. Wonderful with bacon, she says.

Prunes soaked overnight are cooked in quantity while the coffee perks. She knows how to use them—wouldn't think of having them every morning as just stewed prunes. For a dinner dessert she likes them puréed, with cinnamon and sour cream. Pitted and stuffed, with cream cheese, they provide a dessert-salad. Extra egg whites make her think of a prune whip as a quick dessert.

In between breakfast and putting on make-up she has time some days to make a dish of coffee jelly from the coffee left in the pot (she makes more on purpose), or to start a tray of refrigerator ice cream made from one of the packaged mixes. (The ice cream may be quite hard by night, depending on the refrigerator, but by scraping it into a bowl when you get home and whipping it up with a beater, the texture will be just right for eating.)

IF there is time before the bus leaves in the morning, she starts a casserole for dinner in the time it takes another person to sort the laundry or tidy the living room.

It's you who have to decide what is most important in the time you have. But if you're a businesswoman, you certainly do have to sort out your minutes, as you don't have hours as the woman at home does. And here's an idea I hadn't thought of. If your husband is a potato-and-gravy man, as so many men are, you don't *plan* potatoes into the dinner menu—you just go ahead night after night and prepare them as a matter of course.

If you're going to peel and cook potatoes—monotonous job—cook enough for two or three days. Mrs. Holland says she always does. The boiled potatoes will appear again, creamed, au gratin, fried or in casseroles. Mashed potatoes will have a second chance as potato cakes, croquettes, or as a topping for meat pies and casseroles.

Entertaining is the most fun when it's casual. "Give them barbecued spareribs, a green salad and big wedge of apple pie for Sunday supper," Mrs. Holland says, "and everybody's happy. Provide bibs or big aprons and it couldn't be formal." Unless she invites folks for Sunday supper, the only other type of entertaining that she believes is easy and casual is to have a few people in for bridge. And she always feeds them! Guests never go hungry. Men don't like the same food women do at such times. When the party's mixed, waffles, a Welsh rarebit or big wedges of chocolate cake, with plenty of coffee, are more welcome than a salad or whipped-cream dessert. And I think you will agree.

Week-end Bridge Party

Mushroom-and-Olive Rarebit

or

Devil's-Food Cake

Coffee

If you want to fuss with a real start-from-scratch rarebit, go right ahead, but the ready-quick kind is good. Serve it heated with crisp bacon and toast, or add the fixings suggested. The chocolate cake is easy to make, and a good one. It wouldn't necessarily need to be frosted if you're short of sugar, as the filling is quite rich. Better plan to make the cake the night before if you're having company on a week night.

MUSHROOM-AND-OLIVE RAREBIT

Sauté ½ pound mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ⅔ cup sliced stuffed olives. Combine with 2 jars Welsh rarebit. Thin with ¾ cup milk. Heat and season to taste. Serve on freshly made toast. Serves 4–6. (Cut quantities in half for a quick supper for two.)

DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

Cream ½ cup shortening. Add 1¼ cups sugar gradually. Cream together until light and fluffy. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 egg yolks, well beaten. Beat mixture until blended. Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate over hot water. Sift 1¾ cups cake flour with ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon baking soda. Add alternately to first mixture with 1 cup milk, beating well after each addition. Beat in the melted chocolate. Beat 2 egg whites till they stand in fluffy peaks. Fold into batter carefully. Pour batter into 2 greased 8-inch layer-cake pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 25–30 minutes. Remove from pans. Cool. Put layers together with sour-cream filling. Ice if desired, with a fudge or boiled icing.

SOUR-CREAM FILLING

Heat 1 cup thick sour cream just a little. Mix ¼ cup sugar and 1½ tablespoons flour together. Add to 1 slightly beaten egg yolk. Add sour cream gradually. Return to range and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add a pinch of salt, a pinch of cinnamon and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Stir in ¼ cup chopped nuts. Cool and spread on one layer of cake. Top with the other layer.

Supper Specialty

Veal-and-Ham Hungarian

Green Salad — French Bread

Rhubarb Betty

Coffee

You may or may not like sauerkraut, but if you do, this is your dish. It's easy to make and can be made one night and served the next or started in the morning and finished at night. The rose-pink rhubarb is in the market now, and rhubarb Betty can be put together in only [illegible] minutes. Serve it hot or cold, for you [illegible] it both ways.

VEAL-AND-HAM HUNGARIAN

Cut meat from 2 veal chops (½ pound thinly sliced veal cutlet, diced, may be used too). Cut into pieces. Sauté with ½ pound pork luncheon meat, diced, or ½ pound boiled ham (bought in the piece—unsliced—and 2 onions, sliced or chopped, in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until brown. Add 1 tablespoon paprika, ½ cup water and ½ pound sauerkraut. Cover and simmer about 30 minutes or until meat is tender. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add ½ cup sour cream and simmer until veal is tender and mixture well flavored. Serves 2. This dish may be prepared up to the simmering stage in the morning if you have time. Finish just before dinner while the rhubarb Betty is baking.

RHUBARB BETTY

Measure ½ cup stale bread crumbs. Put half in buttered baking dish. Add 2 cups diced rhubarb (about 1 pound) and ½ cup raisins. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon orange rind, ½ cup sugar and remaining crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F.

From Your Two-Foot Shelf

Spaghetti-and-Clam Casserole

Green-Bean-and-Cucumber Salad

French Dressing

Delmonico Applesauce

Toward the end of the week your refrigerator begins to look rather empty of makings for a meal if you haven't been able to do very much shopping evenings. Cans of this and that on your cupboard shelf, cached for just such emergencies, provide some mighty good meals when tricked up a bit. Mrs. Holland evolved the clam-and-spaghetti casserole on just such an occasion. The salad could be made with the canned Frenched green beans. The dessert is a shelf specialty too.

SPAGHETTI-AND-CLAM CASSEROLE

To a 15-ounce can or jar spaghetti and tomato sauce add 1 can condensed clam chowder. Thin to right consistency with a little water. You don't want it to be too soupy. Grate 1 small onion. Add ½ teaspoon curry powder. Stir into mixture. Pour into buttered casserole. Top with buttered cracker crumbs and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 20–25 minutes.

DELMONICO APPLESAUCE

Put ¾ cup canned applesauce in a small shallow baking dish, or divide it into 2 large custard cups. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and ¼ cup crushed macaroons or other cookies. Add another ¾ to 1 cup applesauce and top with ¼ cup more crushed macaroons. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., just until well heated through.

LEND YOUR EARS TO THESE *Lenten ideas*

THERE'S ZESTFUL appeal in a meal like this . . . to perk up appetites, to give hearty nourishment. The crisp and pretty salad has a clever new dressing calling for chopped pimiento. The meatless spaghetti sauce is rich, expertly seasoned. As you might expect, both dishes are easy and economical to fix with MAZOLA—America's most versatile Salad Oil, pure, bland, delicate . . . fine for frying and sautéing as it is for salads. All grocers sell MAZOLA in bottles or in tins.

[illegible]

SALAD FLORENTINE

Line salad bowl with assorted greens. Pile crisp, thinly sliced carrots in center. Around these arrange a ring of cooked, cut green beans, then a ring of raw cauliflower broken into flowerettes. Garnish with thinly sliced onion rings. Serve with Florentine Dressing.

FLORENTINE DRESSING

1⅓ cups MAZOLA Salad Oil
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ cup finely chopped spinach
¾ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
1 clove garlic
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon onion juice
1½ teaspoons salt

Measure all ingredients into a bottle or jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill several hours, then remove garlic, if desired. Shake thoroughly before serving. Makes 2⅓ cups.

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MUSHROOM SPAGHETTI SAUCE

¾ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 medium onions, chopped
1 clove garlic
½ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
2½ cups (No. 2 can) tomatoes
¾ cup (6-ounce can) tomato paste
1 cup water
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon sugar
Few grains cayenne
6 whole cloves
6 peppercorns

Cook mushrooms, onions and garlic in MAZOLA Salad Oil 15 minutes over moderate heat in uncovered heavy kettle. Add remaining ingredients. Then cook over low heat 1½ hours, stirring occasionally. Remove garlic. Serve hot over spaghetti. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, if desired. Makes 5 cups.

Note: One 8-ounce can sliced mushrooms may be substituted for the fresh mushrooms.

Clam Spaghetti Sauce: Follow above recipe, omitting mushrooms. Five minutes before serving, add ⅔ cup finely chopped clams, fresh or canned together with liquor drained from clams (about 1 cup).

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The cockers love to chase snow flurries and jump the snowdrifts, but they need a good warm house the same as you and I.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

NOW, no matter how the wind piles the snowdrifts round the house, there is a different feeling about the whole business. It is a kind of second-act-curtain feeling. The third act, now coming, will be violent, fierce, catastrophic, but some of the spectators are already reaching around for dropped gloves, lost hats and Christmas scarfs. Any way you look at it, winter's play has a happy ending!

I think of this when I go to the kennel to look at the heaters. The afternoon bowls of milk steam in the sharp air. Melody and Hildegarde and Silver bound in and out. The cockers love the snowdrifts. They like racing along the edge of a deep drift, then suddenly bouncing in it. Then they like to come into the house and drip on the hearth, melting down like sugar frosting.

Dogs need a warm place to sleep in winter. I often wish the folk who happily sit by the fire at night while Rover sleeps in an unheated doghouse could spend a night in the doghouse themselves.

The cats are endlessly curious. The dogs tend to withdraw from a strange thing, and think it over. The cats poke their faces in everything. The paper hanger has been here for a week, painting and papering. Esmé is forever walking up and down on the rolls of paper, peering under the canvas and mounting his ladder.

Fresh wallpaper is one of the great delights in life. True, the house is a nightmare for a time, and plaster dust seeps into every drawer, but the lovely look of a newly done room is wonderful. When we first moved into Stillmeadow, we papered the whole house ourselves. We had no idea even how to mix paste, and we had to use scissors to cut the lengths. But we managed.

Now we have Mr. Finlay, a Scotchman, who can paper a room so that it looks as if the wallpaper grew there. He is very scornful of workmen who "overlap." He matches even the finest flower tendrils. He is a delight to watch. On a cold afternoon, we all stop work and have hot tea and cinnamon toast. Mr. Finlay and I recite Scott to each other, and how I wish I could roll it out the way he does. "As chief, who hears his warder call, 'To arrms! The foemen storrm the wall,' The antlerred monarrch of the waste Sprrung from his heathery couch in haste ——" We also have a mutual love for Sir Harry Lauder.

We always look forward to Mr. Finlay's arrival with especial pleasure. I wish there were more men making artistry out of their work. Mr. Finlay says he served a long and careful apprenticeship in the old country, which is as it should be. Now he says anyone can go out and pass for a paper hanger with no training at all.

I believe that there is a real need in America today for a revaluing of all jobs. Almost any job has the possibility of being done with artistry. Watch a good carpenter smooth and fit boards together, and then watch another nail things up any old way.

There are wallpapers and wallpapers. Any woman doing over a room should consider the type of furniture, the amount of light, the kind of atmosphere she wishes. And then the colors in the room must harmonize.

My room looks like a flower garden instead of a rather uninspired bedroom. The paper is a copy of an English chintz, with several kinds of flowers climbing all over it. The only ones I can identify are moss roses and bluebells. The blossoms are soft blue, deep rosy pink and, oddly enough, gray. I wonder where gray flowers grow? The leaves are a glossy green. The curtains are blue, and the bedspread is gray. All the colors appear again in the rugs. The ceiling is a heavenly morning pink, enough to cheer one on the darkest winter day. The woodwork is white, like all the rest of the house.

On the mantel I have mother's blue monkey pitcher, a milk-glass goblet, and the pair of cranberry-glass finger bowls. The only picture hangs above. I had to take down all the rest when the flowers grew on the wall, for pictures like a plain background better. The picture is a water color of the Sconset lighthouse by Mabel Dwight. There is the blue sea, a bit of the green, and the lighthouse has a cranberry-colored roof and a gray top! It might have been painted for the room.

(Continued on Page 228)

For pancakes yes!

Pancakes with an extra UMPH!

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We think you will be in for a surprise when you use it. It mixes very quickly, blends well, and gives a really satisfying sweetness that men and boys really like. You owe it to yourself to try it.

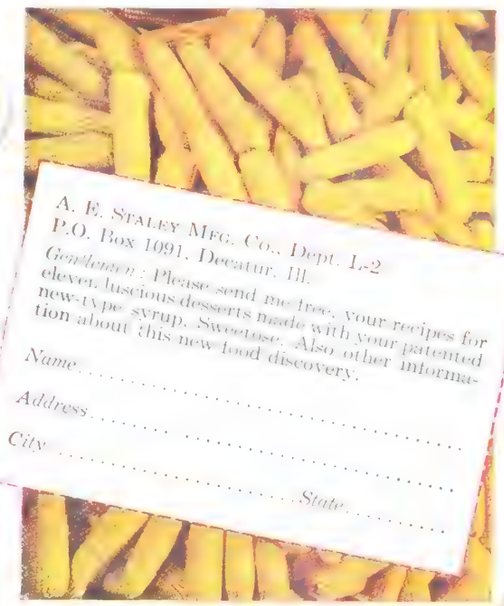
So just as a starter, mail the coupon below, and we will send you eleven new modern recipes for eleven wonderful, *quick* desserts, together with other information about this new modern miracle made from corn.

Just fill in and send the coupon to us today . . . you will be glad you did. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois.

CREAM CARAMEL PUDDING

FROZEN ORANGE PRUNE WHIP

Sweetose* IT'S REALLY SWEET!



A. E. STALEY MFG. CO., Dept. L-2
P.O. Box 1091, Decatur, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me free, your recipes for eleven luscious desserts made with your patented new-type syrup, Sweetose. Also other information about this new food discovery.

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What's Cookin'?

Plenty—right at the moment. We're busy serving more people than ever before in telephone history. And here's the recipe we try to follow to keep that service the world's best:

RECIPE FOR GOOD TELEPHONE SERVICE

Take four Ms and a W: Men and Women, Money, Management and Materials
Stir well with Efficiency
Season with Experience
Add a dash of Enthusiasm
Serve with Courtesy and Understanding

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 226)

The rest of the room is furnished well with cockers and cats. I learned to use only cotton materials with old-fashioned wallpaper and a country-house background. Silk belongs to modern or formal settings.

When we got the materials for upholstery, we added enough to make extra seat covers. These can be lifted off and cleaned. This is a good tip for anyone who has animals. Simply hem up the extra length of the material and lay it over.

For the bedspread we took an old white chenille and dyed it. We used eight boxes of gray powdered dye for this. We put the spread in the washing machine and let the motor run until the water stopped coming in. Then we poured the dye in through the soap opening, after dissolving it well in about a quart of water. We ran the machine ten minutes and through one rinse, then turned to dry. The main problem of dyeing is to prevent streaking; and if the material is well soaked, it is less apt to be uneven. You can dye old faded curtains, tableclothes or almost anything this way. Some nice summer day I plan to renew a lot of old sheets and pillowslips with a bath of color.

My room looks rather like a valentine now, and I have always loved valentines. I like valentine parties too. Valentine's Day is such a gay holiday. Table decorations are easy and pretty, for valentines themselves make a frilly, lovely centerpiece and place cards. Little frosted heart-shaped cakes belong in a lacy-edged dish on the table.

For a main dish, a platter of broiled baby chicken garnished with mushrooms is very elegant. Frozen peas in pastry cases are nice, and you can make the cases on the wrong side of muffin tins. Cranberry sauce adds the right color and spiciness.

Little potato balls dusted with paprika may be piled around the chicken. For the rest, green salad, and plain vanilla ice cream dredged with frozen rosy strawberries. This is easy enough to do, and is good.

We have our own cranberry sauce, and it brings such nice memories of the day we picked the berries down in the bog. Wild cranberries are lighter in color, and make a more translucent sauce.

Jill loves the cranberries so much that when frost seemed imminent, she lugged old rugs all one afternoon to spread over the bed. The meadow looked like a gypsy encampment when she got through, but she saved the cranberries.

On a cold February night, we like to look at the color pictures of autumn, thrown on a screen at the end of the room. Jill got some perfect ones this year when the coloring was more dazzling than we had ever seen it, and now when the leaves are packed down under the snow, I like to think they still glow as perfect, as lovely as ever in the pictures. Jill being a perfectionist, if the colors are even a shade off, she tosses the whole film away, but I have a sneaking fondness for some of the overexposed ones. They have a soft legendary glow about them.

Photographers have troubles. She sent a roll to an expert at the company for criticism and waited so breathlessly for the comment. When the films came back, they were all pictures of two angry little girls with palm trees sprouting from their heads. She is still hoping to get her own back someday—of the New England country road and the old church.

We made two discoveries this winter which are a great help. One is that a cabbage shredder can be used to shred bars of soap when flakes are scarce. It can be set so the flakes will be paper-thin.

When Pyrrhus was about to sail for Italy, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his intentions and expectations.

"To conquer Rome," said Pyrrhus.

"And what will you do next, my lord?"

"Next I will conquer Italy."

"And after that?"

"We will subdue Carthage, Macedonia, all Africa, and all Greece."

"And when we have conquered all we can, what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, then we will sit down and spend our time in peace and comfort."

"Ah, my lord," said the wise Cineas, "what prevents our being in peace and comfort now?"

—From Those Nerves by George Lincoln Walton. (J. B. Lippincott Company)

The other is that an electric fan should never be dusted and put away behind the summer hats. If the range fire gets too low, or smokes in the early morning, we set the fan on a stool and turn it so it blows a nice breeze under the firebox. The fire takes a new lease on life. Or if the Franklin in my bedroom does not want to start, the fan goes on the floor facing it. I direct the air at the draft opening and the fire crackles happily.

For defrosting the refrigerator, nothing is better. I turn the fan so it blows directly on the ice chamber, and leave the door of the chamber open. This not only defrosts the box in a hurry, but gives the interior a nice fresh-air bath. And finally, we use the fan to defrost food from the freezer. In fact, an electric fan is one of the most versatile of all kitchen aids.

On these icy mornings, we like a good breakfast. I think with nostalgia of the breakfasts of the early Americans who lived in this house. I know what they had: they had pie! Good, robust, flaky, rich, spicy apple pie. Aside from this, they ate only ham, eggs, pickles, cheese, sausage, pancakes and sirup, and, for Sunday, codfish balls.

I remember, even in my grandmother's day, I loved to visit her in West Springfield, for we always had meat and potatoes and pie for breakfast. Wheat cakes too. At my Aunt Grace's we had creamy delicate golden-brown codfish balls every Sunday morning, and Uncle Walter had a pot of leftover baked beans from Saturday night. Then we had cereal, too, of course, piles of hot toast, and coffee with thick cream frosting it.

At home, we had a "light" breakfast. Papa and I had big bowls of hot cereal with brown sugar and cream. Then we never had anything else except eggs and bacon or thin fried ham, or waffles and maple sirup, or wheat cakes. Hot blueberry muffins in season. If the meal was too slim, papa went out and fried a big panful of potatoes with onion to supplement it. We all drank four cups of coffee, and we were the healthiest family I ever saw.

My great-grandfather, or my great-great grandfather, was a minister in Boston, and among the relics in his little haircloth brass studded trunk I found this week something which pleases me much. I had forgotten about it, during the terrible war years, and now it seems a new discovery. It is a small yellowed box labeled "Comfort Powders." The fading flowing script says, "Take on every morning with a generous draught of cheerfulness and thanksgiving. Good for the mind and heart, will promote love, joy peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness faith, meekness and temperance." Inside are thirty folded papers such as were used for powders by the old family doctors folded at the ends to keep the medicine from spilling. On each folded paper is a message to be read for the day.

This is a lovely idea, I think, and bear repeating. For starting a new day with a beautiful thought might help us all. Grandfather's Comfort Powders were Biblical naturally. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." That is one I like.

In a world still uneasy, these are good words to hear. And as we hear the daily news, we might feel a world of peace was a most vain illusion. But under the snow the violets sleep, and in the world there are still love, gentleness and goodness.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Printed in U.S

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

The Ladies' Home Journal • March 1936 • 10¢

SUELINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Miller's

COMPLETE NOVEL

By William Manning

Humor the man!

He'd love rings like these—no folding, no fuss, simply loop towels through!

World-of-tomorrow note for today's new bathrooms—complete with Cannons in modern multi-stripes. Only such huge and fluffy towels could drape so effectively—dry you so fast. Here in brilliant new designs, textures, florals, borders—eleven bouquet colors! From about 59c to $2.95.

CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

P.S. PRICED SO YOU CAN AFFORD PLENTY

AUG 21
APR

p is for pie

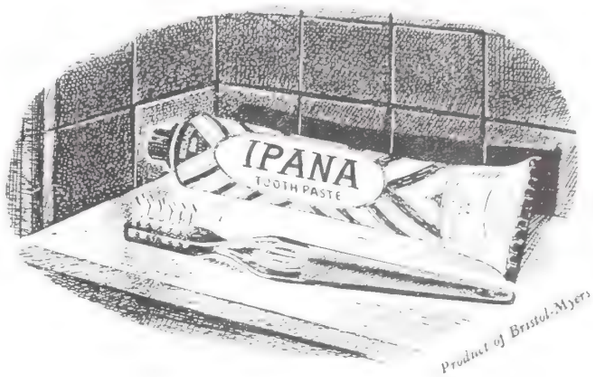
Delicious, nourishing. But typical of today's soft food diet -- almost no chewing to it. Little exercise to help keep gums firm. Yet strong, healthy gums are so important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile.

a is for appointment

With your dentist. At first sign of "pink tooth brush." Let him decide whether it's serious or just another case of tender, unexercised gums. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

i is for Ipana

Ideal for home care of smiles. Cleans teeth thoroughly and is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. (7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows. And dentists themselves prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own use!)



Product of Bristol-Myers

b is for beauty

Which goes with a radiant smile. So follow the popular dental routine of regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage. Helps your teeth -- your smile -- to brighter, more appealing charm.

Wake Up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

"It's true!" reports Mary Connolly of San Francisco. "The 14-Day Palmolive Plan really worked for me! You need just one quick look at me to know it. Why, when I look in my mirror now, I can hardly believe that only 14 days ago, my complexion was coarse-looking, dull and oily!

"In 14 days, the change in my complexion was definite—noticeable! And I'm only one of many. You know, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested the Palmolive Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring a lovelier complexion to 2 out of 3 . . . in just 14 days!"

YOU, TOO,

may look for these skin improvements in only 14 days!

Less Oily—Clearer

"Less oily," Clara Duncan of Chattanooga, reports. Dry cream outlines often leaves skin blotchy-looking. Robs it of pert, clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite [illegible] of the women who had oily skin!

Less Coarse-looking—Smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in 14 days!" reports Edith Dehli of Chicago. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin! See what Palmolive can do for *you!*

Fewer Tiny Blemishes

Tiny blemishes—small blackheads—due to improper cleansing, respond to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My complexion improved a lot," reports Elizabeth McGervey of Pittsburgh. The doctors found over half the women got clearer looking skin!

Fresher, Brighter Color

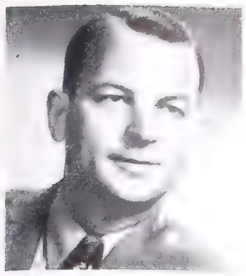
"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Bessie Long of Seattle, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 doctors report this same improvement for 2 skins out of 3. Start your Palmolive Plan today!

Here's all You do!

1. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap!
2. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!
3. Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

P.S. For Tub For Shower Get the New, BIG, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!



WILLIAM HENNING

The author of *The Heller* tossed a coin to choose between two careers, painting and writing—and made up his mind to try painting first. "Under the influence of Grant Wood and other Iowa painters, I did several works which have been exhibited in leading art galleries," says Mr. Henning, a native Iowan. "But when fine art didn't pay off as well as I expected, I took up writing again and decided to try a novel about a teen-age character who had been growing in my mind for some time. *The Heller* is the result."

ANNEMARIE EWING

"I grew up with a violin and a dictionary," says the author of *Call Me The Heart.*" "And as a result my career has seesawed somewhat irrelevantly between piano lessons and poetry at college, further music study in Paris, and radio and magazine work in New York. Writing is my first love, but like Whistler's butterfly and Hitchcock's anonymous appearance in each of his movies, my musical alter ego always manages to sneak in—especially when I'm least expecting it."

GIL NETHAWAY

Mr. Nethaway's favorite subject is women—as long as he doesn't have to associate with them too often or too long. From the island of Cyprus, where he's working for an American mining company, the author of *Outside the Gates* writes: "My main contention is that no woman is worthy of more than fifteen minutes' conversation unless she is over thirty, and then only if she doesn't put her make-up on in public. Gratefully a bachelor, I'm tall and lean, and slightly worried that I find dogs more understanding than most people."

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There have been many memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".

To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.

★ ★ ★ ★

BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

★ ★ ★ ★

LINA

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.

★ ★ ★ ★

You may thank the expert acting of Lewis Stone, Sara Haden, and Fay Holden for much of the effective entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

You may—and you will—thank M-G-M for bringing it to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

★ ★ ★ ★

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.

—Leo

(*Top*) The **Puff,** $5.50
(*Center*) The **Lure,** $6.00
(*Bottom*) The **Frou Frou,** $8.00

All of rayon-satin in Heaven Blue, Blossom Pink, Cherry, Royal Blue, Wine, and Black.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Daniel Green
COMFY SLIPPERS
Famous since 1882... they stay in shape

Our Readers Write Us

Why Editors are Difficult to Live With

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Editors: I have been wanting to write to you for a very long time. It seems to me that to edit a magazine such as yours requires more than human wisdom.

Most sincerely,
BLANCHE COLEMAN.

This is an opinion in which most editors concur, despite ample evidence to the contrary. ED.

Future Renewed

Sierra Madre, California.

Dear Editors: I am now 93 years old, but I have taken the JOURNAL for many years, so am taking a risk. [She renewed for two years.] My, how the magazine has improved through the years, especially the last seven or eight. I especially like Dorothy Thompson, and some of the newer writers on various subjects.

The JOURNAL is the best woman's magazine.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH M. MOORE.

We think we will get many renewals from her. Anyone who at 93 likes the "newer writers" has discovered the fountain of youth. ED.

Quick and Easy

Atlanta, Georgia.

Dear Miss Adams: Am a war bride with a new baby, started housekeeping when I returned from the maternity ward. Loathe cooking, with a husband who loves good food. Recently spotted your Quick and Easy for Two wonderful! Instant hit!

All L. H. J. seems to assume one *adores* housekeeping. It may be un-American, but I hope my children (?) think of me as terribly attractive, terribly gay and terribly interesting - arts, letters, *savoir-faire*, and what have you.

V. T. yours,
MIMI BOOTH

You can be sure "they" will, if they're well fed. ED.

Canine Cover Girls

Madison, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing this for your consideration as a cover. These two dogs are truly "mother and daughter."

Very truly yours,
ROSELLA K. PAULSON.

Veteran Protest

Fort Ann, New York.

Dear Editors: I happen to be a veteran's wife and have had experience with both the "52-20 Club" and the G. I. Bill of Rights. When my husband came home from the Army, we went to Long Island, where he attended a school. Food and transportation by bus between my job and his school took every bit of money we had. We came away with nothing to start on. Therefore, while my husband was looking for a job we still had to live, and we became a part of the 52-20 Club.

Now, really, Mr. Editor, what veteran do *you* think really wants to belong to the club? We didn't, but we *had* to! You say there are plenty of jobs around—well, would *you* accept a backbreaking job for the same amount as you would get for staying at home? However, that was *not* the reason for our doing so. We had *no* money at all, and my husband needed his time to look for a job.

Sincerely,
Name withheld by request.

That was the purpose of the benefit. The few who exhaust their benefits are the real idlers. ED.

"Rusty" Counterpart

Canajoharie, New York.

Dear Editors: Rusty is fine—very husky and happy. I have the Parker cover with the redhead baby, mother and daughter appearing on it. I have decided to keep a

The Journal helped.

record of all the baby's appearances to compare with Rusty's development. I only wish the artist would show more than the back of his head and two chubby fists.

We are still convinced that Rusty's a very superior baby, due, of course, to the JOURNAL'S influence on his birth.

R. P. C.

The writer cited June cover as a prenatal influence on "Rusty's" hair. Neither parent is a redhead. ED.

Mother Waits the Day

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Editors: I would like to get in touch with Mrs. E. P., of Chicago. I am sure we would have a lot in common, for I, too, have two little stinkers, and my only consolation is that someday they will grow up and marry, and I can sit back and enjoy watching them lead the same hectic existence, if I live that long.

Before they were born, I took a prenatal course, read every available book and article on child raising, but have come to the conclusion, after eight years of civil war, that the authors either didn't have children, or had someone else to raise them. If you raise them yourself, you don't have time to write about it.

Sincerely,
MRS. CHARLES LEBER.

Better read Doctor Hohman's book. ED.

Need Not be Dying

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Editors: I noticed in the JOURNAL a letter written by a doctor's wife regarding a yearly checkup for the discovery of cancer. I happen to be dying of cancer myself and I'd like to impress upon the public that the best way to detect it early enough for a cure is to go to a cancer specialist twice a year or oftener. I went to six practicing physicians and my cancer was not detected in time. After it was detected by myself, the cancer specialists did everything in their power. They gave me six lovely years, but I could have been cured if a physician had admitted he could be wrong and sent me to a tumor specialist.

There were two symptoms I knew I had which could have prolonged my life if recognized.

I want to live, but if I could impress upon the public that their safeguard lies in a cancer specialist every six months, I would gladly give every hope I have for living the next year and a half.

The general practitioner is fine, hard-working and conscientious. But he should say, "I can find nothing wrong, but be sure

(Continued on Page 6)

Baby-gentle care: Baby Alice Wallace Smith knows she's made a hit with every girl for the sheer innocence of a baby doll! She has every feature but. Blue eyes, a mere smidgin of pink cheek. And you can bet those pink cheeks are gentle. That's sure. A baby's satiny, tender skin needs a soap that's pure and mild. And when you talk of purity and mildness, you're talking Ivory talk. For Ivory's 99 44/100% pure and so very, very mild.

Now this Young Softie is an Old Smoothie!

Way above par for beauty: Alice grew up in sunny California, which some people say is enough to make a gal pretty super. But Alice says, "A girl has to be smart about skin care. When I was a 'teen-ager, I used Ivory because it seemed sensible to choose a soap that's pure and mild enough for a baby's skin." Two things show that Alice was right: her lovely complexion and the fact that more doctors advise Ivory than all other brands of soap put together.

Cover-girl glamour: Alice Wallace is now a leading model, appears frequently on the covers of popular publications. Alice says, "A radiant complexion is a *must* for me. And that means regular Ivory care is a must for me, too." If *you* want a smoother, younger-looking complexion, don't be careless about your skin. Change now to regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. In just *one week* you can have *That Ivory Look*. Think of it! In just one week you can have *That Ivory Look!*

More Doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

YOU DON'T Cream Shortening

YOU DON'T BEAT EGGS!

Betty Crocker of General Mills

Yet amazing Betty Crocker Double-Quick New Method with Softasilk will give you lovelier cakes than any other method, any other flour!*

- Uses only 1 bowl!
- Cuts mixing time to 4 minutes!
- So *sure*, brides, too, turn out light, tender, fresher-tasting, *wonderful* cakes! Every time!
- Betty Crocker Softasilk is cake flour—made for cakes and cakes alone. The kind of flour leading cook books specify. The *only* cake flour Betty Crocker recommends for her new method Softasilk recipes.
- Get Softasilk. In one box you get *the* cake flour and the Betty Crocker Double-Quick New Method recipes that spell cake-making magic!

*See guarantee on package.

A Betty Crocker Double-Quick New Method Recipe

Fresh Orange Layer Cake

Have ingredients room temperature (70° to 75°). Shortening soft, not melted. Preheat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and flour two round layer pans, 8-in. diameter, $1\frac{1}{4}$-in. deep. Sift Softasilk before measuring. Measure all ingredients accurately (level).

Sift together in bowl: $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour; *$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar; 2 tsp. double-action baking powder; $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. soda; 1 tsp. salt

Add: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup high grade vegetable shortening; grated rind of 1 orange (about 1 tsp.); and $\frac{2}{3}$ of 1 cup liquid ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup unstrained orange juice, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water or milk)

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 min. by clock (150 strokes per min.). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. *Or* mix with electric mixer on *slow to med. speed* for 2 min. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.

Add: remaining $\frac{1}{3}$ cup liquid; $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unbeaten eggs (2 medium)

Beat 2 more minutes—**Pour** into prepared pans.

Bake *about* 30 *minutes* in *mod. oven* (350°).

When cake is cool, spread filling between layers, frost top and sides.

CREAMY NUT FILLING AND FROSTING

Into $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. Softasilk gradually blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Cook to very thick paste (about 10 min.), stirring constantly. Cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening (half butter) with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt. Add lukewarm paste. Beat with rotary beater until fluffy. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely chopped nuts. Use $\frac{1}{3}$ amount for filling. To remainder, blend in 1 cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar.

***To Save Sugar in cake use $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn syrup. Use the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, and reduce milk to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plus 1 tbsp. Add syrup with liquid to dry ingredients in first mixing period.**

8 CAKE RECIPES, 6 ICINGS, SUGAR SAVING HINTS WITH PKG.

SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR
A Product of General Mills

BARGAIN! AMAZING OFFER OF 14-PIECE CAKE-MAKING SET WITH PACKAGE!

(Continued from Page 4)

and see a cancer man." When he says that, we'll save more lives.

Respectfully,
(Name withheld by request).

The Truth About Lawrenceburg

Columbia, Tennessee.

Gentlemen: In the January, 1947, issue of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL beginning on page 6 and continued on page 118, there appears an article under the heading Lawrenceburg Verdict, which in its assertions is false from beginning to end, and which is characteristic of the reports of this case written by the communistic and subversive elements in the nation.

It is unfortunate that publications with wide circulations, such as yours, will stoop to reproduce such nauseating libels. It is stated just under the article that it was reprinted with the author's permission from the New York Herald Tribune; therefore, since you went to the trouble of getting his permission, you must have desired to publish it; at any rate you did publish it.

The article, with the author's customary disregard of truth, refers to my closing argument to the jury in the Lawrenceburg trial as a "farrago of sectionalism" and "a really terrifying flood of hatred," and "the kind of racism and sectionalism that flowered so luxuriantly in that courtroom."

It so happens that I have before me a verbatim transcript in full of my closing argument to the jury, made by the court reporter who was employed both by the defendants and by the State to report the trial, and every sentiment expressed in my argument, every proposition advanced, every thought presented, was just the reverse of the picture of my address attempted to be made by the article in your magazine.

For instance, I stated this to the jury in my closing address, in this exact language:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I was raised among colored people. I have no feeling whatever against a person because of his color. I think the most cruel and one of the most foolish things a human being can do is to condemn or blame another for something he cannot help.

"If I remember correctly, I was not consulted about the color of my skin; and I remember this—when I was an infant my mother was away during the day teaching school; there was an old Negro woman who looked after me. And as long as the breath stays in my body, as long as my lips can respond to the devotion of my soul, I shall continue to thank Almighty God for the lullabies she once sang.

"I have nothing against them. I am not here trying to have a legal lynching."

Again, I said:

"And we wouldn't give one good, intelligent, patriotic Negro like the lawyer who wrote me from Jackson, for all the 'Browskis,' 'Grontskis,' 'Eleanorskis' and 'Stinkskis' they can inflict upon a law-abiding people."

And again:

"There must be a regeneration of the spirit of America; and tolerance and the brotherhood of man must rise triumphant against the forces of unrest.

"Local patriotism is a grand and wholesome sentiment, but local prejudice and sectional hatred constitute a millstone about the neck of human society.

"Every man worth his salt thinks his own section and his own home the finest place on earth; it was principally this feeling of love for home that made this nation strong and great. Of course, no community, no state, no section of the country, and for that matter, no race of people has any monopoly on genius, on courage, or on patriotism."

Certainly these expressions are not "whole farragoes of sectionalism" or "terrifying floods of hatred" or "racism and sectionalism."

In regard to the case itself, the simple truth is that six police officers went to a Negro business block in Columbia, located a very short block from the public square, to investigate some shooting that occurred there around 9:40 P.M. on Monday, February 25, 1946. When they reached this section, they were at once fired upon by a group of armed Negroes, who continued to shoot at the officers while the latter were leaving the scene and even after they had gotten in automobiles to be

(Continued on Page 8)

OH, MOM, THE BRIDGE CLUB WENT WILD
ABOUT THAT TUNA SOUFFLE YOU SUGGESTED I SERVE!

I KNEW THEY WOULD LIKE IT SUE—
IT'S ONE OF THE PARTY-EST DISHES I KNOW OF!

That's the wonderful thing about thes famous brands of tuna... you can u them both for dainty "party" luncheo for "the girls" and for hearty, he-ma "main dishes" for your hungry famil

These tunas are always delicate a delicious, for only the tender lig meat is packed. Economical, too. every can chuck full of quality tu ...no bones...no waste!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

THE BRANDS

THAT MADE

TUNA *famous!*

Buy EITHER Brand... the quality is the sa

Florida's 3 Luscious Juices

that have changed the Breakfast Habits of the Nation!

Here's the Helping Hand you get when you *just open the can and pour!*

1. **REFRESHING DELICIOUSNESS.** Florida has found the way to capture the luscious sweetness and flavor of orange and grapefruit juice freshly squeezed from plump, tree-ripened fruit at the peak of its deliciousness. Taste the quality of Florida fruit juices TODAY!

2. **THE VIGOROUS HELP OF NATURAL VITAMIN C.** These juices are veritable gold mines of the vitamin C needed daily to help fight colds and fatigue—and to help restore vigor from head to foot.

3. **ECONOMY.** Because these healthful juices are such money savers, enthusiastic families everywhere are enjoying good big glassfuls every day of the week . . . at breakfast, between meals, and at any time they want a refreshing, thirst-quenching drink.

4. **TIME AND LABOR-SAVING.** All the squeezing has been done. You just open the can and pour. No wonder these healthful fruit juices have become the daily stand-by in millions of homes! To combine health, pleasure, convenience, and economy is 100% good sense!

FOR VARIETY
A Different Juice Each Day!

Order a supply of FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE, and FLORIDA BLENDED JUICE (Orange and Grapefruit Juices deliciously combined).

Canned

FLORIDA FRUIT JUICES

● FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida

I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"

NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup to wrestle with, you'd insist on a plenty *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!

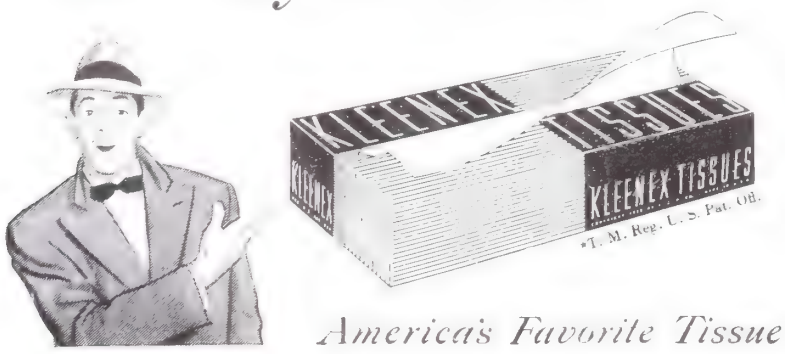
Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn—when these sniffles catch up with you!

It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir—meaning no offense! our Nora whispered. Now what other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that fine Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t!—there's still another way . . .

Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—pure-as-an-angel—so you're sure that Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft*. And *husky*, too. Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no other tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX



America's Favorite Tissue

(Continued from Page 6)

carried to the hospital. All of this was entirely undisputed. One of the officers was quite seriously injured, and none of the officers ever drew their weapons or offered to harm the Negroes in any way, and no one claimed any of them did so.

It was clearly established by the State in the trial that the defendants, with one or two exceptions, were all armed and present in the group that fired upon the police officers, without warning and without excuse.

While your article states that there were only two of the defendants against whom the State "brought any kind of proof" connecting them with the shooting, there is not a state in this Union that does not have many prisoners in the penitentiary who were convicted on far less proof than the State presented against all these defendants.

Naturally, by those who believe in the assassination of lawfully constituted officers, who are trying to perform a public service and preserve the peace, the verdict of the jury acquitting those guilty of such a heinous crime will be applauded as "magnificently proving the mettle" of the jurors.

But by loyal Americans who desire to see our Government and its institutions perpetuated, no jury will ever be praised for freeing men guilty of such vicious and inexcusable crime.

I am writing this with the request that you publish it, in order that the truth of this case may have the same wide publicity accorded the utterly false account contained in your January issue. If you desire your readers to hear from both sides of a question you will gladly publish this; and if you do not publish it, your failure will speak for itself.

Yours very truly,

PAUL F. BUMPUS

District Attorney-General
11th Judicial Circuit of Tennessee
Columbia, Tennessee

Will I or Won't I?

Concord, Massachusetts

Dear Sir: The problem of premarital chastity among the nation's youth has progressed to a critical stage.

I am nineteen years old. I have the results of no polls at my finger tips, nor have I toured the nation to sound youth's opinion. I simply know, from the normal contacts which are common to all young Americans, that the esteem in which virginity is held by the rising generation is dropping—and dropping fast. Among teen-agers the pressure which the mores exert in defense of chastity has decreased almost to the vanishing point.

American mothers and fathers have been berating themselves and each other for this state of affairs. The present adult generation has admitted that its parental control has been lax, the examples of promiscuity it has provided have been shameful, its conscientious sex instruction has been woefully meager. Now the task reverts to us.

I know that it is the fashion today to lay all social ills among young people to a faulty home environment. I realize that current theory maintains that most premarital intercourse is brought on by a preparation of minor sex play and/or alcohol which break down or by-pass the normal inhibitions.

The fact is that the persons who are responsible for a premarital sex experience are the participants. The great majority of us who have had or will have premarital intercourse go into it deliberately and consciously, *because we have failed to see what is wrong with it.*

I am simply trying to point out that if we refuse to accept the moral code handed down from our parents, the responsibility then devolves upon us to create a mature and courageous and honest one of our own.

When I admit that this is not easy, I know what I'm talking about. I have been engaged for two years, and it will be three years more before my fiancée and I can marry. I am painfully acquainted with the fact that economics and nature are out of step, that the physical requirements and the desire are present far in advance of the economic status which makes for a happy start in marriage. The persistent question has haunted me more than once, sometimes tending precariously to slip from "Will I or won't I?" to "Why

(Continued on Page 178)

Revolutionary New Curler Avoids Broken Hair Ends

New curler guards against split, frizzy en

No matter how beautiful your permanent matter how natural your wave, broken h ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Ea Lock" curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, t them smoothly, gently—thanks to unique "open-end" feature. No wonder y hair looks so lovely, so soft, so natural, becoming!

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today

Gayla

"EASY-LOCK"

CURLER

by the makers of the famous GAYLA Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins

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When a COLD threatens to run through a family...

It's LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

...for Everybody

IT's all too easy for a cold, once it starts, to spread from one member of the family to another . . . with troublesome results. That's why it's so sensible to enlist the aid of the Listerine Antiseptic gargle *early* and *often!*

This pleasant antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of threatening germs called the "secondary invaders."

Although many colds may be started by a virus, it is these "secondary invaders," say many authorities, that are responsible for much of the misery you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic, if used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, can often help forestall the mass invasion of these germs and so head off trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable germ-killing action has been demonstrated time and again. Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour later.

This germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable clinical test record against colds. Tests made over a period of 12 years showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, whenever there's a cold in your family, prescribe Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It's a wise thing to do.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS UP TO 96.7% IN TESTS

"Pass the confetti! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE!"

"**Just think — little inexperienced me —** making a rich, light, yummy cake! And gee, I'll admit I never could have done it if I hadn't made a tremendous discovery.

"**I mean it—it was terri'ic!** I used Crisco and a wonderful new Crisco Success Cake recipe. Why, the combination's *fabulous!* You get better cakes on *every* count—richer, lighter, tenderer, moister! You see, with Crisco you get cakes such as no other type of shortening can give you, because Crisco has a *baking secret.* And Crisco's new Success Cake recipes take special advantage of that secret.

"**Just wait 'til you try it!** Why, in 4½ minutes you can mix a Crisco Success Cake that's super—better than any you could *ever* make the old-fashioned way. Pure, all-vegetable Crisco is perfect cake shortening with any recipe, but Crisco plus this new, quick Success Cake method is truly magic.

"**I—of all people—should have known** that Crisco would be ideal for baking. Why, it's *always* been my standby for frying. 9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say Crisco is digestible. From now on I'll depend on it for *everything*—cakes, pies and fried foods—Crisco improves all 3."

CELEBRATE AT YOUR HOUSE, TOO. TRY THIS WONDERFUL NEW CRISCO SUCCESS CAKE

Confetti Cake

SUPER GOOD AND A CINCH TO MAKE

But we can't promise success unless you use Crisco—it has a baking secret.

You'll get better cakes on every count—lighter, richer, moister, finer-textured—with Crisco and new Crisco recipes like this. Just measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . and be sure to use Crisco.

CONFETTI CAKE

Measure into mixing bowl (All Measurements Level):

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
2 cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • 1½ tsp. soda
3 squares melted bitter chocolate • ¾ cup milk

Blend vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

¾ tsp. baking powder

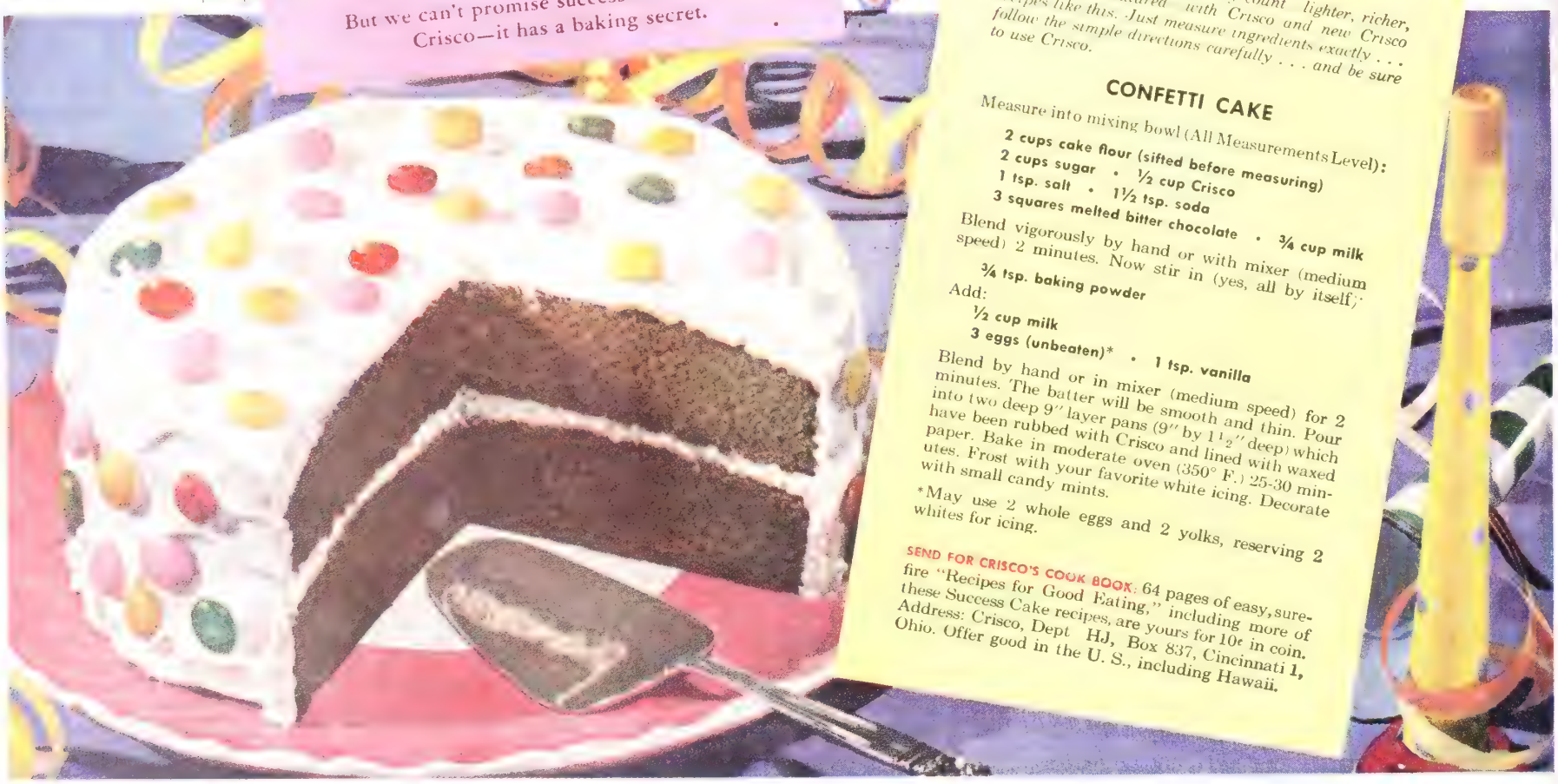
Add:

½ cup milk
3 eggs (unbeaten)* • 1 tsp. vanilla

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two deep 9" layer pans (9" by $1\frac{1}{2}$" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25-30 minutes. Frost with your favorite white icing. Decorate with small candy mints.

*May use 2 whole eggs and 2 yolks, reserving 2 whites for icing.

SEND FOR CRISCO'S COOK BOOK: 64 pages of easy, sure-fire "Recipes for Good Eating," including more of these Success Cake recipes, are yours for 10¢ in coin. Address: Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in the U. S., including Hawaii.



KENNY BAKER
with all-star cast on
"GLAMOUR MANOR"
Fun! Music! Surprises!
A brand new kind of daytime show
12 noon E. S. T.

In everything you fry or bake

use Crisco

...it's digestible!

LIGHTER CAKES

FLAKY PIE CRUST EVERY TIME

DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS

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NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN

BY STRUTHERS BURT

I NEVER have. That is, not since I was a callow youth. Having recovered from that almost inevitable green sickness which afflicts most men, for a shorter or longer period when they are young, and from which the wise recover but, unfortunately, the majority doesn't—hardly a day has passed but I have come to admire and like women more and more. I mean as a sex, which is quite different from admiring or liking an individual here and there. Also, "like" is a far more enduring and all-embracing word than "love," and not the slightest hint of a pun is intended.

There are bad women. Naturally. There would be. There are a lot of women scattered about the world. There are cruel women. There are silly women. Plenty. And so on down the list of all the opprobrious words you can apply to the human race. A considerable list, as you will find, if you look it up. Half of man's time through the centuries has been taken up by inventing derogatory adjectives for his own species, and not without reason. Furthermore, the cruelty and foolishness of women, because they are not its own especial kind, are especially irritating to the male mind. The male mind doesn't always understand them. In fact, it hardly ever does, and mystery is invariably irritating. On the other hand, the male mind gets used to its own brand of folly and inhumanity, private or public, and after a while wears it with comfort and forgetfulness, like an old pair of shoes.

When I hear a woman say she doesn't like women, I suspect her. When I hear a man say he likes and admires women, my respect for him increases. I say to myself, "There's a fellow who's learned something."

Now, I haven't time to relate in detail the reasons for my attitude, which has grown through the years. That would take a book, and the subject has already been pretty exhaustively treated, pro and con. I'll confine myself to just one angle, although I'll state, to begin with, that that angle is the cornerstone of my admiration. Also, oddly enough, it is the very vice which is my sex's favorite charge against the other half of the species.

MEN say women are "too personal." Exactly. And that's, to me, not a vice but a virtue—an immense virtue. In other words, in the beginning was psychology; the hidden and often tortuous motives and workings of the human mind, and when we're really grown up, if that ever happens, that's where we'll start, and nowhere else. What makes one man do this? And another that? What makes one man a Nero or a Hitler, and another a Saint Francis of Assisi? When we learn to start at the very start, and nowhere else, we'll come close to reading the riddle of war, of panics, of politics, of personal success and failure, and of almost everything else, including a large share of illness.

Men begin too high up with their reasoning. They like to use big words and assign large-sounding terms; actually *(Continued on Page 100)*

Our Schools are in Danger

By Dorothy Thompson

READERS of these editorials know that I, like many other women, feel that we have been failing as citizens in the very matters that are of greatest concern to us as women. In this connection I have written of juvenile delinquency and the chaos of American divorce laws. Now, I think, it is high time to consider the state of American education.

Repeatedly, since the war ended—and especially during the past six months—warnings have come from various quarters that we face a real crisis in our schools. This is due to several causes—some immediate, and others of longer development—which I shall list, not necessarily in the order of their importance.

First, pressure on the schools and teaching personnel because of a rising birth rate; on the colleges by enormous numbers of youths whose education was interrupted by the war and who are resuming education at a later-than-usual age, under the G. I. Bill of Rights, together with the normal number of younger men and women, and by a high standard of income and employment, encouraging parents to keep children in school longer.

Second, the low standard of pay for teachers at all levels of education, public and private, in comparison with incomes commanded in other fields by educated or even uneducated persons.

Third, the radically diff[illegible] education in hig[illegible] states. [illegible] minim[illegible]

Four [illegible] standin[illegible]

Fifth, [illegible] from a la[illegible]

THE resul[illegible] elements is a serious sh[illegible] become far [illegible] services has i[illegible] persons willing [illegible] port of the Nat[illegible] cation Associati[illegible] year's end stat[illegible] "with a normal [illegible] ment of about [illegible] teachers each year [illegible] inadequate numb[illegible] the present enrollme[illegible] "350,000 trained te[illegible] ers had quit the [illegible] fession since 1939."

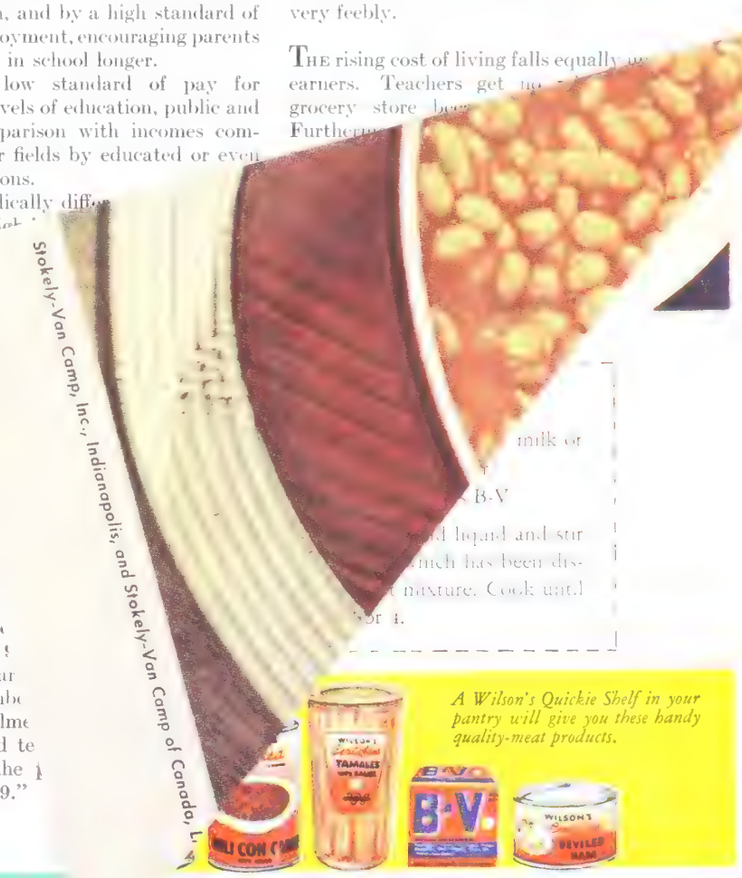
The turnover is also prodigious. "Many thousands of teaching positions have been maintained only by the employment of three or four different persons in succession during a single year."

The report points out that such instability would wreck any business and has already weakened the public-school system. And the weakening effect is cumulative, for as teachers drop out the load has to be carried by those who remain, and the heavier load leads them in turn to drop out.

The economic reasons are obvious. "In 1919," says the report, "the average salary of schoolteachers was $16 less per year than the average of all employees in private business. In 1944 it was $464 a year less." In other words, the remuneration for every other form of job has risen hundreds of per cent faster than for schoolteachers.

Now, no one goes into schoolteaching primarily for the money in it; but when remuneration becomes so radically disproportionate, even the call of a vocation sounds very feebly.

THE rising cost of living falls equally [illegible] earners. Teachers get [illegible] grocery store bec[illegible] Furtherm[illegible]


Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., Indianapolis, and Stokely-Van Camp of Canada, L[illegible]
milk or
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TAMALES
B·V.
WILSON'S
DEVILED HAM
A Wilson's Quickie Shelf in your pantry will give you these handy quality-meat products.

"No one would know I had a * Mastectomy

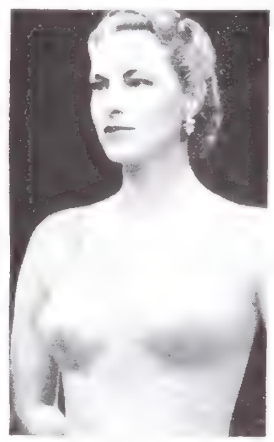
Mastectomy patient wearing the Spencer Breast Support and Breast Form made especially for her.

MY SPENCER
Breast Support and Breast Form have restored my normal appearance"

* Mastectomy is the doctors' term for a breast removal operation. Patients are grateful for the *natural*, smart effect of a Spencer Individually Designed Breast Support. Into the breast pocket is fitted a soft, light, porous, washable breast form, sculptured to an exact likeness of the natural breast. Each Spencer is created especially for the person who is to wear it.

IF SAGGING BREASTS ARE YOUR PROBLEM...

In brassiere she was wearing



In her Spencer Breast Support

We shall design a Breast Support [illegible] to hold your breasts in a position to improve circulation and thus aid nature to restore tone to tissues. Your doctor will tell you that healthy breasts are less likely to disease.

For Maternity and Nursing Wear, Too
Spencer Designers create special, individually designed breast supports for maternity and nursing wear. Yet they cost no more than ordinary brassieres!

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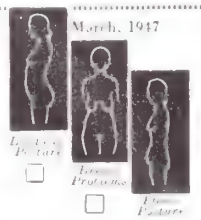

March, 1947

TO: *ANNE SPENCER* — SEND TODAY
Spencer, Incorporated
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.
Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

NAME (Please Print)
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FOR ABDOMEN, BACK AND BREASTS

"If you can't lose fifteen pounds by next Friday you'll just have to invite your brother."

UNDER-COVER STUFF

By Bernardine Kielty

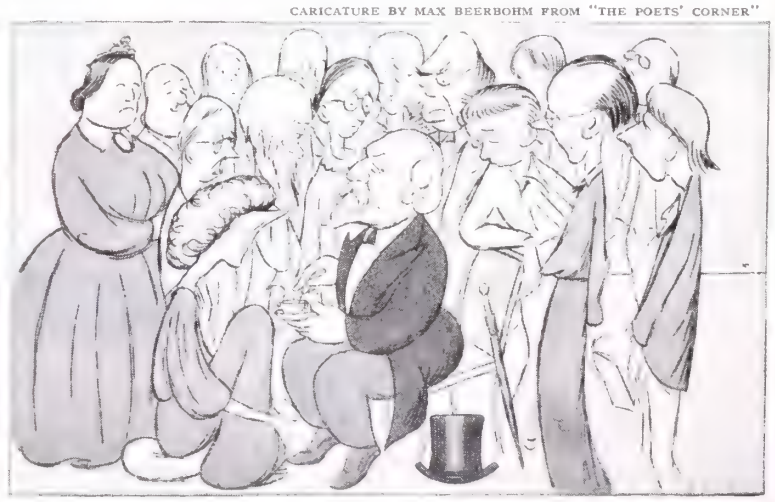
TWO fugitives from the daisy chain, as they call themselves, have done a book of hilarious cartoons on the female student, EVERYTHING CORRELATES. ***Anne Cleveland*** and ***Jean Anderson*** are graduates of Vassar of a few years back, and they have not forgotten how they and their kind dressed, how they "knew life," how they adapted to their own use the great truths of the literature and science which they allegedly studied. It is a devastating critique through the medium of line drawings and snappy captions. The faculty, we hear, loves it, but not the student body!

Every now and then, in this hard-boiled, scientific, practical age, we come upon some graceful survivor from a gentler day. Maybe an elderly uncle who still waxes his small white mustache, or a trio of sisters grown old together in their lovely New England parlor and Persian-rug garden. Such a one is *Sophie Chantal Hart*, ex-professor of English at Wellesley—slender, willowy lady out of another age, a figure out of Rossetti, a drawing by Aubrey Beardsley, but living now, incongruously enough, in a most modern of our up-to-date cities. She knew and loved the Romantics—Shelley, Keats, Byron. She also loved the poetry of their spiritual successor, Francis Thompson. In her distant, ephemeral way, she loved Francis Thompson himself. To love and revere a poet in those earlier days was no laughing matter. One took one's crushes with a heartbreak. But Miss Hart has a sturdy sense of humor and can now tell the story of her passion with complete objectivity.

To get the picture, you have to visualize the turn of the century in England. Thompson, worn down by TB, and unable to sell his poetry, had come to the end of his rope when Alice Meynell, herself a poet and essayist, and at that time the toast of the aesthetes—of Ruskin, Chesterton, Meredith—rescued him from his despair, befriended him, got his poetry published, and gave him a home with herself and her husband. Knowing how deeply Sophie Hart, who had never met him, felt about Thompson, Mrs. Meynell once invited her, with some others, to meet him at tea. The party assembled in a fever of anticipation, notably Miss Hart. But the guest of honor was missing. Only when it was practically bad tast

(Continued on Page 16)

CARICATURE BY MAX BEERBOHM FROM "THE POETS' CORNER"



Robert Browning taking tea with the Browning Society.

Selby ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN RAWLINGS HAT BY MME. HENI

Selby ARCH PRESERVER shoes make a pretty fuss over your feet! By giving them extra smartness. By freeing them from foot fatigue as only *genuine* Selby ARCH PRESERVERS can, these three ways:

- *steel arch bridge for firm support*
- *individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort*
- *perfectly flat innersole for comfort-plus*

Most Styles

$13.95 to $16.95

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SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER—ESTABLISHED 1877

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FOR *Happy days*
...HERE AGAIN

It's good to be expansive again! When it comes to crystal, you can be, even on a careful budget. For instance, Fostoria's handcraft *Colony* is surprisingly inexpensive; affords so much for so little! You'll love its swirling contours . . . its antique simplicity . . . its sparkling charm for family or informal occasions. See *Colony* at the better stores everywhere.

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MADE IN U.S.A.

FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY • MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

(Continued from Page 14)

for them to stay longer did he put in an appearance. He had been walking, his shirt was open at the throat, he was at his most romantic. Mrs. Meynell greeted him in the hall and asked him cordially if he wouldn't like to come in to meet her friends. Thompson stepped to the doorway, and after an almost imperceptible pause which only heightened the effect, answered—simply and irrevocably—"No." He then walked deliberately up the stairs to his own room, and the party was over.

• • •

Francis Thompson reminds us—by an obscure train of thought—of one of the most interesting anthologies to date: I WISH I HAD WRITTEN THAT, a collection of stories and poems which various well-known writers of today "wish they had written." Many forgotten and many unknown bits are unearthed, and the choice gives you a double take: on the piece itself—which in most cases is well worth reading—and on the chooser. Saroyan, for instance, wishes he had written *The Pooka and the Good Fairy*, by *Flann O'Brien*—a delightful story which we'd never before heard of, but which started us off on an O'Brien debauch. James Thurber wishes he had written *Farewell, My Lovely*, by *Lee Strout White;* Robert Nathan, *Glamour*, by *Stephen Vincent Benét;* Willa Cather, *The Mary Gloster*, by *Kipling;* S. J. Perelman wishes he had written *Katie Wins a Home*, by *Ring Lardner*, and two writers chose works of *Francis Thompson* (which is where we came in): Conrad Aiken, *An Anthem of Earth;* and Clare Boothe Luce, *The Hound of Heaven*.

• • •

Incidentally the one-hundredth anniversary of the wedding of two of the Victorian Immortals is being celebrated by a new edition of some of their works: THE LOVE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BROWNING AND ROBERT BROWNING, *edited by* ***Louis Untermeyer.*** *Unlike Francis Thompson, Robert Browning preferred not to be temperamental, not to be known primarily as a littérateur. The son of a bank clerk, he looked like a banker himself, and never talked poetry or books if he could help it.*

• • •

Rosamund Marshall, **who has put DUCHESS HOTSPUR behind her, and is deep in her new and more serious book, writes from Vancouver Island: "This is an ideal place to work. The climate is soft—cedars,**

These didn't get away!

waterways, mountains make scenery as fine as any I have ever seen. There is good salmon fishing too. As you know, the salmon is the fish that breaks a man's spirit! He is tricky, unpredictable and a fighter to the backbone." The salmon apparently did not break Rosamund's spirit—if you can believe fish pictures!

• • •

We don't want to seem chauvinistic, but as the years roll by (and digestive processes weaken) we find ourselves turning away from the Hungarian, the French and the German cookbooks, in favor of what is now

(Continued on Page 18)

THE famous Wat-a-set label on a curtain means safe and easy washabilit without starching, without distortion weave, and without excessive shrinkag (Wat-a-set does not eliminate shrinkag entirely, but does reduce it!)

"I washed my Wat-a-set Nylon Ma quisettes 12 times and they still look new says one New England cheerlady. She's di covered how easy washing Wat-a-set nylo curtains is. She just dips them in suds few times, then rinses, and they're don

Long wearing nylon and the Wat-a-s finish make a combination that's pret hard to beat. The colors are lasting, too for all Wat-a-set curtains are dyed wit fade resistant colors.

You'll find the Wat-a-set label on a wid range of well-known brands of curtains all prices. If you live in or near one America's 50 largest cities look in th "Where-to-buy-it" section of your tel phone directoty under "CURTAINS — Wat-a-set" for the name of the store nearest you selling Wat-a-set Curtains.

REDUCES SHRINKAGE Wat-a-set A DURABLE WASHABLE FINISH

MT. HOPE FINISHING CO.
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Wat-a-set Trade Mark Reg.
A LASTING Finish
for Rayon, Nylon and Cotton Curtain Fabrics

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Prized possession in 1847

Prized possession in 1947

1847 Rogers Bros. brings you 100 years of beauty

Fashioned like expensive coin silver of the period, 1847 Rogers Bros. thrilled its owner's heart with pride 100 years ago.

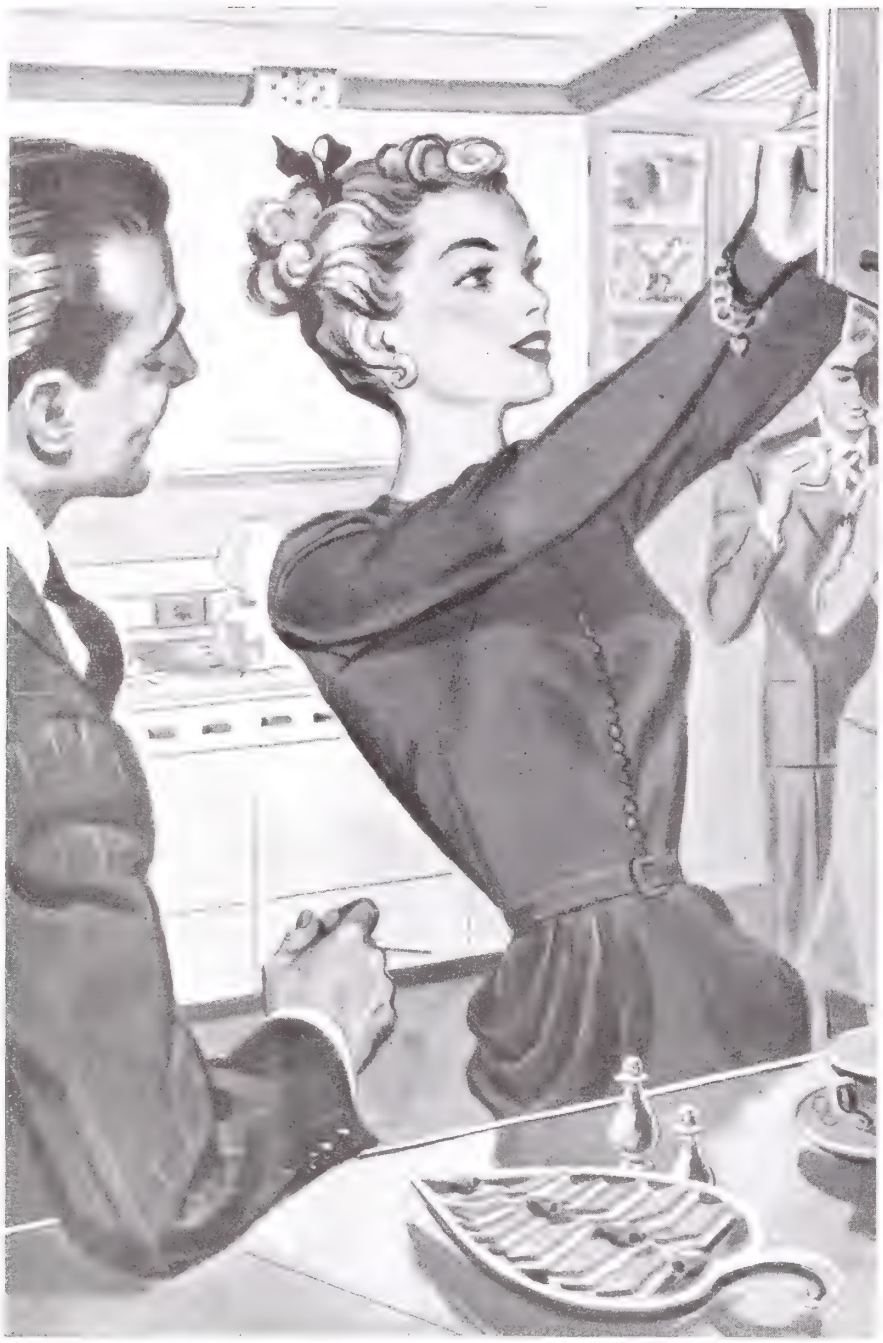
In gracious homes today, 1847 Rogers Bros. with its century-old heritage of craftsmanship is still a cherished possession. Each design has an *extra height and depth of ornament* no other silverplate has . . . richness found only, as a rule, in solid silver.

Select *your* favorite from the patterns owned and loved by more women than any other . . . the *only* patterns with the yearmark "1847." America's finest silverplate . . . same quality, no increase in price since the war. No federal excise tax. 52-piece service for eight, $64.75, with chest.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

100th Anniversary

TUNE IN: "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET," SUNDAY, 6 P.M., E.S.T., CBS.



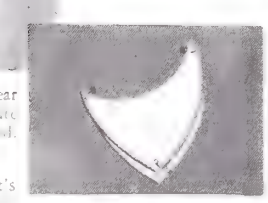
3 out of 5 times
Somebody's looking!

Plenty to do when you're hostess . . . and three out of five times somebody's looking! No matter if you do get a bit flustered . . . let them look . . . Kleinert's Dress Shields will always protect you from tell-tale underarms!

. . . Protect your pretty dress, too, from the triple threat of perspiration, strain, and underarm cosmetics. Be sure to ask for Kleinert's Dress Shields by name
at your favorite notion counter.

Deep Sleeves? Then wear

In a rush? Rely on Kleinert's



Oh! Kleinert's! OK!

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T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GUARANTEED PROTECTION SINCE 1871

(Continued from Page 16)

known as "the vanishing American"—THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK, by ***Fannie Merritt Farmer.*** A new edition is now out. It is the fiftieth anniversary of the original edition, and in the fifty years it has sold 2,531,000 copies. We regret to see that although Boston Baked Beans remains, Brown Bread and Indian Pudding are missing.

Another practical book recently out is MODELING FOR MOTHERHOOD, by *Doris Hale Heinz* and *Katherine Smith Bolt*. It is lighthearted but sound—about choosing the doctor, about the baby's initial needs, the right kind of clothes for the expectant mother herself, and those important exercises for getting back to that almost forgotten slimness.

Then there is THE COMPLETE HOME-DECORATOR, by ***Catherine Klock.*** The two items that sold us this book were the Color Harmonizer, which has six different color ensembles for room interiors, removable so that you can take it along on color matching shopping; and the Room Plotter, also removable, which contains reproduced miniature furniture models to be used as cutouts in planning the layout of your room.

Items about Gus, the cat, still come in. Gus' real name, in the Bellows and Co. days, was Gussie. We took liberties with it purposely, so that there would be no false implications about his sex. But a reader who knew Gussie intimately couldn't bear to have anything of his personality changed, and wrote in with some indignation. Also, a man connected with Bellows tells us that when he worked late Gussie would climb onto his lap or sit on his desk top to keep him company. (Of course we believe, knowing cats pretty well, that it was he who was keeping Gussie company.) And then there was "Papa," the Frenchman who was keeper of the wine cellars of the concern, and who always fed Gussie shrimp, caviar or boned shad. If we're not mistaken, it was the death of "Papa" that affected Gussie so deeply that he, too, in a short time, passed away. We hadn't known, however, about the boned-shad angle.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's such a darling. May I hold him?"

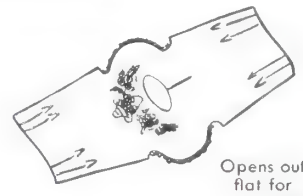
Irwin Edman, **the fair-haired boyish-looking philosophy professor at Columbia University, the one who made philosophy sparkle in PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY, has a delightful companion book now out, PHILOSOPHER'S QUEST. "To be a philosopher in New York," he says, "has always seemed like trying to sing in a boiler factory." Well, he stays on in New York in spite of tempting invitations elsewhere. He has singlehandedly made philosophy comprehensible, and the Columbia students, with a penchant in that direction, line up for his classes. Though he looks like a boy himself, he is definitely the absent-minded professor. Two boys from one of his classes met him one early afternoon on Riverside Drive. He was walking fast, coattails out in the breeze. "By the way," he said when the boys caught him, "what direction am I walking in?" Somewhat surprised, they told him that he was walking south. "Oh, then I've *had* my lunch!"**

Mark Twain *was absent-minded too. His niece tells about his going out one day, also for a brisk walk. When he started, he was wearing a sealskin cap. When he returned home the*

(Continued on Page 21)

Spring flowers captured in real lace to make your suit look fresh as a garden! Like all Maison France blouses, it opens out flat, cuts laundering time down to a twinkling. One magical size fits sizes 32 to 38. In a petal-smooth, washable white

Stonecutter rayon crepe. $7.98



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Find it at better stores, or clip and mail coupon for your "Flower Basket" and it will be mailed to you from the store nearest you.

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Please send me....."Flower Basket" Blouses at $7.98 each, for which I enclose $.....

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the stocking color for Spring '47

borrowed from the sun-soaked gold of a stallion's satin coat . . .

Palomino, the color that's pure sensation in breath-taking Berkshire Nylon* stockings . . . Berkshire's famous 51's and Berkshire's Nylace Kantruns! ***Palomino*** . . . the stocking color that will sweep you into Spring '47.

Sheer... Sheer... **Berkshire**

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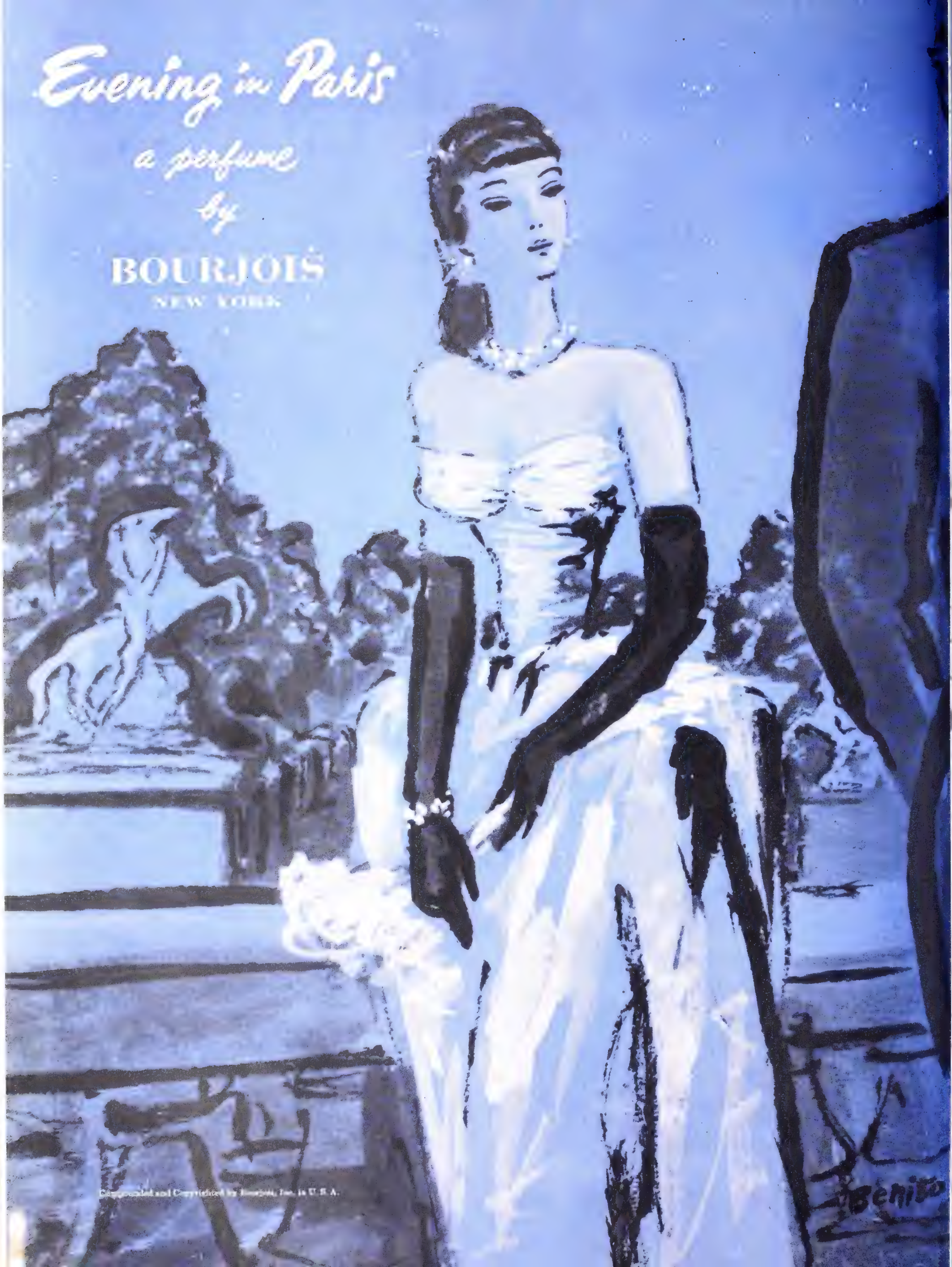
For the loveliest legs in the world . . . by the world's largest manufacturer of full-fashioned stockings

Costume and accessories by Neiman-Marcus



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new Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines
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- softens winter-chapped skin

CAREFUL! Weather-dried skin looks so dry, flaky . . . and may deepen old-looking lines!

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's skin-softening benefits. Contains four more rich oils, especially smoothing to dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes.

Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream is a "must" if you're 30-or-over . . . a wise investment for under-30's. See its beautifying benefits yourself. Send for your free sample today.

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See beautifying results!

I want to try FREE sample of Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream. [illegible] ing action on my skin. (Print name and address clearly. Paste coupon on penny postcard.) Mail to Box 45, Dept. 100, [illegible] O.

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Street .....

City .....

(Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only.)

(Continued from Page 18)

cafe was mine. He said the only thing that he remembered something happened was we got pinched, and that, whatever it was, he blame it away.

* * *

Damon Runyon *is dead.* ***Donald Meek. W. C. Fields***—a deep bow to those who liked to laugh. Born William Claude Dukenfield, W. C. Fields shed his name when he reached the stage. He had already shed his family at the tender age of eleven, and for the four years when most boys are just waking up to life, he was living it the hard way in Philadelphia alleys sleeping in doorways, cheating at cards to make a nickel to buy a glass of beer to get the free lunch that the saloons of that day offered, and defending himself against rival kid gangsters. All the rest of his life he never could get over the joy of sleeping in sheets, and he retained an honest fear of all dogs. He could fool people, he always said, but dogs always knew he was a tramp. The fist fights, he claimed, accounted for his bulbous nose.

He had to be quick on the trigger those days, and the artful dodging stood him in good stead when he finally reached the stage. Once when Fields was about to make his entrance in a musical show, the scenery picturing the sky-scrapers of New York fell down. "They don't build houses these days the way they used to," was his ad lib remark, which rocked the audience. After that they had to build the scenery collapsible. Another time he inadvertently dropped his cigar and hat while juggling, and managed to get both his hat back on his head and his cigar into his mouth, which got such a laugh that he incorporated the routine into his act. But what we shall remember longest about W. C. Fields was that faraway look in the eye and the inconsequential chatter, while he was plotting to rifle a pocket or lift someone's watch—the confidence man supreme.

Hard enough to believe, he played in DAVID COPPERFIELD, ALICE IN WONDERLAND and MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH.

* * *

The plain daughter of a very pretty mother starts out with a terrific handicap. This psychological mother-daughter tie-up is admirably dealt with in *Joan Charles'* latest novel, THE WRONG TURN. Paula, the mother, is a selfish, aging beauty. Faith, the daughter, is a determined child. And every step in Faith's education, each emotional awakening, is marked by a battle. She goes to a progressive college, she makes new friends, she falls in love, but in each situation the relationships are ruined by her mother. It is an excellent picture, and might well give pause to many a mother.

Joan Charles is exceptionally deft in all her studies of woman, particularly those just bordering on the neurotic. You may remember THE DARK GLASS, SON AND STRANGER and AND THE HUNTER HOME.

CARNIVAL By Dick Turner

"Under 'past experience' do you mean just work?"

Hardly ever...such a treasure

A slip sleek like a pearl! A shimmer of knitted Celanese† rayon ...so smooth...so body-beautiful, it's a shame to keep it under cover. Such a treasure are Munsingwear's "Supersmoothers"* ...lushed with lace...cut with a precious skill wise in women's ways. At better lingerie departments.

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*Reg. Trademark

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Underwear • Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear • Foundation Garments • Hosiery

For more than fifty Easters...

"Personalized" Easter Eggs in Mashed Potato Nests! Brown potato nests in oven. Tint eggs with edible coloring; use cream cheese, softened with a little milk, for names.

Swift's Premium Ham

BROWN-SUGAR-CURED!

● At Eastertime, as all year round, one particular ham is traditionally the choice. Swift's Premium! For half a century and more those words have signified the finest . . . through all those years its quality has been unfailingly maintained. Yes, you know you can *count* on perfection when you get *Swift's Premium* Ham. So . . . make early arrangements with your dealer for Easter.

Swift's Premium HAM
Swift's Premium HAM
A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD
Cooked-Ready to Eat
PREMIUM
Available in 2 styles: Blue label —for easy cooking at home; Red label—ham that's cooked and ready to eat. In buying a slice, look for the word "SWIFT"

The Scribble Game

BY SCOTT CONKLING

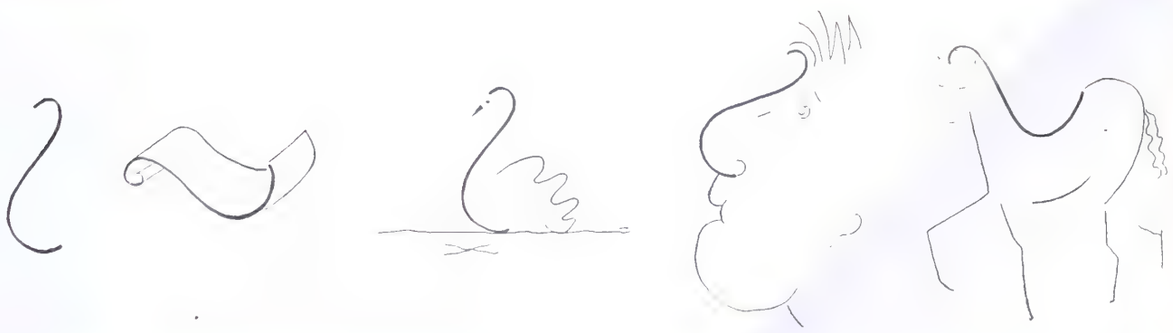
DURING the war I was a radio operator in the Air Transport Command. There were long stretches flying the ocean or the Hump, when the plane was on automatic pilot and there was no trouble in sight, when there was nothing for the crew to do. Noticing a bored pilot must have caused me to remember a game I had learned years before from a café artist in Veracruz. Making a scribble on the back of a radio log, I handed it to the pilot: "Make a picture from it."

The game turned out to be perfect for the air; it didn't require shouting over the noise of the engines or removing oxygen masks. Watching ingenious pilots turn a scribble of snarled circular lines into a kitten playing with a ball of yarn, or a scribble of jagged lines into stalactites and stalagmites, and adding some spectators to make it Carlsbad Caverns, the idea suggested itself that someday an interesting article could be made from scribble solutions.

Anticipating trouble with the censors, who might have believed the scribbles were secret maps, I waited until I was released from the Army and then mailed a scribble to several distinguished people I knew or suspected had a nice sense of humor. The results were amazing; the world is full of potential scribble players. They are all famous people, but they are not famous for their drawing ability. Oddly enough, artists are not always the cleverest at solving scribbles. Perhaps in their solutions psychologists will find some deep significance. Perhaps ponderous philosophers will see in the desire to bring reason to a meaningless line the wish to solve a senseless civilization, for even the atomic bomb turned up in these answers. Or perhaps a game that several of us played between layers of clouds all over the earth will become a rage. In any case, not having invented the game, I accept no responsibility. Below is the scribble and the finished drawings by these noted people, and an example which uses an easy scribble.

EXAMPLE:

Start with any simple scribble. Turn it any way—and add to it. Here a reversed S winds up as a horse.



PROBLEM:

A more complicated scribble will lead to a more complicated drawing. Here are some master scribbles by famous folk.

Will Cuppy

Dr. James F. Chapin

Robert J. Casey

John Kieran

H. Allen Smith

Morris L. Ernst

Lily Pons

TELL ME, TILLIE WHAT'S YOUR WASH GOT THAT MINE HASN'T?
OOOOOO- that OXYDOL SPARKLE!
OXYDOL WASHES ALL YOUR LINENS SPARKLING WHITE!
OXYDOL WASHES YOUR COLORED THINGS SPARKLING BRIGHT!
OXYDOL WASHES WORK AND PLAY CLOTHES SPARKLING CLEAN!

1. OXYDOL ACTUALLY WASHES WHITER and cleaner than lazy soaps ever can. Tests prove it!

2. SURE, WASH COLORS AND RAYONS SPARKLE! Because Oxydol gets 'em so *sparkling* clean so safely!

IS THAT ALL? US OXYDOL SUDS ARE STILL LATHERY ENOUGH TO WASH A COUPLE MORE LOADS SPARKLING CLEAN!
GOT ANOTHER DOZEN TOWELS YOU WANT SPARKLING WHITE?
... OR SOME MORE WASH COLORS OR RAYON YOU WANT US TO GET SPARKLING BRIGHT?
OXYDOL

3. OXYDOL'S "HUSTLE-BUBBLE" SUDS LIFT OUT DIRT that lazy suds leave behind! It's easy to give your wash "That Oxydol Sparkle"!

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REFERENCE LIBRARY

Spring Fever!

Garden growers, gather round. This is the time of the year to start planning that garden you'll be planting. **1663, How to Prepare Your Garden Soil (5c); 1662, Your Garden of Annual Flowers (5c); 1664, Your Garden of Perennials (5c); and 1666, Trees and Shrubs for the Garden (5c),** are just what you need. If this is your first garden, **1667, Planning and Building the Garden (10c),** will help you with your problems.

And there can be more to a garden than just plants and grass. **1427, Garden Pieces (10c),** gives you directions for making a simple arbor, sawbuck table and matching benches, and a paddle pan for the children. And the children will rank you with Santa Claus if you order **1426, Make Your Own Playground (25c).** Plans are included for a swing, seesaw, horizontal bars, sand box and slide.

Spring and summer will mean wiener roasts and barbecues. Think how many more you could have with your own back-yard fireplace. All the instructions are included in **1883, How to Make Your Own Fireplace (25c).**

Or if your family makes animals its hobby, how about starting a housing project for their benefit? **1424, Build Animal Houses (25c),** and **1428, Chicken House (25c),** will take care of the rabbits, pheasants, dogs, chickens and goats.

Spring Fashions!

And with all these thoughts of spring and outdoor fun, you'll want something new in accessories to keep in tune with your good spirits. Six different neckwear patterns are included in **2074, White Neckwear Pattern Sheet (10c):** a Puritan collar-and-cuff set, a square-neck collar with ruffles and cuffs, jabots to slip over the buttons or to pin on the front of a dress, an organdy neck-bow, shirred collar-and-cuff set, and instructions for making over last year's blouse. **2077, Six-in-One Dickey (10c),** gives you six ideas for your suit; while **Blouses, 2310 (25c), 2313 (25c)** and **2315 (25c),** are whiffs of spring itself. They come in size 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20.

2256, Shirred Gilet Front (5c), is just the thing for a basic dress. Or perhaps **1822, Knitted Short Suit Scarf (5c),** or **2131, Crocheted Short Ascot Scarf (5c),** would add that extra-gay note to your ensemble.

Make a bright pair of gloves in a new spring color. **2215, Shortie Glove Pattern (5c); 2137, Knitted Glove (5c); 3014, Crocheted Gloves (5c);** or **2166, Glove Pattern (5c),** mid-elbow length in size 6, 6½ and 7, offer variety. And **1937, Basic Pattern for Long Gauntlet Gloves (5c),** includes three patterns in three lengths.

Matching bags are a gay twosome with bright gloves. **2187, Round Shoulder-Strap Bag (5c); 2184, Half-Moon Pouch Bag With Handle Strap (5c);** and **2183, Shoulder Box Bag (5c),** are just made for bright colors. **2200, Mammoth Wool Yarn Bag (5c),** is a crocheted favorite.

And you'll want a new sweater for that first balmy day. Now is the time to make it. **2004, Argyle-type Cardigan (5c),** and **1758, Classic Cardigan Set (5c),** are basics. **2299, Rib-stitch Cardigan (5c),** is ideal for outside. **2289, Cardigan (5c),** can be worn over **2290, Striped Vest (5c).** Hat is included in **2290.**

Make this a useful month—be ready for spring.

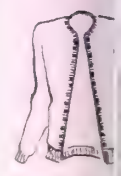
Other Journal Features

Lists giving the titles, numbers and prices of all our booklets and patterns will be sent free upon request.

2008. List of Departmental Booklets.
1660. List of Journal Hat and Bag Patterns.
2076. List of Things to Wear Patterns.
1571. List of Knitting and Crocheting Patterns.
1752. List of Make-It-Yourself Patterns.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes or Savings Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased at their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

2184 5c


1758 5c

2183 5c

2290 5c

2187

2249

2310 5c

3014

Signs of Spring

Homes as fresh and bright as Pepperell Sheets on a line!

PICTURED FOR ADVERTISING BY RUTH HOWARD, WHOSE SHARP EYES SHOW US THE WAY WE LIVE.

Pepperells . . . those lovely, lovely sheets that wear and wear

EN SPRING ARRIVES, we plant, paint, clean . . . n out every cupboard . . . count those lovely perell Sheets. And if now's the time you need sheets, of course you'll want to Pepperells so very sure you get real *quality* for your money! pperell makes fine percale and muslin sheets you t, *at prices you want to pay*. Pepperells are quality ets, famous for firmly woven yarns that wear. r. WEAR. Pepperell Percales combine fluffy ile strength with smooth, lustrous texture—

Luxury Muslins have up to four extra threads per inch for extra sturdiness. Yes, if it's *value* you want, you're sure to ask for Pepperell Sheets!

• • •

Look for the Buy-Guide Box. The [illegible] Pepperell Sheets [illegible] Percale [illegible] Muslin [illegible] Pepperell Sheets [illegible] Buy-Guide [illegible] Percale [illegible] Muslin [illegible] Pepperell Sheets

If You Ask Me

By Eleanor Roosevelt

I have found that there are difficulties when one tries to follow the splendid advice of Polonius: "This above all, to thine own self be true." Do you believe that, for a young wife and mother who wants to live at peace with her neighbors and community, it is sometimes wisest to avoid voicing a belief which, though she may feel strongly about it, would differ so from what is "accepted" locally that it would cause comment or worse? I refer to such things as race prejudice and topics involving basic ideas on labor and capital. Often I've been part of a group when these topics came up and, though I knew the futility of trying to change others' views, couldn't help speaking my own, leading me only into the feeling of being looked down on or set apart. For one who wants to live a quiet home life, do you think that the hypocrisy involved in keeping quiet is justified?

It seems to me that it is not hypocrisy to keep quiet unless you are asked a direct question. If you are asked a direct question, then I think it is better as briefly as possible to state your own point of view, doing it in as conciliatory a way as possible. If you live in a neighborhood where the ideas of your neighbors differ radically from your own, it is probably better for you and your husband if you try not to force your ideas down others' throats. Live your life according to your own lights and they will come to know how you feel, and in the end they will respect you.

What you have said about accepting Europe's displaced persons here is, theoretically, a very wonderful and humane suggestion. But, practically, where will we house them?

At the present moment housing is an extremely difficult question; but if we were to accept a certain number of people to go into, let us say, agricultural work, I think we would find that the agricultural areas to which they were assigned on arrival would not find it too difficult to find housing. It might not be very adequate at first, but many of these people are handy with tools themselves and they might take some pretty bare barracks and make them livable.

A recent article by a former White House housekeeper stated that when Mme. Chiang Kai-shek was a guest at the White House she requested that the sheets on her bed be changed several times a day after each of a number of naps, thus greatly increasing the housekeeper's labor as well as the laundry bills. Is this true? I could not imagine an American-educated woman with the madame's democratic views being so pernickety.

I have no knowledge of whether this is true or not, but I do know that Mme. Chiang did not, as a rule, sleep in linen sheets during the day at least, but used her own crepe de Chine sheets, which were sewed over the blankets and folded in a particular way by her own private nurses. On almost every occasion when she was in the White House she was an invalid, and I would imagine that requests for sheets had come from her nurses and she probably knew nothing about it.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home Journal. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* Journal.

I envy you your disposition on being able to keep quiet when annoyed. In my case, I blow off my top. Then I'm sorry; and I don't like to do anything I'm sorry for, either. I have noticed that many people send you some awful digs. You answer them so nice and polite. How can you do it?

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I suppose because they really do not annoy me. When you have lived to my age and have been in the public eye for so long, it is only the people whom you love who can really hurt or annoy you. You may be influenced by what other people say if you think their criticisms are reasonable and valid, but you do not get either hurt or annoyed. You also know that many things are said for political reasons or out of jealousy or ignorance or spite. Time disproves them and usually they carry little weight.

Don't you think some control should be established by the Government over freedom of the press when this freedom is abused and used for political propaganda to the extent it is in this country? What part can the individual citizen play in achieving this control?

I am afraid if we started trying to control the press, we might really do away with an essential freedom. It is true that this freedom is often abused, but I think the basis of democracy is that we educate people sufficiently well so that they can be trusted, in the long run, to judge political propaganda and the type of news that is slanted by certain types of interests. The individual citizen can best control the press by insisting always that the papers in his own home environment write uncolored news stories.

I am seventeen, a senior in high school, and have spent every one of my teen-age years in misery because of self-consciousness. I cannot look a person in the eye even to say "Hello" without getting a funny expression on my face, and to give an oral report in school is almost torture. Whenever anyone as much as glances at me, I feel as though he is criticizing me. This bashfulness not only causes me great unhappiness, but affects my marks. The one and only thing I am looking forward to in life is marrying and having a large family. I really love kids more than any other thing in this world. And I realize my dream will remain a dream if I do not snap out of this present condition. Please, Mrs. Roosevelt, is there any way I can do this?

Surely. If you will just stop thinking about yourself and begin to think about other people, you can make them and yourself happier. You can help them if you can find something to do for them. If you like children, get some fun out of being with them and do not think about whether people are watching you or not. Believe me, when you think people are criticizing you, they probably haven't even given you a thought. It is remarkable how unconscious most people are about other people. If you can just remember that, in starting out to do the kind things that any human being does who lets himself be natural, you will soon make friends.

If you knew that your children had been going through periods of unhappiness and felt that they suffered because of mistakes in your previous upbringing of them, how would you meet the thought? With what philosophy would you accept your share of the blame for suffering you would like to wipe out or alleviate but were unable to? How should a mother meet such thoughts?

I rarely have known children who, at some time in life, did not feel that they were made unhappy because of the type of upbringing that they received. As children grow older, they often realize themselves that their home had nothing to do with the unhappiness that may come to them. Perhaps you brought them unhappiness by the effort to prepare them for life. All parents, I think, feel that they haven't always been wise and that they are in some way responsible if their children suffer later on because of traits of character which might have been obliterated when they were young. The only way I think that parents can meet that is to accept the fact that no human being is all-wise; no human being always lives up to the best that he is capable of, all the time. Failures come to all people. It is sad if they affect those whom we love, but all we can do is to be very humble and, as we gain wisdom, try to help all those who suffer and show our children where we made our mistakes.

Is it true that you are a Catholic?

I was born a Protestant and I am still a Protestant.

I like a certain boy and I don't know what I can do to make him like me a little more than he does. Could you tell me what to do?

Not knowing either you or the boy, I am afraid my advice will have very little value; but I would advise you to be yourself, and if in that way you do not make him like you better, then you are just not very well suited to each other.

BETTER MEALS —AND HOW!

by

Virginia Coates

Here comes spring — and here's a new idea for cooking green vegetables. Add your vegetables to melted margarine. Sprinkle on just a little water and salt. Cover tightly—shake occasionally. That smooth, delicious flavor will turn every vegetable into a success story for the family. Happy thought!

• • •

A-a-h, home-baked rolls! Everybody loves them and here's a recipe for making elegant ones. But first, a helpful little tip: When the rolls are done and piping hot on the table, let the family use lots of Durkee's Margarine on them. Margarine is so economical, you know, and so tasty. It's nutritious, too, with its standardized Vitamin A. Now for the recipe:

Clover Leaf Rolls

2 tbsp. margarine, 1½ tbsp. sugar
1¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup warm milk
1 yeast cake, ¼ cup tepid water
1 egg, 3 cups sifted bread flour

Add margarine, sugar, salt to milk. When mixed, add yeast dissolved in tepid water. Add egg, well beaten. Add flour gradually to form a soft dough. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Knead gently on floured board. Shape into small balls, placing 3 in each greased muffin tin. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., 15-20 minutes. Makes 1½ dozen rolls.

• • •

Good food with the right seasoning is something to sing about. And to enjoy! Star performer with baked ham, hot or cold, is Durkee's Dressing.

Serve this grand dressing in salads, too, with your favorite mayonnaise or French dressing. It will lift the heart! And if a meat sandwich is your dish, give it bracing goodness with this tangy dressing.

• • •

Can she bake a cherry pie? Yes, indeed! And you can make it more delicious next time if you use the grated rind of a lemon and 1¼

tsp. cinnamon in the dry ingredients of the pastry. Use fresh spices always. And use Durkee's Cinnamon—that clean, spicy fragrance will tell you at once that it's a recent import. And, naturally, Good Cooks, you'll store your spices covered to help them stay fresh.

• • •

Write for lots of other interesting recipes to Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

Get a new idea of margarine flavor!

Try Durkee's—the Margarine with the delicate taste! Mild and fresh as a May morning. Smooth, perfectly blended. Pure, nutritious vegetable oils are churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk. Each pound is enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A. Glorify all your cooking with Durkee's. Thrifty, too!

SO MILD . . . SO SWEET . . .
SO COUNTRY-FRESH IN FLAVOR

Durkee's
VEGETABLE OLEOMARGARINE
(MARGARINE)
DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS
ENRICHED WITH 15,000 UNITS OF VITAMIN A

© The Childs Company

A little lively dressing is a big idea!

Put a halo on simple dishes! Use Durkee's—the rich, golden dressing with the lively, tempting flavor. Made of a combination of rare spices, Durkee's gives tang to meats, zest to salads, verve to fish. This spirited dressing is a good mixer, too. Combine it with any of your favorite salad dressings for added gusto!

DRESS IT UP WITH
DURKEE'S DRESSING

Durkee's
FAMOUS DRESSING
AND MEAT SAUCE

WHY ARE YOU BLUE?

MISS LONELYHEART

Everyone gets lonesome once in a while; but when a girl gets lonesome all the time and right in the middle of a crowd of friends, that's a problem! And that was Lily Ann. Almost every fellow and girl in school liked her. Most of the girls thought she was fun—friendly, loyal and good for a Friday-night date with the rest of the Sub-Deb Club. Most of the boys liked her too—she was a good dancer, laughed a lot and didn't mind at all if someone called her at seven-thirty for a last-minute scavenger hunt. She had dates one or two nights a week, spent party evenings about once a month and wrote to three boys in service all during her sophomore year—but she just never felt *sure* that anyone liked her.

She had to be patted on the head and kissed on the cheek twice a day to keep her confidence bolstered. She wasn't content with one date a week with a boy; he had to call her every day. She wasn't happy with a quick smile from a friend; she needed a handshake and ten minutes' conversation. She wasn't satisfied with one red rose to pin in her hair; she wanted a vaseful and an extra bud to press in her diary. She needed constant compliments to keep contented. Her mother had to tell her she was a helpful daughter for making her bed in the morning. Her father had to add an occasional fifty cents to her allowance because her grades were good. Her teacher had to ask her to read her theme aloud for the whole class. The girls had to tell her that they liked the new red dress. And the boys had to tell her she was the best dancer this side of Rita Hayworth—otherwise life was just full of long, gray days for Lily. She never learned to be sure of herself.

To keep those blue moods away, she demanded constant interest and affection from her friends. And most of the time she forgot to give those things in return. So one by one, her friends began to get bored with her moods and to decide that Lily Ann thought too much about herself and wasn't much fun after all. For even the best of friends get tired of trying to hold a girl's hand and pat her on the back at the same time.

THE WINNAH

And one of the most attractive juniors you could meet in any high school was a teen-aged character named Mary Ann. She was a tall, neat blonde who rated good grades, had a date about twice a week and as hobbies collected Perry Como records and made up little schemes to get ahead of all the other girls. But to be more accurate, she wasn't really a winner, because she tried *too* hard to get ahead. And she never knew just where she stood—not even with herself.

She wanted to be better than everyone else at everything—or else she worked up a big case of the blues. She didn't want just a date for the dance; she wanted to be queen of the prom. She didn't want to be nominated for a class office; she wanted to be president by a majority vote. She didn't want just an A in English; she wanted to be head of the class. Once she even turned down a frat pin, because it had been pinned on some other girl's sweater a couple of seasons before!

And so it happened that Fred, one of the local smooth boys, asked for a date for a big spring dance. Mary Ann schemed and dreamed about that evening for weeks in advance. Naturally, according to her daydreams, she would be the loveliest girl in the room. She would wear a pink tulle formal with small silver sequin stars dotting the skirt. Her hair would be in a glamorous upsweep, rhinestone combs holding the curls. And there would be a pink camellia. A bright pink lipstick. And silver sandals. And, just as in a movie, the band would strike up A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody when she walked into the room. It would be a big evening, all tied up in a bright package just for Mary Ann . . . but when she actually got to the dance she found out that the other girls had lost that "daytime" look, too, and were just as glamorous as she was!

So she pouted through the first half of the evening and went into the powder room for a straight twenty-minute sulk. She didn't enjoy the music, she didn't want to dance and she didn't even want to talk to Fred. She was finding out the hard way that no one can be the "only girl in the world," because every gal has the right to be pretty and attractive too. Some girls learn early that good times must be shared with everyone; maybe Mary Ann found it out before she got out of high school—or maybe she even found it out that evening. But Fred never knew if she did. Because that dance happened to be the last date he and Mary Ann had together!

THE SHEEP COUNTER

Homework was hard on Helen—not because her teachers gave her too much to do and not because she needed a ten-hour workday to get her assignments done. But Helen had to set aside at least half her day for straight, uninterrupted worry. She didn't "work" her way through high school; she just worried her way through.

If Helen had ten pages of history to read that night, she'd start worrying about half past six, harass her mother and father all through dinner, squirm in the big armchair all during her two favorite radio shows, drip chocolate round the kitchen making a hurried batch of fudge, and then rush off at eleven to bed, nervous and exhausted, with the alarm clock set for six-forty-five in the morning. If she knew there was an exam coming up in math class on equations, she would never think of "studying." But she used up valuable time calling up her girl friends to discuss it, complaining to her mother and fretting that she might fail.

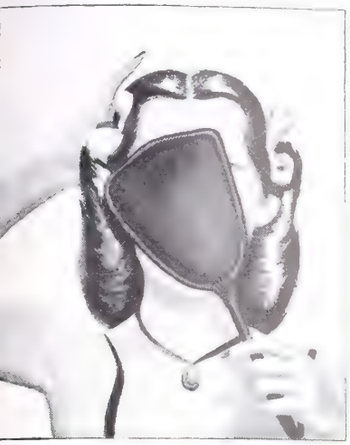
And it wasn't only homework that gave Helen the blues; it was just everything. She worried about whether or not the next day's dental appointment was going to hurt, whether that favorite boy in the Navy would answer her last letter and whether the girls would wait for her in front of the movie theater if she was four minutes late. She worried about what her mother and dad would say if she got a B on her report card.

Nothing was fun for Helen. She never tried to figure out calmly how she *could* get her homework done on time. She never stopped to make herself think that most of the things she worried about in the past *had never even happened at all!* She got a "melancholy baby" reputation round school with all the fellows and girls and soon they just didn't try to include her in their fun any more. Because a girl who thinks so much about herself can never find out how much fun high-school life *can* be!

IT'S A FACT

. . . that you can still do something about your figure! Write for the new Sub-Deb booklet, FACTS ABOUT FIGURES, No. 2277, for helpful suggestions on exercise and diet. Just 5c from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

About Rosalie...who started from scratch...



NOW ROSALIE HAD...

MAGNETIC EYES...

A SENSATIONAL SMILE...

AND LOVELY LEGS!

BUT IN SPITE OF ALL THIS, ROSALIE WASN'T DOING SO COSILY, AND HERE'S WHY...

HER HANDS WERE SO DRIED OUT AND ROUGH THAT THEY SCRATCHED LIKE A PUSSY CAT!

RESULT? HER BEAUX FELT DISAPPOINTED AND LET DOWN — AND SO DID SHE!

THEN ONE DAY SALLY LEE TOLD ROSALIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION... **TRUSHAY!**

SO ROSALIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TACKLED DISHES...BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!

AND SHE ALSO PUT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE LAUNDERED HER PRETTY-PRETTIES! AND **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" HELPED PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.

WELL, ROSALIE IS DOING QUITE COSILY NOW...FOR **TRUSHAY** IS KEEPING HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH...THEY'RE NOT SCRATCHY ANY MORE.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time. Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels...as a powder base...before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay.

A FAMILY TRADITION

"fresh up" WITH Seven-Up!

PLAN REGULAR REUNIONS

BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Although 7-Up is relatively young in years, it has become a part of family life in millions of American homes. That's not surprising —because wholesome 7-Up is the happy *home* drink . . . the friendly *family* drink. Brisk-flavored, crystal-clear, sparkling...that's 7-Up!

Be a "fresh up" family. Join the millions of Americans who daily "fresh up" with 7-Up as they work and play together. Let 7-Up have a regular spot in your refrigerator. Look for the striking 7-Up signs and order your supply.

YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

IS THIS LOVE?

AN DEAREST:

Your letter just came, and I am sitting wn at once to answer it. Of course I'm shocked, hurt or worried. On the con-ry, I am honored that you have brought ir problem to me, and grateful that you giving me a chance to help.

My only regret is that I didn't give you an portunity to bring it up when I was with at school. I noticed that you were a bit et, and should have asked whether there s something on your mind. The fact is t we modern parents—if you will permit to apply that term to myself—get pretty roughly intimidated. We are so afraid of ng thought possessive and intrusive that haps we go to the opposite extreme.

Well, now let's see what this is all about. u and Tim, your newly acquired beau dear, that word does date me, doesn't *Must* I learn to say boy friend?), had a ely time at the dance, and afterward you ked. Tim took you in his arms and started sing you, and before you knew it both of were swept away. Feelings were aroused you that bewildered and frightened you. u realized that Tim might have done any-ng he liked with you, and that you would ve had no power to stop him. You wonder you are a bad girl, you ask me why I ven't told you about such things—why it indeed, that we older folks never tell you ng ones the things about sex and your n natures that you want and need to ow. You and the other girls, many of om are in a similar state of confusion, 't even find them in books, you say.

One reason, I suppose, is that it's hard to these things to persons who haven't yet perienced any of the emotions involved. ey can't understand, and are likely to get ong ideas. Second, anyone who tries to al with sex frankly and straightforwardly ns the risk of incurring opprobrium, if not rse. (For instance, did you know that e woman who wrote, for her own son, an position so fine that it was generally dis-buted, was sentenced to the Federal pen-ntiary and would have gone there if a gher court had not reversed the decision?) ird, it's a kind of information you don't nt to force on anyone; it just about has to asked for. So don't be *too* hard on us der folks.

I agree with you heartily, though, that ople old enough to make love are entitled the fullest and most forthright information this subject, and you can count on me to my very best.

F course you aren't a bad girl! (Whatever at is—I'm not sure that I know. But I'm ry sure you aren't one!) What happened you is what happens sooner or later to y normally sexed person who is mature ough to experience passion. Perhaps this s come to you a little later even than to ost girls, because you were so shy through-t your high-school years, and didn't get notionally involved with any boys.

It's upsetting indeed to learn how one's dy can take charge of things against one's vn intentions and better judgment. But at's how we are made and that's the reason r many of the taboos society has placed out the relations of the sexes. But on the ther hand, not to be normally sexed is one f the tragedies of life. To be normal, but nder control, is the goal.

So let us rejoice that you are normal. And lso that Tim did not press his advantage as e might have done. Score one for Tim's haracter and self-control, and score one also r your own innocence. It still has an ap-eal for decent men, and I believe it always vill have. It's too bad so many girls can't ppreciate what an asset and protection it is ntil they lose it.

As it turned out, I'm not at all sorry this happened. I don't worry about you for a minute, for I know too well what innate good sense you have. And I realize that you were bound to go through a difficult adjustment in breaking out of the tight little case in which you had been keeping your emotions. Waiting so long possibly made it harder. It would take an effort for you to overcome your inhibitions at all, and the very force of it might carry you a little far on the other side. But you'll soon find your balance.

You wonder darkly whether you will dare to have anything to do with men, or at least to kiss them. Mercy, yes! Getting out of that stiff, tight-locked strait jacket of the emotions into which you had clamped yourself was necessary and desirable. I'm grateful to Tim for bringing it about, if he is the one who is entitled to the credit. You know the danger signals now. Next time you'll be more careful.

THERE'S no reason why you should feel ashamed to face Tim or afraid to go out with him again. I think it's quite possible that he was as surprised at the incident as you were; and from what you tell me of him, I doubt that he'll make any trouble about falling in with your ideas for preventing a repetition of it. If he should, of course, it will be wiser not to see him again. But on his past performance I should say he deserves another chance, and there is no reason why you should feel humiliated or unhappy in his company.

On the other hand, I don't think you would be justified in taking this incident as proof that Tim and you are meant for each other. Perhaps you are, but there are many things to be taken into account besides biology. I had a very similar experience when I was about your age, and like you, I wondered whether it was an indication of true love. Fortunately for me, the boy in the case recognized more clearly than I did that it would never work, as it certainly wouldn't have. What a life I would have had if we had been married! My pride was hurt a little, but my heart was undamaged, and I thought I was in love quite a few times after that before the emotion came along that turned out to be the real one.

If this is love, it will develop through happy companionship. If it isn't, you'll soon know it. In that case, put the incident down to experience, and figure that you are none the worse for it.

So much for the past. Now about your conduct in the future. You have reached an age where some yielding to genuinely affectionate impulses is right and proper. (Though don't let anyone ever sell you that moth-eaten line that a girl should yield to every impulse!) As a guiding precept, I'd give you this: Kissing and hugging, yes, if it's a boy who truly likes and admires you, if you indulge in moderation—and if you want to kiss him.

In your case, I think some kissing and hugging would actually be good therapy, if you can control the situation, as I know you can, and stop it the moment it begins to get too passionate. It's part of your development into the warm, attractive, outgoing personality you have it in you to be.

Always remember, however, that *this is something the girl must control.* The man's whole instinct is to keep on and on. Some, it's true, like Tim, will stop of their own accord. But you can never count on it, and it's your job to stop them if they don't.

And I certainly would never kiss a man I didn't truly like, whatever the local custom may be. This should be dictated by affection, not routine or a deliberate attempt at sex stimulation.

Continued on Page 102

No Sugar Needed

in this NEW, QUICK, **EASY** recipe for a delicious cake

"It's made in a saucepan, folks, for easier mixing, less dishwashing!"

Brer Rabbit

ALL MIXING DONE IN ONE SAUCEPAN!

Much simpler, much easier and fewer dishes to get out, wash, and put away.

A HANDLE TO GRASP AS YOU MIX!

No wobbling or slipping out of your hands as with a bowl. You don't get your thumb in the batter!

SUGARLESS RAISIN LOAF CAKE

½ cup shortening • 2 cups sifted flour • ¼ tsp. salt
2 tsps. baking powder • ½ tsp. baking soda
1½ tsps. cinnamon • ¾ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses
2 eggs, unbeaten • grated rind of 1 lemon
½ cup milk • 1½ cups raisins

No creaming of shortening. Just melt it in 3-quart or 4-quart saucepan over very low heat. Remove from heat; let cool. Mix and sift dry ingredients.

No beating of eggs. Just add molasses, unbeaten eggs and lemon rind to cooled shortening and mix until well blended. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, mixing well after each addition. Lastly, stir in raisins. Bake in well-greased loaf pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes or until done.

A real treat—anytime! Its delicious flavor comes from Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses.

Over 60% Natural Sugar! That sugar in Brer Rabbit Molasses comes straight from the juice of the freshly crushed sugar cane. *Real* sugar—in its natural form.

Rich in Iron! Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses is one of the richest food sources of iron that the body needs for building good red blood.

TWO TYPES: Gold Label, highest quality fancy *light* molasses—mild and sweet. **Green Label,** rich-flavored *dark* molasses.

***FREE!* New, Quick, Easy Sugarless Recipes**

Send me your leaflet giving new, quick and easy recipes for sugarless desserts—made in a saucepan. Also valuable 52-page cook book of 116 fine molasses recipes; washable cover. BOTH FREE.

Name_____
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Paste this coupon on penny postcard and mail to:
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MRS GERROLD WESTON HART
the former Shirley Humphreys of New York
Bridal portrait painted by Sam Hall

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE HART STORY:

The Harts' romance began when Gerrold came to tea at Shirley's family's apartment in midtown New York. He's an aspiring industrial production man—she's an alumna of the Cameron School for Girls. Her soft peach-bloom complexion is really something to see!

Just One Cake of Camay Brings Your Skin a Lovelier Look

"People are always commenting on my skin", confesses Shirley. "I've been getting the nicest compliments ever since I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Why, the *first cake* of Camay I used seemed to bring out a new smoothness . . . a radiant glow. Camay's wonderful!"

After their June wedding at a picturesque church an hour out of town, the Harts honeymooned in Oklahoma. They were in the audience at the Indian tribal dances, where Shirley's "little-girl" loveliness nearly stole the show. P.S. Shirley promises she'll *stay* on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

All eyes admire the girl whose skin is beautiful. Compliments come to you when your complexion's right. And you can possess a softer, smoother, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay! Renounce all careless cleansing! Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! It's no trick at all. Twice daily fingertip Camay's lather over your face. Massage. Rinse warm. For oily skin, splash cold. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can make your skin so much smoother, lovelier!

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN March, 1897, William McKinley, who was to die from an assassin's bullet, became President of the United States, Sousa got $90 for his famous march, The Stars and Stripes Forever, and the first movie of a prize fight was made. Jeweled girdles belted around tea gowns were all the rage and "in more fashionable New York circles," according to Harper's Bazaar, "it is considered almost essential to belong to a sewing class, no matter how unskilled one may be with a needle."

In the March, 1897, JOURNAL, ex-President Harrison writes, "The mail that comes daily to the White House is enormous, as many as 800 letters being sometimes received in a day." One asked the President, "What was the greatest thought that ever passed your mind?"

March breakfast suggestion: "Grapefruit, wheatlet, smelts and stewed potatoes."

For a red nose: "Melt some borax in water and add a teaspoonful of cologne. Dabble this on the nose with a bit of old linen and let it dry. If the nose should get red again, or begin to burn, give it another treatment."

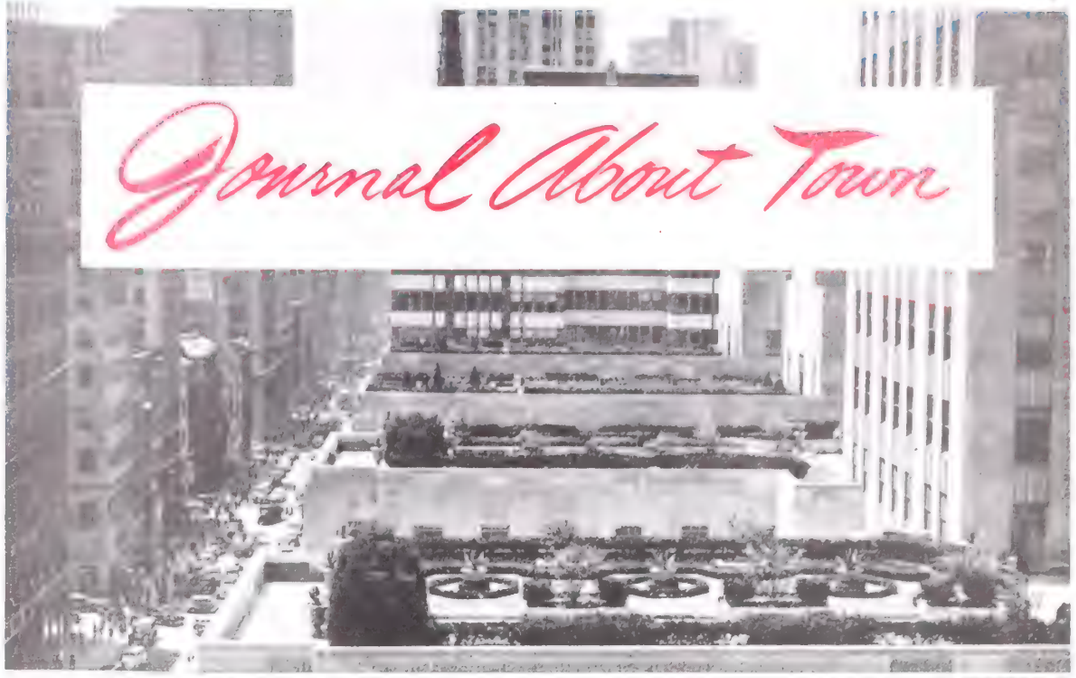
"It is artistic, though not expensive—this $2000 house of ten rooms besides bathroom, toilet room, halls and pantries," architect Walter Keith describes a house of his.

"V. A. M.: A girl of 14 should not wear stays. She may, however, wear a soft-boned bodice."

"The pajama has been adopted as the most sensible night dress," states Walter Germain in his column What Men Are Asking.

"There are thousands of girls who need to be told just what 'fast' means when applied to a man, with no mincing of words," admonishes Mr. Bok in an editorial called The Moth and the Candle. "There is too much license given our girls with men who are looked upon with distrust by their brothers and fathers."

"Hothouse and Southern vegetables may be procured in every city the year round," explains JOURNAL cooking expert Mrs. Rorer, "but such things are considered luxuries and do not take any part in the ordinary diet."



Journal About Town

Roof-top gardens delight the eye of higher-ups at Rockefeller Center.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

YOU look down from the Workshop on more gardens than you can throw a stick at: in fact, terraces and gardens together number easily a hundred; and the thing you notice is that nobody is ever in them. That's because there's a very strict rule; and the reason for the rule is just that stick, which might conceivably fall on one of the gardens from a garden fifty stories higher in the air—and Rockefeller Center takes no chances. Actually, they tell us it's very rare that anything more harmful than paper ever falls, and that's only when the city gets excited about something. Doesn't hurt anything—just makes a mess.

Over in Brooklyn there's a new limousine service that specializes in rushing expectant mothers to hospitals. For a $2 fee they'll take the wife, along with the husband, and any relatives that may be around, although the drivers have all had appropriate first-aid instruction. Their slogan is, "We beat the stork."

Lionel Barrymore **has been in the movies 38 years.**

From dog pound to movie stardom overnight is the success story of Shag, 3-year-old French sheep dog used in It's a Wonderful Life.

If you burn your fingers when you're peeling your soft-boiled eggs, you'll be

EUROPEAN

Gertrude's found a new stage.

glad to know that ***Gertrude Lawrence*** has invented a little device to prevent that pain. She won't tell us any more about it until it's patented.

At the wartime peak, 19.5 per cent of U.S. women were employed.

Hens used in barnyard scenes during the filming of The Egg and I, laid 36,000 eggs.

The other day, while standing near the jewel counter of a very chic shop on Fifth Avenue, *Wilhela Cushman* was startled when the hush was broken by a clerk calling across the store to one of the buyers, "How long does it take an oyster to make a pearl?" Seems a customer wanted to know; but the buyer couldn't say, nor could anybody else, which left Mrs. C. so curious she phoned the Museum of Natural History the minute she got back to the office. Well, for an average-size pearl it takes an oyster five years; for a big one, ten. And they aren't the kind of oysters you eat, either.

Diabetes, which ranked twenty-seventh as a cause of death in the U.S. in 1900, now ranks third.

Whenever we think of March we think of ***Ann Batchelder,*** partly because it's her birthday month, and partly because it's the month when sugar-maple sap starts running up in her beloved Vermont. We asked her how her supply of sirup was holding out. "As a matter of fact," she said, "I thought I had about a gallon, but my butler just told me it was all gone. So I said to him, 'Joseph, how many waffles do you eat for breakfast every morning?' 'Only fifteen, Miss Batchelder,' he told me."

Robert Frost, *great New England poet, once was a cobbler.*

A hockey goalie gains 50 pounds when he puts on his skating clothes.

"I never wear a hat," *Ann Clem* told *Dawn Crowell* when Dawn was getting ready to photograph Ann for this month's cover. But when Dawn opened the box and showed Ann *Sally Victor's* brand-new spring bonnet trimmed with taffeta, the model took advantage of a girl's privilege, and changed her mind. The first hat she ever wore, and her first cover too. It turned out later that Ann belongs to a Sub-Deb Club—the JUGS: Just Us Girls.

This may be the atomic age, but a recent survey revealed that at least 3000 work horses still are in harness in Boston.

One of the busiest men we've seen lately is ***Fred Astaire,*** who just opened his new studio up on Park Avenue, the first of an international chain that will stretch from Hollywood to Paris. Won't have time to teach anyone but his own teachers, he told us, in case you've been hoping to get his personal instruction. Even before he opened up, he said, more than five thousand people had signed up for lessons, the youngest of them seven, the oldest sixty-one. Figures the most popular new step with his pupils will be the "Astaire," for which he got the idea in a Chicago ballroom, watching how the dancers started walking when the music got too fast. "This will keep them dancing," he said—dashing off.

Fred now teaches teachers.

Out of every dollar a guest pays in a first-class hotel, 6 cents goes to cover the cost of soap, washcloths, razor wipers, stationery, music, flowers, and so on.

Remember ***Mrs. Gladys Pfeiffer,*** of Durango, Colorado, whose household was celebrated a few years back in How America Lives? Well, she's now co-author of a large, impressive and most informative book called America's Fabrics; and we're reminded by ***Henrietta Murdock*** of what we never told you at the time: that Mrs. P. wore out two wedding rings, doing the family wash.

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

THE HELLER

Editor's Note: The Heller is a novel—about an adolescent girl growing to maturity—which will shock many people. The JOURNAL prints this story because the editors feel that this story illustrates many of those problems of youth lying close to the borders of juvenile delinquency, and hence will assist in their understanding solution.

AT seven o'clock in the evening Anne Karlan locked herself in the bathroom. With facial tissue and polish remover, she rubbed off the chipped paint from her toenails and fingernails, then she repainted her nails Passion Red. With her toothbrush she scrubbed a worm of smokers' toothpaste into a wintergreen-tasting froth; as she was doing this, she leafed through Screen Love magazine. This magazine had conducted a poll to determine the most beautiful starlet in Hollywood, and Anne had discovered a life-sized portrait of the winner, Loma Belle Cummings. Anne plucked her eyebrows, and after applying her mother's foundation cream to her face and then three shades of face powder, including one that belonged to her sister, Mary, Anne redrew her eyebrows in imitation of Loma Belle's. She brushed her eyelashes thick with mascara, painted her lips with fuchsia lipstick. Then Anne, house coat flying, clattered down the steps to her room at the end of the downstairs hallway. She was still twisting her silk hose to get the seams straight when Tony Kruper arrived to take her to the movies.

Anne had met Tony at Shadowland Ballroom. He was short, fat, and partly bald at the crown. This was their first night out together.

They attended a double-feature movie at Westrom's Paramount Theater. Then they drove to the Westport Inn, and Anne studied Tony's bald crown as he fed nickels into the record-playing machine. He must be at least thirty-five. In the booth he smiled and told her about his sign business: "Lots of fellows think it's a tramp business, but when you've got a shop like I've got ——"Anne wished he'd shut up about his sign business. She wished he'd quit smiling as long as there was nothing to smile about. She wondered why she had thought him cute.

Then Tony drove Anne to a hill just outside the city. He parked, and made love to her. But Anne's feelings toward Tony did not change. She wished she were with Fred Halper.

Finally Tony drove her home. "There are a couple things I want to talk to you about, honey," he said as he parked in front of Anne's house.

"Make it snappy," she said.

"I just wanted to say you're the prettiest, the swellest-looking girl I've ever seen."

"I'm going in, Tony. I'm sleepy," Anne complained. "Good night."

"Just a minute!" he called after her. She had reached the sidewalk. "When are we going to see each other again?"

Anne shrugged her shoulders, but her gesture was lost in the darkness. She slammed the house door with relief.

In the corner of the sofa lay Pritchard's American Government, precisely as Anne had flung it ten hours before. Tomorrow—no, in just seven and one half hours, for it was now two-thirty in the morning -she was to be given a crucial test in American Government, a test that might well determine whether she were to pass from eleventh to twelfth grade. And she was totally unprepared. She began to leaf through the pages of her textbook.

Anne Karlan –Fred Halper; these two names were joined by interlocking hearts on numerous pages. Some minor wag had drawn them in red ink, and Anne, far from trying to erase them, had reinforced the outlines with blue ink.

Fred was an enormous dunce in the schoolroom, a man of heavy wit in the drugstore, a charging giant on the football field, and a tender lover in a parked car. In Anne's mind at this moment Fred's merits were thrown in relief by the fresh memory of the almost middle-aged Tony Kruper.

Anne stared at the pages of Pritchard's American Government and saw only Fred. Her love, she was certain, was as profound as it was unique; she would forswear all other men for him, although she considered it better psychology to let him think he had rivals, and dated Fred about three times a week and other fellows four. But no one could take her away from him, and no one could take him away from her.

For three days Fred had not been in school, and circumstances had somehow prevented the two from seeing each other. Anne closed her book and tiptoed to the telephone. She dialed his number. I as then three o'clock in the morning. For a full minute Anne h the receiver to her ear, listening to the recurrent buzzing at the o..er end of the line. But there was no answer. She sadly replaced the receiver on its hook. She went to bed.

At seven-thirty Anne's mother grasped her daughter's arm and shook her with enough vigor to dislodge a clothes post. Anne turned her face to the wall. Vague thoughts of her American Government examination guarded the borderline between sleep and waking.

"Go away," she told her mother.

Mrs. Karlan shook Anne again, more vigorously. "You're going to school!" commanded Mrs. Karlan.

Anne was more awake to her peril. She perceived a small pain shooting through her head above her eyes. "I am not going to school," declared Anne. "I have a splitting headache." *(Continued on Page 120)*

★ *1947 by William Henning. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.* ★

The step was a big one. Anne wasn't too sure just where it was to lead, but she did know she was going to take it. ★ BY WILLIAM HENNING

She sat there, savoring the taste of freedom. Leonard was away, and for the first time in her life there was no one to watch her.

ILLUSTRATED BY

The

There was something different about her. You couldn't tell what—yet.

THE telegram was dictated over the phone, at eight-thirty that morning. Linda wrote it down on a pad, then came back and faced Bill in the dining room.

"It's a wire from the Fentons," she said. "They're going through Saybrook on their way to New York, and they want to see us tonight. They already have reservations at the Garland Inn."

"The Fentons!" Bill stopped buttering his toast. And then he laughed. "They certainly timed it well! How long since we've seen them?"

"Six years at least," Linda said slowly. She was just beginning to realize the implications of this thing. And she didn't like that disagreeable, sardonic laugh of Bill's. They had made their decision, and they were going to be civilized about it. "Diana was three when they left for Denver," she said, "and we haven't seen them since."

Bill picked up the toast again.

She said impatiently, "Bill, we have to do something!"

"I could go into the city on business," he suggested. "I was going to anyhow."

"And leave me to make explanations!" Her voice rose accusingly. That was Bill's way—shoving all the responsibility off on her. It was one of the things that made their marriage impossible. One of the many.

Bill frowned. He said quietly, "Don't fly off the handle. I didn't tell the Fentons to pick this particular moment to renew the good old days. Though you may choose to think so."

Linda recognized the tone. It was like all the other times this past year when some problem would result in a mounting tension, and then a sudden flare of anger. But now there was no point to it, none at all. Just last night they'd decided, finally and irrevocably, on a divorce. They'd made the decision at first in anger, and then with devastating calm. Today she'd planned to go in town and see a lawyer.

She said uneasily, "Everyone will have to know, but it would be much simpler to write the Fentons. We see them so seldom."

"And they have such rosy memories of us," Bill added.

But she could see that he was troubled too. The Fentons had been their closest friends during the first early years of their marriage. And to greet them—after such a long separation—with news like this was unthinkable.

Bill said uncertainly, "If they're just going to be here tonight, I could stay over, and we could put on an act for them."

"That might be best," Linda agreed.

"So be it, then," Bill said. He bolted his toast and coffee, and left the house without another word.

Linda went upstairs and changed from her house coat to a gray skirt and yellow sweater. She ran a comb through her short, curly brown hair. And she thought, *What shall I give them for dinner? Chicken, maybe, if I can manage it. . . . They'll be terribly shocked later, when they find out.*

And then she thought, with a kind of vague astonishment, how strange it was that you could break up a marriage without any of the heroics that you read about in books. No one had had to dash out

THERE'S DYNAMITE IN EVERY MARRIAGE, JUST WAITING TO BE TOUCHED OFF.

Visitors

You could act your way through; it would last only a few hour...

NICE, EVERYDAY PEOPLE...LIKE LINDA AND BILL.

BY ANNE HOMER WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

into the night, to hurl things into a suitcase, or make one final, dramatic appeal. Perhaps that was because the decision was mutual, and not unexpected. They'd been drawing nearer to it over the past year—after each bitter, implacable quarrel. It was, Linda thought, rather like the waves of the ocean on an incoming tide. Each wave of disagreement had brought them closer to the rocks before it receded. There had been a mounting intensity—a kind of pattern, so that the basis of their incompatibility became more sharply defined each time.

The quarrels themselves had had a pattern, too, and no possible means of adjustment. They had quarreled about money, and about each other's neglect, and about friends and acquaintances on whom they couldn't agree. Lately she had taken up with a new crowd of artistic friends. But Bill didn't like them. He refused to entertain them pleasantly; he said he was too tired to go to their homes. He became angry when he got home from work and found her out, and nothing cooked for dinner.

On the other hand, Bill thought it was quite all right when he stayed on at the club after a game of golf while the dinner she had cooked spoiled on the stove. He was critical as well as inconsistent. He nagged her constantly for her extravagance about the house; yet he'd sunk half their savings in his new business. Never once had he made the slightest effort to compromise, or see her point of view.

And so their quarrels had continued—culminating finally in a deep-seated antagonism that nothing could gloss over. By this time they had mentioned divorce so frequently that they were accustomed to the idea. And they both realized it would be better for Diana, who was nine years old and away at camp. Anything would be better for Diana than these endless cat-and-dog fights between her parents.

Linda went downstairs and out to the kitchen. It was a jolt having the Fentons turn up right now—one of those cruel little inconsistencies that life was constantly throwing in your path. But they had to make the best of it, and a proper setting would help.

In the old days when they were with the Fentons, they were forever turning their celebrations into informal picnics or outings of one sort or another. And she wondered suddenly if they couldn't do that tonight. The tension would be less noticeable if they were sitting around an open fire, instead of staring at each other across a table.

She went out in the garden and inspected the grill. It seemed to be all right, and the garden was very pretty. There were a low stone wall bordered by perennials, three shade trees, and several comfortable chairs and benches which Bill had made one summer. Linda considered. They could broil the chickens here, and she'd make a salad, thin cucumber sandwiches, and some kind of summery dessert. They'd have big cups of hot coffee. Sam Fenton was a perfect fiend about coffee.

Remembering that, she began to remember other things. The time she and Bill had moved, for instance. The Fentons had been right there, shoving beds and bureaus into place, and providing a basket of food to eat, picnic-fashion, in the wonderful, bare, promising new living room.

(Continued on Page 210)

REPRODUCED COURTESY WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AM

Runaway Horse • • Painted by an Anonymous Artist

DURING the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century, America produced a large number of "folk" painters. Many were simple craftsmen whose main activity was painting houses, coaches or signboards. Their pictures were simple, usually quite abstract, but often with a fine sense of design. It is very rare for such "primitives" to evoke a mood or to suggest a thought; yet in looking at the *Runaway Horse*, by one of these untrained craftsmen, a curious speculation suggests itself. For in this visionary world which the artist has created, the center of attention is not a human being, but a stallion, moving swiftly with an exultant strength. The manikins in the two boats seem oblivious of the magic of this scene, of this "unsubstantial faery place," and are merely rather ugly bystanders. Did the forgotten artist who painted the picture mean to suggest that human beings were grotesque creatures beside the dark, certain grace of the horse or the ebullient vitality of his companion, the spotted dog? It seems as if he did, as if these serenely moving animals symbolize the beauty and poetry of nature running away from the civilization of the little human figures, too busy in their boats to notice the flight. "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; Little we see in Nature that is ours," might express the painter's thought.

Whether or not so romantic, and perhaps prophetic, a concept was in the mind of the artist, he has shown himself an able craftsman, more accomplished than most primitive painters. For almost all primitive pictures lack an enveloping atmosphere, so that every object from foreground to background is rendered with unnatural clarity and distinctness; whereas in the *Runaway Horse*, mist fills the valley, wrapping the distant town in a golden haze. The poetic mood of the scene and the unity of the atmospheric effect make this canvas unique among paintings of its type. —JOHN WALKER,
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.

Let's be Realistic ABOUT DIVORCE

BY MARY FISHER LANGMUIR, PH. D.

Professor of Child Study and Director of the Vassar Summer Institute for Family and Community Living, Vassar College

DIVORCES are at an all-time high in postwar America—along with juvenile delinquency, traffic accidents, death from cancer, and the housing shortage. If the present trend continues, we can expect that one out of every three—or possibly one out of every two—marriages in the United States will end in divorce in 1975.

"If the present trend continues!" *If* is always conditional. The present increase in divorces need not continue. If we can be realistic and constructive about the total complex of divorce, the "trend" can be stopped and its direction reversed.

Fortunately there are no mysterious or immutable laws directing social change. Societies are man-made. Whenever social change is directed and controlled, the change is achieved by men and women who know where they are, where they want to go, and how to get there. Changes are being made on many fronts today. A few are being planned. Others, like the increase in divorce, are taking place against our will and almost without our knowledge.

It is a hopeful sign that we are both sensitive and confused about social changes that affect the family. Confusion can be a prelude to clarity. Marriage and the family are one and the same thing in most of our minds. If marriage fails, it seems that the family has failed. In the light of divorce figures it is hard not to jump to the conclusion that family life is doomed and that the family itself is disappearing. We are alarmed as well as sensitive and confused. Those of us who are most alarmed see the complete moral collapse of our society on a near horizon, if not just around the next corner.

In our alarm and concern about the welfare of the home and family, we confuse causes and results. Because divorces are increasing, because the United States has the highest divorce rate of any country in the world, we reason that divorce itself is *causing* our troubles. We feel that if we could only "go back" somehow to predivorce conditions, or pass a law prohibiting divorce, the American home would be saved, or at least safer.

Neither solution offers hope or help because neither has anything to do with the real facts. "Going back" is as unrealistic as "making people good by passing laws" is impossible.

What Do Divorce Figures Tell Us?

Generalizations based on statistics are frequently unsound and misleading. The evidence in the cumulative figures on divorce, however, is representative enough, and consistent enough over a sufficiently long period, to justify the following statements:

Divorces increase after wars.

Divorces increase during times of prosperity, decrease in depression.

Divorces are more frequent in urban than in rural areas.

Divorces are most frequent in the states (or countries) having the highest standard of living.

Divorces are most frequent in states (or countries) where women enjoy the greatest economic, legal and political equality with men.

Divorces occur most frequently during the first five years of marriage.

Divorces are least frequent in those states (or countries) which prohibit divorce or have passed the most strict and limiting divorce laws.

If these facts are true, do they tell us what to do? Since we must "do something about divorce," does it follow from these facts that we must:

Abolish cities? Work for depressions? Lower the standards of living to that point where the figures show that the divorce rate is insignificant? Restore male supremacy? Put women back into positions of economic dependence? Withdraw political and legal rights from women? Pass a national law prohibiting divorce? Pass a national law that strictly limits the grounds for divorce?

Obviously, the solution of our divorce problem cannot lie in these directions. To do so would mean sacrificing most of the social gains we have made and the progress we have fought and struggled for since the founding of our nation. A high standard of living and equality between men and women are essential in a real democracy. Our cities, too, symbolize our progress. With all their faults, cities reveal our creativeness, our resourcefulness, our energy, our industry, our wealth, our vitality and our high degree of technical development.

Even the apparent success of prohibitive or restrictive divorce legislation offers no real help. If we look below the surface of social life and consider the many facts and conditions which contribute to divorce, we shall see that passing a law to stem the tide is as useless as abolishing our cities. It is the future of the family that worries us. Our real concern about divorce reflects our fear for the integrity and sanctity of the home.

In our preoccupation with divorce we forget that many other signs and social conditions tell us that all is not well with the home. To be specific, whenever and wherever the venereal-disease rate is high, illegitimacy increases and formal and informal prostitution flourishes, we can be sure that family life is threatened—that moral and ethical standards are at low ebb. If prohibiting divorce, or passing restrictive legislation, *really* safeguarded the home, the incidence of venereal disease, illegitimacy and prostitution would be significantly lower in those states or countries where such laws exist. Such is not the case. In fact, there is convincing and sobering evidence to the contrary.

A realistic examination of the facts and figures reveals that "clamping down" on divorce or prohibiting divorce does not solve any real problem. Instead, restrictive laws tend to drive large groups in our population into naive or cynical evasion.

Our divorce laws can be improved, without question. A uniform, realistic and liberal national law might be helpful. The necessary discussion in trying to come to agreement would in itself be of value. But our divorce problem cannot be solved by laws. At best, our laws can only reflect sound and realistic social values and attitudes.

What is Divorce—Really?

Divorce is not an instrument of social disintegration, although in periods like our own it may reveal what looks like disintegration. Actually divorce is a social invention made many times and in many places in human history to safeguard individual rights in marriage. And safeguarding individual rights in marriage has been considered essential in all civilized societies. Individuals must be protected in that human relationship which means most and in which they are most vulnerable. For marriage is the closest, most private, most personal and most demanding of all human relationships. The intention behind divorce is to safeguard the institution of marriage as well as the individual. Divorce is not a perfect invention, granted. It has been misused in all societies and in whatever forms it has taken. In our own time divorce is not only misused, but it is carelessly, thoughtlessly and cynically misused. However, misuse or even dangerous use of any invention requires education and appropriate safeguards—not destruction or denial of the invention itself.

What are Real Reasons Behind Divorce?

Divorce statistics can tell us from year to year the number of divorces granted. They can also tell us the official reasons and still not reveal the true story of failures in marriage. "Adultery," "Desertion," "Cruelty" and "Incompatibility"—the four most common grounds in our country—are actually technical terms or categories under which the human dramas or tragedies back of all divorce are filed for legal purposes. The true reasons rarely appear in the records. They may be hidden from the plaintiffs or defendants themselves.

Lawyers, family doctors, clergymen, psychiatrists, marriage counselors, friends or drinking companions are *(Continued on Page 240)*

"Call Me The Heart"

AT four o'clock, the phone rang. Martha did not want to answer it. She was down on the floor on her knees, manipulating Lucifer and Francesca, a brown alligator and a red fox, respectively. Lucifer was made out of an old handbag—alligator, naturally—and Francesca out of the collar of an old coat—red fox, of course. Both had been created for the private amusement of Martha Sherman and they were serving their purpose admirably at the moment.

"Nuts!" said Martha, tangling all eight of the strings that made Lucifer and Francesca move. Then, "Imogene!"

But Imogene seemed to be doing the marketing, or something; and besides, there was always the possibility that the studio was calling her back to work. So she got to her feet and adjusted her state of mind from that of a girl who was improvising dialogue for a marionette production of The Alligator and the Fox to that of a girl who was in thirty-second place on the star list of TNT pictures. Then she went over and picked up the phone.

"This is Hank Welcher, TNT publicity," said a clear and forceful baritone.

"Oh, hello," said Martha. "How're things?"

"What things?" the clear and forceful baritone voice asked.

"Oh, things that go bump in the night," Martha told him.

"What?"

Martha made a clucking noise with her tongue against her teeth. Lucifer talked more sense than this person with the "I-can-move-heaven-and-earth" voice.

"Skip it," she said. "I hope Mrs. Welcher is well."

"Excuse *me*," said the baritone. "I'm calling to tell you, Miss Sherman —— You *are* Miss Martha Sherman, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes. Yes indeed."

"Well, get dressed up fancy and formal and meet me at the Ambassador at seven."

"What for?" Martha started to say, when she realized that he had hung up. She made a tentative gesture to call him back, then shrugged and hung up too.

She strolled languidly toward the kitchen.

"Imogene," she said, poking her head through the door and taking in the homey view of Imogene and the stacked-up packages from the marketing, "I won't be home for dinner. Will that upset you?"

"Yes, ma'am. . . . No, ma'am," said Imogene worshipfully.

IT'S FUN TO LIVE IN A GOLDFISH BOWL—UNTIL YOU WANT TO PU

DOWN THE SHADES

★ BY ANNEMARIE EWING

ILLUSTRATED BY

Imogene was very pretty and blond and cuh-razy about movies. Therefore, she was also cuh-razy about her mistress, who was in them, with certain reservations about that one's sanity.

Martha went back to the sun porch and disentangled Lucifer and Francesca before going upstairs to face the problem of dressing fancy and formal for publicity pictures.

You would have liked to see her, standing and stretching in her enclosed shower of pink glass, for she was very beautiful indeed. Even when she came out, wrapped in yards of bright red Turkish towel, and shook her red-brown hair free of its rubber cap, she was beautiful. Her face was delicately elliptical and her eyes were full and round and blue-black.

She sat down at her dressing table to do very professional things to her face. Suddenly she sat erect, huge powder puff at her throat.

"I am going to marry the King of France," she said in a ringing, triumphant voice. "But what" — here a suspicion of fear crept in — "is that trumpet sounding in the court below?"

There was nothing at all in the court below but a banana tree and Imogene hanging out towels. But Martha Sherman had become, on the spur of the moment, Marguerite of Savoy.

"I will marry the King of France in spite of Cardinal Mazarin"—her tone boded ill for Cardinal Mazarin—"or his clever niece who speaks Italian. And I will marry him even in spite of Maria Theresa, heiress to the throne of Spain!"

She paused thoughtfully.

Then a page comes in to tell Marguerite that the trumpet was to announce that the Queen of Spain had given birth to a Spanish heir. This makes a marriage between the King of France and Maria Theresa possible and puts an awful crimp in Marguerite's plans. What would she say? "Zounds"? No, she'd cry, being a beautiful weak sister.

Martha accordingly began to cry, but this interfered with the professional things she was doing to her face, so she stopped being Marguerite of Savoy and went on with her dressing.

She had been accustomed to play-act like this all through her childhood, right up to the day of her mother's death. Often her father was their only audience. But his lone presence, in their enthusiastic eyes, constituted an SRO house and in no way dimmed the exuberance of their impromptu performances.

The money her father had left her disappeared before Martha knew just what happened to it. *(Continued on Page 110)*

OUTSIDE THE GATES

IT was at the top of Mulberry Hill, where generations of kids had been accustomed to gather for sliding, that they first saw him. He was with his mother and he had a new sled. Brand-new—the kind that could be steered, beautifully varnished, and painted on its top with an American eagle. His sled's runners were red, and their bottoms not shiny like those on most of the other kids', for theirs were old and home-made affairs, and looked for the most part like ugly turtles.

He stood beside his shining sled smiling and holding his mother's hand. He wore a blue Mackinaw with a small belt, and a red stocking cap, and leggings which buttoned up the side and had straps under the arches of his shoes. His brown eyes were dancing with pleasure, and when any of the kids looked toward him his smile broadened, though each time he drew closer to his mother's side. She was laughing, seemingly as glad as the kids that the snow had finally come, and it was sledding time at last.

None of the kids took much notice of him except to recall he must be the new kid that had just moved into the small house back of Stevenson's on Linden Street, and as yet hadn't come to school. When they did steal quick inventories of him, it was with the caution small animals have in sniffing a new creature, though they envied him his new sled, and would have been glad to sit on it, had he not been so shy and evidently afraid to speak. From the first they sensed something different about him; and responding to the instinct of the herd, they experienced a streak of antagonism toward him, and if his mother had not been there, they might have shown a bit of nastiness. Maybe pushed him into the snowbank, or taken a try at his new sled, leaving him to stand alone at the top of the hill.

They were all sliding belly-bottom fashion. Most of the boys, even the smallest ones, ran a few lengths holding aloft their sleds, and then where the slope of the hill began, sled and boy fell to the ground united, and sped down across Third Street, then Second Street, past the Central House, across Main Street, coming to a stop alongside the deserted and stripped old buggy outside the battered door of Stranberg's blacksmith shop, and perilously close to the Northern Pacific tracks.

But the new kid's mother put him sitting upright on his fine sled, tucked in one flapping strap of his leggings, seated herself behind him, took into her own hands the rope which guided the sled, and thus the two of them went skimming down the hill. Coming back up, the new kid's mother laughed and laughed as though she were a kid herself and the snow was something she had been waiting for all fall, and Christmas was only ten days away. Once she scooped a handful of snow and pelted the new kid, who only tried to hide his face in his muffler and did nothing more about it. The other kids would have given her a dose of her own medicine, and if it had been their mother she would surely have felt some chapped paw shoving snow down her neck.

But the new kid did nothing about it, and those who saw this fed on his defection, and their dislike grew stronger. Then near the top of Mulberry Hill, when his mother grabbed the new kid up in her arms and hugged and kissed him, as though there were so much happiness in her she could no longer hold it, a wave of disgust swept the other kids, and this time they displayed visible signs of it. But only to themselves.

They stood in silent groups watching the new kid and his mother. Watched her as she tucked his leggings in again, seated him once more upright on his sled, gave him the rope and shoved him off to go scooting down the hill. Alone this time. Bounding and bouncing on his beautiful sled like something tied and strapped—not flat on his belly, kicking his heels in the air, nor steering his sled by dragging his feet behind. Only a few of the more timid girls rode a sled the way he did. Now they began to look at one another, passing and exchanging their anger as kids do. In silence. Kicking the ground. Nudging one another.

When he was halfway back up the hill, his mother said, "My little boy's name is Yates. We're just new here. His birthday's Christmas. And that's his birthday present. The new sled. Yates will let you slide on it if you ask him."

Then she went down the street, but she stopped at the corner by the Methodist church and waited until Yates had reached the top of Mulberry Hill. She called to him and waved, and was lost from sight as she turned homeward up Linden Street.

THE kids turned their ferocity on the new kid and his sled, alone now and unprotected. Heinie Bernstein, who had been a new kid himself a year or so previous and had had to surmount the added barrier of his race, was rich with intolerance.

"You're a sap and a mamma's boy," he announced belligerently. "For two cents I'd take that sled and never let you have it again. Give me that rope!" And he yanked the cord out of the small boy's hand. Under the impact the sled turned on its back, and the smell of its varnish was fresh and irritating.

The new kid stood quiet. Those near him could smell him. He smelled like new bread. Clean, and as though he had been warmed against the stove. The soapbox in Reiss' drugstore smelled like that too. And so did the drawer where they kept the cloves and those long sticks which they ground when you had a prescription, and you put it on a burn, or a cut, and all night the odor crept around you, warm in bed, and healing.

Still the new kid said nothing. Nor moved. The look of shock on his face passed, and his brown eyes warmed. Once he wet his lips as he continued to search the hostile faces about him. Even the girls were stirred, for had their sleds been so violated, they would have run home bawling, or more likely flown at their tormentor, scratching and biting.

Heinie Bernstein jerked the new sled upright. "Get on that sled," he said pugnaciously, "and belly-bottom like a man."

But first the new kid brushed clean the top of his sled. With his mittened hand. Then obediently he stretched belly-bottom down on his sled. "Like this?" he asked, and his voice, which they heard for the first time, was soft. As soft as Miss Gray's, who taught the eighth grade and who had—well, almost a mustache—and who sang contralto Sundays at St. John's.

"Yes. Like that. We don't like sissies."

"ONE, two, three," yelled Heinie Bernstein. "You're off!" And he gave the sled a rough push with his foot, and sled and rider slid over the crest of the hill and downward.

Heinie ran with his sled in hand in pursuit. Then flopped down on his belly, soon catching up with the new kid, whose sled was moving slower because its runners were new. The other kids followed suit and soon, too, they caught up until they surrounded the new kid like beetles, weaving toward him, darting away, digging their feet into the snow, causing small, biting blizzards to fly into his face, to blind him. Looking back, or looking sideways, wherever they chanced to be, they could see his mounting fear, and it exhilarated them. They saw the whiteness of his face, the terror in his eyes, and they shouted their discovery and their glee.

Finally the new kid could stem his fear no longer. With a small cry, he slipped off, rolled over several times, his sled slewing sideways from the force of his release, bounding over the heaping gutter, shooting straight up over the sidewalk, up the snow-covered lawn and banging to rest against the storm door of Julia Armson's.

The latter lady—old, bundled heavily with the discards from an ancient wardrobe—hearing the commotion, came whooping from the rear of her house where she had been shoveling a path to the henhouse. Began, too, before she was ever in sight, to curse all reproductions of the human race and, once in sight, invoked the mayor, the whole board of education, even the governor of the state, to lay rod on these vandals.

The new kid, Yates, in the meantime was getting to his feet. The rest of the kids were farther down the hill, where, arrested by this turn of events, they sat on their sleds or stood listening quietly to the old lady's harangue in the manner of athletes disgraced before their coach.

Then just as the new kid stood erect, Nelson Poole, who was tall for his age, and fiercely tormented by the fear he had lately witnessed on the new kid's face—Nelson Poole, the runner, *(Continued on Page 197)*

WHAT CAN YOU DO WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD CARRIES A CHIP ON ITS SHOULDER AND YOU'RE THE GUY WHO HAS TO KNOCK IT OFF? ★ BY GIL NETHAWAY

"You're a sap and a mamma's boy," he announced belligerently. "For two cents I'd take that sled and never let you have it again."

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY S. ANDERSON

PHOTOS BY J. DI P

Aftermath

BY LOWRIE FLAGG

THE wounded were flown to Mitchel Field from the European, and sometimes from the Pacific, theaters of war. They were evacuated, after a few days, to general hospitals which specialized in their types of cases. I worked in two hospitals on the field as a nurse's aide, a rich and rewarding experience for which I shall always be grateful. This seemingly endless procession, remarkable achievement of the Air Transport Command, continued to arrive in gradually diminishing volume until spring of 1946, when its landing base was changed to another location.

Both hospitals are enormous, sprawling, one-storied buildings, the large wards connected by a labyrinth of corridors. The distances in these halls are great and the traffic is heavy: ambulatory patients in their maroon dressing gowns, the officers in blue ones; boys in wheel chairs; nurses, doctors, Wacs and hospital personnel. These faces and figures are so young that an occasional elderly, high-ranking officer or civilian employee looks almost senile.

It is all different from civilian hospitals with their hushed atmospheres and odors of disinfectants. The loud-speaker blares into every cranny of the building, with its raucous "Your attention, please," followed by an announcement or a message for an individual. Every ward rings with a radio turned on full tilt.

At 6:30 A.M., the first day, I was introduced to the nurse in charge of an evacuation ward, an oblong wing divided into three squarish rooms without doors, accommodating ten or twelve beds each. The iron cots were not in rows, but at right angles and against the walls, which gave an informal, unsymmetrical effect. The men were in all stages of dress and undress and in various stages of ability to walk about. The radio was on loud. Two German prisoners were sweeping the floor, wearing jackets and trousers with the letters PW printed large on the backs. Stretcher-bearers carried out three patients to load them into waiting ambulances for air evacuation.

The first thing I was given to do was to bathe an unshaved, haggard man, addressed as "North Carolina" by his neighbors. While collecting the *(Continued on Page 261)*

The wounded are challenging us! So proudly they served at Anzio, Bastogne, Iwo Jima. . . . Now it's *our* turn for service.

THERE IS A WAY OUT

We must end labor warfare, warns one of America's distinguished judges. An angry, critical public is weary of paying the bill for chaos and confusion. Here is a solution to our No. 1 problem by John C. Knox.

NOT long ago, when, for a time, sugar was as hard to obtain as at any time during the war, tens of thousands of tons of it filled the holds of ships that lay in New York harbor. The ships wanted to be rid of it so as to proceed with their voyaging. Refineries were badly in need of it in order to keep their workmen employed and their equipment busy. Grocers everywhere wanted it so as to fill the empty spaces on their shelves. Housewives, unable to obtain it, were forced to turn to other forms of sweetening. And all this occurred because the truckmen of New York and the sailors of our merchant fleet were out on strike. And more recently, the unnecessary strike of the United Mine Workers darkened our cities, closed our schools, reduced the service of our railroads, shut down steel mills, and interfered with the welfare and convenience of every community and almost every individual in the United States.

Strikes, in other words, are no longer "harmlessly" confined merely to industries that are remote from you and me. They have entered the lives of all of us, and their effects often come forcibly into our very homes. Everyone is called upon, these days, to pay in higher costs and inconvenience some portion of the immeasurable bill that arises from strikes. And in my opinion there is no sound reason why such conditions should be permitted to continue.

No system of justice ever developed in the history of the world surpasses in fairness, impartiality and lack of passion the one we have developed under the Constitution and in the courts of the United States. But it is a strange and incongruous fact that the major problems of American labor are not permitted to come under this highly perfected system. The result is that uncertainties, injustices, labor warfare and vast economic loss nowadays frequently bedevil us when confidence, impartiality, industrial peace and the most equitable justice of which we are capable should prevail.

As a people we have more and more come to see the necessity for a change in our labor laws; but because of recent widespread labor excesses, there is more than a little danger that punitive rather than constructively helpful legislation will be written. And if such laws as are adopted are prepared in that spirit, it seems obvious to me that we shall merely have entered upon another phase of harmful struggle. Surely it must be plain by now that labor is most intimately a part of our economy, and that one-sided laws written with only labor in mind, whether they are intended to benefit or to restrain, are likely to result in harm to labor itself, as well as to management, the public and the nation.

For the most part, such labor legislation as has been adopted in this country in the past has been hit-or-miss, piecemeal, experimental and partisan. Furthermore, in what seems to have been a sincere desire to aid labor in the realization of its aims, we have deliberately kept the most important of labor's problems from coming under the control of our courts of law. No other American institution has ever been singled out for this type of special treatment. Collectively, as well as individually, all other Americans are responsible for their actions under the law and before our courts. But not so labor.

And it is my belief that labor's greatest difficulties have arisen because of this. Even the growing criticism on the part of the public, which is the greatest danger that labor faces today, is largely traceable to the fact that labor is not held responsible under the law, as all other American institutions and individuals are.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

JOHN C. KNOX, senior United States district judge of the Southern District of New York, is one of the nation's top jurists. When he was appointed in 1918 by President Wilson, Judge Knox became the youngest Federal jurist of his time. During the twenty-nine years he has served on the bench, he has frequently been called upon to preside over important cases both within and outside his district. These include the trials of Samuel Insull, Joseph W. Harriman, Willie Bioff, and Walter Van Riper, attorney general of New Jersey. Judge Knox is a registered Democrat; during the controversial New Deal era he sided with many Roosevelt measures, but disagreed with what he believed was "concentration of power."

In our attempts, then, to solve the problems that arise in the field of labor relations, it seems to me that Congress would be wise were it either to broaden the authority of our present Federal courts, or to establish a new court, so as to enable the one or the other to evoke, to hear and to decide all matters affecting labor in interstate commerce.

Because labor's friends and leaders have differed so widely in stating labor's claims, there is a widespread idea that the basic problems at issue are immensely complicated. But after having dealt as a Federal judge for twenty-nine years with problems that are frequently very much more complicated than those having to do with the relations between labor and management, I have come to realize that labor problems usually arise for the very simple reason that our present methods of dealing with them rarely bring true justice to all those who are involved.

That, then, should be our goal: justice to labor, to management, to the public and to the nation.

It is not an impossible problem. As a matter of fact, contention in this field, as in others, frequently arises merely because some one of these interested parties has ideas of justice that, to the others, appear anything but just. And in order to resolve that very understandable and very human difficulty, it is merely necessary to find, or to create, a just means of balancing these conflicting interests.

It has been with this in mind that arbitration, mediation and conciliation have so frequently been proposed in the past. Each, now and again, has served a useful purpose, and no doubt will again. Obviously, if any problem is really solved by such methods it need be carried no farther. But these methods are not invariably flawless.

Usually, in labor disputes involving arbitration, three arbitrators are chosen. One is selected by labor, one by management, and the third, who is supposed to be utterly impartial, is either appointed by the Government or is chosen by the other two. Almost without exception, consequently, the decision handed down by the three is determined by this third member of the board. And it is widely felt, by management at least, that the "impartiality" of this third member is too frequently weighted with labor favoritism. Thus arbitration is held in less esteem than the uninitiated might imagine. And when, as sometimes happens, stubbornness or selfishness on one side or the other causes this method—and other thoughtful ones—to fail, our present system offers no solution except the essentially uncivilized reversion to force that we call a strike.

Strikes, as everyone knows, are neither appeals to reason nor sound methods of arriving at justice. Instead, they are the very opposite. If management can starve the workers out, management—perhaps for that reason alone—will "win." If the workers are able to force their will upon employers by causing unbearable economic losses, then—perhaps regardless of right or justice—labor will "win." But such victories all too often ultimately defeat even the victors, for they are almost certain to create or amplify the only phase of labor-management relations that is not readily susceptible to solution—the suspicion and prejudice, the distrust and animosity that each side all too often feels for the other, and that frequently lead to other and more bitter quarrels.

IT is here, in fact, that labor disputes cause some of our greatest losses. Usually discussed in purely economic terms—in increases in pay, in higher costs, in loss of output or of time—strikes far too frequently result also in hatreds and other social damage that is not susceptible to measurement. They tend, even here in America where individual freedom and personal equality were once looked upon with almost religious reverence, to create class feeling and class hatred. And in recent years they have often been accompanied by such subservience to labor leaders as bodes no good for the ideals of individual freedom upon which the greatness of America has been built. Friends turn against each other. Property is inexcusably damaged or destroyed. Even lives are sometimes far from safe, for clubs, bricks, fists and, on mad occasion, bullets are sometimes used in order to force the acceptance of "agreements" that are binding on only one of the parties that "agree."

No land in all the world is more opposed to the idea of dictatorship than ours, yet our laws are such that, in effect, we force vast numbers of American citizens to bow to the almost unchecked will even of such labor leaders as have frequently demonstrated their lack of any real sense of civic responsibility. What better illustration of this could there be than the coal strike of last November and December?

Nor does the matter end there. The autocrat who so recently and unwisely ordered half a million workmen from our mines has long had it in his power to turn the furnace fires on or off in millions of our homes almost at his individual will. Thereby he has been able to use the cold as a threat to the housewives, the children and the infirm of countless families, and on more than one occasion he has not only called the members of his own union from their work, but has thereby thrown out of employment hundreds of thousands of other workmen, and stopped production in scores of vital enterprises all about our land.

Many weighty studies have been made of these grave matters, and many cold economic facts have been compiled. But there are *(Continued on Page 180)*

III

THE next day she walked a little on the promenade. The weather had changed and it was too cold to sit on the beach. She tried not to mind being an object of special interest to the other people in the hotel who crowded round, congratulating her on her recovery. She was glad when Garstin came and took her down to the promenade, where she walked unsteadily, her arm through his.

"They're all watching us," she said, embarrassed.

"What's it matter? You'll never see any of them again."

The next day she went for a short ride on the back of his motorcycle. "Hold on to me," he said, "and if you get tired, say so." They went inland and stopped at a restaurant for a cup of tea. "I like this country," he said. "It suits me, somehow. And I like their cafés. It's all friendlier than with us. I never go into a pub at home. When I finish work I go home."

"Don't you lead a rather lonely life?"

"Maybe I do," he said, and was silent. Presently he said, "About your going back with me. There's something I want to say." He ran his fingers through his thick hair and without looking at her asked, "Are you one of these girls who think every man is after them?"

She gave a little start and cried, "Good heavens, no! I never think anyone—I mean I'm very far from being like that."

"Because," he said, "going back together, we'll be staying at the same inns and all. I just want you to know that as far as I'm concerned you might be my sister. There's nothing wrong with you, mind, but that's how I feel about you."

She said, in a low voice, "I'm very glad."

"Well," he said, "that's all I wanted to say about that."

Later Garstin asked if she thought anyone was looking for her. She said she didn't know. He remarked that it ought to be easy to trace anyone; visitors to France were always signing their names.

"Suppose they come here after you've gone," he said. "Do you want them to know you left the hotel on the back of a motor bike?"

"I don't care if they do know."

"All right. I just wondered."

He told her she could take with her only what she would need on the journey. He had an extra knapsack she could have. As for the rest of her things, it would be safest, he thought, to make several parcels of them and send them by post.

"There are all those books I saw in your room," he said. "Send those by post too."

"I can't send them to your home, can I?"

"Send them to the post office at Burley," he told her. "We'll pick them up later, when we get home."

She knew at once what he meant. "I don't want to take you there," she said.

"We've got time. Where was it?"

She gave him a pleading look which he ignored.

"Show me," he said.

They walked down the beach and at last she stopped and said, "It was here. He was behind that little sand hill where the driftwood is."

He went forward and picked up a piece of the wood; it was dry and gray and shaped like a shinbone.

He stooped over a smooth patch of sand and she saw that he was making letters. He spelled out her name, Mary Hallam, and then his own, Alan Garstin. He worked silently, seriously, forming the letters with care.

"There we are," he said, and straightened himself.

She felt the blood rush to her cheeks. "Why did you do that?"

"Just a fancy I had."

"The tide will wash it out soon," she told him.

He stared at the printing in the sand. "I like seeing them there," he said. "It ought to mean something here, in this place. It's something I'll remember."

"I'll remember too," she said.

He tossed the stick away. "We'll leave them there for the tide to smooth out." He looked at his wrist watch. "Time we were starting, I suppose. The end of my holiday."

They said no more, but walked back to the hotel. As they walked she was thinking, *Why? Why did he do that? What did he mean me to understand by it?*

He wheeled the motorcycle out of the shed and strapped on their knapsacks. His movements were deliberate and unhurried and there was something boyish in his absorption as he worked. He gave her the impression of knowing very well what he was about, of taking always the long-range rather than the short-range view, and taking it after inner deliberation. He would not be a person, she felt sure, to ask or take advice. He would consult only himself.

"Are you ready?" he asked, when she had settled herself behind him.

"Quite ready."

"Well, here we go."

The route he had chosen lay inland and passed through Pontivy and Dinan. He thought that if they reached Dinan the first night they would be doing well, but the noise of the motorcycle and the shaking were too much for her and forty miles or so before they reached Dinan she confessed that she was too tired to go farther. They found themselves in a small town containing a single inn of no pretensions, least of all to cleanliness. She said she didn't care. She was so tired she could sleep anywhere. He praised her and said she had done very well. Tomorrow she would do even better.

At the inn she was reminded of Maud's comments at the hotel in Paris, for the proprietor offered them a double room, saying there was only one single room vacant. After Alan had refused the double room, however, he said that there was a small single room over the kitchen where his son slept. The son was accommodating and offered to sleep elsewhere.

"Don't let it worry you," said Alan. "They'll always offer us a double room." He looked to see if her door had a key. It had, and he said, "You'd better lock your door."

"I always do lock my door in hotels," she said.

She slept well until dawn, then her eyes flew open and she wondered, in a sudden panic, where she was. After this she lay awake, her brain feverishly busy with her situation, and heard all the sounds of stirring life. But they fell on her ears agreeably. Life, she thought; why had she been so eager to throw it away? She felt now that a hand had been held out to her, held out because she was an unhappy human being; an impersonal but kind hand. Bitterly aware, in the dawn, of her own cowardice, of her own quick despair, she compared herself and her trouble with Alan Garstin and his trouble, and abased herself.

I ought to sleep, she thought, but she did not know, except by guess, what time it was, as she had no watch. He had promised to knock on her door at seven-thirty, and she lay inventing pictures of his home and of her life in it until he came. And, once up, she forgot her worries and was absorbed in the coming day.

Along their swift passage they collected villages one after another, like beads on a string for their memories to play with; some old and beautiful, others a straggle of small houses beside the road. Chiefly her impressions were of the odd and elaborately ornamented churches, of dignified people, of black-gowned women wearing, sometimes, the Breton headdress, and of stretches of wild, strange and lovely country. Frequently he stopped to buy a French newspaper and she translated the main items of news for him. At Dinan, when he stopped at a garage for oil and petrol, she vanished, and when he was ready to start he couldn't find her. She presently returned, her arms full of parcels.

"What have you got there?" he asked. "You told me you had no money left."

"I went into a jeweler's and sold a ring," she confessed. "It's all right, it's one I didn't like. My stepmother gave it to me. I spent some of the money on things for lunch. I thought we could have a picnic instead of going to a café." She held up a half bottle of wine. "I bought this too."

She put it into her knapsack, and the other things were tied on to the machine. She thought she saw an approving look on his face.

"All right," he said, "if it was something you didn't want. Tell me when you see a place where you want to stop and eat."

THEY had their lunch in open, rolling country, left the motorcycle by the road, where they could keep an eye on it, and climbed a turfy hill from which they could see, for many miles, the country over which they would presently travel. She opened the parcels and brought out long, crisp rolls, fresh butter, lettuce, sausage, sardines, some thinly sliced ham and some cheese. He opened the bottle of wine and filled the two unbreakable cups.

"Sure you don't mind about that ring?"

"I was glad to see the last of it," she told him. "Now I'm in funds for a while."

"Was she one of your troubles?"

She nodded.

"When are you going to tell me the whole story?"

"When you have time to listen," she said. She had taken off her beret, and in the soft, warm wind her hair blew about her face, on which the tan deepened day by day.

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

She broke the rolls, and he asked if she wanted a knife. She told him that French bread should be broken, not cut.

"There's a lot you can teach me," he remarked, and then added, "There isn't much you can't do with that hand, is there?"

"I can't do the only thing I want to do."

He suddenly rolled over on his stomach and said, eyes and fingers busy in the grass, "Are you glad or sorry that chap pulled you out?"

She had known he would ask that question; she had been expecting it and, in a way, dreading it, for it would require an unequivocal reply, and such a reply would not be easy to make. She knew it was not an expression of

(Continued on Page 82)

Mary Hallam

"I'm costing you a lot of money," she said unhappily.

"I'll get by."

On the day of departure, Monday, Mary put on her tweed coat over a cotton dress, and her red beret. She was sitting, waiting, in front of the hotel when Garstin came out.

"Ready?" he said. "Come down to the beach. We needn't start for ten minutes or so."

They walked along the sand in silence. The tide was coming in and the small waves were laced with foam. The coarse grass among the dunes was vivid in the morning sun.

"Where was it?" Alan Garstin asked suddenly.

Copyright, 1947, by Susan Ertz. The complete novel is soon to be published by Harper & Brothers.

"TWO NAMES TOGETHER," ALAN SAID, "THEY OUGHT TO MEAN SOMETHING HERE IN THIS PLACE."

By Susan Ertz

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

BUCKS COUNTY

Pennsylvania

THE Bucks County stone houses rise from the red earth like friendly fortresses in peaceful fields. Their deep-set windows reveal the thickness of their walls of weathered masonry, in browns, reds, yellows, grays and blues; many covered with a plaster coat of white. And because the buildings have indeed grown out of the ground, this very becoming architecture and the cultivated landscape to which it is set go together like words and music, making about six hundred square miles of the most harmonious countryside I know. From it, the glows you can sometimes see at night reflected in the sky show how near at hand New York and Philadelphia are; yet in spite of that nearness, the old homes, that are so strongly constructed and evenly distributed, keep the county miraculously rural. And although most of them are lived in now by people from town, these homesteads still retain their farmlike flavor—taking time and people in their stride. A county of colorful variety, the colors are quieter in the lower part where the Quaker influence is felt, and brighter above where the region of the Pennsylvania Dutch begins. But no matter where, in farmhouse or manor, from one end to the other, the same substantial unassuming style carries unmistakably through. So if among the places which fill the following pages you find a marked family likeness, you can lay it to the locality. ★

BY RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

LESTOWN. *You can see the county seat from miles around. the fields farms filtering into its back yards, and giving it the flavor of the country- It began as a Revolutionary crossroads, right in the center of the county, for all its growth and spreading since, it still retains that crossroads quality.*

BY PRATT

PHOTO B

This mellow old manor house is Bucks County at its best. Built of what the county people call "tailored" stone, carefully cut and laid, its flat-arched windows and doorway, and its flanking wings at lower level, are signs of its pre-Revolutionary period, when stone houses began to replace the log cabins of the locality's earliest settlers. It is about a mile from New Hope and the Delaware, on the road to Doylestown, and in the section now most heavily resettled by many well-known newcomers from Broadway, Park Avenue and Wall Street, northeast some sixty miles—a geographical fact made hard to believe by such houses, so faraway-looking in time and place.

AQUETONG • **The walls and woodwork of Ingham Manor reflect the finest features of Bucks County architecture**

The great feature of the dining room at Ingham Manor, and a characteristic feature of most Bucks County houses built between 1750 and 1850 (which might be called Bucks County's period), is what they call the "walk-in" fireplace; the wide opening supported by a massive lintel log of oak which is faced by a simply molded mantel. A room such as this would originally have been the kitchen, too, of course, and the winter living room as well; the cooking done above and beside a wood fire on the hearth and in a cavelike oven in the chimney's back wall. The floor of Pennsylvania tiles is typical, and the homespun Swedish table cover is set with country ironstone.

It is altogether possible that the extraordinary pine paneling of the living room at Ingham Manor is the work of the shipwrights who settled along the Delaware in the early days, and who turned their hands to house carpentry when boatbuilding was slow, for it has many of the earmarks of their craftsmanship: its simplicity and robust scale, which match so well the sturdy cabinetwork of the big Pennsylvania Dutch wardrobe. Very appropriate in this somewhat primitive room are the two "country Chippendale" chairs, so called because they follow the famous style in almost rustic fashion. The figures are Pennsylvania "chalk"; the plates, Bucks County slip ware.

PHOTO BY POWERS

PHOTOS BY PRATT

SOLEBURY • *Nobody built better in Bucks County than the Quakers, and the meetinghouses of the Friends are models of beautiful masonry and simple, generous proportions, as you can see.*

NEW HOPE • *One of the oldest and most colorful Bucks County towns along the Delaware, long famous for its painters, New Hope's color now is even heightened by its summer-theater atmosphere.*

OUNTY LINE • *An unusually fine example of the white-plastered Penn-lvania stone house, this one has four distinct roof levels in line, in all likeli-ood denoting different stages of construction. Note fine rooster weathervane.*

PLEASANT VALLEY • *Buildings like this old farmhouse in the upper part of the county, recently restored, and like its magnificent masonry barn beyond, were all constructed of the stone from their immediate vicinity.*

HLERSTOWN • *Up until twenty years ago, hundreds of barges a month, lled by mules, passed under this bridge and through the lock beyond, d hamlets like Uhlerstown were leisurely ports of call, with inn and piers.*

UPPER TINICUM • *Now showing signs of occupation by settlers from the city, this plain white farmhouse, like many in its neighborhood, was plastered so as to keep the rain from seeping through its porous stone walls.*

CKINGHAM • *Only a Bucks County stone house could take the Victo-n period in its stride, and wear so well an 1860 cornice above its 1790 ls, keeping its essential character intact. This one was restored recently.*

SPRINGFIELD • *The farther up the county you go, the more red barns you meet (and green and yellow too), with witch signs decorating their sides to ward off lightning, fire and other ill fortune, increase their picturesqueness*

Papered, paneled and painted, the walls of the dining room give background variety to the Empire table, chairs and sideboard, together with an effect of greater size in which the large square sheet of mirror plays its part. While outside, from across the lane, as you can see below, size requires no assistance. The barn has typical Bucks County bigness and beauty, the house it belongs to, a very special stateliness along with its distinguished stonework.

MECHANICSVILLE

• The forthright simplicity of Bucks County interiors provides an ideal background for contemporary color schemes like those shown and for furniture that ranges from Early American to modern.

Here in the high-ceilinged hallway of the Mechanicsville house it takes strap hinges of really prodigious size and strength to carry the weight of the heavy full-height doors, whose whiteness is a wonderful foil to the olive-colored walls.

s you can see by the mantel of the Mechanicsville living room, early Bucks ounty carpenters had access to handbooks of Georgian details, which, as here, ey often simplified. Note how well the room takes to gilt valances and lace.

The guest bedroom is furnished with effective simplicity: Sleigh bed and cloth-draped bedside table, plus two unseen chairs, and chest of drawers. The portrait is a primitive, and by the window are two Pennsylvania Dutch "Fracturs."

IT'S TIME TO VOLUNTEER AGAIN

By Margaret Hickey
Editor, Public Affairs Department

EVERY ONE of us has a public career as a private citizen. During the war we experienced a genuine sense of public responsibility. Most of us sought out a post of duty even when our Government did not assign us to it. We volunteered for service. We put the needs of the community and nation and the world ahead of everyday affairs.

It's time to volunteer again. It's time to become as excited about community problems as we are about our own personal affairs, because, after all, these problems are our very own! If they remain long unsolved, the consequences—want, disease, ignorance, and eventually war—will press hard against the windows of our homes. Ultimately they will destroy the personal lives of men and women everywhere.

The American woman is concerned about her home and her children. Now is the time to extend those concerns to a larger family. The community family from "Yourtown" to Capetown, from next-door neighbors to "next-day" neighbors by jet plane.

A great resurgence of community spirit is needed if we are to hold the gains in understanding and tolerance achieved during the war years. Then we learned to work with people we didn't know as we had not done since the days of the wagon train and the pioneer community. We learned that we can do things together that we never dreamed possible. By pooling our resources and our efforts, we find again the real spirit of neighborhood so necessary to our community and world well-being.

The wartime story of the work of 11,000,000 volunteers is a stirring saga. During one year alone the Red Cross reports that more than 21,000,000 hours were given in Army, Navy and civilian hospitals by Red Cross nurses' aides; 41,000,000 meals and snacks were served the armed services; 680,000,000 surgical dressings were made by white-garbed women. Amazing numbers and amazing achievement in which millions of you shared.

Announcing the Public Affairs Department

To the JOURNAL'S long history of interest in, and support of, the citizenship activity of American women, is now added this department concerned with public affairs. The Public Affairs Department wants to help you and your community move from the outside fringes where people talk about "doing something" to actual achievement.

Bruce Gould and
Beatrice Blackmar Gould

But after victory the feeling of emergency slipped away. The habit of giving time and talent to activities outside the home was broken. Many became the "tired women of peace."

As a result, brave postwar plans are still on paper. We still talk of access to good schools as the birthright of the American child, but actually only 30 per cent of the children from lower-income homes go through high school. The million and a half youngsters who left classroom safeguards during the war are not picking up their broken study courses. To help 16,282,000 youths between 14 and 20 "grow into their best selves" will require wise counseling and sound vocational preparation.

Community advisory centers number 3000, but fully 5000 are needed. Veterans and their families total some 52,000,000, or approximately 37 per cent of our population. The second wave of veterans' problems are long-term ones—housing, employment, education. A recent Census Bureau survey shows that 2,000,000 married veterans are living in trailers or rented rooms or doubled up with other families. Close to 2,000,000 are not yet drawing pay checks or school credits: 830,000 are unemployed; another 1,080,600 (October, 1946) lean upon $20 weekly unemployment benefits.

The Public Affairs Department will make it possible to share knowledge and experience gathered from those who are working on these great community problems. It will report to you on outstanding work being done—for one page of actual community experience is worth volumes of plans on paper. It will bring you the story of people working out specific problems. It is far more effective to go to the mayor's office with a petition from your neighborhood for a new playground than it is to talk to him about juvenile delinquency.

The Public Affairs Department will devote itself primarily to the story of well-planned community housekeeping. It will bring you the work of women's clubs, civic education, veterans', farm and labor organizations. It will not neglect informal beginnings. When groups of neighbors and friends start out to work for a new youth center or a child-guidance clinic, these efforts many times lead to the best results. There will be a consultation service. Treatment for common community ills of uncommon importance to every citizen will be outlined in helpful reprints and articles.

The Public Affairs Department will help you to volunteer again—your leadership, your interest and your skill—in the battle ahead for a decent and peaceful world. The task is a continuing one. It's action from the bottom up that counts—through working with people.

On This I Stand

As a citizen of the United States,
I WILL DO MY PART:

To realize that hope for world peace lies in justice and equality for all;

To assure to every individual personal dignity and freedom in all things, at all times;

To promote the solid foundations for peace and security in my own community;

To free the world from the threat of future wars.

AND FOR THESE ENDS:

I will be a good neighbor;

I will perform some personal service for my community;

I will unite my strength with others working for the improvement of community living;

I will insist that my Government's representatives adopt these standards for national and international relations.

MEET MISS HICKEY

MARGARET HICKEY, Editor of the JOURNAL'S new Public Affairs Department, has earned many titles in an active professional career. Who's Who in America lists lawyer, businesswoman, educator. In practice she places first emphasis on the importance of duties to her home and community. In private life Mrs. Joseph T. Strubinger, wife of a St. Louis attorney, her civic activities in St. Louis, where she lives, are many. She is a member of the Y. W. C. A. board of Washington University, the Legislation and Public Affairs Committees of the Chamber of Commerce, the Social Planning Council, the Veterans' Demobilization and Reemployment Committee.

Miss Hickey began, in the twenties, to prove to herself that women could and must do something more than talk about their newly won privilege of full citizenship. The depression years drove home to her the importance of superior training for women—if they were to win the fight against unemployment. As a personnel consultant, her clients number both Government officials and private businessmen.

Miss Hickey was "drafted" for wartime duty in August, 1942—her assignment, Chairman of the Women's Advisory Committee of the War Manpower Commission. Her committee formulated the national policy used in the recruitment of several million women for war work. V-J Day found her in Great Britain studying what that country was doing in the redirection of women into peacetime industries.

Miss Hickey was president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, 1944–1946. Visiting America's "grass roots" centers, she has talked with their community leaders. Their problems—poor and insufficient housing, the shortage of doctors, dentists, hospitals, nurses and teachers, conditions of employment—she has made her own. To the JOURNAL'S newest department, Margaret Hickey brings a stimulating knowledge of social values plus years of experience in practical good government.

The Volunteer Worker, 1947 Style

BY JOAN YOUNGER

THE four children scampered like squirrels across the park. Joyce, who was just five and knowing about such matters, fell behind the others to pick up a baby leaf. Carl, egging his brother David on, yelled, 'I'm the leader, I'm the leader!" Behind them Mrs. Ruth Bowen moved at a dignified trot. In the distance the snow-capped Rockies were haloed in clouds; here in the park, the lake, set like a diamond in a ring of grass, lay at peace in the Denver-sharp sunlight.

Nothing about the scene spoke of work or high-mindedness. To all intents and purposes, Mrs. Bowen was simply a woman enjoying herself, the children and the dappled city park. To all intents and purposes the children were simply children, on an outing. Yet, not too far away, in the musty-brown building which houses all Denver's welfare organizations, this outing was neatly catalogued under the B's. Mrs. Bowen was listed as: 'volunteer—nursery trained," while the children were listed: "orphans, Denver Orphans' Home." This outing, indeed, was Mrs. Bowen's Friday afternoon stint for her community, at once her chosen chore and her pleasure. No one seeing her could guess at the drive, the training, the discipline that made these outings successful. Just as an expert musician makes piano playing appear to be child's sport, so the soft smile and relaxed rhythm of Mrs. Bowen's slim body belie the functional value of her contribution in terms of community welfare today.

It was that card in the office—the Volunteer Community Services office—in downtown Denver which proved Mrs. Bowen's worth. The fact that she enjoyed her work was symptomatic of the spirit of that office and of her city; but in the highly organized, machine-ruled civilization in which we live, spirit is no longer enough. The type of volunteer who was once described as "a person with a lump in her throat and nothing in her head" is today as out-of-date as the buttonhook.

Volunteer work today, to be effective, requires not only sincere interest in the job to be done, but this too: a businesslike approach to the job and a willingness to accept the necessary training and supervision demanded for it.

In short, Lady Bountiful is out and the volunteer worker—with the accent on *worker*—is in. Mrs. Bowen may look like Lady Bountiful as she saunters through the park, but Lady Bountiful would never have taken the two years of nursery-school training Mrs. Bowen underwent, would never have come rain or shine every Friday to pick up three, four, five or even six orphans for the park or museum, would never have let the Girl Scouts invade her home two nights a week—and never, never would have been encouraged in her efforts by the hardheaded business men and women who, when all is said and done, bedrock the welfare organizations of today through their support of the Community Chest.

It was the Community Chest and its partner, the Council on Social Planning, which brought community co-ordination and streamlined efficiency to Denver's welfare volunteers five and a half years ago. Those were the days, remember, when in each city the threat of war drew hundreds and thousands of men and women out of their homes into the life of their communities and country asking, "What can I do to help?" There was a danger to the community that these volunteers would be swallowed up in inefficiency and the red-tape machinations of huge, highly geared plans. Before these dangers could become more than small warning shadows, however, the Denver Social Planning Council stepped in and created the Volunteer Community Services office—a three-way liaison office for the volunteers, the agencies and the organizations, an office which would eliminate overlapping of energies, and serve as a casting office to match the volunteer's dreams and abilities to the work crying to be done.

With Mrs. Lon T. Fidler, veteran civic leader and past president of the League of Women Voters, as its first chairman, the office began to function on a business basis. It was decided that a trained social worker should direct its operations, and Marjorie Gallaher was selected. Her training qualified her for membership in the American Association of Social Workers, but her background also included volunteer community work, and, as a crowning touch, she was a native Denverite.

Under Miss Gallaher's careful but quick hand the office soon provided practical answers to the never-ending volunteer cries of, "What can I do?" To the community, it gave assurance that what the volunteer did do would be needed work. To the agency and club—the highly organized Red Cross and the local, earnest Proto Club alike—it gave an understanding of what other agencies and clubs were doing, checked references of volunteers, maintained standards and in general created the businesslike atmosphere without which welfare work becomes well-intentioned nonsense.

It had as guide the veteran St. Louis Central Volunteer Bureau. It had as examples scores of other similar organizations developing throughout the country. It had as support the Local Council of Social Planning, the Community Chest and, back of them, the benign national daddy of these groups, Community Chests and Councils, Inc., with its advisory service to volunteer offices headed by Dorothy de la Pole. The Community Chest—spearheaded by businessmen—first pulled together diverse welfare groups into a common budget and set the seal of business approval upon their activities; it was both economically and socially sound that this same group should now support the need to convert willing eagerness into an asset, instead of a liability.

After the war, it would have been relatively easy for Denver to close its office. There was, as always after the storm, the lull of apathy, the rest after work. The hundreds of phone calls answered by, "Well, I thought I'd just skip it a bit"; "Later on, maybe, but, right now—no." But those who looked clear-eyed at the lost seventeen-year-olds roaming the streets; the crowded, dingy rooms in the juvenile detention home; the climbing cost of living and the descending figures on available nurses, teachers, doctors—they knew that now, more than ever, the volunteer's hand and heart were needed desperately. The Denver office never thought of closing.

Today Denver is one of the ninety cities throughout the nation with a central casting office for volunteers. Because of its activity and the feeling-touch of its director, the office provides a fine basis for study. It is by no means perfect, but like a healthy newborn baby, it's alive and kicking. And, growing solidly, it is now in the process of fulfilling the seven-point blueprint of a good volunteer agency, as laid down by Miss de la Pole.

A good volunteer office, Miss de la Pole says, should be prepared to:

1. RECEIVE REQUESTS FOR VOLUNTEERS FROM AGENCIES THAT NEED HELP. Eighty agencies call upon the Denver volunteers' office. The "request book" runs like a diary, lists each request. They include: "State Society for Crippled Children wants 10,000 envelopes stuffed with Easter seals"; "Girl Scouts need two leaders"; "Detention home wants room decorated"; and so on. Miss Gallaher and her secretary, Mrs. Electa Ziegler, handle all requests, fulfilling them swiftly, or checking back with the agency on delay. *(Continued on Page 290)*

Businessmen approve of good women volunteers, say, "Where would the community be without them?"

What good are clinics if the ill cannot attend? Volunteer chauffeurs are in demand to transport them.

Denver's young fry are volunteers: these make dolls and toys for sick and poor children.

Two years' nursery training makes Mrs. Bowen child-care expert. Here, four orphans exhibit their approval.

The at-home volunteer makes phone calls, keeps records and checks lists, makes maps and sews.

Volunteer Mrs. Hathaway has weighed babies at well-baby clinic Thursdays for four years.

JOHNNY WAS DRIVING STRAIGHT TOWARD HIS GOAL,

UNTIL PENNY POINTED OUT A PLEASANT DETOUR

Date Girl

BY ALEC RACKOWE

PENELOPE AMES was the prettiest girl at Midwest U., but it wasn't Penny who brought about the revolution in Johnny Mason. She was just one of the kids the G. I. men and women looked upon grimly. Their motto was "Life is Real; Life is Earnest," and they had no commerce with the lads and lassies embarked upon the four-year loaf.

It wasn't Penny. Maybe it was the spring and Penny merely symbolized all that Johnny had missed by going to war.

He'd had almost a year of Midwest. He had another semester before he would be ready for State Law. He could have wangled entrance into State, possibly, but he didn't want a mere admission to the bar. He wanted a grounding in the classics; in ancient and medieval history, so that he would have an understanding of the economic, ethical and political reasons for the laws and statutes that men live by.

He was at Midwest with the Government footing his fees and handing him sixty-five a month for subsistence. He had a job at the Greek's that brought him more than the Government allowed him. He had a room on a side street near the business section where Mrs. Sullivan was too busy with her family and her outside work to bother him, even if she was also too busy to make up his bed very often. He took a bus from Mrs. Sullivan's paint-flaking frame house or the Greek's to catch his classes and took a bus back.

He never hung around the campus. He didn't see the kids much, so they didn't concern him; and as far as feminine companionship went, there was Myra.

Myra Stock had been a WAC sergeant. She wasn't a dowdy bluestocking either. She was a big girl with jet hair and dark-blue eyes and a firm, well-shaped chin. She didn't have to look up to Johnny. She came well past his shoulder, and Johnny was six-one and something the football coach sighed over.

There were quite a few G. I. men and women. In their early twenties, but quietened by what they'd gone through; made sober by the feeling that the years they had lost would never come back and they had to live a little more seriously, a little more earnestly in order to catch up.

It went pretty well that first autumn and winter. Work and classes and then meeting at Si & Flo's grill in the evenings to talk over current problems and local conditions in Fall City. Serious stuff. Johnny never said much. He'd sit, chin in hand, his curly brown hair glinting in the amber light of the booth; his blue eyes attentive while Sid Cohen or Dan Poling held forth and Myra put in with her crisp comments. But when he did speak in his deep voice they listened, never impatiently. They got along well together. They all had the same singleness of purpose.

Therefore, what happened was inexplicable. There wasn't any reason for it. The gang would have looked at him in amazement if he'd tried to explain, and Myra would have laughed her clear laugh and said it was something out of Freud and what was she around for.

Myra was a swell comrade. No feminine nonsense, and yet she was a woman and wanted you to know it. She made that plain to Johnny. You treated sex on a down-to-earth basis and then it didn't mess you up. It was even possible that he and Myra would get married. They were both going to be lawyers, and Johnny never doubted for a moment that Myra was right when she said she was going places in law and politics both.

So he didn't say anything when the mood first hit him, and if it hadn't been for Penny Ames perhaps the mood would have passed. The spring would have gone and the mood as well.

Because spring must have had something to do with it. Fall City was a solid, stolid place. In summer it was hot and dusty; in autumn, wet and dank; and in winter the snow lay blackened where the street men pushed it aside until they had time to cart it away. But in spring it became something else again.

It happened to Johnny even before Nick decided that since it was some Greek saint's day he should close and paint the café. It happened one morning when he woke in his room that looked out on a littered yard and heard the youngest Sullivan kid bawling. There were the same sounds of the city there had always been, and yet it was different. A softness; a change in the dank air that came through the open window.

He got up and dressed and went downstairs to see if Mrs. Sullivan was around. She wasn't, and Johnny went back upstairs to where the baby was still yelling. Little Normy Sullivan, not quite two, stopped his clamor and made sobbing noises at Johnny. The room was dark, the bedclothes gray, and the kid had a musky smell. He stared at Johnny with round eyes and Johnny said, uncomfortable, not liking the kid and not knowing what to do:

"Hey, give over."

The baby raised grimy fists to his eyes.

Johnny heard the sound of the door downstairs. He said, "This will be your mother, son."

He didn't tell Mrs. Sullivan about Normy. She'd know soon enough. He went out of *(Continued on Page 188)*

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

PHOTO BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY

Biggest little suit of the year—the blue-black wool with knife-pleated skirt and tight bolero, by Adele Simpson. Accent it with the clean sweep of a piqué-faced bicorn by Lilly Daché. Also for a black suit: Panama bonnet-cloche, taffeta ribbon.

On Choosing A Hat

Watch for a pretty profile. Look at the side and the back of your hat. Other people will. John Frederics' natural toyo with ruby-pink taffeta ribbon.

Stocking cap of crocheted raffia trailing blue cornflowers, by John Frederics .... to wear with a black dress, or a print with a blue design.

A spring hat, above all, should give you delight. It should make you pretty and provocative. It should please your husband. It should go supremely well with at least one suit or dress, and reasonably well with one or two others. (Don't expect too much of it, or you will rob its spirit and reduce it to pointlessness.) There are times when you are so enchanted with a hat and what it does for you that you buy it for its own sake—then the dress or suit that goes with it. When the costume comes first, the hat completes it, and adorns it like a flower. ★ BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of [illegible]

On Choosing A Hat

Try on the newest hat, the gayest hat, and arrange a meeting with its intended suit or dress. (Try not to buy both separately.) And let a good fitter show you how to wear the new hats . . . some way back on the head, some pulled straight down over the brow.

Let the color of the straw or its trimming pick up a color in your print. This blue, white, green and beige printed suit by Omar Kiam is right with a beige Milan sailor with a bright green quill by Madame Reine. (The hat could also be white.)

The lovely big-brimmed natural Milan is a perfect hat for a shantung suit in any color—trimmed with twisted silk to match . . . and right for a summer print as well. The suit and hat by Hattie Carnegie. Bag in straw-colored calf, by Phelps.

Shirtwaist and skirt—doubly adored fashion in a new, very black and very white version, worn with young oth-the-face cuff-hat in white with black-and-white ribbon. The shirtwaist by Arpad is white crepe with black cutout embroidery.

Hat with a heart appeal—intriguing bonnet that ties under the chin, by John Frederics—fashion for the new longer black or navy afternoon dress. The prettiest possible gloves are shantung and match the taffeta ribbon on the hat.

The wonderful new planter's hat in paper-light toyo by John Frederics—the pale beige pure-silk shantung suit by Omar Kiam, matching gloves. Earrings the color of the hat's satin ribbon. And carry a scarf in a second brilliant shade.

My new spring suit has what is known as back interest: belt, pleat and dipping line in the jacket. It's my best going-to-town outfit, but the skirt goes to school—with sweaters.

I do wear a hat now a then. This is my new Panam

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL ELLI

WARDROBE IN A WHIRL···

I'm a Sub-Deb, 1947. Naturally I go to school, as well as to parties and club meetings and a movie now and then. So my life is a constant whirl, though I wouldn't call it dizzy as some people do. For the last year, I've paid a lot of attention to my clothes—which my mother calls the Great Reformation. I like the simple kind. Not the cluttered-up ones. I've arrived at the suit stage, which leads into the doing-things-with-it act. The main thing now is wearing sweaters and shirts with the skirt, so I look at the skirt with that in mind. I like a dress which lasts through spring and summer, and a coat that goes to school or to a party—because my allowance is not exactly endless. I've found out about party dresses too. White is the thing—to stand competition, and to wear several times in a row. With a fresh gardenia—from Bob, I hope! ★ BY JOSETTE DALY LUTZ

My navy-blue bolero suit with a jersey shirt for sch o rushing around; short white cotton gloves spruc i

My gin-rummy print will go places all spring and summer: divinely full skirt, divine small waist.

See what I mean by a white party dress? Ankle-length organdy with eyelet trimming, black velvet ribbon sash. By Ceil Chapman—for me.

My navy-blue knuckle-length coat by Emily Wilkens with the smoking-jacket collar, goes over absolutely everything.

My blue wool has a pleated skirt, and top shaped like a sweater—one piece. Jan Sloane designed the mesh hat.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

. . . the way she wears color

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Mrs. Fernand Fonssagrives, who lives with her husband and six-year-old daughter, Tia, in a white cottage on Long Island not far from NewYork, her time divided between country and city.

PHOTOS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY

She can take an almost-classic beige-and-brown-checked suit and make it as personal as her own name with a piece of antique jewelry tied with a bowknot of gold ribbon where most women would wear the usual (and perhaps more expensive) pin or clip. She can put a wide-brimmed knitted sailor or a close-fitting russet felt cloche on the back of her head . . . then . . .

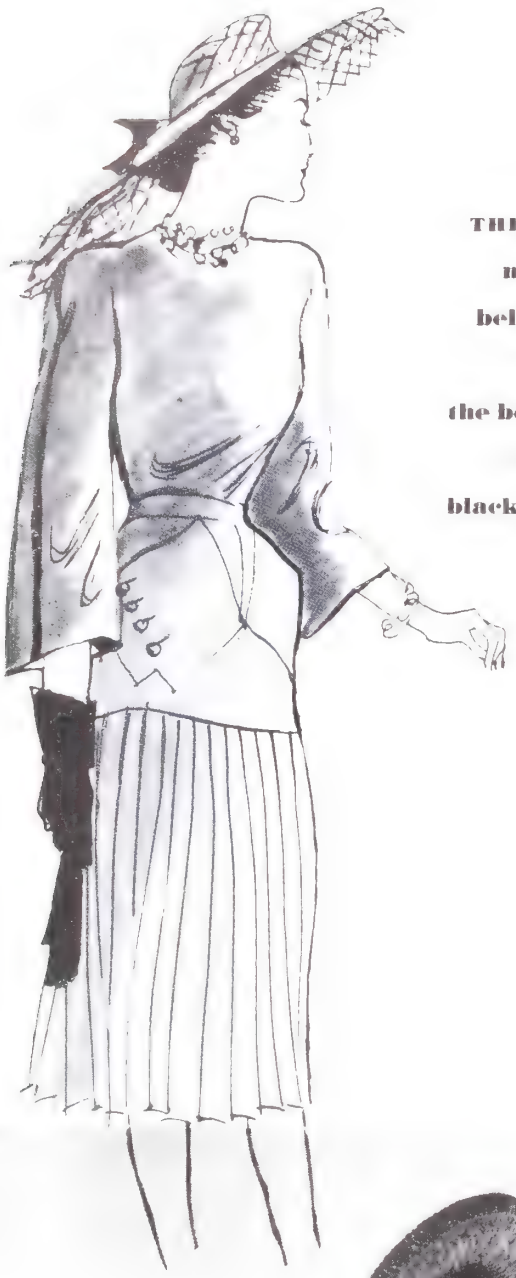
As a climax of color, she chooses a turquoise tweed straight coat and a big russet suède-and-calfskin bag. Who else would dream of a turquoise coat for the one and only, or guess that it could be so right or so exciting, to wear for town or country with a beige suit, brown accessories and her important gold silk dress?

She seeks out the new and unusual, but never makes the mistake of an extreme or exaggerated fashion. She prefers a new neckline to an elaborate drape in the skirt; a simple shantung dress in honey-gold to an overbold print, and accents it with turquoise jewelry.

For dinner and evening she likes long skirts better than dresses, and will keep one she loves for years. She wears a striped beige slipper satin with the cocoa crepe blouse of her suit, or an off-the-shoulder black crepe—always repeating her beloved turquoise jewelry.

At home, she adores dinner pajamas, usually in the beige and gold shades that go so well with her hair. For spring and summer she has this crepe tunic with sharkskin slacks. Summer and winter, she also wears brown velveteen trousers with white or gold blouses.

FOUR WAYS TO LOOK



THE OVERBLOUSE AND PLEATED SKIRT . . . the new narrow knife-pleats, the change to an inch-narrow belt. You can take this beige wool by Pauline Trigere, wear it with a rough red straw to match the belt, or piqué hat and gloves to match the collar, or change for afternoon to a big black hat, black belt and gloves.

SUIT WITH A RULER-STRAIGHT JACKET . . . an straight, slim skirt. A silhouette that is perfect for new close-fitting hats, bags large or smal A skirt that looks wonderful without the jacket, with a pretty blouse. This is Hattie Carnegie's ribbed gray wool with shantung blouse to match the jacket lining. Phelps bag.

THIS SPRING *By Nora O'Leary*

THE FASHION OF NAVY WITH WHITE . . . suit or dress, your navy blues probably will come with a touch of white this spring. Wear still more white—in hat and gloves. For a gay change, try striped or plaid taffeta scarf and gloves to match a hatband or bow. This dress with the overblouse look is by Rose Barrack, miniature sailor by Sally Victor.

THE PRINT WITH A NEW SILHOUETTE . . . the short bolero, the swathed hipline, the fan-pleated skirt by Adele Simpson. A dress with the best possible look and one you can wear in many ways, with or without its bolero; with Frederics' little white sailor, or a picture hat for afternoon.

PHOTOS BY B.L.N.
DRAWINGS BY DEUPA

The Poem

BY TWANET EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

SHE always went straight upstairs when she came home from school, stopping only long enough to forage in the kitchen for a few cookies or cinnamon buns if her mother happened to be out. Once inside her room, she would close the door quietly, feeling then secure, content. She never felt lonely or at loss for companionship, although Elaine had once heard her mother remark to her father, "Doesn't it strike you as odd that she rarely wants to bring her friends home to play?"

For ever since she had turned thirteen and had been in the eighth grade, her last year at Hilltop School, she had been lost in a world of poetry, and nothing had quite been the same. She would sprawl across the bed on her stomach with an anthology of verse open before her, captivated by all the magic and melody of the words. No one had ever told her that poetry must be read aloud, but somehow from the beginning she knew. And the lovely words were to her intimate and understandable, even if, at times, they seemed beyond her comprehension and depth. They were always there, infinitely satisfying! Once when she was reading aloud a poignant thought struck her: Was all the world of beauty contained in poetry, was none left over for the here and now?

But today was different! Today she ran pell-mell up the gravel driveway of their green-and-white-shuttered home where she lived on Pinetree Road, a magical lightheartedness tingling inside her, dancing even in her feet. She didn't open the front door with her customary quiet caution, nor step gently into the front hall and listen.

Generally, she liked to come home and find the house to itself; she loved the protective quiet of the late afternoons when her mother was still at bridge or at one of her numerous church bazaars, when only Dodo, their gray cat, padded stealthily about, swishing her gigantic tail. For it always bothered her, in a way she could not satisfactorily explain, to be met with, "Oh, Elaine, you home? What did you do in school today?"

For at first she had tried wholeheartedly to tell her mother, to recapture some of the fascinating wonder of the school. But if she tried to tell about Miss Wilson, her teacher, who was almost perfection, like Silvia in one of Shakespeare's poems; or about Mr. Brooks, the headmaster, who at one moment made you laugh with one of his unexpected sallies, and the next set you back on your heels with serious thinking, all the intimacy and satisfaction went out of the day, leaving her with a flat, horrid feeling.

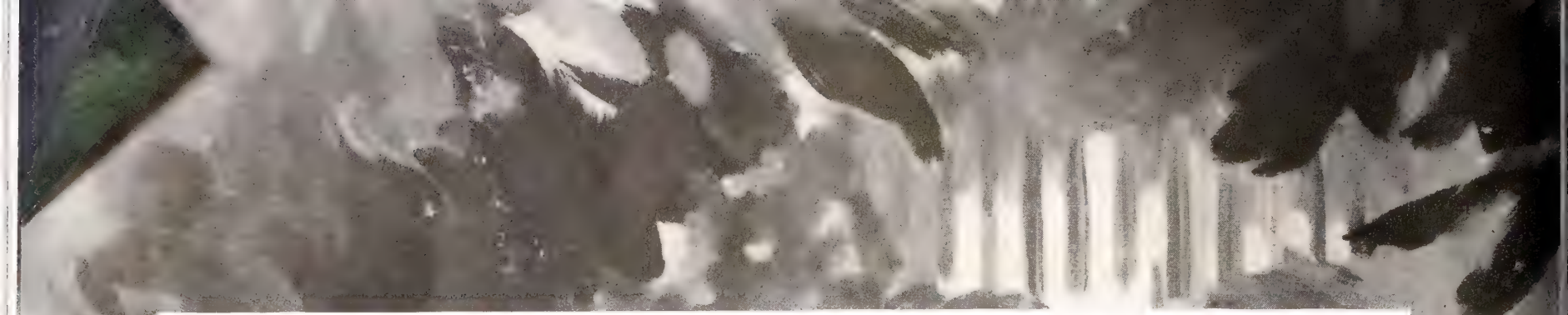
Yet today, when she opened the front door, she knew that her mother was home. Her hat with the lovely turquoise feathers was on the hall table. Unexpectedly she was glad, very glad, for she had something unbearably beautiful bursting inside her that she had to share. She hurried toward the den, not stopping to detour toward the kitchen. Her mother was there sewing. She wasn't so pretty as Miss Wilson, Elaine knew, for Miss Wilson had hair the color of warm sand on a summer's day and her eyes were like wood smoke, shadowy and changeable. Yet today, seeing her mother sitting in the yellow chintz chair with the winter sunlight falling on her smooth black hair and ever-busy hands, Elaine felt that she must understand.

"Hello, mother." She stood in the doorway expectantly, with just a faint trace of uncertainty in her voice. "I've something to read you," she said. Then she waited.

"Oh, Elaine!" Her mother looked at her, sighing unconsciously.

Elaine didn't have to look into the oval mirror above her mother's head to know what the unfinished sentence meant. Automatically she stuffed her protruding shirttail deep into her blue jeans and with one hand tried to smooth her tangled brown hair. Yet this time she wasn't *(Continued on Page 274)*

In one shining moment, she discovered all that she had been seeking.



Mrs. Christiansen's Harvest

EVERY morning from early spring to late autumn Selma Christiansen got up with the sun, laid her husband's breakfast ready for him and went out while everything was still drenched with dew, to work in the garden. At that hour there was no one to stop and buy—the garden was hers alone. She did not talk to the flowers, but she communicated with them in her own way, savagely attacking the weeds, gently breaking off the dead flowers, clearing away the withered stalks—and, best of all, picking the splendid bunches her regular customers had ordered the day before. Now she could take her time, crossing half an acre to find the single spray of coral-bells she needed to put beside the saffron snapdragons and the pale-blue larkspur and the strange greenish-white zinnias she especially loved. She worked over these bunches with the solitary passion with which a poet chooses words for a poem and she was never satisfied—quite. But by the time it was hot in the garden the cellar would be full of cool pails of water and large newspaper cornucopias of flowers.

Did the summer people who bought them for a dollar a bunch quite realize that they were paying that paltry sum for a poet's eye as well as for the backbreaking labor? Perhaps they didn't, but no one could fail to look twice at the straight, slim, brown figure with white hair and clear blue eyes, stooping among her flowers, intent, silent, her smiles rare as are the smiles of people consumed by a passion. And most of them felt that it was in some way a magic field. It seemed as if there had never in all the world been so many different kinds of flowers in one plot. All summer long the cars stopped at the gate and the people exclaimed. And in the autumn art shows in New York and Philadelphia and Boston there were everywhere portraits of Selma—it was her eye that had chosen the strange, delicate and sometimes violent combinations of color. She looked out invisible from the walls.

Only now in her late fifties Selma was in pain a great part of the time. She would not admit it at first even to herself. But at the end of each summer she promised herself, "This is the last year I'll do it," because by autumn her back felt as if a sword were thrust up it. But then after a winter's rest when the earth began to smell damp again, when the last frost was gone, she took down the packets of seeds and went out to sow. She had to go on. What would her life be, sitting on the porch without her flowers?

Her husband, an engine driver on the Boston and Maine, was away all day. He helped her with the hard digging in the spring, but that was all he could do. He came home tired at night and needed a good hot meal. And he teased her about the flowers.

"They'll be the death of you, Selma," he would say. "Can't you settle this year for a little garden just for us?" Or he would tease her, "The Government wants you to plant vegetables, Selma—there's a food shortage, you know."

Selma only smiled her rare fleeting smile, because he knew well enough she would never kill herself like this for a mere cauliflower or a few heads of lettuce! The idea! Or, if she got really upset, she would answer with a flash of fire, "God made the flowers, Jan, just as well as the vegetables."

But there came a year when in the middle of the summer she felt almost unable to go on, and as she sat on the steps in the early morning trying to find courage to stand, she was haunted by a strange ghost, her Finnish father. She could hear him almost as if a voice came out of the air. He was a man hardened and angered by the struggle to maintain a family of ten on a poor bit of soil, angry at all luxury because he could afford none. She could hear his voice as cold as iron saying, "Never did I think to see a child of mine wasting herself on such foolishness, killing herself for a bunch of flowers." To him such a life would have seemed sinful. But always as she thought of him she managed to get up and to go out into the garden as if it were a gesture of pride and of defiance.

Back there in Finland when she was a little girl everything they did must be useful work. There was no time, no energy for "luxuries." Their only luxury, their only release from labor, was church on Sundays: to Selma the long hours of sitting still in the plain Lutheran church were the best times of the week. She was not a religious child, but she enjoyed having on clean clothes and being allowed to do nothing, her hands folded in her lap for once, for once able to think her own thoughts in peace.

Once when she was a tiny child she had been taken to visit an aunt in Helsingfors, and there she had seen cultivated flowers for the first time in her life. She did not know their names, but she thought of them as the antithesis of everything she hated at home—of the heavy woolen clothes she wore in winter, of the porridge in the morning and evening, of her father's gnarled ruthless hands. Flowers were beautiful and fragile and gay. They became the symbol of all she wanted in life.

As she grew older, the dream of a garden became an obsession. Her aunt one Christmas, perhaps hearing of this childish dream, sent her a package of seeds. She slept with it under her pillow all through the long winter months till the days grew light again and there was sun and the earth began to unfreeze and it was time to carry the manure pile down to the fields.

The farmhouse was set on rocks, as if the builder could not bear to use one foot of arable land, even for a house site. The tiny overcultivated fields where her father and brothers worked all day, and where she often worked,

(Continued on Page 175)

He saw the old look cross her face. As if a cloud had come over the sun and chilled her.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

It was years before
Selma told Jan her secret.
He only knew that some-
thing had happened, long
ago, and it left a mark
that would never go away.

By May Sarton

MENU

Anchovy Cheese-Melba Toast
Tomato Juice
Beef Goulash With Noodles
Hot French Bread
Pickled Onions
Asparagus Tips and Celery Hearts Vinaigrette
Spiced-Coffee Jelly
Custard Sauce
Orange Crumbles
Coffee

(Serves 8)

In the Grove

BY ANN BATCHELDER

THIS is the month of all months that gets me down. I can't abide it. Take the wind, for instance. Having been forced, against my better judgment and for reasons best known to myself, to buy a hat, let me tell you *one* thing. If I couldn't tie the thing down with what amounts to a length of hemp, that hat would have reached Northwestern Ontario by this time. Or the Great Salt Lake.

Then the slush. I step out on what looks like the w. k. terra firma and where am I? Right up to my knees in mud and shell ice and last year's discarded old garden rakings that fell off the wheelbarrow on the way to the dump.

Deceit rampant. Also, it is cold. It's colder than it was way back. You get all ready for a good old thaw and begin to go over the birdhouses hanging by one nail and thrashing against the tree trunks, or you get real sprightly thinking that maybe an early crocus will show its head in a day or two, and presto—it starts to snow, the wind catches up with itself, and it turns *cold*. I mean cold. I mean *way* down. Small comfort it is to me to read that up in Vermont it's right on the edge of being grand sugar weather. I know about that. It takes warm days and cold nights to start the sap running. And where I am I don't believe the trees ever heard of sap. They're shut up tighter than a spinster's reticule. And by the time this is over we'll hear that it was

(Continued on Page 175)

READ YOUR CHARACTER BY THE STARS

THE next time you are discussing movies, if someone asks "Who are your favorite stars?" beware of answering! Beware, that is, unless you are willing to take a chance on revealing a good many bits of rather personal information about yourself—your age, for instance, and your income! "Man is known by the company he keeps," says the adage. Well, a person—be it man, woman or child—can also be known by the movie stars he chooses as favorites; given a list of your favorite stars, it is possible to describe *you*. For your tastes reflect yourself, and your preferences in movie stars reveal many of your personal characteristics.

Suppose you write on a piece of paper the names of your favorite stars, six or eight or even ten. In addition to your age and income, the list tells your sex, whether you live in a city or a small town, how well educated you are, and how often you go to the movies! And these things together give hints about your personality—whether you are humorous or inclined to be serious-minded, sophisticated or naïve, homebody or gadabout.

To be sure, to most people your list wouldn't reveal anything except what it is supposed to—the names of your favorite stars. But to a group of specialists in Princeton, New Jersey, your list describes you pretty accurately. They can't read your character from the stars—but they can read your characteristics from the movie stars you like!

Neither crystal-gazers nor fortunetellers, these perceptive individuals are staff members of Audience Research, Inc., a polling organization specializing in studying people's *likes and dislikes* in motion pictures, and using techniques originated by Dr. George Gallup, founder and head of the company. To them, "reading people by the stars" is no parlor game, but is simply one of many demonstrations that *people's tastes are predictable*—a phenomenon without which their business wouldn't exist.

What, exactly, could they tell from your list of stars? Well, suppose these are the names you have written on your paper:

Ingrid Bergman	Rex Harrison
Joseph Cotten	Dorothy McGuire
Bing Crosby	Ray Milland
Joan Fontaine	Rosalind Russell

What does the list tell us about the person who wrote the list? Well, the writer is a woman. She is in her late twenties or early thirties; well educated, and enjoying a good income. A city dweller, perhaps a New Yorker, she's a sophisticated person, and she keeps up with what's going on—to be frank, she takes some pride in knowing about the latest books, the current hits on the radio, and having read the magazine article everybody is talking about. She goes to the movies pretty regularly—about once a week—but she picks and chooses a bit; *she isn't a real fan.*

If the list of stars closely resembles your own, then the chances are the description pretty nearly fits too.

How can anybody tell all this, just from the names of those eight stars? To understand the answer to that question, you have to know something about how Audience Research operates. Though their business is movies, their source of information is people. To find out why a particular movie was a success or a failure, they don't consult financial statements—*they ask people why they went or stayed away.* They ask them about their tastes, generally and specifically, in stories, titles, stars—in all the complex of ingredients that make a motion picture.

And, as we said before, tastes reflect people. So, when you tell them who your favorite stars are, you tell them a lot about your self too.

"How, exactly? To get down to cases—how could anyone tell that our list was made by a woman?"

That's easy! Of the eight stars named, *four are women.* If this were a man's list of favorites, not more than two or at most three feminine names would appear, perhaps only one. For, contrary to general belief, *most men don't go to the movies to watch their dream girls on the screen—they go to see their masculine heroes!* Images of themselves as they would like to be? Perhaps, perhaps not; but it is a fact that men choose their movies mainly by the male stars, rather than by the feminine names on the marquee.

So when around half the names on a list of favored stars are those of actresses, it's a safe bet that the list was made by a woman.

Make a list

income bracket, sec

Interesting side light: *Of some seventy leading Hollywood actresses, fewer than a dozen are more popular among men than among women!* Perhaps the names of some of the feminine stars who appeal even more to *men* than to their own sex will give you a clue to masculine psychology· *among them are Betty Grable, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake, Jane Russell, Ann Sheridan and Betty Hutton.*

"But what about age?" you are wondering. "Surely that list could belong to anyone between fifteen and fifty—those are all big stars. Bing Crosby, for instance—everybody loves Bing."

You're right about Bing Crosby. While every star, Crosby included, is more popular among some kinds of people ("population groups," to use the formal term) than others, Bing Crosby is almost equally well liked by young and old, rich and poor, city dweller, farmer and the suburbanites whose lives are regulated by the commuting timetable. Crosby's name on a list doesn't tell much of anything about the identity of the person who made the list.

But the other names are more revealing. Almost without exception, they enjoy their greatest popularity among young women between eighteen and thirty.

Why? Glance at the list again; then, in your mind, try to form a composite picture of the screen roles you associate with these stars. How old is your imaginary screen character? Late twenties or early thirties, probably. That's the clue.

People, particularly women, are attracted to stars whose personal traits are closest to their own or to their ambitions—or, more important, who play screen characters with the traits they share and admire.

Smart young housewives like to see stories about smarter young housewives on the screen—people like themselves, but with glamour added. Their kid sisters in high school look for the prototype of the party girl!

So stars who play characters in their late twenties or early thirties are likely to be most popular with movie-goers of the same age, just as those who play the more youthful roles—Judy Garland, June Allyson, Diana Lynn—are generally favorites of the teen-agers.

But again why? Perhaps you believe that people go to the movies to get as far away from themselves as possible. Why, then, do they seek their counterparts on the screen? Remember that glamour has been added! Perhaps the most alluring escape from reality is the chance to imagine yourself, not as a fabulous princess remote from your own experience, but yourself as you would like to be—leading a life you can imagine living, and hope someday to attain!

For people have a trick of imagining themselves in the role, or of associating themselves with the story in some way. And it's easier for a housewife to pretend to be another housewife—*even the fashionable, wealthy and suave version often portrayed by the glamorous Greer Garson—than to imagine herself in the shoes—or sarong—of a tropical-island beauty!*

This trick of putting yourself in the story, incidentally, is a familiar phenomenon to psychologists, and is the subject of considerable attention under the general term, "projection." (Audience Research calls it "self-identification.")

One word of caution, in case you want to try stargazing yourself: you can't arrive at a movie fan's own age simply by computing the average age of his—or her—favorite stars. There are lots of quirks to complicate this guessing game. *Margaret O'Brien, for example, is a particular favorite of high-school girls—and of women old enough to be her mother!* Perhaps that's the explanation, incidentally; the older women see in Miss Margaret a reflection, not of themselves, but of *their daughters.* Associating themselves with the story again, but in a different way.

In case you miss from our list some stars you consider favorites of young women, be reassured; we haven't named them all, by any means. Jennifer Jones, Robert Walker—these and more might well have been included, though the combination suggests a slightly younger woman than our imaginary character.

"Now this business about living in a city—what's the clue there? Those stars play in small-town theaters too."

They do indeed, and to enthusiastic audiences. But it happens that three of those stars in particular, Joseph Cotten, Ray Milland and Ingrid Bergman, are special favorites in the cities; *(Continued on Page 220)*

WHAT STARS CAN YOU SEE?

Here are twenty-five stars who won top billing in a recent popularity poll. Next time you have company at home, ask them to list their favorite movie actors and actresses. You may be able to guess which list belongs to which guest—after you've read the accompanying article.

BING CROSBY
INGRID BERGMAN
VAN JOHNSON
GARY COOPER
BOB HOPE
HUMPHREY BOGART
GREER GARSON
MARGARET O'BRIEN
BETTY GRABLE
ROY ROGERS
WALLACE BEERY
RAY MILLAND
CLARK GABLE
ALAN LADD
BETTE DAVIS
RITA HAYWORTH
CARY GRANT
CORNEL WILDE
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
GENE TIERNEY
ABBOTT and COSTELLO
SPENCER TRACY
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
GREGORY PECK
ERROL FLYNN

our favorite movie stars. It will reveal your personality,

mbitions, even your sex — it says here.

Friends and family are as welcome in this kitchen as the first day of spring. Covered in a plastic-coated fabric, the corner seat is gay, comfortable and cleanable. Trays on folding racks are practical, easy to use. Sturdy counter for serving hot dishes, radio at hand, room for books.

Visitors Welcome

WHEN I came into this kitchen, I felt like Kezia in Katherine Mansfield's exquisite story about the doll's house. Kezia never had a dollhouse, but she saw one through the window, perfect and magical, and when she was sent on down the road she spoke with ecstasy, "I seen the little lamp." Just seeing it was her satisfaction. And in this kitchen I just wanted to stand and touch the softly colored cabinets, move one tray just an inch—just to prove that it was real and that it wouldn't vanish.

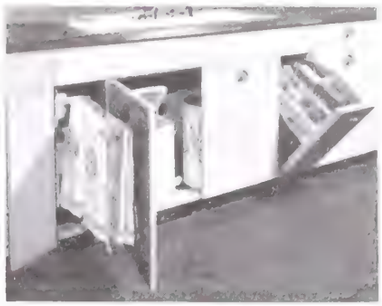
"I want a pretty kitchen," said one young woman the other day, "because my friends see me in my kitchen more than anyplace else. I want to look pretty in the kitchen, and I don't want to look out-of-place."

Of course no woman can just stand in her kitchen looking beautiful, and a good kitchen must be practical as well as attractive. The easier the work, the happier the young housekeeper.

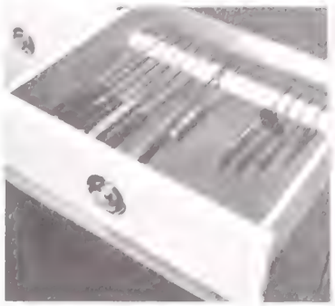
With a kitchen such as this, I am sure that if a neighbor drops in she can be asked to stay for a quick tray lunch with no fuss *(Continued on Page 182)*

COME OUT TO THE KITCHEN!
WE CAN TALK WHILE DINNER'S COOKING.

The tall closet holds cleaning aids.



Pull-out bin for soaps is good idea.



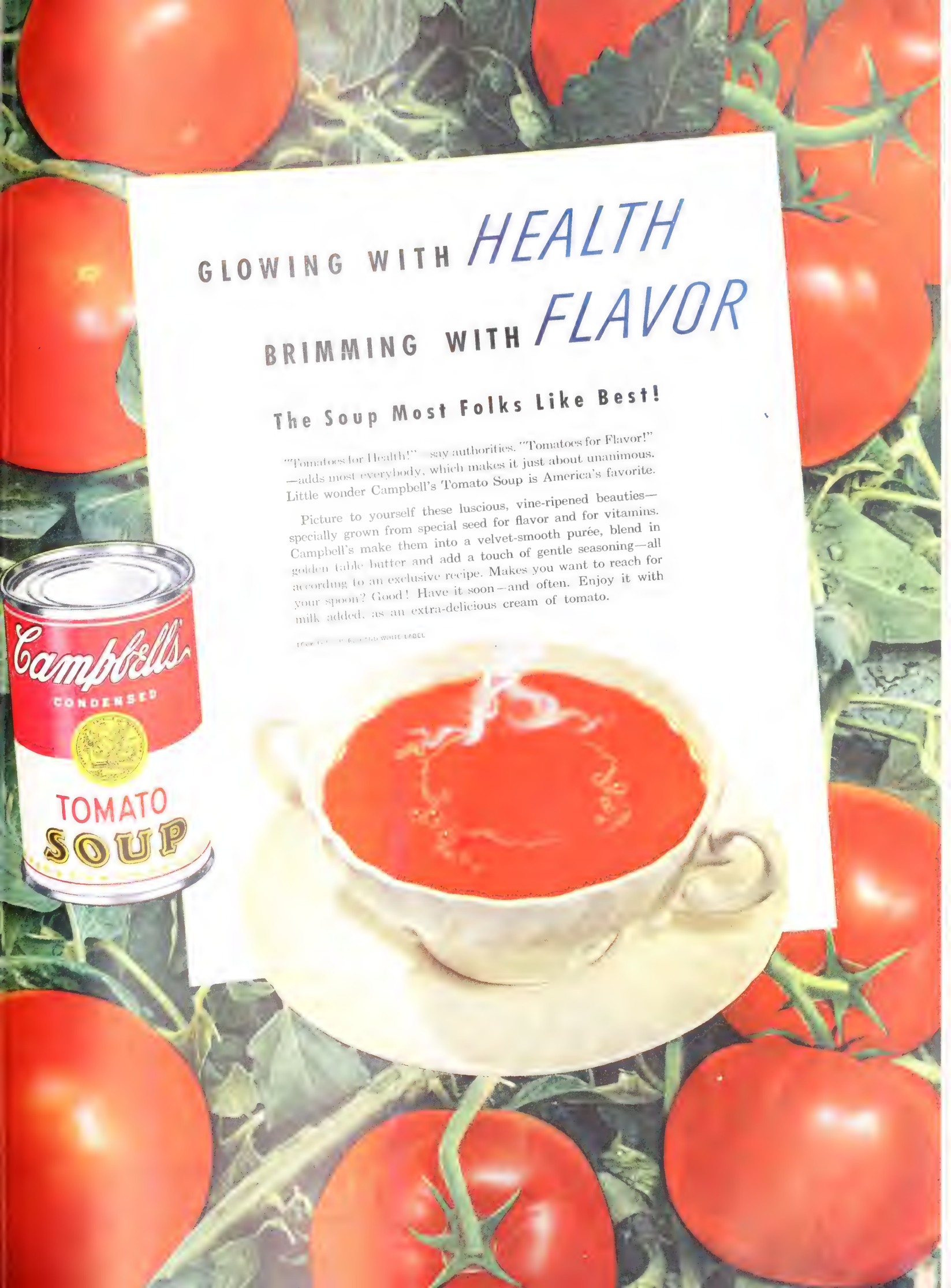
Knife rack protects edges.

Three roomy vegetable storage bins.

Carrousel holds pots, pans.

By Gladys Taber

***You could never stand in your own light in this kitchen.** Pleasantly concentrated light is directed downward on all working areas and the soft glow comes through "eggcrate" louvers." Fixtures and wiring are concealed behind soffits.*


GLOWING WITH HEALTH
BRIMMING WITH FLAVOR
The Soup Most Folks Like Best!
"Tomatoes for Health!" say authorities. "Tomatoes for Flavor!" —adds most everybody, which makes it just about unanimous. Little wonder Campbell's Tomato Soup is America's favorite.
Picture to yourself these luscious, vine-ripened beauties—specially grown from special seed for flavor and for vitamins. Campbell's make them into a velvet-smooth purée, blend in golden table butter and add a touch of gentle seasoning—all according to an exclusive recipe. Makes you want to reach for your spoon? Good! Have it soon—and often. Enjoy it with milk added, as an extra-delicious cream of tomato.
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

That feeling of health
. . . with your teeth so clean
. . . mouth so fresh!
"Johnny Mint" leaves your mouth tingling with refreshment. There is no dental cream like
SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM.
Use it with SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH — bent like a dentist's mirror to reach more places.
They're companions in cleanliness.
SQUIBB Dental Cream
SQUIBB
A name you can trust

MARY HALLAM

(Continued from Page 47)

gratitude that he was asking for, but an assurance that things looked better and brighter for her. And she could not deny him this satisfaction, and did not wish to. She looked at his down-bent head and knew that she felt not only gratitude but affection, and that she was by no means unhappy or unhopeful. She said, gently launching the words from her lips with confidence in them, "So far, glad." And added, "Yes, I'm glad."

He seemed moved by her assurance, when it came, for he lay perfectly still as though he listened with all his being. "I believe you mean it," he said, and stirred and sat up. Then he took up his cup. "This is the first wine we've drunk together," he said. "Let's have a toast." He waited for her to take up her cup and then said, raising his, "Here's to you, Mary Hallam, and here's hoping you'll say the same in a year's time."

She drank and then let him fill her glass again. "It's my turn now," she said, but when she raised her cup she could think of nothing to say but, "Here's to you, Alan." It was the first time she had used his Christian name, and she knew that he was as much aware of it as she was herself.

The sun poured down on their heads and all about them was peace and absolute silence, without even a bird's note to break it. *He'll remember this day,* she thought, *when he's an old man, and I'll remember it when I'm an old woman.* And the thought of growing old, of her flesh and bones and blood gradually changing and aging, seemed a luxury beyond her power to assess.

"I never thought you'd come with me," he said, "till the last minute. I was afraid you'd change your mind. I've just been thinking; if we go on as we've been going we'll get home day after tomorrow."

At the word "home" her doubts returned. "Alan," she asked him, "how are you going to explain to them all about me?"

"I lay awake last night," he said, "puzzling that out. I decided it would save a lot of talk if we just said we were going to be married." He went on without looking at her, "We could say that we're going to marry in about six months. I don't like saying what isn't true, but we've got to say something. Six months will give you time to think things over, and it would keep people's mouths shut. Not that I care what they say. But I've got to think of you."

She got up quickly and stood for a moment looking down at him. Then, her hands in the pockets of her coat, she walked away a little distance. Had he made the suggestion simply for her sake? Or had he some other motive? Presently she returned, still puzzled, and said, hesitating, "You wouldn't hold me to it, would you?"

"So that's what's the matter, is it?" he asked, looking intently at her. "Now just be sensible. I didn't want anyone to think you were just a girl I'd picked up; that's all. One minute you try to drown yourself and the next you're worrying because someone who's trying to help you may be taking an unfair advantage of you. Let me tell you this: I'm not going to get maudlin about you, so don't expect it."

She cried angrily, "I don't want you to get maudlin about me. It's the last thing I'd want."

"Maybe it'll be the last thing you'll get," he said with a sudden smile. "Think that over. We ought to be moving." He looked at his wrist watch. "Come on, let's pack up."

She began to tidy away the remains of the lunch. His self-assurance both steadied and annoyed her. She liked it, yet felt she ought to resent it. Then she thought, *Who are you to resent anything? You've put yourself in his hands. Be thankful you can trust him.*

As she got on the pillion seat behind him she broke a silence that had lasted for some minutes. "All right, you can tell them what you've just said you'd tell them."

She heard, above the noise of the starting engine, his casual and indifferent "O.K."

They crossed on the Townshend Ferry, and it was rough and stormy. She was not seasick, however, and stayed out-of-doors in the wind, tasting the salt spray and wearing her raincoat like a cape over her tweed coat. Alan got into talk with a man driving a small car whom he seemed to know, and she hardly spoke to him during the crossing.

Since he had made his first difficult, terse statement about his own life at Callac le Petit, he had told her little about himself. Both withheld confidences, feeling that there would be a time for them, but that it was not yet. Indeed, she wondered if she could ever unlock for him her Pandora's box of troubles, and how they would sound to his ears if she did. More and more these troubles began to seem like trivia compared with his.

At any rate, thanks to him, her anxiety as to her immediate future had lost its edge. The responsibility for her well-being had now become his; he had assumed it of his own free will, and for his own purposes. What she most liked and admired about him was his ability to cope with situations. There was something curiously adult about him, and she knew she had been fortunate in her encounter. She only hoped she would not fail him.

From Dover to Devizes she was too tired to take pleasure in the ride, or in the country through which they passed. When they stopped at an inn for a cup of tea, he told her his plans. He proposed leaving her in the village, in Burley, while he went home and prepared his family for her arrival. He would get old Mrs. Boles to make up a bed for her, and he would return for her in about an hour.

"I'll have to tell my mother tonight," he said, "because it's a small house and she'd be sure to hear your voice. But I think it would be best if you didn't see her until tomorrow." Then a look on her face made him say, "Don't worry, it's going to be all right. Think of her as a child. That's what she is. She couldn't face what she had to face. She went right back to a time when she was happy, when she was a little girl of nine or ten. And yet the queer thing is, she knows George and I are her sons. Simple is what she is. There are worse things, I suppose."

A soft, thick dusk was falling when they reached Burley. The village lay on either side of a small, cressy stream bordered by willows. A narrow and very old stone bridge with a humped back connected the two halves. Close to the bridge on one side was a church, surrounded thickly by trees, and on the other side was the inn, the Wheat Sheaf, and the post office.

It was a warm, still evening threaded with voices and the barking of dogs, and people

(Continued on Page 84)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mine, All Mine

By Ursella Wadleigh

Johnny wears a black eye all the time;
His clothes are full of lovely rips and tears.
He hates the sight of toothbrush, comb and water.
To keep his room his kingdom, he sets snares.
Just when I think I'm off my beam,
He turns on me with grin and shining eyes,
Hugs me hard and in my hand,
He puts a crawling thing—his newest prize.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

New! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that Engaged-lovely look*

See it give *your* skin:

an instant clean, refreshed look

an instant softer, silkier feel

—a lovely blush of color

YOU'LL SEE RESULTS TONIGHT—with the new blush-cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. It cream-cleanses and cream-rinses your face to a softer, lovelier look!

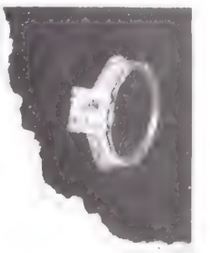
YOU BLUSH-CLEANSE—Run your face with warm water. Dip deep into soft, smooth Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptive, moist warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

YOU BLUSH-RINSE—Cream again with more new, soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 5 more creamy circlets over your face. Tissue well. Finish with cold water. Blot dry.

EXTRA CLEANSING, GLOWING. [illegible] with your hands and face? Pond's cream-cleans [illegible] and cream-rinses [illegible] makeup—*expels free grime with it!* Leaves skin [illegible]

This complete Pond's [illegible] *Every morning*—for a bright-awake look—a once-over [illegible] with Pond's!

PRISCILLA THOMPSON—[illegible] complexion! Cream-smooth, adorable . . . blush-cleansed by Pond's



PRISCILLA'S RING—[illegible] brilliant with [illegible] diamonds [illegible] at [illegible]

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

PRISCILLA THOMPSON beautifully expresses today's new look of young elegance—with accent on her smooth gold hair, her smooth ivory complexion.

One of Chicago's fashionable young set, she is the daughter of Mrs. Thomas Bruce Thompson and the late Mr. Thompson—and is engaged to William Paul Henricks also of Chicago. He is an Ex-Navy Lieutenant Commander and served in the Pacific.

Priscilla is an enthusiast about blush-cleansing with Pond's. "I've never known anything to give my face such a *lovely* washed-up, *soft* feeling," she says.

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look. Get your Pond's Cold Cream *today!* You'll find the luxurious, big 6-ounce jar is *especially nice* to use.

Among the [illegible] women of Society who use Pond's

[illegible] CHARLES CAVENDISH

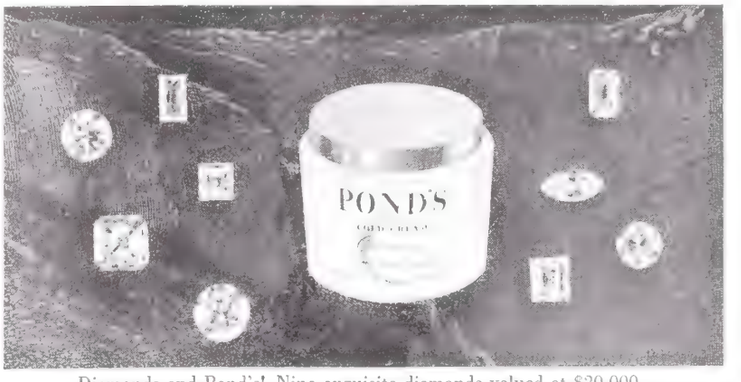
MRS. ANTHONY [illegible] MRS. FRANCIS D. [illegible]

[illegible] MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

MRS. ALLEN [illegible] THE HON. [illegible] MARY GRESHAM

[illegible] WILLIAM RHINELANDER [illegible]

THE PRINCESS [illegible] DI TORLONIA MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



Diamonds and Pond's! Nine exquisite diamonds valued at $20,000—destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls

Before you invest in the last word in laundries...

Here's every invention to make washday easy...including a speedy Gas [illegible] — especially the new do-everything washing machine. But before you invest in one of these wonder washers, ask yourself this: "Do I have an [illegible] hot water supply? It *must* have to work properly!" Remember the average automatic washer needs about 40 gallons of 140° water in 30 minutes to turn out a fluffy, snow-white laundry. *The new automatic Gas water-heaters are designed specifically to meet such needs.* They replace the hot water supply almost as fast as it is drawn off. Cost amazingly little to run. Eliminate old-fashioned fuss and inconvenience. In fact, no matter *how* you wash your clothes, an automatic Gas water-heater is a necessity in every *modern* household. Order one in the right size for your family — today!

DISHWASHING [illegible]

GAS

for the last word in automatic water-heating

ALTOGETHER there are 140 household uses for hot water. Check over them all, and get a new automatic Gas water-heater like this. See the many new models on display at most Gas appliance dealers' right now!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 82)

were walking about the main street and sitting on their doorsteps or in their front gardens. Some of them looked up as the motorcycle noisily crossed the bridge and stopped in front of the Wheat Sheaf, and one or two called out greetings to Alan, who answered briefly. He took Mary into the inn and asked the proprietor, a short, stout man in riding breeches, to give her some supper.

"This is Mr. Luck," he said, "a good friend of mine. He'll look after you. I'll be back in an hour."

Mr. Luck, to her great relief, showed no curiosity about her. It was clear that he thought the village of greater interest and importance. They had had good weather, he said, for the harvest, and everybody had been busy helping to get it in. She presently sat down to a supper of cold beef, salad and plum tart brought to her in the dining room by Mr. Luck himself. He continued to talk about local affairs until Alan's return.

As they went out to get on the motorcycle, Alan said, "George is pretty excited. He thinks I'm telling him fairy tales. I've moved into his room –there are two beds in it—and you'll have to sleep in mine. Mrs. Boles sleeps in my mother's room."

"Oh," said Mary. "Then when she goes, shouldn't I ——"

"No," he said, as she got up behind him. "I'll rig up an electrical gadget so that if she wants anything in the night, her bell will ring in my room."

Only to strangers, she soon learned, did Alan and George speak of Mrs. Garstin as "mother." At home they referred to her simply as "her" or "she." Their lives were built around hers; she was the childish, incalculable deity of the house. Something of this Mary had already guessed. Holding to Alan's waist as they sped out of the village, she took a pride in his unusualness, and in the unusualness of his situation. It set him apart; he was not the ordinary young man she had at first taken him for. Her hands tightly pressing his belt, she thought, *He's all I have now to hold to.*

> It isn't tying himself to one woman that a man dreads when he thinks of marrying, it's separating himself from all the others.
> —HELEN ROWLAND.

They went up a hill, rising directly from the water meadows. An almost full moon possessed the sky and the night, and she felt she was in an improbable dream, invented between sleep and waking. The road then ran downhill among trees, where the lighted windows of farms showed cozily, and along a narrow lane between hedges, where they presently stopped at a small white gate. Looking with anxious eyes at what was to be her home, she saw a squarely built stone cottage, its windows lighted and no curtains drawn. In an upper room figures were moving, and for an instant she caught a glimpse of a woman with long, tied-back hair falling between her shoulders. Alan said:

"Mrs. Boles is putting her to bed."

THE front door opened and a tall boy came out to meet them. He came awkwardly, with shy uncertainty. In the light from the open door Mary saw a head of rough fair hair.

"Here's George," said Alan, holding the gate open.

Mary put out her hand. "How are you, George?" she said.

The boy made an unintelligible answer, dropped her hand quickly and said, turning to Alan, "Let me put the bike away."

As George disappeared around the corner of the house, Alan said, "He'll be all right when he gets used to you. He doesn't see enough people, poor kid."

He took her into the living room, a square cottage room with a round table in the center of it, on which an oil lamp with a white china shade shed its homely light. Mary, glancing around her, saw that the walls were papered with an old-fashioned paper and hung with a few prints. There was an open brick fireplace, and on the mantel above it stood a clock and a pair of spotted china dogs. On the opposite wall there were bookshelves filled with shabby books. There were two easy chairs, with sagging seats and faded covers, and an old-fashioned sofa. The carpet was old and patched, but clean, and the room smelled of wax polish and paraffin. On a small table in the window a few flowers were arranged stiffly in a white vase.

There were footsteps on the stairs and Mrs. Boles came in. She walked stiffly and held on to the back of a chair to cross the room.

"This is Miss Mary Hallam," Alan said.

MARY got up and shook hands with the old woman, who drew a small chair out from the table and sat down, her hands under her apron. Mary thought she had never seen anyone so bloodless, so like a decent, tidily dressed corpse, ready for its burial. Except for her white apron she was all in black, and her temples, nose, forehead seemed transparent. She smelled of the years, though she was clean as a scrubbed pine table. She looked at Mary with bright, impersonal old eyes, devoid of expression, used only for seeing objects that needed her attention.

"You'll be company for the boys, miss," she said. "It'll be nice for them to have a young lady in the house." She turned to Alan. "Well, I put her to bed; she was as good as gold and went like a lamb. 'Alan's home,' she kept saying, 'Alan's home, Mrs. Boles.' She's been no trouble at all lately. I've kept accounts of everything, and I hope you'll find everything right."

"Of course it's right, Mrs. Boles. I don't know what we'd have done without you."

"I'm not able to get about as I used to," said the old woman. "If it wasn't for the stairs I might stay on, but I can't manage the stairs, not with my legs. Doctor said, 'Mrs. Boles,' he said, 'it's time someone took care of you instead of you taking care of them,' he said, but I said, 'Who's going to take care of me, doctor? I've done for others since I was twelve, and I'll go on doing for others till the end,' I said."

And she will, thought Mary.

Alan presently went into the kitchen with Mrs. Boles to look over the accounts, and Mary and George were left alone. Mary asked who had helped them before Mrs. Boles came, and he said that an aunt had lived with them, his mother's younger sister, a widow, but that she had married again two years ago and had gone to Canada.

"Isn't it awfully lonely for you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Not for me." His face took on an expression of exaggerated seriousness. "I always have plenty to think about."

There was a long silence and then he asked if Alan had told her they had a bathroom. She said he hadn't, and indeed the matter had been much in her mind. She had feared an outdoor privy, and the most primitive sort of washing arrangements.

"Alan built it three years ago," he said, and got up. "I'll show you if you like."

She followed him through the kitchen, where Alan and Mrs. Boles were sitting at the table. It was a pleasant little room, and contained a tall dresser, an oilstove, a small boiler, a sink and four kitchen chairs. Wherever she looked there was order and neatness. George threw open the door of a lean-to, and said, "Here it is," in a voice full of boyish pride. She saw a white enameled tub, a hand basin with running water, a cement floor and walls of pitch pine.

"Did Alan really do all this himself?" she asked, marveling.

"I helped him a bit, but I was only a kid of twelve then. And a chap in the village helped with the plumbing. Alan did all the rest. The bathtub cost ten pounds."

"It's beautiful," Mary said.

As they passed through the kitchen again, Alan glanced up at her and said in a brisk, impersonal way, "You're dead tired. George, take her upstairs and show her her room." He added, "Breakfast's at seven-thirty."

Mary admitted that she was more than ready for bed, said good night, and gladly

(Continued on Page 86)

I'LL SAY RINSO'S TRIPLE-ACTION SUDS GETS OUT STUBBORN DIRT—FAST!

says
Mrs. Edward D. Cone
of Bloomfield, N.J.

RINSO'S FORMULA GIVES YOU ALL THREE—

1. **SOAPY-RICH BASE**—makes suds that drive deep down—gets out stubborn dirt without hard rubbing or scrubbing.

2. **SUDS-BOOSTER**—even in hard water you get heaps of hard-working suds—and FAST!

3. **GREASE-CHASER**—goes after grease and grime—but it's easy on the hands—helps prevent yellowing of clothes, too!

Bring on your big washes—table linens, shirts, dresses, towels, even extra-dirty work clothes and play clothes. Rinso's soapy-rich suds drive deep down and get out that stubborn dirt fast—easy—safe!

Rinso's soapy-rich suds [illegible] Your whites come out [illegible] Rinso White. And your gay washables [illegible] stay bright as new after dozens and dozens of Rinso washings.

THE ONLY SOAP RECOMMENDED BY MAKERS OF 33 LEADING WASHERS

RINSO IS A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

ANYONE CAN GET A WASH THAT'S

RIN-SO WHITE

RIN-SO BRIGHT

Overweight may menace your health,

especially if you are over 30, for it often goes hand in hand with high blood pressure, heart ailments, diabetes, and other diseases. However, if you are under 30, a small amount of overweight can be beneficial.

The chief cause of overweight is overeating. It rarely results from glandular disturbances or other causes.

If you are overweight, let your doctor diagnose the cause. Follow his advice for bringing your weight down to normal, or a little below.

Keep it there—*and help assure a longer, happier life!*

For further helpful information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 37-J, "Overweight and Underweight."

It contains lists of the calorie values of almost 300 foods, suggested low-calorie menus, illustrated reducing exercises, and a table of ideal weights.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

(Continued from Page 84)

followed George up the stairs. On the upper floor there were three bedrooms. They tiptoed past Mrs. Garstin's door, and George opened the door of a small room to the left of the stairs.

"Here's where you'll sleep," he said.

It was a small neat room with white casement curtains at the one window and a clean white bedspread on the iron single bed. Besides a table and a chair there were a chest of drawers full of Alan's clothes neatly arranged, a hanging mirror, and over the bed two shelves filled with books. Holding up the lamp, she scrutinized their titles. On the top shelf were two "Westerns," an old volume of Sherlock Holmes, a single volume of Shakespeare containing only the tragedies, a Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a book of Kipling's verse. On the lower shelf were Maugham's Of Human Bondage, three technical books on electrical engineering, and a book on gardening.

She waited till all the noises of the house had ceased except for a murmur of talk from the room where George and Alan were, before slipping down the stairs and into the bathroom. Surely, she thought, Alan couldn't run this house and pay Mrs. Boles out of what he earned. She had no idea what wages he received, but it seemed likely that Mrs. Garstin was not penniless. Probably, she thought, she had an annuity, if perhaps a small one. But Alan, she realized, had a talent for living, for managing his affairs. There was nothing at all of the helpless male about him. She guessed that he would regard her poor efforts at housekeeping with pitying contempt.

The thought of the morning and her first meeting with Mrs. Garstin kept her awake for some time, but at last she slept, uneasily, for the bed was hard and her fears produced one alarming dream after another. Suddenly, in the midst of her dreams, she heard a voice; it seemed to speak loudly and clearly within her very ear, inside her head. With a start she was wide awake, and the penetrating, pervasive tones continued to echo, like the reverberations of a gong. Never before had she had such an experience. "Be not afraid," the voice had said, and now, wide awake, she could hear the diminishing echo repeating itself, "Be not afraid . . . be not afraid," in dying waves of sound. She lay listening with her whole being in a state of excited expectancy. Where had it come from? Who or what had spoken?

> **Wise men, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latest wisdom which prevails in them.**
>
> —EDMUND BURKE.

WHEREVER it came from, it was the message of all messages that she needed. She knew that it was fear and fear alone that had driven her down the sands and into the sea, an accumulation of fears never admitted, never expressed. Looking back over her life, she saw that her every act had been dictated by fear: fear for her own future, fear of disappointment, fear of loneliness, fear of failure. She had snatched too hastily at Ferdinand Walsh because she was afraid. In the dark little room she turned a new scrutiny upon her hatred of Letty; and that, too, she now saw, had arisen from childish fear of her. Fear of her father, too much a stranger to her, had kept them apart. And fear of what she would find at the end of this journey had tormented her during every mile of it. She clearly saw how utterly illogical it was to fear for the fate of what she had tried her hardest to destroy. To live in a continual state of nervous apprehension over something she had already thrown away was, she saw, the supremest folly. *Relax,* she said to herself, and gradually she let every tense muscle and sinew go, drew in her breath gently and let time flow over her, softly and darkly, aware of a sense of peace and a quiet exaltation.

She woke to the twittering of birds, looked out on a small, somewhat neglected garden, saw that a soft rain was falling, and dressed quickly. She was downstairs before Alan or George, though Mrs. Boles had been up and about for half an hour, and the water wa boiling on the oilstove for tea. She helpe the old woman, who said that the damp mad her joints stiffer, and took note of all tha she said and did. Breakfast was not a com plicated affair. They had tea, porridge, bacon bread and butter, and jam. Mrs. Garsti stayed quietly in her bed, Mrs. Boles said till a tray was taken up to her. There wa no hot water in the morning; the boiler wa lighted and baths were taken three times week and at night. Alan had a kettle of ho water to shave with. In winter, Mrs. Bole said, the kitchen was warmed by an o heater, and there was another for Mr Garstin's room, while the boys kept th house supplied with wood for the sitting room fire. Alan, she said, was as good housekeeper as any woman, and better tha most.

"SURPRISING what he knows," she said "but he's carried a burden since he was lad, and that's made him wise before h time. He'll make a good husband."

As he ate his breakfast, Alan asked Mar if she had had a good night.

"Very good," she told him.

"The bed's hard."

"I got used to it."

"I'll clear the things out of the drawer tonight. And on my way home I'll stop a the post office to see if any of your parce have come."

"I hope they have," she said. "Anyway I'll do some washing today." She caught look of what she took for amusement in h eyes and added, "Perhaps Mrs. Boles wi help me. I've never done any washing ironing."

Mrs. Boles looked at her as if she coul not have heard her correctly, said, "Neve done ——" and then fe silent, as if the matte were beyond her compre hension.

After Alan left, Mar helped Mrs. Boles with th cleaning and tidying kitchen and sitting room and the old woman the went upstairs to Mrs. Ga stin's room with a tra and remained up there, while Mary sat the sitting room darning her three pairs stockings. She could hear the voices of th two women over her head, Mrs. Garstin's curiously light and childish treble. She fe that since last night she had turned a fres page of her life, that she had put the pa behind her. As her needle went in and ou she told herself that she had not a worry now, in the world. If her health continue to improve—and she was beginning to be lieve it might—she had little to wish fo She liked George. She liked, trusted an even admired Alan. She was not going to b afraid of Mrs. Garstin. She had work to do It was as simple as that.

The voices from above became suddenl louder, and there were steps on the stairs "And now you'll see the nice young lad Alan's brought back with him," she hear Mrs. Boles say, as if she were speaking to child. "She's going to look after the hous when I've gone, just like he told you. Com along, dear. There's nothing to be afraid of."

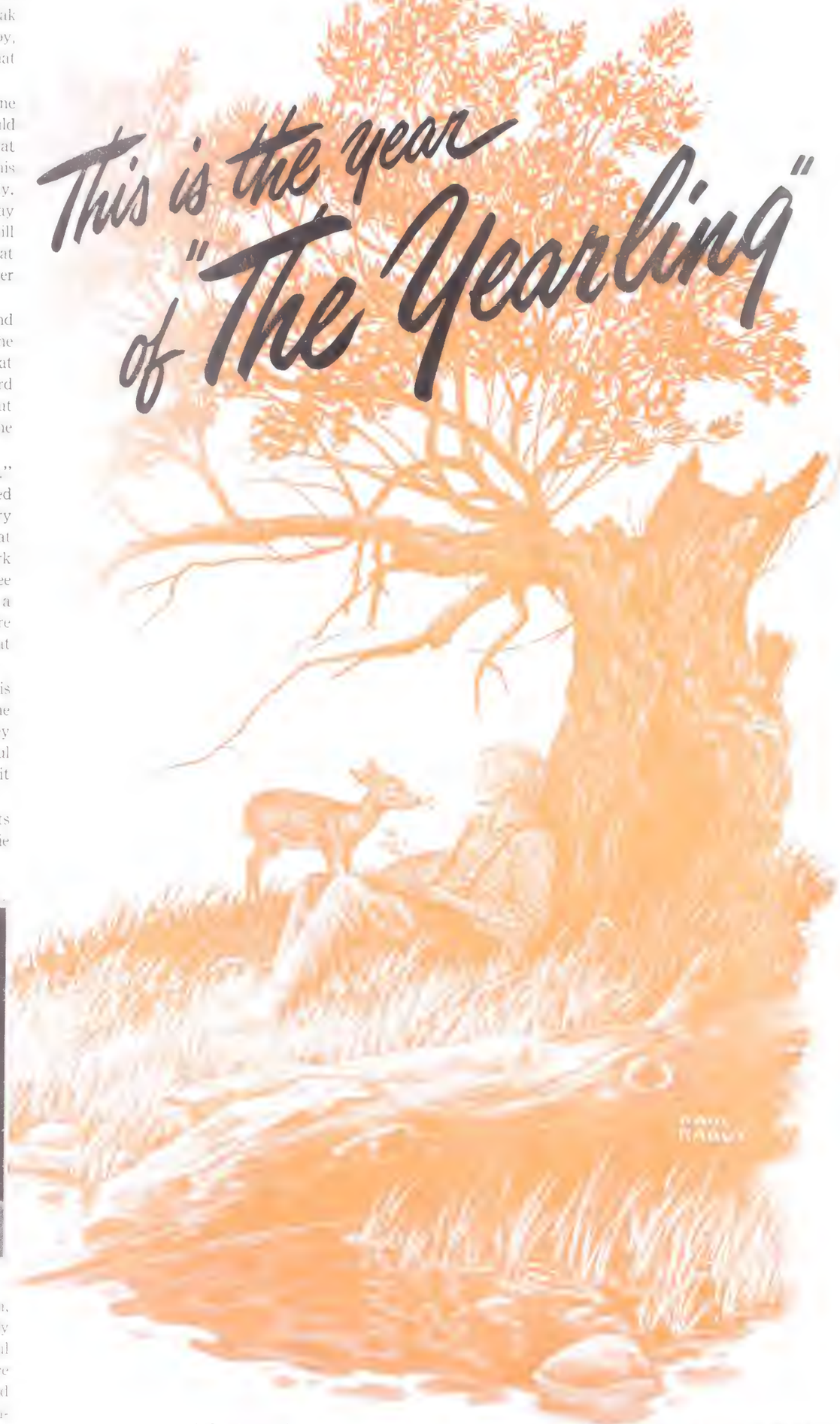
Quickly Mary put down her darning Mrs. Garstin was afraid. She was frightene at the thought of a stranger in the house Oh, the poor creature! Her own lingerin dreads vanished in an instant as Mrs. Bole came in, holding the arm of a thin woman with fair, whitening hair worn in a great bun large blue eyes which rolled too much i their sockets and features that must once have been irresistibly pretty. The lips parte a little, and the whole expression was that o a child on its best behavior, trying hard t remember to do and say correctly all that i had been told to do and say. It was a per sonality so appealing, so pathetic, so hesitan that Mary was half afraid to go forward fo fear of giving alarm. But she went, holdin out her hand, and Mrs. Boles, a little roughl but with kindly intent, pushed forward th right hand of her charge.

(Continued on Page 89)

NEWLIN WILDES

OFFERS HIS IMPRESSIONS TO LADIES' HOME JOURNAL READERS

This is the year of "The Yearling"



f you have a heart you'll love "The Yearling." You will truly love it because it is the story of a young family, a father, a mother and a boy, o live in a strange, a dangerous, a hard and a note part of this world. A part of this world ich you have never seen, probably, but which u should see. It is a story that will almost break ur heart, sometimes, because it is about a boy, ery young and growing boy, and the things that loved and that he had to do.

He loved animals, this boy, and he wanted one imal that he could call his own, that would low him through the woods and glades, and that could talk to and that would be his friend, his ry dear and close friend. His only friend, really. e got that friend, finally, and he got it in a way at will thrill you and terrify you and that will ld you breathless as you watch. He got that end in spite of a mother who wanted to love her n, but who did not dare.

And when he has his friend, this boy Jody, and s named his friend Flag, then you will see the ings happen that make a boy grow older, that ake a boy grow up and be a man. They are hard ings that happen to this boy, bitter things, but ey give him something else, something that he s needed and wanted all his life.

You will see a new star born in "The Yearling." aude Jarman, Jr. is his name, and be assured at he will do to your heart is something very nderful. You will see Gregory Peck in a role that great and human and warming, and full of stark nger and poise and courage. And you will see ne Wyman as Jody's mother, in a hard role, a y hard role, but one that will make you admire more than you ever have before, and one that l draw you to her in greatest sympathy.

There are others too, many others, and theirs is tory photographed in the full brilliance of the id color of that strange and hard world they e in. "The Yearling" is a great and wonderful perience. If you have a heart you will love it d be better for having seen it.

"The Yearling" is The Picture Of The Year. Its rs, Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, are Marjorie nnan Rawlings's characters come to life.

The supporting cast headed by Claude Jarman, , includes Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly d Forrest Tucker. The screen play by Paul born is superb. Director-producer Clarence own and producer Sidney Franklin have created Technicolor film of which Metro-Goldwyn-ayer may be truly proud.

(Advertisement)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RABUT

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That's the wonderful thing about Treet!

Treet-Corn-Potato Scallop

Here's the Treet meal-in-one-dish that has everything—it's easy-cooking, good-looking, good-tasting, good for you! Cube contents 1 tin of Treet, heat with ½ cup milk, 2 cups cream-style corn, ⅓ cup chopped green pepper, ⅓ cup chopped onion, 1½ tsps. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper. Arrange this mixture with 5 cups hot sliced potatoes (cooked 10 min.) in layers in casserole. Sprinkle flour on each layer. Dot with Cloverbloom Butter, cover, bake 30 min. in 375° F. oven. Cut contents of another tin of Treet in 8 slices and arrange on top of casserole. Bake uncovered 15 min. Serves 8 —with lettuce wedges and 1000 Island dressing.

Treet — not one but *two* favorite meats!

There's more to Treet than you see or taste—tremendous food values are concentrated in this blend of tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham. Treet is rich in proteins and calories, minerals and vitamins—and none of this nutritious goodness is ever lost, for Treet is sealed in the tin before cooking. Remember, Treet is not one but *two* favorite meats—and you can serve Treet any way you serve ham!

For additional Treet and Canned Meats recipes, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 47, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.

The best and nothing but the best is labeled

ARMOUR ★

Serve Treet every way you serve ham!

(Continued from P[illegible])

I am Mary Hallam," Mary said. "I e last night. How do you do?"
I'm better, thank you," said Mrs. Gar-, and Mrs. Boles put in, in an undertone: She always says she's better, poor lamb."
I've been doing some mending," Mary . "My stockings were full of holes."
. Garstin nodded and then looked in-ingly at Mrs. Boles.
Yes, dear," said the old woman, "I w. I've forgotten your sewing. I'll go nd get it."

ARY said she would go, and asked where as. On the window sill in Mrs. Garstin's n, the old woman said, and Mary ran airs. This was the largest bedroom, and filled with things that must have be-ged to Mrs. Garstin's early youth. There e Victorian engravings on the walls, and e china and bric-a-brac of the same period nged on hanging shelves. On a bedside e were framed photographs of Alan and rge, taken some years earlier. Flowers e stuck stiffly here and there into small ow-necked vases, probably by Mrs. es. She ran down with the sewing basket set it on the table, and at once Mrs. stin held out her hands for it.
Wait, dear," said Mrs. Boles. "I'll thread needle for you. Now just sit quiet and to the young lady, there's a good girl."
Irs. Garstin turned her head away, like a child, but a moment later, as Mary ed up her mending, she felt that the et and empty blue eyes were watching Mary looked up at her and smiled.
fter an hour's work, she glanced out the dow and saw that the rain had stopped. as growing lighter, clouds were breaking all the green foliage about the house ened with wet. She looked down at Mrs. stin's feet. She wore a blue cotton dress an old gray cardigan, a little tight from y washings. She was well shod for walk-even on wet roads, and Mary thought might take her along the lane a little way.
Would you like a walk?" she asked.
Irs. Garstin looked up with an air of prise. "Is it Sunday?" she asked.
No," Mary said. "It's Thursday, but dn't we go just the same?" Then she erstood. Mrs. Boles found walking so cult that it was probably left to Alan or rge to take her out when Sunday came. e'll go," Mary said firmly. "I'd like to You see, I only came last night, and I en't been out yet. Then we can finish our ing when we come back."
Irs. Garstin at once looked happy. She dled her bits of stuff into the basket and up. Mary took her arm and they went together, Mrs. Garstin smiling shyly and erly like a child being given a treat. A ll brick path led to the gate, on either side of which were tall lilac bushes. The lane, curving and narrow, continued for a hundred yards or so to the left and ended at a wide farm gate. On the other side of the gate were meadows, where cows were grazing. From this farm, Mrs. Boles had told her, they got milk, butter and eggs. The house could just be seen, screened by tall elms. They walked as far as the gate, slowly, Mrs. Garstin on Mary's arm. She was light and walked with a curiously springing step. Mary asked her if she liked walking and Mrs. Garstin said that she did, but that she was afraid of meeting strangers.

"I don't like people," she said. "They stare at me. They're wicked. I'm wicked, too, but I don't stare. I know it's rude."

"You're not wicked," Mary said. "Alan and George wouldn't love you if you were."

Her head nodded solemnly, childishly. "I am. I am very, very, very wicked. The most wicked person in the world. George and Alan love me because I'm their mother, but I'm very wicked." And she gave Mary a grave and portentous look.

The air was delicious with the scent of ferns and wet earth, and the sun now came out warm and bright, and every raindrop glistened. "How beautiful it is!" Mary said, hoping to turn her mind to other topics.

Over to the south there rose up in a clear and lovely line the chalk downs, with heavy clumps of trees on their sides and summits, looking dark and solid. The whole countryside undulated, rising softly here, falling softly there, and the yellow harvested fields made lovely patterns against the distant blues and greens of hill and meadow.

"I'd like to walk down the lane a little way," Mary said. "As far as the next farm gate if you're not tired."

MRS. GARSTIN smiled her assent, and walked beside her. "We're like two sisters," she said. "Two sisters who've met after a great many years. I wonder where we've been all this time. Don't you?"

"It would be interesting to know, wouldn't it?" said Mary, and then, thinking, *I mustn't deal too much in fantasy, it may be bad for her*, said, "Most of the time, of course, I've been in London."

"In London," echoed Mrs. Garstin, and added thoughtfully, "Perhaps at the Army and Navy Stores."

Her mention of this shop, with which people living in the country so frequently dealt, encouraged Mary. "Well, I've often been there," she said. "To buy things."

Mrs. Garstin considered this. "Was it guns or ropes you went for?" she asked.

"Neither," Mary answered. "Once I bought a camera, and once I bought a dog, a little collie puppy. I loved him more than anything in the world."

"More than your mother or your father?"

"More than anything I had to play with, I mean."

"Then," asked Mrs. Garstin, "why didn't you bring him with you?"

"He died a long time ago."

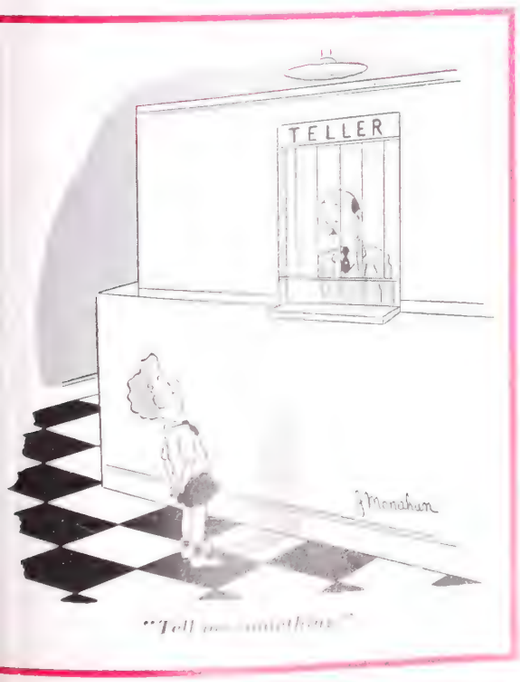
Her arm was clutched convulsively. "He . . . died!"

"Well," said Mary, fearful of having made a blunder, "he was very old. He's buried under a beech tree in the country and bluebells grow on his grave."

"He died! Oh," Mrs. Garstin whispered, "how dreadful!"

And Mary thought, *I must never speak of death again.*

Mrs. Garstin loosened her tight clutch of her arm, and paused in the rutted lane, which, except that it was open to the sky, looked as though it had been



"Tell me something."

O Bygone Days . . .

1898—DELIGHTFUL MRS. "PAT" CAMPBELL was *the* London stage star. Equally well known was that popular yachtsman and tea merchant, Sir Thomas Lipton.

The former was renowned for the roles of *Paula Tanqueray* and *Irene*. The latter . . . for his incomparable blend of tea from his own Ceylon tea gardens. *brisk-flavored Lipton's!*

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Brisk means *richer* flavor—the result of Lipton's scientific blending of as many as *18 different teas*, each chosen for its *special* character.

No wonder there's a delightful difference that makes Lipton Tea *America's favorite brand*. Try it.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk flavor

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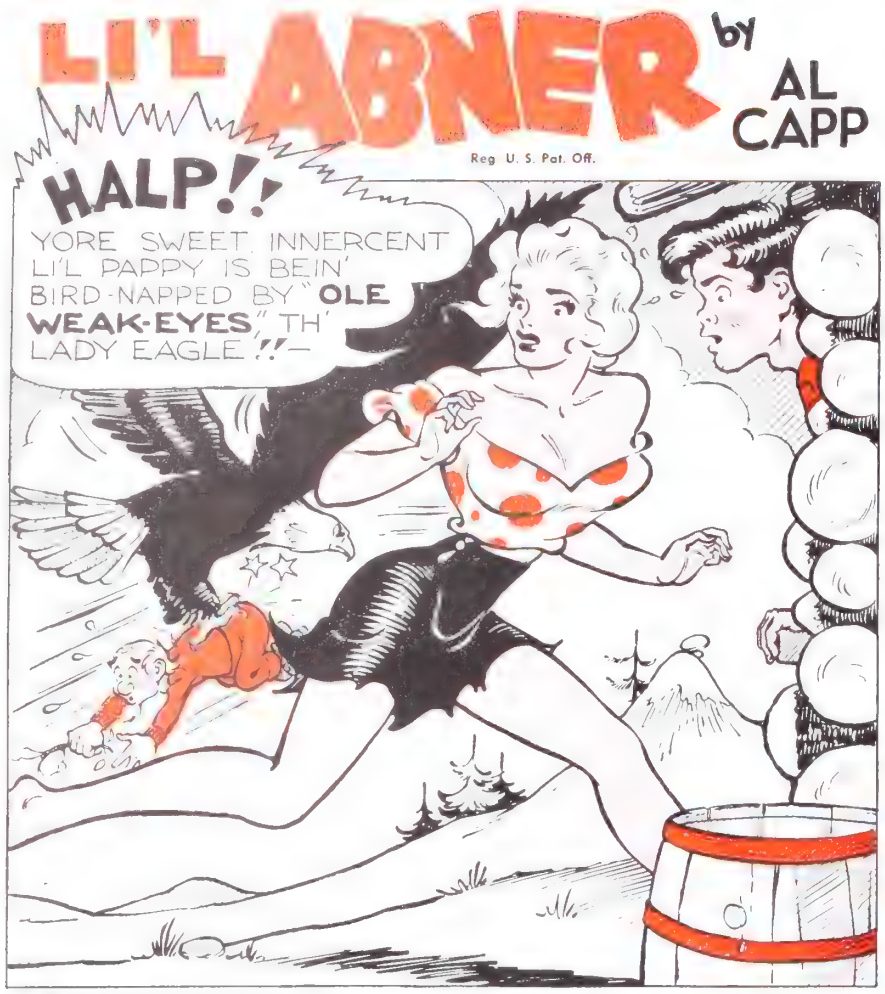

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
HALP!!
YORE SWEET, INNERCENT LI'L PAPPY IS BEIN' BIRD-NAPPED BY "OLE WEAK-EYES," TH' LADY EAGLE!!—
HURRY MAMMY!
READY IN 5 MINUTES, SON! THIS FAST-COOKIN' "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT WILL GIVE YO' TH' "GIT-UP-AN'-GO" T' RES-KEW THET BALD-HAIDED LI'L RASCAL!!
CUSS YO', OLE WEAK-EYES!!
THASS NO AIG— THASS MAH HAID! AN' (SOB!) NO MATTER HOW LONG YO' SETS ON IT—IT WON'T HATCH!!—
HYAR AH COME, PAPPY!! —A-BUSTIN' WIF FOOD-ENERGY, BLOOD-BUILDIN' IRON, CALCIUM, AN' PHOSPHORUS— T'SAY NOTHIN' O' VITAMIN B1!!!
SON—YO' HAS RESKEWED TH' WRONG BALD-HAIDED LI'L RASCAL!!
AH THOUGHT TWARN'T PAPPY!! IT AIN'T GOT THET CREAM OF WHEAT FEELIN'!!
Capp
GET THAT CREAM OF WHEAT FEELING!
CREAM OF WHEAT
CREAM OF WHEAT

carved out of the thick dark foliage by an apple corer. "I'll tell you something," she whispered, "if you'll promise never to tell anyone else. We all die. You and I and everybody."

Mary nodded. "Yes," she said, "I suppose we do. But never mind, we're alive now. And so are Alan and George and Mrs. Boles, and the birds and the cows, all alive together."

"So we are," said Mrs. Garstin, and nodded, and resumed her springing walk, smiling once more.

Alive, thought Mary. *I, alive? Can anyone who has thrown away life ever really live it again? But I am, I am living it.* And she lifted up her face to the sky, where the clouds were packing away, and the sun was bursting hotly out and retreating again and bringing warm odors out of the lane and the dripping hedges. *I am, I am living it.*

They walked as far as the farm gate where a sign said, "Day-old chicks for sale, cut flowers, honey, apples." She knew it was useless to ask who lived there, and they turned toward home, Mrs. Garstin stepping now and again carelessly into puddles, so that on their return Mary had to find dry shoes for her and did not know whether to scold her or not.

Mrs. Boles had no such scruples, and shook a crooked forefinger at her, saying, "You're a naughty, naughty girl! How many times have I told you to keep your feet dry?"

They put her sewing into her hands and Mary went into the kitchen to talk to Mrs. Boles, from whom she had much to learn. The farm at the end of the lane belonged to a farmer named Hobday, she said. Down below at the lower farm were Mr. Bailey and his sons, Arthur and Dick, his daughter, Mrs. Dykes, and her husband. The Dykeses were the right sort, and sometimes Will Dykes and Alan went out together after rabbits or a partridge.

The best way to show that a stick is crooked is not to argue about it, or spend your time denouncing it, but to lay a straight stick alongside it.

"But you wouldn't say any of them was really friendly with the Garstins. Seems as if the folks here was suspiciouslike of anyone as doesn't farm their own land," she said.

For lunch there were cold sausage rolls which Mrs. Boles had made the day before, and a milk pudding. For the supper there were pork chops and mushrooms, and before she left, Mrs. Boles said, she'd "rattle up" a treacle pudding, as she'd got a bit of suet, and put it on to boil. It was George's favorite.

"Now," said Mrs. Boles, "what else can I tell you?"

A thousand and one things, thought Mary, but there wouldn't be time for them, and she'd have to learn them from Alan and George. She found a battered old cookery book on the kitchen shelf and made up her mind to study it. She'd seen that oil, coal and wood were kept in the shed where Alan kept his motorcycle. She'd learned how to manage the oilstove and how to fill it. The boiler was George's affair; he cleaned it and lighted it, and all she'd need to do would be to give it a shakedown and put coke on it now and again. Mrs. Boles had cleaned the house from top to bottom. If Mary wanted a bit of help sometimes, she said, Mrs. Dykes might come over and lend a hand, but she had two little ones under seven and her own house to look after.

THE old woman left after tea, and when she had gone a vivid awareness of the strangeness and loneliness of her situation overwhelmed Mary as she stood at the gate. She knew she would count the hours every day until Alan and George came home. Would she be able to endure the loneliness? she asked herself, and thought yes, if Alan stayed. And already Mrs. Garstin had cast a sort of spell on her. Her condition had a curious fascination of its own; indeed, her personal charm had by no means been destroyed. For the first time in her life Mary felt herself to be necessary, or in a position to make herself necessary, to other people, and she found stimulation in this knowledge.

Alan's motorcycle came exploding along the lane at half past six, and after putting it in the shed he came into the kitchen where Mary was delicately handling the pork chops and wondering how long it would be before she could touch raw meat without repugnance. Looking quickly at his face, she saw only the unconcerned look she now knew so well, the level regard and the hint of sullenness about the mouth. If he was glad to see her there, if he had looked forward to his home-coming today, he gave no sign of it.

"PORK chops," he said. "Mrs. Boles was always buying them. I don't like pork much, do you?"

"No," she said, "but it's all there is. She said I was to fry them."

"Well, see that they're cooked enough. Any potatoes?"

"She didn't say anything about potatoes. There are mushrooms."

He went to a cupboard, took out some potatoes and scrubbed them. "Don't peel them, just salt them and put them on to boil. I'll go in and see her now, and then I'll come and help you. George won't be home till late. He works at the rector's every day, you know, and then studies with him at night." When he returned to the kitchen again he said, "I've heard her version of things. Now let's hear yours."

She asked eagerly, "What did she say?"

"She's forgotten everything I told her last night. She calls you her sister, but I think she just means that you're someone she likes."

"Alan, I never dreamed she'd be so—so charming. She must have had a charming mind."

For a moment he said nothing, but watched the pan in which the chops were frying. "I'll tell you about her tonight," he said. "As George is out, it's a good opportunity. What are you going to do with those mushrooms?" he asked.

"I was going to fry them. I've washed them."

"You haven't peeled them."

"I didn't know I had to." She sighed. "I've got an awful lot to learn."

"That's all right. So have I. Here, give them to me, I'll do it."

He peeled them and dropped them into the frying pan, after pouring off most of the fat.

"Do you always come home as early as this?" she wanted to know.

"Earlier, as a rule. Tonight I stopped at the post office to see if any of your parcels had come, but they hadn't. If you ask my advice, which you haven't, I'd say write to your father now and tell him you're in England and all right. If you don't want him to know where you are, I can get a chap at the factory who's going to London to post your letter there. Your father's bound to be worried at the thought of your being in France when war comes."

"Is it coming? Are you sure?"

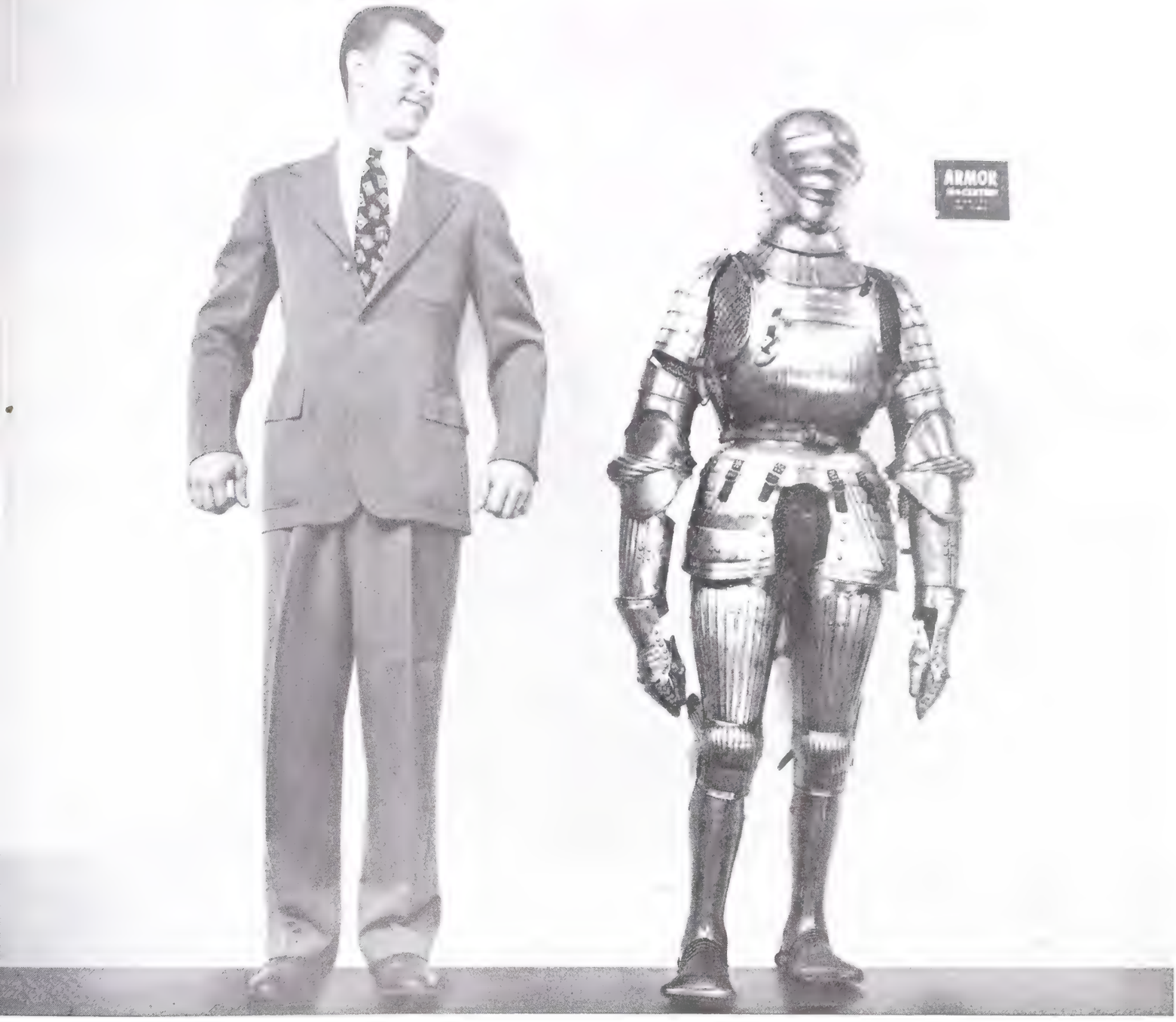
"As sure as I'm alive," he said, and put his hand in his pocket. "Here's the evening paper. Read it while you're waiting for the chops to cook. I'll go and set the table."

Yes, she thought, it certainly looked like it, unless a miracle happened. She put the paper down and thought, *If he goes, I couldn't stay here. I couldn't possibly stay here without him.*

At supper, Mrs. Garstin sat between them. She ate like a nicely brought up child, taking great care to place her knife and fork side by side when she had finished. Now and again it seemed as if she were trying to follow their talk, but found it too great an effort.

After supper, Alan helped Mary with the dishes. Mrs. Garstin sat in the kitchen while they worked, winding a ball of wool onto a stick and then winding it back again. Alan did the washing up, piling up the warm and dripping plates so fast that Mary got behind with the drying. Mrs. Garstin was not allowed to help. She dropped things, Mrs

(Continued on Page 94)



The shell of our former selves!

and the average American man next to a ight of old, and you'll discover a surpris- g fact. By modern standards, our iron- id ancestors were pretty undersized!

The human race has grown appreciably ice medieval times. But the real news is w rapidly it has grown *recently*. For stance, the soldier of the second World ar – according to Selective Service figures topped his 1917 counterpart by almost full inch!

This gain is largely due to the things we ve learned about *food*. It is a very tangible sult of research in vitamins, minerals, proteins – the myriad complex food substances which help build sound bones and tall, straight bodies.

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NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

FOOD STORAGE IN THE SAME

Greatest advance meeting

THE THING that women have wanted and asked for—first and foremost—in new refrigerators is MORE FOOD-STORAGE CAPACITY.

Now, General Electric answers that demand—with the greatest advance in refrigerators in 20 years! . . . The greatest advance since General Electric pioneered the "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit.

It's the new General Electric Space Maker Refrigerator—the refrigerator that gives you a third more food-storage capacity *with no increase in kitchen floor space.*

Compare a General Electric Space Maker with your present refrigerator

Suppose you now have a 6-cubic-foot refrigerator that just fits in your kitchen.

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That's an example of how these wonderful new refrigerators give you one third more room *inside* the refrigerator—more room for frozen foods, more room for bottles, for meats, vegetables, for everything you keep in your refrigerator. And this has been achieved with no reduction in thickness of insulation!

How is this possible?

This truly *great* advance in household refrigerators has been made possible by improved design and engineering of General Electric's famous "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit. The mechanism has been made highly compact, so it takes up less room in the base of the refrigerator.

More efficient and economical than ever!

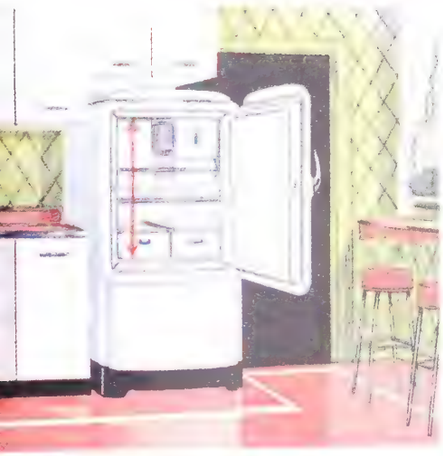
These *same* engineering improvements have made the General Electric refrigerating unit more efficient and economical than ever before!

The "sealed-in-steel" mechanism in today's General Electric Refrigerator has about one third *more* refrigerating capacity . . . freezes ice 35% *faster* . . . uses *less* electricity . . . than the latest units made before the war!

Look inside this great new General Electric (Model ND-8). Big Super-Freezer holds 20 standard packages of frozen foods, plus 4 ice trays (80 ice cubes). Bottle space big enough for 12 square one-quart milk bottles; enough headroom for really tall bottles! Notice the ample, conveniently arranged shelves . . . the big fruit, meat, and vegetable drawers for keeping these foods market-fresh! Did you ever *see* such a refrigerator? Don't you *want* one?

VE ONE THIRD MORE
TCHEN SPACE!

ome refrigerators in 20 years. . . .
ands of women everywhere!



he pictures tell the story!

the left is a standard 6-cubic-foot refrigerator in kitchen. Note the size of the freezer and the food-orage space. Note, too, that a *bigger* refrigerator uldn't fit in this kitchen.

On the right is the new General Electric 8-cubic-foot Space Maker model in the same kitchen. Notice the difference in the sizes of the freezer (for frozen-food storage), and how much more room there is for general food storage.

Yet this refrigerator fits in exactly the same kitchen space as the usual 6-cubic-foot model!

Model illustrated is the NB—8-cubic-foot

Model illustrated is the NC—8-cubic-foot

Model illustrated is the NC—6-cubic-foot

Greater-than-ever dependability!

sts and inspectors point that these new, more com-rigerating units should give even longer and more de-e performance than the great "sealed-in-steel" units ve set an unmatched record for reliable operation!

that's a vital advantage! For constant, trouble-free ation—day in, day out—year in, year out—*primarily* ou're buying when you buy a refrigerator. More than a General Electric Refrigerators have been in service rs or longer.

t fail to see the wonderful new "Space Maker" models retailer's. They're the answer to your prayers for more orage space without buying a bigger refrigerator!

General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut

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ten years or longer

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Through the dirty pane.

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Mary's kitten haunts the mirror,
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WINDEX gets the mirror bright
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Santa Claus gave Pete a car,
The shiniest you've seen!

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Spray it on and wipe it off—
WINDEX is a dream . . .
A lightning way to give your glass
A really *brilliant* gleam!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

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Costs less than a penny per window — even thriftier in the big 20-ounce size.

(Continued from Page 90)

Boles had said, and the fall and crash frightened and distressed her.

At nine, Mary went upstairs with her to help her get to bed. In the candlelit room she undressed shyly, drawing her nightdress over her head before taking off her underclothes.

"I'm sleeping all alone tonight," she told Mary with satisfaction. "I don't like sharing my room with people. They snore. You wouldn't believe how they snored, those people who were here. Mrs. Boles and Mrs. Boles and Mrs. Boles. They were here too long. They meant to be kind, but they outstayed their welcome."

Mary put a dressing gown about her shoulders and she sat in front of her dressing table, unloosed her hair, which hung below her waist, and waited for Mary to brush it. As she drew the brush down with rhythmical, soothing strokes, Mary thought, *She has lovely hair. It must have been wonderful when she was a girl.*

When Mrs. Garstin was in bed and the candles blown out and the matches taken away for safety, as Mrs. Boles had instructed, Mary went downstairs.

Alan got up and went to a corner cupboard which he opened and from which he took a bottle of stout and two mugs. He filled one and was about to fill the other when Mary said:

"I don't think I like stout."

"It's good for you," he said. "I want to see you put some fat on those bones."

"Am I so very thin?"

"Too thin. And you'll be working hard here."

"So far," she said, "I'm feeling very well."

"Well, thank the Lord for that. You'll need to be. Look, I'm going to tell you the whole story, from the beginning. It'll take some time."

She nodded, and said, "I've been looking forward to this ever since you first told me."

"In a way I have, too, and in a way I haven't. This is how it was. My father was a doctor named Giles Garstin. He was one of those lucky people who really love their profession. I'm another. He was so keen on it that he never wanted a holiday."

"I was like that too," Mary said.

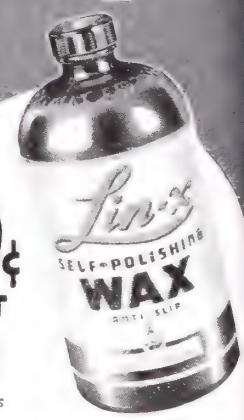
He nodded and went on. "Several years after he left medical school, he got a chance to buy a practice in a small town about forty miles from York, and decided to take it. He had been there about two years when he met my mother. That was in January, nineteen fourteen. She had been acting in a repertory company, and one day found herself in York playing the part of Celia in As You Like It. My father had heard about this company and decided he'd spend a night or two in York and go to the play. He went, and he saw my mother and he went clean daft about her. There's no other word for it. He got an introduction somehow, and from that time on there was only one woman in the world for him. When he knew what he wanted he wasted no time about it. She didn't want to give up the stage, and I don't blame her, but she fell in love with him, and that was that. I don't believe two people ever loved each other more than those two. They married, and he took her to Moreland Castle, which was the name of the village where he lived.

"My father was a good-looking chap. He was clever, besides, and he hadn't lived in Moreland Castle for two years without making some women friends. One of them, a widow of about his age with a bit of money, was set on marrying him. When he came back with my mother, this woman was sort of stunned. She couldn't forgive him for marrying someone younger than she was, and beautiful, and an actress. That last was the worst of all. She worked up a campaign of hate against my mother, a sort of war of whispers. My mother soon knew about it, but she was too happy to take it seriously, and when I came along she was too busy. I was born at the end of that same year.

"I've said they loved each other, and they were happy, really happy, as long as they were together, but in the summer of nine-

Don't let yourself slip!

UL



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EXPERT RESULTS or Double Your Money Back!

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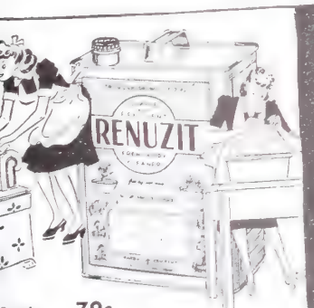

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For Hard to Remove Spots!

NEW! RENUZIT SPOT AND STAIN REMOVER

Fruit, Chocolate, Almost all other oil or g[illegible]

teen fifteen my father went to France, to a field hospital, and he was there till the end of the war, just coming home occasionally, on leave. It must have been terribly lonely for her. The widow had done her work well, and my mother saw very few people and those few weren't very congenial.

"Everything was all right when my father came back again, and for some time things went along smoothly enough. Then she had a child, a girl, and it was born dead, and she minded that terribly. Also she was lonely. During consulting hours my father never had a minute to himself, and the rest of the time he was out on his rounds. The only time they had together was a couple of hours in the evening or an occasional Sunday.

"Now this other chap comes into the story. He and his wife had lately come there to live in a house just down the road a little way. He was agent for a big estate near by, and my mother liked talking to him. He was one of those people you only halfway trust, but he was good company and he was married to a woman who was older than he was and no companion to him at all. My mother tried to make a friend of her, but the widow saw to it that the friendship didn't get very far. Our house was on the way to the estate, and this chap took to dropping in. He'd throw his horse's bridle over the gatepost and come in for a chat. My father saw no harm in it, but presently he found out that people were talking and told her that perhaps she'd better not let him come there so often. She passed the word on, but this chap kept on making excuses for coming, sometimes when my father was there but sometimes when he wasn't. Pretty soon she saw she'd have to have it out with him, and she did. She said, very plainly, that he wasn't to come to the house again unless he brought his wife with him.

> They say that God is everywhere, and yet we always think of Him as somewhat of a recluse.
>
> —EMILY DICKINSON.

"There was a sort of devil in this chap. He'd have gone on quite happily and peaceably if there'd been no opposition, but when he found that he wasn't to see her any more, he lost his head. He hung around and tried to meet her when she took me out for walks, and he began to make a nuisance of himself. He began to drink, too, and he told his wife that he was in love with my mother and didn't care if the whole world knew it. That set the village buzzing. What with one thing and another, my father decided that perhaps it was time to look out for another practice somewhere else.

"Well, one night this chap saw my father leave the house in his car to go to someone who'd been taken seriously ill. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and as soon as the car had gone he came and knocked on our door. I was in bed, upstairs, and it woke me up. My mother told him to go away, but he said he'd got to talk to her, and that if she didn't let him in he'd stand there banging on the door all night. Finally she opened the door, thinking that if she talked to him quietly he'd go home. But he'd had a lot to drink, and he was in no mood to go. My mother got frightened and ordered him out. I heard her. I got out of bed and started to come downstairs. I felt I wanted to be there to protect her. They'd told me she was going to have a baby, though I don't think she showed it much. I was at the head of the stairs when he saw me. He rushed up swearing at me, pushed me into my bedroom and locked the door. That made my mother wild, and she went for him. They struggled, and he had his arms around her and that long hair of hers had tumbled down when my father, who'd forgotten something, opened the door. God knows what he thought. Anyhow, he saw red, and he didn't stop to ask any questions. There was a stick in the hall that some patient had given him, for a joke, to take out on his rounds at night. It had a weight in it. He snatched it up and

WARNING!—MOTH DAMAGE ON THE WAY!

Protect the woolens in your life with

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the marvelous NEW moth killer

CONTAINS 5% D.D.T.

One thorough spraying lasts for months.

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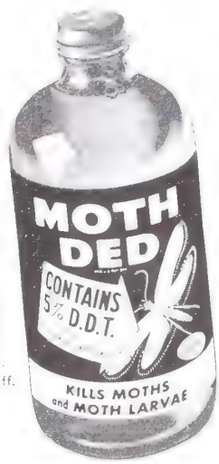
Every drop effective...

—contains no water!



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Spray closet walls and floors, storage chests and drawers.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HINTS FOR STORING WOOLENS:

Before storing your woolens for the summer, brush them carefully in the open air, spray all cracks and crevices in your closets and chests with Moth-Ded. Then spray the garments or blankets and put them away.

Boyle-Midway Inc., American Home Products Corporation

what's the trick...

that makes her click?

How does a popular gal get that way? She's smart—'specially about her clothes. She knows just how to keep 'em fresh and appealing right down to the last stitch.

Get her story from the inside—see what makes her click.

Bandbox Freshness beginning with undies that are beautifully cared for. They're gently washed with Ivory Flakes, to help guard against frayed straps and faded colors. No soap is *gentler* for clothes or colors.

"Follow-me" Figure. She gives good care. Ivory Flakes care to her new nylon girdle. That's the way to help it stay young and elastic. See *how much longer* your girdles keep their stretch and fit with frequent washings in Ivory Flakes—the fast flake form of baby's pure Ivory.

"Date-Catching Clothes." Her light-hearted print of Cohama washable fabric looks pretty as a posy . . . 'cause Ivory Flakes help keep it that way. It's one soap that *fashion designers* and *fabric experts* recommend to pamper the style and color of your pet washables. So be smart—shun strong soaps, rough handling. Head for twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care.

"Look-Again" Legs. She's not worrying over needless runs in those 61-gauge chiffons. She's too smart to risk the wrong kind of soap. Her stockings get gently sudsed every night in rich Ivory Flakes. Strain tests prove *that* can slow down stocking runs as much as 50%.

If it's lovely to wear . . .

It's worth Ivory Flakes care!

gave the chap one single blow on the head with it. He went down like a log. My father was very strong, and he'd hit harder than he'd realized. When he saw what he'd done, he rang up the police. He told them what had happened. My mother just sat with a white face, unable to speak. They couldn't get a word out of her, neither my father nor the police. Then she fainted, and in the middle of it all George began to make his appearance, two months before his time."

He stopped and Mary put her hands over her face. "Oh, the poor things!" she cried. "The poor things!"

"It couldn't have been much worse," he said. "The trial came on at the next assizes and my father got ten years. Ten years! That was ruin for him, and ruin for him was ruin for her. It broke her up completely. They had to take George away from her. Later they took me away, though I fought like a wildcat to stay. They put her into a home. I don't know what would have happened to us if it hadn't been for her sister. She had no kids of her own and, though she was married, her marriage had turned out badly. So she bought this cottage, and brought us here to live.

"Three times a year, until he died, I was taken to see my father. My mother never saw him again. Her mind just emptied itself of the whole thing. Then my aunt and I decided that she'd better come and live with us, as she was getting no better, and spent her days in the home crying, or in a melancholy sort of daze. After she came here she was much happier, and her health's been better too. Doctor Williams comes every two weeks to have a look at her. He says we're doing the best for her that could be done.

"Well, to end the story, as soon as I left school I went to some engineering works outside Reading. I knew I wanted to be an electrical engineer from the time I was nine. I used to get home about once a fortnight, on Saturdays. Then this place near Devizes opened up, and I came home and got a job there, working on electrical gadgets for airplanes. It's all a bit hush-hush. I get good pay, four-fifty a year. Next year it'll be better, they tell me. But if there's a war, I'll go if I can. She has a little annuity, forty pounds a year. The cottage belongs to us, there's no rent to pay, and there'd be my allowance as well."

"What about me?" she asked.

"Could you stick it?"

"I don't know."

"Could you if I stayed?"

"Yes."

He got up and went to the window and stood looking out. The lusterless moon, seen from the lighted room, looked like a poor coin traveling the sky. He turned back to her.

"When I first saw you," he said, "I thought, 'Someone like her would be good for her.' You're different. It's a lot to ask, but if sometimes you could read some poetry to her; if maybe we could get a small piano and you could play —— I used to try reading Shakespeare aloud to her, but I'm no good at it. He's too big for me, and when I come to something I like I get a lump in my throat. George can't; anyway, his voice is breaking."

"I'd like to try. Could we get a piano?"

"I'll get one. It could go against that wall."

"There's something so sweet about her," Mary said. "And sometimes today I felt she was laughing at me. Only I must remember not to speak about death."

He took up a candle and lighted it for her. "I'll wait up for George. And I'll get breakfast tomorrow. You look tired."

"No," she said. "I want to get breakfast." Standing there, she idly curved her hand around the lighted candle flame. The seams and scars showed vividly. "Look," she said, interested. "I've never seen it like that before."

"When'll it be your turn to talk?"

She glanced at him in surprise, and then understood. "I'd almost forgotten I had a story to tell."

More and more, as the days passed, Mary felt that what had happened at Callac le Petit had cut her life in two. It was as though she were living on one side of a great gulf, and all her past lay on the farther side. This strange life had, she found, a far from displeasing flavor. There was poetry in its simplicity and in its homely rhythms. There was poetry in Mrs. Garstin's return to childhood and in her wild blue eyes; in Alan's and George's devotion to her.

At night Mary went to bed tired out; but she woke rested and ready for the day's work. Alan found her a secondhand bicycle and, when she could get Mrs. Dykes, a plain, kindly, silent young woman, to sit with Mrs. Garstin for an hour or two, she went off on brief, exploratory journeys. In the evening, when Mrs. Garstin had been put to bed, the three of them turned on the radio very softly and sat close to it, listening to the news. Often, nowadays, Alan came back late from the factory; work was being speeded up and he had to put in a good many hours of overtime. She dared no longer ask him if he had made up his mind to enlist, in the event of war. It now meant too much to her; she clung stubbornly and silently to hope.

NEXT MONTH

His whole life had stopped for a moment at the sight of two blue eyes, the touch of a hand. "This girl," he realized, "is what I think is beauty."

From then on for the two of them, Penny and David, a whole new world began. As ageless and as young as their two hearts creating it. The springtime world of first love. Whoever has found her own world well lost will recapture an old magic in a new novel—

Friends and Lovers

By Helen MacInnes

The first of five parts

IN THE APRIL JOURNAL

On Sunday, September third, Mary gave Mrs. Garstin her sewing and slipped out into the garden, following Alan and George who had taken the radio under the quince tree on the other side of the house. The sunny morning, the soft air full of the scent of grass, the sound of bees in the late clover, were the accompaniment to the announcement of war.

Mary, as she listened, found herself trying to picture her father, Letty, Lucille and Ivor all gathered somewhere about their radio listening. Where would they be? She imagined Letty saying, "Ivor will be all right at Eton; Lucille, you'll have to go to your grandmother, I can't be bothered with you in London if I'm going to drive an ambulance." And then possibly she would say, turning in triumph to Nelson, "Darling, how right I was to have the basement reinforced. I told you it would be worth all the money we spent." That group seemed to belong to her, or she to it, far less than this little group here under the quince tree.

When the announcement came they looked at one another in the green shade while the branches stirred and rustled above their heads. Then Alan said, "We mustn't let her know."

"Would it make any impression on her if she did know?" Mary asked. "Wouldn't she soon forget?"

"We can't run the risk," Alan said. "It might be a shock. It might be enough to send her right over the borderline."

They put away the radio and George went back to the sitting room where his mother was. Mary and Alan walked together to the front gate, out into the lane

t see how you can go on every
wearing that harness of belts,
d external pads." So speaks the
woman who has herself been
ed to the Tampax method of
sanitary protection. Naturally
ts to share her discovery of this
ed method which has so many
o recommend it.

s nobody ever told the girl. Her
came of a conservative family.
ldom tried new things. But now
d has brought a change. Hereafter
ways use *Tampax*—invented by a
sold at every drug store or notion
and so compact that a purse
ly carry a whole month's supply.

l thank you for telling. Just as
of women have thanked some-
or this same Tampax, made of
rgical cotton compressed in ap-
s for quick, dainty insertion.
s or pins, *no odor*, no revealing
or ridges under the clothing.
ven bother to remove it in tub or
Easy disposal. Comes in 3 sizes:
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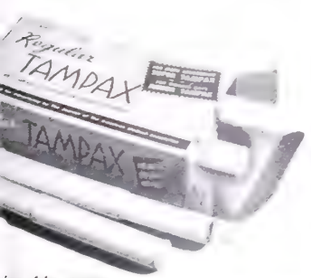

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and down toward the village. Now that there was no further doubt that it was war, Mary could no longer refrain from speaking about Alan's plans.

She tried, in her own mind, various ways of opening the subject, and at last said, "I've been wondering how you'll explain your absence to her, if you go. She'll miss you terribly. She always knows, without being told, when it's time for you to come home."

"We could tell her I'd gone north to another factory, I suppose. I've been thinking a lot about her—and about you. You'll have George here. The lad's growing up; he'll be company for you. It'll be lonely, I know. But if you could stick it for even six months—well, you know how grateful I'd be."

"Why six months?" she asked, startled. "How would things be different at the end of six months?" She had forgotten they had always had six months in mind. The time now seemed to her arbitrary, brutally short.

"I don't say they would be, but with a bit of luck I might find some middle-aged woman, a widow maybe, who'd look on this as her home. I keep putting advertisements in the local paper from time to time."

"Oh," she said. Then, after a pause, "I thought I was doing better. I hoped you were satisfied with me."

A little roughly he said, "The trouble is, I don't think I ought to let you stay, even if you'd be willing. Your health's better; what's to keep you from taking a proper sort of job somewhere, where you'd be with the sort of people you're used to?"

She answered, choosing her words, "Yes, it's true that my health's been better, but perhaps that's because I'm living the sort of life I ought to be living; the sort of life that's best for me."

"Well," he said, "remember I don't know much about you. I still don't know why you tried to drown yourself."

"There's never any time," she told him. "In the evenings, George is there, and on Sundays we're with her, or busy about the house. It isn't that I've wanted to avoid telling you."

"Are you sure about that?"

She didn't reply at once. Then, trying to seize the elusive truth about herself, she answered, "Perhaps I've been ashamed to tell you. It's all real enough in my mind, and my reasons seemed good at the time, but they don't seem so good now."

"I'll take you on the motor bike to the top of Farwell Down this afternoon," he said. "No one will interrupt us there and you can get it off your chest."

"All right," she agreed. "I ought to go back now, I have things to do in the house."

He saw that her lips were quivering; her face looked as if it had been sharply hit. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"You seem as anxious now to get rid of me as you were to get me here."

"That's nonsense. I don't want you to go. I was thinking of you."

"Oh," she cried desperately, "what do I matter? Why aren't we talking about the war instead of about me? Perhaps they're bombing London now. Why talk about me?" She began to walk away from him, but he caught her wrist and she had to stand still, her face averted.

"Wait. The most important thing for you and me at this moment is to get our personal affairs straightened out."

She made no answer.

He went on. "About what I told them when we got back. If it would make things any easier for you, we could get married. Now or later. Whenever you like."

She looked at him then, as if she longed to see into his heart. But he was not opening that for her yet. All she saw was a young man in an old sweater she had been meaning to mend; a young man in a faded shirt with a frayed collar, and trousers that were patched and torn; with a blunt-featured, intelligent, healthy face and rough fair hair; honest, level eyes and a sullen mouth; sullen when it was not smiling, and it was not smiling now.

Who is she?

this woman whose young skin glows with clean freshness?
Whose years are hidden behind a clear, smooth complexion? You...
if you have discovered how DuBarry Cleansing Cream
agrees with your skin...softens as it seeks out imperceptible
dirt and grime. *Prove it to yourself.* Do as thousands have
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Find the DuBarry dealer in your neighborhood and ask for your copy of this easy-to-follow plan to greater loveliness.

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How to make a meal a *Masterpiece!*

To be tempting, appetizing, and nutritious—those are the three "musts" for a meal that can truly be called a masterpiece.

But flavors and vitamins in raw foods have a way of escaping. Serious nutritional losses often occur in storage and during transit from distant fields to your kitchen. Even in the home, these precious values are so often "cooked away."

But when food is packed in cans, those values are *sealed in*. That's why food authorities* agree, you *can trust foods in cans.*

*See September-October, 1940 issue of "Food Research"

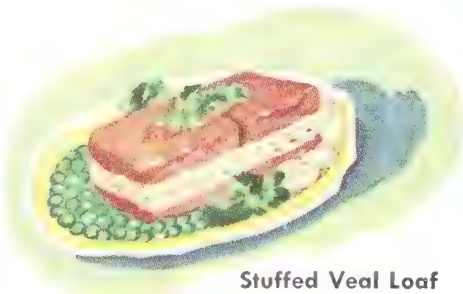
Gourmet's Delight . . . tomato soup, crackers, veal loaf, peas, onions, sliced pineapple, pumpkin and almonds for pie, coffee . . . and they all come to you in cans.

Always in Season

With their freshness, flavor and vitamins *sealed in*, the canned fruits and vegetables at your grocer's tell you that in canned foods nothing is "out of season." These delicious foods, so nutritious and convenient to serve—so reasonable in price—are available all year round in almost unlimited variety.

Garden of Eatin'

What a cozy feeling it is to know that on your pantry shelves there is a wide variety of delicious foods packed in cans. You know, each individual can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures flavors and food values—and *holds* them for you! Processed canned foods don't require refrigeration until opened.



Stuffed Veal Loaf

Place a savory rice stuffing between slices of canned veal loaf, and bake in oven until well browned. Delicious and *different!* No wonder women are proud to serve foods packed in cans. With lightning speed today's modern canning methods pop foods into cans and cook them while they're farm-fresh—full of fine flavors and precious nutrients.

FOODS YOU BUY IN CANS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.

SAFE from air, light, moisture.

SAFE even after a can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

BECAUSE

No other container protects like the Can

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 97)

d it make things easier for us?"
d, frightened, and trying not to

ght."
then, why not?"
ight," he said. "Why not? I'm
you are."
w her life as balanced delicately,
isly upon this moment; her pre-
nce-thrown-away, all-she-had life.
an almost drunken recklessness
in an anguish to settle, to decide
of the thing, "I'm willing. When-
like."
asp tightened upon her wrist, and
ropped it and together they walked
he cottage. The sun was in their
elm branches printed, fleetingly,
ckled shadows on their cheeks and
. Portentously they walked; gen-
o come seemed to walk with them.
them will be a musician, thought
eady a mother in her thoughts.
isn't a house any girl would jump
id, bent on fair dealing. "But I'll
Once I've made up my mind to get
and I have, I'll make a fairly good
isband. We'll make a go of it."
would you stay here?" she pressed
uld you stay and not join up?"
g in step with her, he said, "No
g. I don't know. You'll have to take
I've got a funny sort of brain, it
can get the hang of this new elec-
ff, and I can teach other people.
ey won't let me go. I don't know.
find yourself married to a soldier,
ap that stays behind to work at a
Whatever hap-
won't be worse
d to me than to a
er chaps. That's
tell you."
e caught Alan's
smiled and she
ilently, with an
art, *O God, let him not go to the war.*
it be over soon. O God, help us all.

tayed on the top of Farwell Down
n went down. She had told her
ng on her coat, on the turf, with
de her, smoking and asking an occa-
estion. Lapwings had cried and
bove their heads, flying this way
on their supple, bending, frantic
rks had climbed the sky and sung
ed to earth; clouds had threatened
dispersed, and now those that were
rranged themselves in the west, to
flames by the sunset.
Mary cried hopelessly, at the end
'how can one person ever tell an-
thing? How can I make you see
world looked like to me then?"

ee," he said, "why you felt as you
n see why you'd come to the end of
er. Just one thing added to an-
lind you," he said, and she had
ed the touch of Yorkshire in his
tter, "I'm not excusing what you
ink you were pretty silly, but you
ng, and there was your bad health.
don't come out of it too badly. If I
I'd just forget it. It's all past and
. You don't have to live with Letty
. And that chap, Walsh. He never
o marry you; you're not his sort.
nore his sort. He liked giving you
asure. That's human. People enjoy
they get tired of it. Letty didn't get
ange out of him, I'll be bound. He
love with her; you'd no need to feel
They were just a couple of animals,
the way animals -and humans—
e. That's the way I look at it. As for
s Cotter, you've got her all wrong,
friend too. The thing doesn't hang
There's some mistake somewhere,
ink you treated them both pretty
Still, I may be wrong. You ex-
o much. And that life you were liv-
that house you lived in, they weren't
to you. I'm not a conceited sort of
t I think I can make you happier
u were there." He kissed her ten-
derly, without passion. "You're such a kid in a lot of ways," he said, releasing her.

"Oh," she whispered, [illegible] I
Then teach me to grow up."

"All in good time. Are you going to try to be happy with me?"

"I shall be happy with you."

"It might turn out pretty well," he said, picking up her coat. "It just might."

THE first winter passed in an unreal and precarious calm. Mary thought that she was like a toy ship in a glass bottle which, though tossed by the waves, remains intact and undisturbed in its safe little vacuum. She could not leave the house, except for an occasional hour or so. The little family had always been isolated; now that the war had come, and the already busy farmers and villagers had taken on new duties, they became still more isolated.

Mary spent over two months this way before she knew, beyond any doubt, that she was in love with Alan. It happened on a night when the roads were icy and the ruts in the lane had a cutting edge that hurt the feet that stumbled against them. Half past six came, and Alan had not returned. Then seven, half past, then eight. She gave George and Mrs. Garstin their suppers, kept her own and Alan's hot, and put Mrs. Garstin to bed. She went to the front door, looked out and listened. George came out and stood beside her.

"I'm worried," she said. "He didn't expect to stay late. It's freezing hard too."

"He'll be all right," George said.

"What makes you say that?" she asked, curious. "Is it faith, or do you just not believe that anything could happen to him?"

"Both," said George, and added, "It's faith, I think, mostly."

"I wish I had it."

All about them was silence, bare branches and a sky of stars angrily bright. *Suppose something has happened to him,* she thought, and a great emptiness opened before her feet, a blankness and emptiness that appalled her. Her whole being strained to draw out of the night and the silence the distant sound of the motorcycle. In a panic she prayed, forming the words for her inner ear, *O God, let him come, let him come soon! Let him be all right!*

"You'll get cold," George said, and tried to draw her in, but she said, "No, let me stay. I want to listen."

At last she was driven indoors by the icy air, and knelt by the fire, warming her hands and shivering. How would they know, if something had happened? Who would tell them?

"He's always careful when the roads are bad," George said. "Why don't you eat something? It's worse when you're hungry."

"I can't eat," she said, "when I'm worried."

"What would you do if he went to the war?"

"Heaven knows."

She put on a coat and once more stood on the little porch, listening. Still no sound. After a while she went in again, and suddenly a crescendo of uneven bursts, as the motorcycle bumped over the hard ruts, shattered the night's stillness. She flew to the door, ran out, crying, "Oh, Alan, why are you so late?" as he wheeled the motorcycle into the shed. He said nothing, seemed just as usual, closed the door of the shed and then turned to her.

"What are you so excited about? I had trouble with the headlight, that's all."

She put her arms about him, almost crying with relief. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here!" she exclaimed.

"What's all the fuss about?" But he spoke tenderly. "You're getting fond of me, I believe."

"Fond!" she cried out, but keeping her voice low. "Alan, I'd die if anything happened to you."

"Not you," he said, keeping an arm about her, holding her to his side.

"I would, I would!"

> Character, like embroidery, is made stitch by stitch.
> —MARY LYON.

MOLASSES BROWNIES

take no sugar . . . no shortening!

ANOTHER MAGIC RECIPE! ANOTHER EAGLE BRAND SUCCESS!

Magic Recipe for Molasses Brownies

- 1⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- Dash of salt
- ¼ cup molasses
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup chopped nut meats
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, molasses, graham cracker crumbs, nut meats, and vanilla. Blend thoroughly. Spread mixture in 8 x 12-inch pan greased and lined with waxed paper. Garnish as desired. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes or until set. Turn from pan and remove paper at once. Cool, cut into squares. Makes about 24 brownies.

NEW! LUSCIOUS!

SO EASY TO MAKE!

Every Magic Recipe is planned and tested to give you perfect results . . . with a minimum of fuss and trouble! Every recipe is built around Eagle Brand, the *original* Sweetened Condensed Milk, made to meet Borden's high-quality standards. It's a creamy-rich blend of the purest whole milk, and sugar.

For recipes for dozens of delicious candies, cookies, puddings, ice creams, send post card for FREE Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes to Borden's, 350 Madison Ave., Dept. LH-37, New York 17, N.Y.

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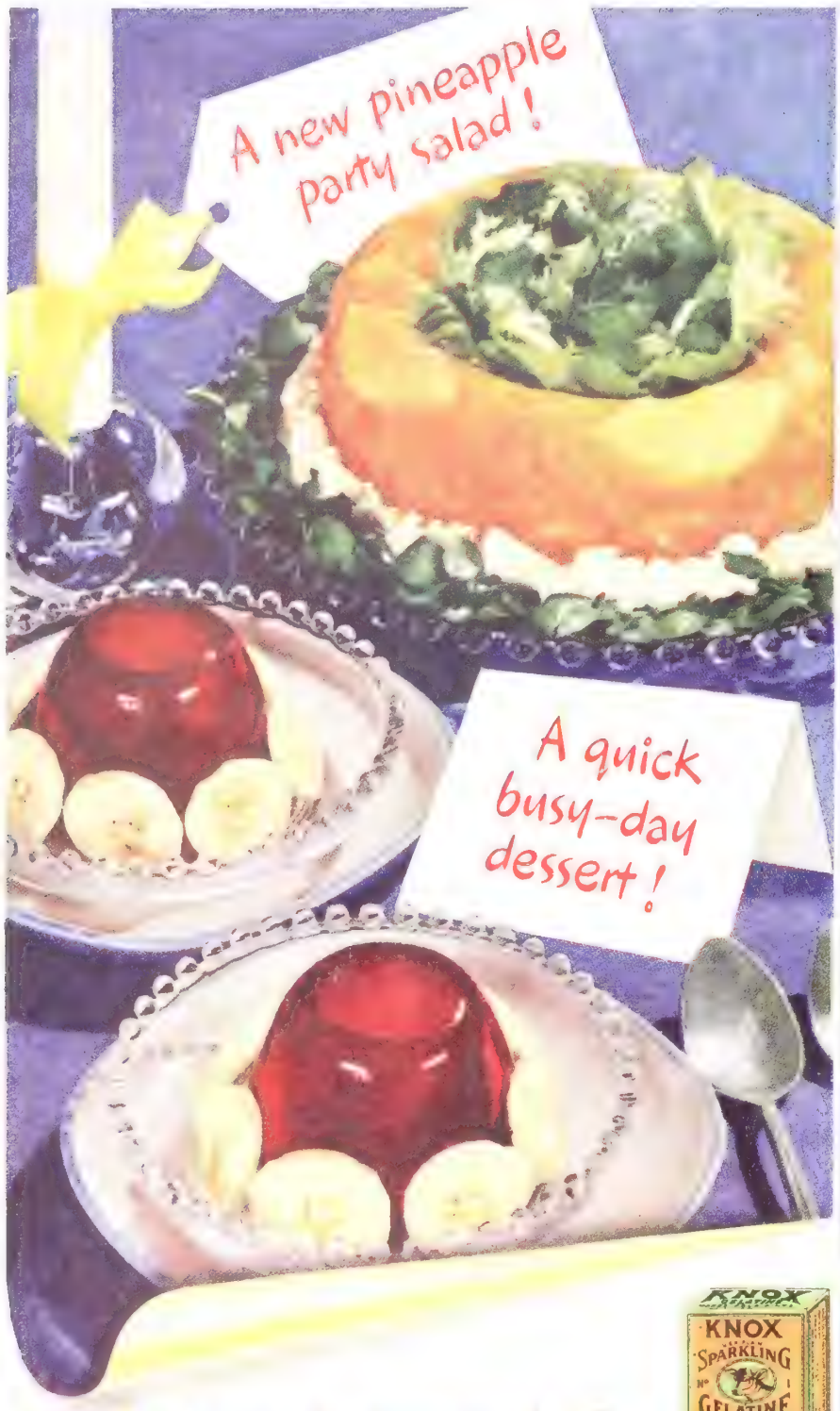

Both made easy with Knox

SUCH a pretty, fancy-dress salad—and yet so easy for company meals! That's because it's made with Knox Gelatine and can be made *the day before*. Knox is also grand for quick, busy-day desserts. In fact, fancy dishes or plain—they're easy and *better* with pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine! For more fine Knox recipes *free*, write today to the address below!

KNOX GELATINE

GOLDEN PINEAPPLE SALAD
(Serves 6; uses 1¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot pineapple juice
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
1 cup raw carrot, coarsely grated
1 cup oranges and 1½ cups canned pineapple, both cut in small pieces

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt and hot pineapple juice; stir until dissolved. Add orange juice and lemon juice. Cool. When it begins to thicken, add other ingredients. Pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Serve on greens with mayonnaise. Garnish with cream cheese.

GRAPE JELLY DELIGHT
(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
3 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons grape jelly
1¼ cups hot water
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt, grape jelly, and hot water, and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and strain. Pour into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill until firm. Serve garnished with banana slices, and whipped cream if desired. *How easy it is to make real-fruit-flavored gelatine desserts with Knox and jellies! Jams and marmalade may be used, too. Try it soon!*

P.S. FREE—write to Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box 23, Johnstown, N. Y., for her illustrated recipe book.

On the porch he kissed her. "You're as cold as a frog. You mustn't worry like this."

"Alan," she whispered, clinging to him, "marry me soon."

"Once I'm your husband you'll stop worrying about me, is that it?"

"I'll have a better right to worry. Alan, I mean it; marry me. I'm sick of not being married to you." She shook him. "I'm sick of it, I tell you."

"I'm pretty sick of it myself."

"Well, why don't we? Soon, quickly; what are we waiting for?"

"I've been waiting for just this," he said.

"Well, tonight I knew."

"Right, I'll put the matter in hand." He opened the door and went in, and took off his leather coat.

She put the supper on the table, beside the lamp. *I'm happy*, she thought, *I'm happy! Now it's all right with my world. It's all I want, to have him here. Now I know.*

George waited till they'd had their supper and then went up to bed. Alan helped her wash up, then they went back to the sitting room. He sat on the sofa and patted the place beside him.

"Come here." Suddenly shy, she sat down and he took her, to her delight, into his arms. Then he released her to say, "It's a funny sort of business, you know. George moves out of our room and you move in."

"The sooner the better," she told him, and pushed back her hair and smiled, warmly happy.

"What about this time next month?"

"Yes," she said, with a pang at the thought of thirty days to be got through.

"O.K. In the church; just you and me and George and Doctor Williams and maybe a chap from the factory I'm friendly with, as a second witness."

"Yes. That's just as I'd like it."

"I'll stop and see the rector tomorrow on my way home, so if I'm late don't get all worked up about it. All the same, I'm glad I was late tonight."

"So am I, now."

"You're going to get very fond of me, you know," he said.

She laughed. She said she knew it and asked, "What about you?"

"You needn't worry about that side of it." Then he said suddenly, "Look, I may have to go away sometime in the new year."

She became rigid with dread. "You mean ——"

"No, not what you think. They want me to go with some other chaps to the South Coast. It's part of a defense plan. I've got to train people to use this new electrical stuff I've told you about. Keep it under your hat. Can you stick it alone here?"

"Yes. If I must, of course I can. But if I have to eat my heart out for you, it'll have to be as Mrs. Alan Garstin."

"You'll be that all right before I go."

"They might send you away earlier than you think."

"If they do, I'll get a special license. Otherwise we'll stick to this day next month. It's my birthday."

"Oh, Alan!" she exclaimed. "Of course it is. So I shan't have to remind you when our wedding anniversary comes round, shall I? Letty was always reminding my father."

"Are you going to write to him?"

"Can't I wait till I'm married?"

"I don't like it," he said, "but please yourself."

"I don't belong in their world any more."

"Look," he said, "I haven't got a world for you. There's only her and George and me. Don't cut yourself off from too much. You might be sorry."

"If you come home every night, there'd be nothing more I'd want."

"You're a silly, infatuated girl."

She laughed happily. "I know I am."

They were married before the end of December and went to Bath for a five-day honeymoon. Mary felt a sentimental regret that they were going by car and not on Alan's motorcycle, but Alan did not share it.

"As soon as I can afford it," he said, "I'll get a secondhand car and teach you to drive. That may not be till after the war."

"To take her out?" Mary asked.

He looked dubious. "It depends on how she gets on. She's a lot better, though."

Mary thought so, too, but had feared to say so, for it sounded as if she were praising herself.

If dogs could talk, perhaps we should find it as hard to get on with them as we do with people.
—KAREL CAPEK: Intimate Things (Putnam's).

She had written to her father, but decided to withhold both her new name and her address. She had feared that her father might descend upon them, and try to prevent the marriage. She had a nervous dread of some kind of interference. She wanted the marriage to be wholly hers and Alan's, and shrank from comment or the mere thought of comment.

Alan was not sent to the South Coast until April. The Finnish-Russian war, magnetic mines, the submarine peril, the muted war on the Continent, the sporadic air raids, these were a distant, never-to-be-alluded-to background to their personal, shut-in, but vivid life.

When the parting came, it seemed to her that something that was a living entity was being torn apart. The growing together, the grafting had been going on as if begun by the most expert of gardeners. There was nothing, she thought, to hinder it. They were now heartily in love, and within those close four walls, within the tiny, confined circle of their lives, the growth of love was rapid. They had only the world of each other's personalities to explore.

Absorbed though Alan was in his work, excitedly absorbed, when he left the factory he left it completely and returned to a young wife whose ready and eager caress was his one joy and recreation. The two single beds were pushed together, the two mattresses exchanged for one large one; Mary bought new curtains, new covers, installed a hanging cupboard, and contrived with a new-found skill to make the small room a home. Her happiness was so real a thing that her whole look, her whole personality affirmed it.

The hard work no longer tired her, and Mrs. Dykes helped her with the cleaning twice a week. At night, after Mrs. Garstin had been put to bed, she read aloud to Alan. If George liked what they were reading, he sometimes listened, but he more often went to bed with a book of his own choice. It had been arranged by the rector that he was to go to a theological seminary the following autumn. What Mary would do then, alone in the house, if Alan were still away, was a problem they dared not face. Without Mrs. Garstin there would have been no problem; Mary would have followed him. But it never entered their heads to send her away.

Alan had not been gone two weeks before Mary wrote to him to say that they might expect a baby in November. She was so enchanted by the prospect that the added difficulties seemed not to have presented themselves to her. Alan was more aware of them, but said, "Don't worry, we'll manage. If George is away we can put somebody in his room. If he's home, he'll have to sleep in the sitting room. What we want is a younger Mrs. Boles. You'd better begin looking for one. Ask everybody you see."

She asked, but without result. But so many miracles had happened that she did not greatly concern herself. Meanwhile the passing of winter and the wonder and delight of knowing herself to be pregnant kept her more than tolerably happy. Alan would come home for a few days' leave in May, and meanwhile she would have held back the spring for him if she could, for to experience it without him was a sweet sorrow. But this was not as other springs had been. She was free now of the dream, free of all the anguish and the longing. For once, spring was no cruel anachronism. Now she could move in step with it.

(Continued on Page 102)

Finest way to ring the bell with a New Easter Brunch

Finest

RECIPE FOR CITRUS DELIGHT

Grape juice Lime slices
Stokely's *Finest* Citrusip

Combine equal parts grape juice and water; pour in freezing tray of refrigerator. Freeze into cubes. Pour chilled Citrusip into glasses; add grape juice cubes and lime slices. Then sip the first cool swallows, and enjoy this magical mingling . . . sunshiny, sparkling orange juice blended with the stimulating tang of grapefruit juice. Yes, Citrusip is a combination that can't fail to say "come hither" to hunger. For each inviting fruit is gathered at its juice-brimming best . . . then delivered posthaste to the nearby cannery where it is promptly pressed and packed. So every drop of lively, fresh flavor is locked into *nothing but the finest* juices . . . Stokely's *Finest*. Serve them soon.

Finest

RECIPE FOR CORN-HAM CASSEROLE

Slice ham ½" thick	2 cans Stokely's *Finest* Whole Grain Corn
Whole cloves	2 tablesp. minced parsley
⅓ cup brown sugar	2 tablesp. minced onion
1 teasp. dry mustard	Few grains salt, pepper
½ cup cider	

Stud fat edge of ham with cloves. Place in baking dish; add cider. Combine sugar, mustard; sprinkle over ham. Cover. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 25-30 min. per lb. Drain off liquid. Combine ½ cup liquid with drained corn; add other ingredients. Bake with ham 30 min. Garnish with plump, luscious apricots . . . Stokely's *Finest*, of course. Serves 8. There's a world of good eating in this hearty, party casserole, for the *finest* corn is chock-full of dewy-fresh tastiness. And it's cooked by a secret recipe to preserve vitamins and minerals . . . in *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest*.

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(Continued from Page 100)

The house in Hyde Park Square had kept its dignity and its intactness throughout the long years of war. Nothing had gone from it, nothing but cracks from near-by blasts and the soot and soil of London days and nights had been added to it. Both belowstairs and on the top floor were to be found every known contrivance for dealing with incendiary bombs, and in one corner of the basement Letty kept a great tin box full of first-aid appliances.

For two years Nelson had been an air-raid warden, at the end of which time he resigned in favor of a younger and less tired man. For nearly a year Letty had driven an ambulance with zest and courage, but her driving in the blackout was erratic, and provided an added risk. It was suggested that her organizing ability and skill in directing others were being wasted, and she presently became head of a large depot for unpacking and distributing clothes from America and Canada to bombed-out families.

The flying-bomb period worried Nelson more than the bombing of '40 and '41, and he tried to persuade Letty to leave London, but she wouldn't hear of it. Her nerves were quite unaffected and she never missed a day at the depot. When she got back she would want cocktails, and at least three or four times a week people dropped in. The people who came were mostly men. A frequent visitor was Ferdinand Walsh, whom Letty had "picked up again," in her own words, and who combined his work at the bar with an exalted position with the Ministry of Food. Then there were a few of Nelson's friends, Greer Hopkinson among them, and a bevy of American officers whom Letty particularly welcomed because she said they made her feel gay.

FREQUENTLY they dined out at restaurants, and not once, when the flying bombs snored hideously over London and crashed, did she show the slightest nervousness. Imperturbability was the fashion, and Letty was a woman of fashion. She seemed to ignore, or not to be able to imagine, the shattered flesh, and when the crashes were close she would laugh and say, "That was a near one!" and there was fierce excitement in her eyes.

Only when Mary's letters came did she lose her cool serenity. It made her far angrier than it made Nelson that Mary still gave no address. He would hand the letters to her to read, and after a glance at them she would tear them up viciously and toss them into the wastepaper basket.

When the news of her marriage came she said, "I don't think we need trouble our heads about her any more. She's married someone she's ashamed of, and it's no more than I expected. Nothing would induce me to speak to her again."

He was silent, and she asked, "Would you speak to her again, Nelson?"

"I don't know," he said heavily, sadly. "What I find it hardest to understand is her running away in the first place. If I knew what made her do that ——"

"Disappointment over Ferdinand Walsh," said Letty, who always repeated this formula, "and some sort of shock in Paris, Maud thought. That old man she went about with, you remember. Now she's married some complete bounder and she's ashamed to let us find it out."

"There must have been more to it than that," he said, frowning, and did not see Letty's quick glance of fury.

When letters came giving them news of the two little boys, Letty was coldly sarcastic. "Well, she was determined to deprive you of any pleasure you might get out of being a grandfather," she said one day. "I don't know why she even bothers to write."

"I ought to have done what I first wanted to do," he said. "I ought to have taken steps to find her in the beginning and bring her back. The French police could have traced her easily enough."

"After that threat in her letter to Maud, I don't see how you could. However," she added, "don't let's talk about her. The very sound of her name irritates me."

"I don't understand it," he said. "I'll never understand it. Are you sure, are you absolutely sure, Letty, that there wasn't a quarrel or some disagreement between you?"

SHE raised her cold gray eyes and looked at him. "Nelson, I warn you, if you ask me that question again there'll be trouble. I have told you not once but twenty times that there was *no* quarrel, *no* disagreement of any sort. If you're going to try to blame me for the vagaries of a stupid, neurotic girl ——"

"Letty, Letty," he said, frowning. "Is it necessary to speak of her like that?"

"Why not? It happens to be true." And she gave him so cold a look that if he had not been pouring out a last cup of coffee it would have told him much. She moved toward the door and said, over her shoulder, "Try and come back early. There are some people coming in for cocktails."

As Nelson was putting on his coat, the telephone rang and he went to it. To his amazement he heard Maud's voice. She sounded precisely as usual. The robust, good-humored, warm voice lightened his gloom.

"Well, Mrs Pierce," he said jocularly, using for the first time her new name, "you could knock me over with something even lighter than a feather. What are you doing over here?"

She had come over in connection with UNRRA, she said. She'd been offered a temporary job at UNRRA headquarters in London and had jumped at it. "Lowell's so well just now," she said, "that I felt I could safely leave him for a few months. Any news from Mary?"

"A letter this morning, full of talk about the children, but giving no address, as usual."

"Dear, dear! I was hoping to see her. I'm staying at the Downshire, as usual."

"Come in this evening," he suggested. "There are a number of people coming. Then we'll take you out to dinner somewhere."

"Grand," she said. "I'll be there. How's Letty?"

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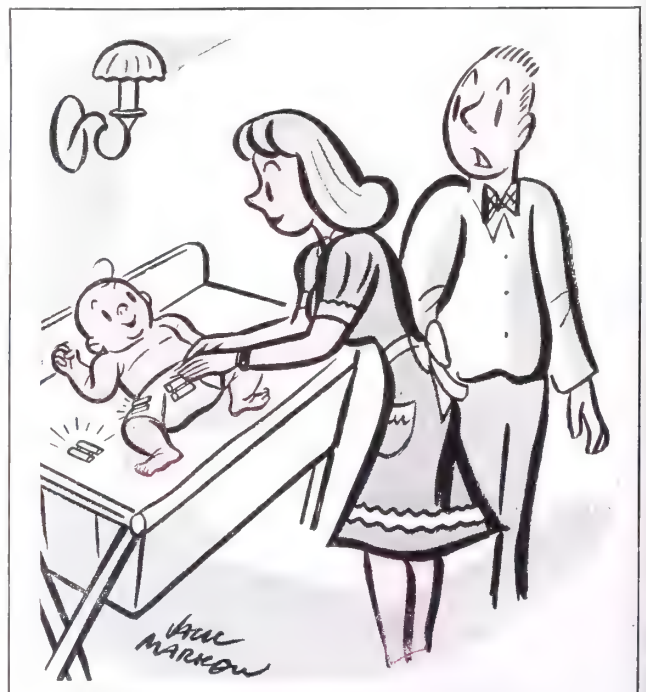

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(Continued from Page 102)

"Very well. Very busy. I don't think you'll see any change in her. I'll give you her telephone number if you'd like to ring her up."

"No," said Maud. "Don't tell her I'm coming. I'll just turn up and give her the surprise of her life."

"Right," he said. "See you later."

Colonel Everard was the first of Letty's visitors that day. He was admitted by Shaw just after Letty had got home and while she was tidying herself upstairs. He was a tall, slender man of forty-six with a sallow, distinguished face, and an absolute composure of manner that had immediately pleased Letty. He had been in Europe for a year and a half and had already seen much service and been wounded, and when he was in London the house in Hyde Park Square became a kind of home to him. He had been divorced shortly before coming over, and in the beginning it was a place where he could relax, tell his quiet, humorous stories, carry on a gentle flirtation with a pretty woman and forget the war. Letty never discussed the war, never asked questions, was vividly interested in personalities and any gossip which might come her way, and, or so she made it seem, in the person to whom she was speaking. He had been amused, too, by her trick of belittling herself in a way that only added to her charm.

"Of course I'm the dullest of your English women friends, Rex, and I know it. I only chatter about you and me. Anyway, you know I don't love you for the occasional lipstick or bottle of perfume or tin of tongue, don't you? And I give you good prewar whisky—or Nelson does."

But later, his visits there assumed a new meaning for him. He found he could not stay away. Nelson seemed a shadowy figure; he was rarely there, and Letty rarely spoke of him. It was easy to ignore Nelson, to minimize his importance, even, at times, to forget him.

Three of the rudest people in the world: a young fellow making fun of an old man, a strong person jeering at an invalid, a wise man mocking a fool. —IRISH PROVERB.

As Letty ran downstairs and into the library she was delighted to find that as yet no one else had come to spoil a much desired tête-à-tête.

"How lovely!" she cried, going to the colonel with both hands outstretched. "I've got you to myself. I'm glad to see you've poured yourself a drink."

"I don't feel precisely a stranger in this house," he said, "so don't expect me to act like one. How do you manage to look the way you do after a whole day at the depot?"

"It's no secret. Soap and water. No, don't pour me out a whisky and soda. I think I'll have a gin and lime. What a blessing is drink! You needn't scowl at me. You know very well I've never drunk more than three cocktails at a sitting in my life and never will. No, dear Rex, there are vices nearer to my heart."

His handsome, darkly lashed eyes looked at her with tender admiration. "Have you really got two grown-up children? I'll believe it when I see them."

"Well, I was married at eighteen. At nineteen I had Lucille. I'm not yet forty."

"I don't suppose," he said, "you've ever been more attractive in your life. Letty, do you love him?"

"Who? Nelson? My dear, I'm a very good wife."

He laughed a little, a laugh that often accompanied the things he said. "Just my luck to come over here and meet someone like you. You know very well that I have every intention of marrying again. Why put obstacles in my path by providing yourself with a husband and family?"

"But you must marry again, Rex. You must. And soon."

"I had it in my mind," he said, smiling, "to marry someone who'd put my interests first, and so win my love and gratitude that I'd spend my life putting hers first."

"Are you really that sort of man, Rex?"

"Believe it or not, I'm that sort of man. I'm even the sort of man you once said you hated. I'm sentimental."

"Well then, I must have been thinking of something quite different," Letty said. "For, heaven knows, I don't hate you."

"Letty, Letty," he said. "Why don't you order me out of the house? It's the first time in my life I ever coveted another man's wife, and I'm finding it confoundedly painful."

Swiftly, as he was speaking, and in the little tense silence that followed, Letty was reviewing her life. Things in England were not going to be agreeable after the war. Nelson had been talking of selling the house, of taking a flat. Ever since he had lost that election in 1939, she had been wondering what life held in store for her. It was not enough to be married to a manufacturer of typewriters. Nelson couldn't even understand why, at times, she was bored nearly to frenzy, why, though of course she would never put it into words, she was grateful for the excitement and danger of the war.

She had never met a man whose attraction for her was as strong as that of Rex Everard. When he looked at her she was frightened lest other people saw in his eyes what she saw. He was ready, enchantingly ready, to give himself away.

Now she was going to end one phase of her life and begin another, and she knew that she was. She had done her best, she could do no more. "Rex," she said softly, putting into her voice the music that was never anywhere in her but in her voice, "Rex, be careful, my dear. Don't, don't make things too hard. When you say things like that, a whole new world opens out before me, and it's a world I mustn't even glance at."

He looked as though he were seeing her for the first or the last time. Her lashes, he saw with a new pleasure, were fairer than her hair; they were golden. And the gray of her eyes, he noted, was a *color*. Could she be nearly forty? The smooth, unwrinkled brow, innocent and lovely, the proud, fierce little nose, these things had magic in them. And he told himself, in agony, that she had a conscience, that she would fight a battle against this new and growing fondness, and win it, and he would be lost, and it would be the end of his dream.

He took her hand and laid it against his cheek. "If I could see you once, just once, walking into my front door, walking right through the house with that funny little walk of yours ——"

"You like my walk?" she murmured. "I always got scolded for it. My mother called it a 'follow-me' walk. She always said it would get me into trouble."

"I hope it has," he said gently, and she saw his eyes blur with tears, "and I hope this is it."

With nothing more said, they swayed together. Her arms went up, about his neck. For a few minutes they silently, with deadly, wordless passion, told each other how little the rest of the world mattered to them. When he let her go she saw that he looked heartbroken, anguished.

"Ah, Letty!" he cried. "Letty, I can't let you go."

"No," she said, her eyes holding his. "No, you can't. You're right."

"Do you by any chance mean that?"

"Darling, I mean exactly that. You can't let me go, I can't let you go. That's final. Leave the rest to me." The doorbell rang, and she seized her handbag and attended to her face. Then, as Shaw's deliberate tread sounded along the uncarpeted hall, she put her arms under his, around him, looked up into his eyes, and said, "One more kiss. Quickly."

"I've got to talk to you," he pleaded. "Can't we have an evening out together? Doesn't Nelson ever spend an evening out?"

"I'll arrange that too. Leave it to me."

"Do I have to stay here and talk to people and drink more of Nelson's whisky? Can't I go?"

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"Yes," she said. "Go."

There were footsteps once more crossing the hall. It turned out to be two young American officers, one of them accompanied by a pretty English girl whom he'd met at a Red Cross dance. The room now began to fill up quickly. Letty, looking round, thought there could surely be no more to come when, once more, she heard the bell. A moment later the door opened and Maud walked in.

Letty uttered cries of amazement and delight. "I can't believe my eyes. Maud, you old wretch, why didn't you let me know? What a trick to play on me!"

It was more than a surprise to Letty, it was something of a shock, although a highly agreeable one, all things considered. (For there was no one who could be more useful, to whom Nelson would more readily turn for comfort.) Maud looked well and except that her hair was nearly white, no different. Letty thought she had put on a little weight, but perhaps that was the uniform. She introduced Maud to Ferdinand Walsh, who had arrived, and sat them down together. Maud's intuition, plus a fragment that remained in her memory, told her that this tall, interesting-looking barrister was the one Mary had somehow, according to Letty, "bungled things" with.

Drawing a bow at a venture, she said, "You knew Mary, didn't you? Mary Hallam."

"Indeed yes," said Ferdinand, bending on her his powerful look, great eyebrows and forthright nose. "Sad that she still keeps her whereabouts a secret."

"She hasn't, to me," said Maud. "She's written to tell me where she is, but I'm only to tell the family at my discretion, and if I feel they should be told. You're a lawyer, advise me. What shall I do?"

"Exactly what she suggests—use your discretion," he said.

"Well," said Maud, "I won't do anything till I've seen her father, and talked to him."

"I'm very much interested," said Walsh. "Tell me about her. Do you gather that she's happy?"

"Completely."

"Then why the mystery?"

"That," said Maud, "she also explained to me, but I can say nothing about it. I can only tell you that it's nothing she need be ashamed of. On the contrary."

"I'm happy to hear it," he said. Then, it seemed, he tired of the subject of Mary, and asked, "Will you be here long? I gather you've come on a mission. It's impossible, nowadays, to avoid war clichés."

"It's hardly that," Maud said. "I may be here about six months. I promised my husband I wouldn't be away longer."

THEY talked a little more, then Letty crossed the room to them. "Are you talking about Mary?" she asked. "Since you've been here, Maud, I've thought of a new possibility. Perhaps she's been murdered, and her murderer has learned to copy her handwriting and sends us those letters just to keep us quiet."

"How preposterous you are, Letty!" said Maud. "But you always were. I was just telling Mr. Walsh, what I was presently going to tell you, that she's told me where she is. But I'm not to divulge her address except for some very good reason."

To Letty, this was a slap in the face. If Mary had wished to insult her, she could have found no better way. *She'll never have a chance to insult me again*, she thought. But she only smiled and said, "Really, Maud? How like her to choose such a devious way of telling us! Ferdinand, you mustn't monopolize Mrs. Pierce. Come over here, Maud, I want some of your compatriots to meet you."

The evening tried Letty almost beyond her endurance. The subjects talked about were Mary and the war, but chiefly Mary. As Letty got into bed she thought, *At last I shall be rid of the girl, and forever. It's Mary, and Nelson's suspicions about my behavior to her, that have come between him and me. I'll tell Nelson that if he mentions Mary once more*

(Continued on Page 107)

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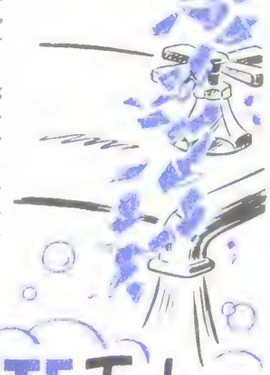

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(Continued from Page 105)

lk out of his house. And he will mention nd I will walk out. Only I must find here to go. Then I'll admit misconduct, k him to divorce me. Oh, Rex, it needn't e than a year. I don't even feel very for Nelson. He's so good, and such a

son had said, so pleadingly, "Maud, e you to be here when she comes," Maud had arranged with Mary to ar- hen her own work would be over for the She made her way to Hyde Park e, thinking, *Here I am, still involved he Parrish-Hallam family. Only it's now.*

had been shocked and startled by the affair. It had not occurred to her as a ility, or, at any rate, as in the least ble, that Letty would leave Nelson. he had left the house in Hyde Park e forever. The great house now reared ny floors above the head of a stricken, ered man whose blank, fixed look filled s heart with pity.

y's going had, indeed, had something effect of a bomb, leaving the house in hly, ruined silence. Maud, hurrying summoned by O'Shaughnessy's fright- voice on the tele- felt rather like a squad, though the was there before Mr. Hallam, the said, had had a though fortunately one.

rely," he said, "Mrs. n can be persuaded e back."

d could barely re- smile as she told at, once Mrs. Hal- d made up her mind, uld be extremely un- o change it. After Nelson such com- she could, she went, urgent request, to ty.

y seemed glad to see d was her usual self, perhaps a little ex- nd her air of pretty e had not left her. , she said, had only to blame.

please don't let him think for a mo- Maud, that I'll weaken and go back. ver happens, I won't do that."

emed almost indecent, in the face of rdness, to tell her that Nelson had troke, though a slight one. But Maud her.

y's face stiffened. "I'm sorry," she I hope he'll soon be better, but don't this to send me running back to him. all got to die, though I hope Nelson e for many years. I stuck to him all h the war. Don't forget that."

vorst thing that could happen to now, Maud thought, would be to be any doubt as to Letty's intentions. erefore made it as plain as she could om now on he would have to contrive without his wife.

remorse was harder for her to witness is grief. "I've been suspicious of her. orried her about Mary, I've been of Walsh and of other men. I've been petty! Oh, Maud, I blame myself. I myself more than I blame her!"

evening he was downstairs in his sitting in an armchair, a rug over his His face had lost some of its mobility; ression was now centered in his eyes. *agic creature,* Maud thought, *I wish tell you that I always liked you better liked Letty, but you don't want to hear .*

then the front doorbell rang. Nelson at her inquiringly. "Mary?"

ll I go and let her in?" Maud asked, shook his head.

aw will go. I'd like you to stay here e."

They could hear Mary's voice greeting Shaw, and his, in reply; then children's voices, and there was a pause in the hall while coats were taken off. Then Mary came into the room, holding a child by either hand.

"Here we are!" she cried. "Father! Are you better? Oh, Maud, how glad I am to see you."

She went to him and kissed him, then turned to kiss Maud. Her father, watching her, thought he would scarcely have known her. The pallid, delicate girl had put on weight, roundness, ripeness. She had color, animation. She had the alert, half-humorous look of a woman who has much to do with children and is amused more than she is harassed by them. That she envied no one, hated no one, feared no one, was in her calm eyes. Nelson had longed to see once more the daughter who had been lost to him for six years. It was the unhappy, frustrated girl he had hoped to welcome home with forgiveness. Now, anxiously, he saw that she had passed far beyond need of him.

"Well, father," she said, smiling, "here they are, your two grandsons. David is five. George is three. They've never been to London before. Don't you think they're pretty good? It's been a long day for them. David, go to your grandfather and tell him about the train we came in. Tell him what it was like."

Nelson held out an arm, and the little boy went slowly toward him, and when it encircled him he stood very quietly and a little shyly, looking earnestly at his grandfather.

"Tell your grandfather what pulled the train," Mary prompted.

The child looked into Nelson's face and said, "A engine; a great big engine."

"A great big engine, was it? And did you go fast?"

David nodded. "And a lady gave George an orange."

"Well, he was in luck," said Nelson, keeping his arm about him. *Nothing of Letty here,* he was thinking. *Nothing. Mary and her mother and myself, and his father. No taint of Letty.* And as he heard the word "taint" in his own mind, he was dismayed, and flinched from it. "Where is your husband?" he asked Mary.

"Well," said Mary, and colored, "we didn't know whether you'd feel well enough to see him today or not. As a matter of fact, he's walking round the square, waiting for a signal. If you'd like to see him, I'll call him in."

"Of course I want to see him," Nelson said. "I expected him. Shaw has your old room ready, with two beds in it, and there are two beds for the children in the room next door. Call your husband in, by all means."

"Oh, thank you!" Mary cried. She put George down, and said, "Come, darling, we'll go and find daddy."

"How well she looks!" exclaimed Maud when she had gone out of the room. "And how she's changed! How amazingly she's changed!"

David was looking a little apprehensively from Maud to his grandfather. It was clear that he longed to run after his mother, but he controlled himself and stood quietly by Nelson's chair. He was tall for his age, less sturdy than George, but they both had their father's thick, straight fair hair and blue eyes. David had his mother's sensitive mouth and chin. Yes, David said, he was learning to read. He could do sums. He would go to school next year.

"They must take after their father," Nelson said to Maud. "They don't look much like the Hallam family." But there was no regret in his voice.

(Continued on Page 109)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hills

By Mary Maxtone

Hills are earth's music
And the eye,
Filled with their span's
Immensity,
Sends to the heart
Chords more profound
Than ever ear
Distilled from sound;
Their grave crescendos
Sweep the sky
And bless the land
With symphony.

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BIGELOW WEAVERS

Fine rugs and carpets since 1825

(Continued from Page 107)

Mary was quickly back again, this time th a strongly built man with blunt, unndsome features and thick fair hair; wear- somewhat ill-fitting clothes and display- neither shyness nor eagerness. He went aight to Nelson and shook hands with him. "I'm sorry you've been ill, sir. I hope u're better. Mary was very worried. We me as soon as we could, but there were ings that had to be arranged at home be- e we could leave."

"Of course," said Nelson, and Mary saw th pity how his eyes stared, how fixed and familiar was his look. "I'm glad indeed to e you here," he said formally.

"And this is Maud," Mary said, a hand Alan's arm.

"I guessed that. I've heard a lot about u. How are you?"

Maud said she was very well and extremely ppy to see them all at last. "I've always d a very warm place in my heart for Mary," e said, "and so has my husband"—she used e word with the slight self-consciousness of woman who marries late in life—"in spite of e naughty trick she played on us in Paris."

"She behaved very badly," said Alan, nd she knows it, and so do I. But then, if e'd behaved better we'd never have met, d David and George wouldn't be here."

nd he and Mary looked each other, and exanged a smile.

"I'm very much hamed, father," said ary, as Alan and Maud ked together. She drew chair close to his. You've been so forbearing, and so kind. I n't deserve it. Will you forgive me?"

Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

EARS rushed to his eyes. "There's no estion of forgiveness. I was a poor sort of ther to you."

"Oh, no. You gave me everything you uld. You couldn't give me happiness. How uld you? I had to find that for myself. ut I was a thankless girl."

"Never mind. That's all past." He sighed d looked over at Alan, who caught his e. "Tell me what you're doing now."

"Well, sir," said Alan, "you know I'm an gineer, specializing in radar. I've been tting up stations wherever they were eded. Now I'm home on a bit of leave. ary has had to carry on alone, and I don't ow how she's done it. She s been a heroine. ut now we hope that's over. I'm going to experimental station in the Midlands on, and the family will come with me, ary and the children and my mother."

"Is your mother better?" asked Maud. "She's about as well as she ever will be."

Maud was looking at Mary's hands. They ere rough and lined. The crippled right nd had done its full share of work. They ere the hands, Maud thought, of a workingan's wife, but this did not seem to her a agedy; this seemed to her a small price to y for happiness and those two boys. Whatever the price to Mary, it was plain that she d paid it gladly.

Maud said, "What I'm longing to hear, ary, is what you did and where you went after you left Paris. What happened to you, and how did you two meet?"

At this point, David created a diversion. He looked at Mary with an eager, expectant look, as of one who hopes to have a long-deferred wish fulfilled, and said, "Where is it? You promised that I could see it you promised."

"You know you mustn't interrupt when grownups are talking," she chided him, "but I know how much you want to see it. Father," she said, "your grandson has inherited my passion for music. He's only seen an upright. Do you think I might take him into the drawing room?"

Nelson looked at the clock. "It's nearly their suppertime, isn't it?" he said. He was feeling very tired. "I told Shaw they'd want their supper as soon as they came."

"Could I please see the piano now?" David asked politely.

"The room is all in dust sheets," Nelson said, "but go in if you like, of course."

"We can soon open it up," Maud said, and got up. "Come along, it will only take a minute."

To her surprise, Nelson put aside his rug and raised himself slowly from his chair. "I'll come with you," he said, and Mary took his arm as they went to the drawing room.

Maud switched on a lamp while Alan and Mary folded back the dust sheet from the great Bechstein. Mary was thinking of the miserable hours she had spent in that room. But the little boy was staring at the piano. He had forgotten them all in his delighted amazement. He went forward in a kind of silent ecstasy, tiptoeing softly to the piano bench. His whole small being hungered for the sound of a pressed key. He hitched himself up on the bench and gave a little wriggle to seat himself more firmly. Then, gently, he struck middle C. After a rapturous moment he turned to look at his mother with a face that was a mere vehicle for the expression of utter joy. Then he forgot everything but the delight of listening, and struck the same key again, a little louder. He let the sound die away, then lifted both hands and, holding them suspended over the keys, struck a chord, a chord he had practiced a hundred times on the old hired upright piano at home. Then, with the same careful deliberation, another, and another. The magnificence of those small chords, echoing in the great room, the joyous pain of complete fulfillment, overcame him. He slipped abruptly off the bench, ran to his father and burst into tears.

"Now, now, lad," said Alan, lifting him up, "what's all this? Crying for joy, are you? Well, you're not the first that's done that."

George's small voice made itself heard. "David's crying," he announced.

The door opened and Shaw came in, surprised to find them there, and said, in his usual mournful way, that the children's supper was now ready in the dining room.

THE END

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

sty and incapable of exact definition. They gin to build their skyscrapers from the cond story up, and the building hangs in e air without any visible foundations. omen, being housekeepers, like to start with ellar and investigate that thoroughly before ey proceed. They'll say, "I don't like that llar—I don't like those steps." Or else, That's a well-built cellar. You can trust " They are unable to explain why they el that way. They just do. So it has been lled "intuition." It isn't intuition; it's perlative common sense and direct think- g, all the big, unmeaning words eliminated. en form committees; women go right to the point. They become confused only when, because of their training, they listen too much to men. I'd like to see more women in politics, in business and everything else. They are rational, practical, and usually do what they say they are going to do.

I am a man who made a fortunate marriage. Practically every mistake I have made, including the business ones, I made against the better judgment of my wife.

Meanwhile, such is the present state of the male mind, only a few psychologists, personal-relationship engineers and doctors will agree with me, or even understand what I've been saying.

THE END

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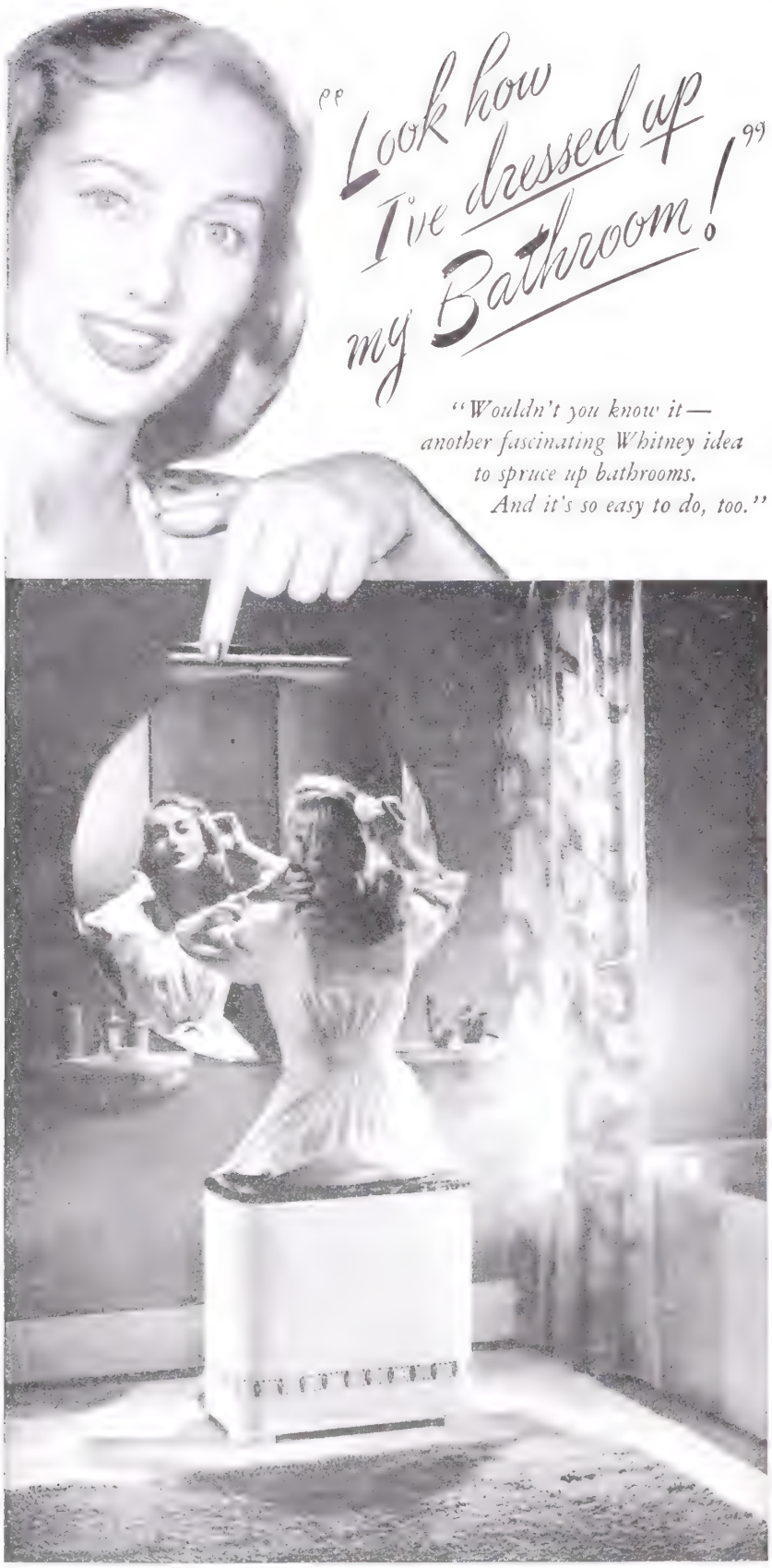
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CALL ME "THE HEART"

(Continued from Page 41)

Then she went to dramatic school, where she was notably successful with all the most unsympathetic parts she could persuade them to give her: Goneril in King Lear, Hedda Gabler, Craig's Wife. She worked hard to become a capable actress; and a Hollywood talent scout signed her up for being so beautiful.

She did not like Hollywood much, and was amusing herself with her personal marionette theater and the play-acting of her childhood until the moment when she could clout some director over the head and get a part like the one Bette Davis had in The Corn is Green. Or Paxinou in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

In the meantime, at a quarter to seven, she was roaring along Wilshire Boulevard, wondering which of the amazing inaccuracies of her studio bio book the publicity department might have pounced on to make an issue out of tonight. Hastily she recalled the first page of that bio book: "Mother—trapeze artist; Father—Brazilian rancher; First job—international spy; Favorite book—Diseases of the Musical Profession." If any of these irrelevant snatches of misinformation were thrown up to her tonight, she would just have to take her chances, depending on her resources of ingenuity, which were considerable.

She arrived, a little breathless, at the head of the steps in the Ambassador lobby. Now which of these men might be Hank What's-his-name? If she could get them all to sing, it would help. She'd know that voice in a thousand.

"You're Martha Sherman, aren't you?" said that voice right in her ear.

She jumped and turned to face a stocky, sandy-haired man whose blue eyes surveyed her blandly through rimless spectacles.

"Better than I thought," he said, meaning her. "I'm Hank Welcher," meaning him. "We're just about ready to begin," he told her.

"Do I look all right?"

He looked her over carefully—the clinging black velvet dress with its rhinestone slide fastener, the shining hair, brushed high on her head, the slippers with the glass heels. "Supercolossal," Hank said. "Couldn't we just zip that thing a little lower?"

The only other person Martha knew among the twenty-odd guests in the private dining room was Jonathan Crisp. He had directed her first and only picture with a kind of businesslike care she had found very attractive. Once he had made the entire cast wait while the star planned and cooked a complete meal. He said he wanted her to renew her acquaintance with food on the hoof before she started making dramatic gestures at a kitchen range. He had had no complaints about the way Martha walked through the part of the star's pretty, innocuous sister. And he had never once said she was beautiful.

MARTHA liked him and she was glad he was seated next to her. "What's it all about?" she whispered to him hastily. But his attention was already being claimed by a girl on the other side.

There was a good deal of high-caliber jabbering going on all around her, but it was no different from the kind of high-caliber jabbering she heard all over the studio: who was working in what picture, who had been to Palm Springs with whom, who was writing what and for whom. Professional talk. If she had known it would be like this, she would have worn a black wig and talked with a Portuguese accent about her Brazilian rancher father.

She wished they would haul out their flashlights and get to work on her so she could go home. She wouldn't mind if they asked her to pose with the man at the head of the table. He had a face and jowls exactly like a hippopotamus. He rose to his feet like a hippopotamus, too, and began to speak.

"LADIES and gentlemen," he said, "we are here tonight for a very special reason. Not just to enjoy a splendid dinner, though we have certainly done that!" Satisfied laughter and scattered applause. "But we are here tonight for another reason. We are here to inaugurate a new and greater rebirth of Romance in America. Romance, that some may have thought was rapidly disappearing from our too streamlined American scene, lives again in the person of our honored guest tonight—the girl who has been chosen to personify the Renascence of Romance . . . the Heart . . . America's Heart . . . of 1947 . . . that beautiful starlet of TNT Pictures, Miss Martha Sherman!"

They all raised their glasses. Some of them looked around rather vaguely to be sure which was she, but Hank Welcher solved that by rushing over to Martha and pumping her hand up and down.

Then the flashes began to go off. She did, after all, pose with Mr. Hippopotamus. She posed with a lot of other people she had never seen before in her life. She posed alone, with her wrap and without it. Lights were set up around her. Cameras clicked.

After what seemed ages, she was standing outside in the good, clean air with Hank and Jonathan Crisp. She felt as if she had just come out of one of those Crazy Houses at an amusement park.

"Well," she said a little belligerently, "what do I do now?"

"Go home and get a good night's sleep," said Hank. "Next week, we start shooting Allegro—a Modern Love Story, starring Miss Martha Sherman and directed by Mr. Jonathan Crisp."

"Did you know about this, Mr. Crisp?"

"Yes," said Jonathan. He said it a little shamefacedly, Martha thought.

"It's going to be the biggest thing that ever happened to you, Miss Sherman," Welcher told her. "Thanks for your cooperation. G'by now."

"What's going to be the biggest and so forth?" Martha said to Hank's departing back. "What's he talking about, Mr. Crisp?"

Jonathan Crisp shrugged. "How about a drink?" he said.

"Thanks, I don't. But I could use a good deal of explanation."

They went to a little place called the Swanee where people sat in respectful silence while Art Tatum played the piano.

Between Tatum, he told her. It was her build-up. She was going to be starred in Allegro—a Modern Love Story. He was going to direct. It was going to cost a million dollars or so, and naturally the star had to have name value.

"But why me?"

"I think they think you're very beautiful," he said apologetically.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Look, Martha." They were Martha and Jonathan by now. "I know what you mean. But don't worry about it. Just play along."

"Is that what you do?"

He smiled a little, and it came to her sharply how delicate and sensitive his mouth was, how incongruous in that big head with the bushy hair touched with gray at the sides.

(Continued on Page 112)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Foolish Heart

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

The heart is not a merchant,
It values not by weight,
But like an unlearned simpleton
Confuses small and great.

A word, a star hung in the west,
Some motion of a hand
May mean more to a watchful heart
Than empires understand.

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(Continued from Page 110)

"Yes," he said. "That's what I've been doing now for ten years."

She thought about that for a moment. Ten years seemed a long time. "Didn't they ever try to make you do something you didn't want to do?"

"Sure. But I'm the kind of guy who never can think of the right answer till next morning when I'm shaving."

"How's the story on this—this Allegro?" she asked warily.

"It's got a twist. Instead of boy meets girl, they manage to avoid having them meet really until the end of the picture."

"No!"

He put his hands along the sides of her arms where they lay discouragedly across the table. "Martha," he said very seriously, "take my advice. I've been around here a long time. Don't kick up a fuss. Get yourself some money in the bank. You'll need it to have your kind of life."

"What do you know about my kind of life?"

"I've watched you work. You like to act. You've got imagination." He stopped and looked embarrassed. "Besides," he went on, "I know about Lucifer and Francesca."

"You what?"

"You see, Imogene's sister works for me. She thinks you're a little cracked."

"I might as well live in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania!"

"Yes, I know. That's Hollywood. But promise me you'll take the build-up as you find it. I think you can make a very good thing of it. What's one picture more or less?"

TATUM was beginning to play again. There was a fine, sharp precision about his playing, a sureness that excited you and made things seem very active and clear and possible.

"Well, I don't know why you should bother," she said quietly in the middle of Begin the Beguine, "but I'd be the last person to suggest that Martha Sherman couldn't do with a little advice. If you'll promise I won't have to do any cooking, I'll crawl sweetly through Allegro with you."

"You won't have to do any cooking."

Next morning, the headlines had it. "MARTHA SHERMAN—THE HEART," they read.

"Last night, at a dinner at the Los Angeles Ambassador," the story went, "Martha Sherman, star of TNT Pictures, was voted America's Heart of 1947.

"L. Harold Klee, heading the group of California businessmen who made the award, stated that the American male wants his women more romantic and that Miss Sherman best typified their new ideal of American womanhood."

The shots were okay and the information no more outlandish than some of the other things Martha occasionally read about herself in the paper, so she chucked it in the wastebasket and went back to Lucifer and Francesca.

"Are you a starlet, varlet?" said Lucifer in one of Martha's voices.

And Francesca answered in another, "To beat or not to beat, that is the question of the Heart."

It took about a week for the thing to get under way. In that week they took a hundred pictures of her, some in specially designed dresses with Heart necklines which were pretty low; and some with Heart hems which were pretty short in front.

Seventeen college fraternities invited her to college proms. One boy brought his saxophone to serenade her at two in the morning; the photographers got there in the middle of the first chorus of Dinah. Ten band leaders dedicated broadcasts or theme songs to her. Two of the band leaders flew out to Hollywood to have their pictures taken with her. The Hollywood sight-seeing busses added her house to their schedule and Imogene said they stopped twice a day while the sightseers gaped at the torn place in the awning and the banana tree in the patio.

Mr. Hippopotamus' wife sued for divorce and got it, on the strength of the dinner photographs. She called Martha up and was bitter and unpleasant about it.

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"There ought to be a lethal chamber for women like you," she said, and hung up.

Martha was about to agree with her when the phone rang again.

Hank told her what to wear and when and where she was to go to a preview with Jonathan. "You two'll make a good couple," Hank said. "Jonathan's an older man and the Heart rejuvenates him. That's the angle, see?"

"Listen, Hank," Martha said. Her voice sounded like steel mail being laundered on a tin washboard. "Listen, Hank ——" She was so mad, she couldn't say another word. He hung up.

Going to the preview with Jonathan was all right. She and Jonathan were getting along fine on the set. They had lunch together often and made fun of the story of Allegro together. Then they could go back to work with their adrenalin glands functioning normally.

Sometimes, when they were both particularly weary and fed up with the whole thing, he came out to her house. Imogene filled them full of excellent food and then Jonathan buried himself in the big chair to watch Lucifer and Francesca in various treatments of The Alligator and the Fox.

In one version, called Patience Conquers All, Lucifer became Jonathan himself, directing Francesca as Martha, who paced up and down the tiny stage muttering, "It's a tale told by an idiot." The night Francesca appeared as Henrietta Welcher, taking pictures of Lucifer in many unusual and bizarre poses, ending up lying flat on his back, tiny claws clutching the air, Jonathan writhed helpless with laughter.

With the truly cultivated man, the maiden, the orphan, the poor man and the hunted slave feel free.

From The Heart of Emerson's Journals: Edited by Bliss Perry (Houghton Mifflin Company).

Truth is truth, though spoken by an enemy.

"It's more therapeutic than a psychoanalyst," he gasped.

Dragging Jonathan into this Heart mess was too much. Jonathan was her friend.

As she dressed, Martha took time out to crouch over the big powder jar, chanting in three separate and horrible voices:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed. . . .

Thrice and once the hedge pig whined. . . .

Harpier cries '"Tis time, 'tis time. . . . *I'll fix 'em!*'"

She went back to her dressing, smiling wickedly and humming Dinah quietly to herself. As she pulled on her gloves, she said grimly, "The Heart at eve has drunk her fill."

She began with the autograph hunters. Smilingly, she signed for them all. She signed Zuleika Dobson . . . Lucretia Borgia . . . Joan of Arc . . . Moby Dick.

At the preview in the darkened theater she felt warm and happy. She reached over and took Jonathan's hand. He smiled and moved closer.

"I'd forget about that phony-autograph stuff if I were you," he whispered soberly.

To which she replied grimly, "I guess you've never been a goldfish, have you, Jonathan? Well, take it from me, here's one goldfish is going to turn."

"You want to look out a man named Welcher doesn't bite you!"

"He wants to look out his goldfish doesn't bite him!"

Jean Moore, the star, turned around and said "Sh-h-h!" at them and they were silent, giggling a little.

There seemed to be thousands of people waiting when they came out. Miss Moore looked pleased and smiled her camera smile. Until, somewhere in the back, a voice said, "Give us some of the old Heart, Miss Sherman!"

"Delighted!" Martha said briskly. "Just hold these folks back a bit, will you, Mr. Crisp?"

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3. "SHE'S RIGHT AS USUAL. I'd hate to have *anyone* see this number. It's so threadbare you can't even make out the pattern. And it only covers half the floor."

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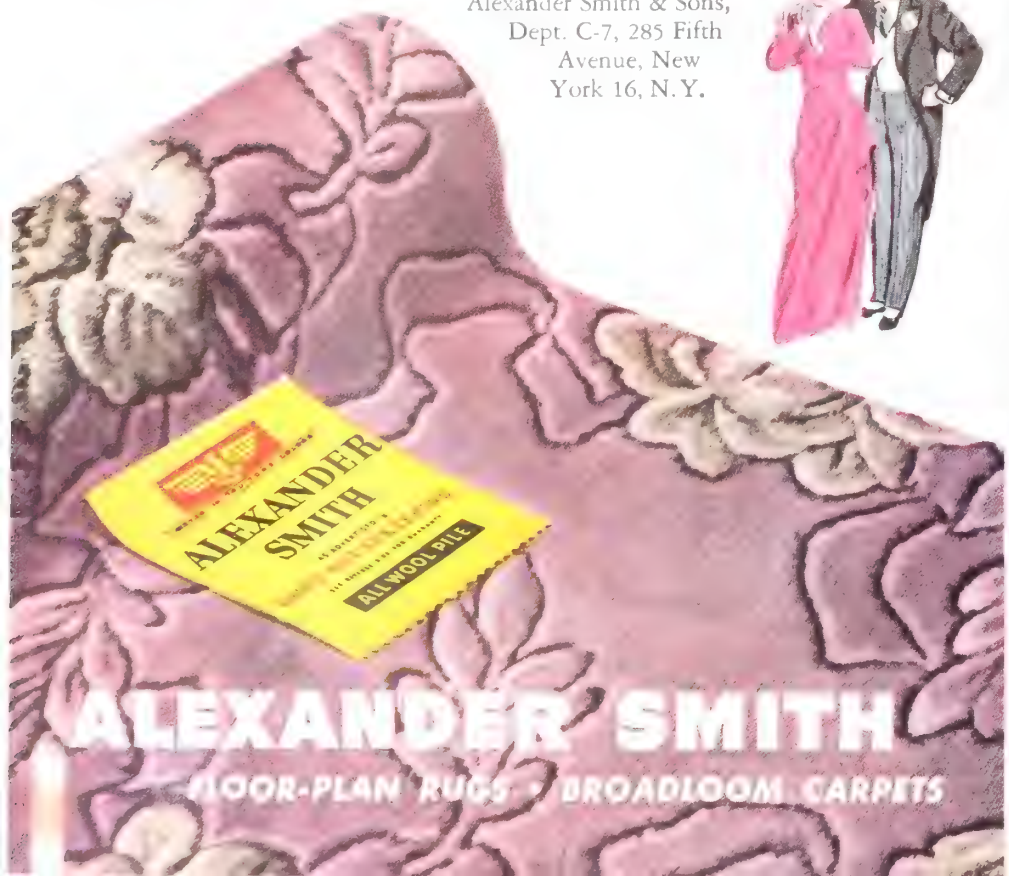

She stepped into the small cleared space and opened her mouth. She sang:

"I got Heart from the start by the cartload,
Heart and Me cannot be far apart;
My auricle and ventricle
Are perfectly symmentricle
And all my veins and arteries
Are from the finest hearteries.
A very special dish, served à la carte—
That's me, the Heart . . . Heart . . . Heart!"

She ended up like Miss Ethel Merman.

Then Jonathan recovered, took her firmly by the arm, and shoved her into a taxi. "You're crazy!" he growled.

"Let's go to the Swanee!"

"You're going home, before you make any more trouble!"

Five minutes went by.

Then Jonathan said, "I didn't mean to be harsh."

"Oh, *harsh!*" She wasn't really paying much attention. The exhilaration of her first lunge toward revolt was a heady thing.

"Martha, I don't blame you a bit."

"Well, who *cares?*"

"*I* do. I care about your getting hurt. They won't let you get away with this, you know."

She turned and looked at him. In the sudden flashes of the street lights, his kind face was very sad.

"What's the matter, Jonathan?"

"Look, I don't like this business any more than you do."

"Why do you stay in it, then? Think you're going to improve it?"

He shook his head. "Not any more. But I know why I stay in it. I've thought it all out. I'm used to the excitement of it, and I couldn't get along now without the excitement. I'm not very exciting myself."

"Why, Jonathan ——"

"No, don't stop me. I know what I'm talking about. I've got a swell little lumber business up in Portland. But I know I couldn't stand to devote all my time to it. I can't make my own excitement, like you can."

"Well, I'm sure I think that's very nice of you -I think!"

"Don't laugh, Martha. You wouldn't understand about stodginess and dullness because everyplace you go, everything you do, everything about you is exciting!"

"Really, Mr. Crisp, this is awfully sudden!"

She was sorry as soon as she had said it. He drew back in the corner of the seat as if she had hit him.

"Jonathan! I'm sorry. I didn't mean Come here, Jonathan."

He moved back again.

"Listen, Jonathan, I do understand wl you mean. But, remember, they never tr to make a goldfish out of you. I live i fish bowl, completely surrounded by fla lights. Do you know that a Montana rancl lassoed me in front of the studio the otl night so he could get to meet me?"

"How could I miss it? It was in ev paper in the country."

"They can't do that to me, I can tell y If you think I've acted badly so far, wait you see what I've got up my sleeve!"

"Martha, don't!"

"Why not? It won't hurt anybody I c about but me."

"It'll hurt me."

"You! They won't fire you."

He didn't look at her directly. He look at a point just behind the driver's ear. "I but they'll fire you. You'll leave, and never see you again."

Martha couldn't believe her ears, but believed the look on Jonathan's face. "I your arms around me, Jonathan," she sa "I'll behave."

They rode on home very contentedly.

She had enough good sense not to look the papers next day. But Hank Welcher not so sensible. He shouted over the pho

"Listen, baby, I'm the one thinks up angles. How am I supposed to explain t picture of you singing like Merman?"

"You mean people won't think it's a p view of Allegro?"

"Shut up! New York's been on the phc all morning. A guy wants to sign you fo musical. Said he didn't know you co sing."

"I can't."

"Who said you could? And what abc this escape in a taxi with Jonathan? Y two didn't run off and get married by a chance?"

"Certainly not! We did get some brea then, didn't we, Hank?" She made it sou as innocent as she could.

"Listen, wise guy, there are breaks—a breaks! Don't let these kind of things h pen again!"

"No, Hank. I guess I was just drunk w power. Can't you cover up for me, Hank

He spluttered and fumed some more told her not to let it happen again. A writer from New York, he said, was com out for an interview. She wanted a story what girls all over the country could do acquire Heart.

(Continued on Page 116)

THE NOTION COUNTER

By Elizabeth Metcalf

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. Gibson call their baby daughter The Gibson Girl. . . . "That wolf had better not come *inside* our door," said the young father with an eye on the rising cost of living, "or the kids will eat him." . . . One woman finishes her superb gray Persian cat's bath with a platinum rinse. . . . If the Christmas doll has tired of opening and closing her eyes by now, rub a little talcum around her closed eyelids.

"Are you *sure* these are 7½-AAAA's?" she worried to the shoe clerk.

"Well, it says so right here on the box," he drawled.

"Maybe I'd better try on the box," she snapped. "It might be a better fit."

Please don't call dogs doggies, nor aunts aunties—but please call pants panties. . . . My friend wears a pair of handsome wide sterling bracelets which used to be napkin rings. . . . "Before fifty, a man trades his health for money," our old banker used to say. "After fifty he tries to trade back."

Add familiar home scenes: mother, peer up at threatening skies as the clock closes on noon recess or afternoon school clos time. . . . What we call a grab bag, British call a lucky dip. And what Ameri babies call a choo-choo, English babies a puff-puff. . . . When I stop to think h filthy paper money gets, I pretend tha don't want any. . . . Heine's one-line scription of The Thin Man: "He was so l that his full-face looked like a profile."

Emergency beauty hint: if you snag fingernail and have no emery board at ha smooth the nail on the scratching surface a pack of matches. . . . We'll miss white lace fences around town when the sn begins to drip off into dirty water. . . . you are incredulous about Jacob's Joseph's having been embalmed, check with the fiftieth chapter of Genesis. . When a wife noticed that the ceiling pla above her pillow was beginning to crack, asked her husband to change sides of the with her—because he was insured.

Janie's dancing with a college man

A MIRACULOUS change has swept the room. A name band plays where the divan once stood. The carpet has turned to a gleaming dance floor.

And as Janie glides with little Sue—she's at a night club, high over New York, dancing with a dashing college man.

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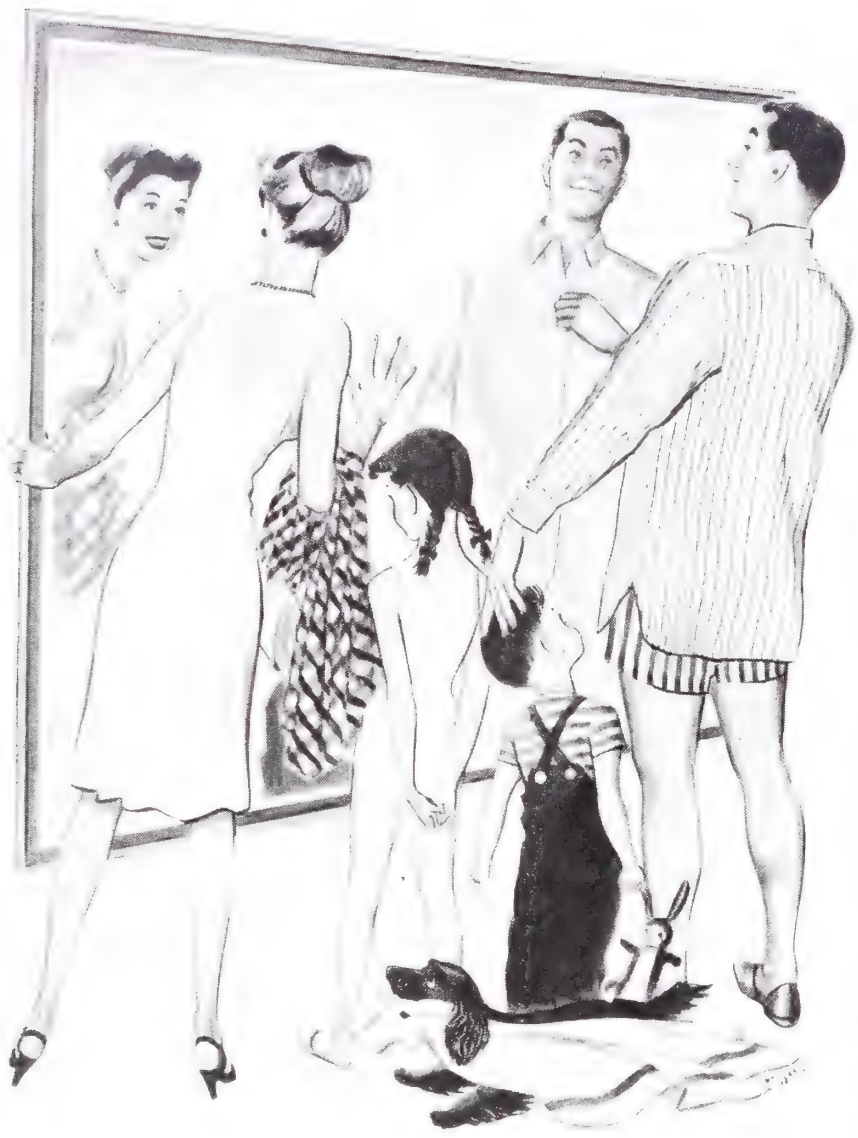

"AS we lined up in front of the mirror this morning I thought, 'What a lovely family. And what a lot of washday problems I'd have without my Easy Spindrier!'

"Jim wears seven shirts a week, sometimes more if we go out. Three-year old Buster is scarcely past the diaper stage, while clothes-conscious Nancy changes her dress three times a day if I don't look out. And with all their sheets and pillowcases and towels, you can imagine the fix I'd be in without my speedy two-tub Easy!

"One tub *washes* a full load while the other *spins* a full load damp-dry. Whirls out up to 25% *more* water than a wringer. That means faster drying. No deep hard-to-iron creases. And no broken buttons!

"My Easy is safe for my finest blankets. Even does washable drapes and slipcovers. Best of all, it gives me more time to live . . . because it gets my week's wash on the line in less than an hour!"

You'll be glad you waited for an Easy Spindrier! See it in action tomorrow! Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, New York.

(Continued from Page 114)

"And no monkeyshines," Hank ended up.

"No monkeyshines," repeated Martha softly.

The fan writer was a fairly hefty woman whose fuzzy black hair emerged stiffly from behind one of those hats made of gladioli and green ribbon.

"Now just what can I advise other girls to do to acquire Heart, Miss Sherman?" she said brightly, pencil poised.

Martha looked at the woman. She seemed to be a perfectly normal, serious-minded young person. She spoke the words as if she had been saying, "What are the approximate dates of the Wars of the Roses?"

Briefly, the thought of Jonathan came between Martha's impulse and a growing, compelling fury. The thought of Jonathan passed She stepped to the little bluestone fireplace.

"In my opinion, the important thing is to be all things to all men," she began sweetly. "Now, first, there's the Girl Scout type."

"Well, I never would have thought of Girl Scouts as romantic, as the Heart type, Miss Sherman." The woman was glad they were going to be pleasantly informal.

"You *didn't!* Well, can *you* make a fire with flints?" She struck a match to the fire Imogene had laid that morning. "You see, first you rub the flint as hard as ever you can against an old log. Beech, if you're lucky. But, whatever way you do it, the Girl Scout gets her man."

The woman began to write, tentatively, "Girl Scout type. Romantic? Build fire for two. Beech is best."

"Of course, there is the fascinating, unpredictable type too. This girl overwhelms a man, keeps his brain reeling."

Martha led the way to the patio. With the most courteous explanations, pausing frequently to inquire sweetly, "Am I going too fast for you?" she proceeded in rapid succession to climb up and down the banana tree, do a soft-shoe routine on the hearth, demonstrate the card trick where you produce the ace of hearts, knock over the coffee table with the pottery cigarette box in an impulsive thrust for a match.

"Of course, this type is pretty confusing," Martha wound up. "But if there's anything a man hates in a girl with Heart, it's to know where he stands. Then, we have the life-of-the-party type of Heart Girl."

Now she sat on top of the tiny upright piano in the hall and sang a chorus of Bill, tapping out the basses on the black keys with the heel of her slipper. In the middle of the song, the fan writer closed her notebook and left, slamming the door behind her.

AFTER she had gone, Martha dressed again, put on her hat and coat and gloves, and sat down to wait for the phone to ring. It did in about an hour.

"Listen to me, you little double-crossing smart aleck," Hank bellowed. "That dame is having hysterics in Tilwyn's office right now. You get down here this minute!"

She was not prepared for her reception. Hank was in his office, alone.

"We're to go to Mr. Tilwyn's office at once," he said.

Martha had never seen the president of TNT before, but she did not think he could look worse than Hank did. Hank's face was an even, delicate yellow-green. Mr. Tilwyn's, when they finally reached his massive gray-and-maroon office, was a deep, apoplectic red-purple.

The writer and Jonathan were coming out as she and Hank were shown in. "If you think you'll ever get another TNT line in my mag——" threatened the fuzzy-haired gladioli hat. The glitter in Jonathan's eyes might have been rage, joy, revenge or determination. Martha really didn't have time to notice.

Mr. Tilwyn was a small man, and Martha got the impression that only his head emerged above the huge, flat-topped desk. That was because he was slumped back in his chair, looking a little like Bela Lugosi.

"Is this her?" he began ominously.

"This is her," Hank said, leaning gloomily against the window frame and thrusting his

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viciously into his pants pockets so that
at folded into a little peplum behind

y did not ask her to sit down. Silence
d for several minutes. Then Mr.
n spoke.

iss Sherman," he began in a reedy
"you may not realize it, but we've put
of money in you. Today you are a
n-dollar property, potentially. Mind
ot that TNT is concerned so much with
eturn. Hank, didn't I say to you that
Miss Sherman is a beautiful girl. She
go far in pictures'? Didn't I, Hank?"

eah," said Hank from the window.

e wanted to give you your chance,
Sherman. A ten-thousand-dollar pub-
man we put on the problem. I mean
ank Welcher."

k turned his back and looked out the
w.

e sits up nights and figures out angles.
y he creates a new title: The Heart."

ilwyn's expression indicated that he
aring sweet, faraway music as he spoke
ords. "The Heart. He created it es-
y for you, Miss Sherman. He gives a
, all for you. Overnight you are
s. That brings us up on the details,
Sherman?"

atmosphere was funereal. Numbed
he possibility of even whispering,
a nodded.

Tilwyn's voice grieved reedily on.
ad she rewarded such thoughtfulness?
kind of gratitude had she shown? She
ted like a crazy person. She had dis-
the whole studio and him. And that
efenseless writer—how had she treated
And her married to a cousin of his
ly. And what about all those loyal fans
preview?

is is not the way to get on in Holly-
Miss Sherman. I am very much
we were mistaken in taking up your
. I'm sure you understand why Miss
Moore will take over Allegro—a
n Love Story."

rose to his feet. There was still not
nuch of him above the massive desk.
s voice had a good brass quality now.
I advise you not to contest the break-
your contract, Miss Sherman."

Tilwyn touched a button under his
eaning slightly askew to do so, and a
man came in and led Martha gently

u sure pulled a boner, kid," Hank said,
ing her out. "When I think of the way
I had that thing laid out. It would have been beautiful. Well, no hard feelings. G'by now."

Martha stumbled along the hall to the elevator. Once outside again in the sunshine, she shivered.

"And I never said a mumblin' word," she murmured to herself in an awed whisper.

She forgot she had driven down, and began to walk blindly along Sunset Boulevard. Numbness enveloped her, as if she had just escaped a terrible doom. She'd been fired before, but usually with quite a lot of swearing and noise and good, honest anger; never in this hurt, icy silence. She shivered again.

"Where you going?" It was Jonathan. He fell in step beside her.

"Home. To fire Imogene and pack."

"I already fired Imogene's sister and packed."

"They fired you too? Well, of all the ——"

"No. I quit." The glitter in his eyes emerged clearly as determination. Anybody could have seen it.

"What are you going to do, Jonathan?"

"Well, I thought I'd take a flier at the lumber business."

She thought that over. They were passing a supermarket. A woman in a bathing suit and a short silver-fox jacket pulled a Pekingese out of their way. The Peke yelped a lot. The woman went on buying oranges.

"What happens to your excitement, Jonathan?"

He grinned, and she liked the way his face looked, open and friendly and pleased. "You remembered about it," he said, as if it were something very remarkable.

"Of course I remembered about it. Don't you think I have any feelings. What about it?"

He caught her hand, and she was surprised to note how warm and strong his felt. Maybe it was just because of that awful chilliness in Tilwyn's office.

"I thought I'd try importing my excitement."

"Meaning me, Jonathan?"

"Meaning you."

"Do you suppose I could find a marionette theater in Portland where I could put on The Alligator and the Fox?"

"I could personally build you one of Crisp lumber."

Martha stopped walking and turned to put both her hands gravely in his. "Lucifer and Francesca and I will be very happy to excite you permanently in Portland, Jonathan," she said.

THE END

"Golf is to be organized, we can eliminate ... [illegible] ... and night work."

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THE GAS RANGE YOU WANT

★ FOR DRAMA, CHOOSE A FASHION COLOR LIKE WATERMELON PINK AND USE IT THROUGHOUT FOR UPHOLSTERY, HANGINGS, RUG.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD ROWLER

THIS spring, decoration emphasis seems to lie on color. Rich, vibrant pinks, greens, blues and yellows sing out in the gayest harmonies imaginable. Of course you have already guessed that one doesn't go all out for bright color in the average lived-in room, but uses it as a bouquet to pick up a dull scheme or change the light quality of a dark interior. Yet if you are doing an entire new room and like a bit of swish, by all means choose your favorite watermelon pink, glowing emerald or Ming yellow; and use it everywhere as if you were painting a picture with it, allowing the contrasting furniture wood to become the accent. This is the easiest way to get an effect and it's safe for nonprofessionals.

For a simple treatment, choose a really wonderful printed fabric, one with overscale leaves or flowers, and proceed this way: Paint walls, ceiling and trim the background color of your fabric. Use the fabric for draperies and to upholster at least two chairs and your sofa. Pick out one of the plain darker colors in your print, but one that is prominent, and match that for your carpet. Use a stripe of another of the print colors for the remainder of your upholstery. You need not worry about balancing your color if you do this, and it is a decoration formula that works like a charm in any room, especially an informal living room or bedroom.

Few of us, however, will be doing out-and-out new decoration, but will be freshening up, or buying a few new things to mix with our old furnishings. Integrating the bright new colors into our old schemes takes more careful planning than if we were doing a whole new job. So here are

★ COMBINE SEVERAL PASTEL COLORS FOR A MODERN SCHEME IF FURNITURE HAS STRAIGHT SIMPLE LINES.

Color Schemes are Brighter

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Decoration colors are brighter in a new way. Flowerlike hues replace the old wine, taupe and mulberry, and the most sedate walls may be painted chartreuse or pink. Whole rooms may be decorated in one glorious color, and old schemes enlivened by introducing new-style color accents.

★ TRADITIONAL FURNITURE IS AT ITS BEST WITH BRIGHT COLOR
STEPPED UP TO CONFORM TO TODAY'S BRIGHT PALETTE

some tips to help you get best results. Watch your wall colors, and don't get them too bright. If your fabrics are strong in color, keep your walls pale. You mustn't be bright all over, and this time fabrics and upholstery have the honors. But even though soft, your pale colors can and should be chosen from the new-style colors. Chartreuse and lime, clover pink, mint green, hyacinth blue and pale shrimp are top-fashion colors for walls.

For a room based on blue: Suppose your blue is the medium blue in vogue during the thirties. The only new colors that will go with it are lighter blues of the same family for walls and trim; and if you use a printed fabric, try to find one with pink or white flowers on a light blue ground. Blue-and-white-striped wallpaper is a pickup, or blue-and-gray-striped draperies against a plain wall. Blue is one of those solo colors that look best all on their own, except for the accessory accents, and often the best bet is just to buy more blue and have an out-and-out blue room.

For a room based on red: This is easy, for red in decoration is always in style. To snap things into the decorator class, do the walls in chartreuse or lime green. Use a red-and-white stripe on the side chairs and rich green on any other upholstered pieces.

Red curtains are attractive if of nice quality. You can use a print instead, if you like. Look for big red roses with plenty of foliage on a white or chartreuse ground. Red carpets or your prize Oriental is all right if the reds match your draperies.

For a room based on green: Since green is a foil color for practically all good decoration hues, you can pick almost anything you like and come out on top. You can give your room a new look by doing your walls in yellow and hanging green draperies. Or you can use a pale green on your walls for an especially cool effect, provided you have abundant light.

If you like lavish flower prints, you may use any combination of green with pink, yellow, coral or red in them. Green retires when brought into contact with brighter hues, but makes all of them look prettier. Of course, you can have super style and drama by using one of the California prints with exquisite green leaf or vine patterns.

For an Early American room: The charm of provincial-style rooms is emphasized by using brighter schemes in keeping with the period. Try India-print calico, always red or yellow, or plain Turkey-red cotton. Roman-stripe effects are excellent for rugs or in textiles. Canton-blue print is charming, also green or red with a resist pattern in white. Pale yellow, blue or pomegranate walls are surprisingly satisfactory in a room with country-style furniture.

DULL COLORS OF A FEW YEARS PAST ARE REPLACED BY BRIGHTER

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Why does it pay to buy the best rug cushion? Because all there *is* to it is *quality*. The better the rug cushion materials and quality, the more softness and luxury it gives, the more it reduces wear and the longer the cushion itself lasts. So insist on *the* finest rug cushion—genuine OZITE and you'll always walk on the nap of luxury.

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THE HELLER

(Continued from Page 35)

Mrs. Karlan growled in disbelief. "You better be up and dressed by the time I come back," she ordered, striding out of the room.

In a moment she was in her back-yard garden, yanking bitterly at weeds. Leonard Mason, one of her roomers for the past two weeks, left the house, and Mrs. Karlan glimpsed his head and shoulders over her barberry hedge in the side yard. It was nearly two hours before she returned to the house. Then she remembered, and she strode to Anne's room to see if that annoyance were still present. It was: a ball of bedclothes and a cascade of ebony hair.

"Get out!" Mrs. Karlan growled. She reached down into the bedclothes and found Anne's arm. The pull she gave might have uprooted a small stump, but it did not drag Anne out of bed. Anne had not been asleep, and she clung to the bedpost. "Get up, you lying little good-for-nothing!" Mrs. Karlan ordered. She aimed a swat at Anne's rear.

Anne kicked vigorously at her mother's stomach, but missed, and the covers flew off the bed. Mrs. Karlan stood in the center of the room, hands on hips, and stared at her daughter.

"What time did you get in last night?"

Anne was counterfeiting sleep. She did not answer.

"I don't know what time you got in last night," continued Mrs. Karlan. "But I got a pretty good head and I got ears; maybe if I don't know exactly what's going on behind my back, I got a pretty good idea. I know all about your darling Betsy and the jam she got into."

Mrs. Karlan hesitated in order to observe the effect of her words on Anne. There was no apparent effect.

"Trash like her is what makes it almost impossible for us to bring up our daughters decent. You're not to see hide nor hair of that girl again, or you go bouncing right out of this house." Mrs. Karlan moved to the door, but before she left she turned and said, "If I treated you the way you ought to be treated, I'd lather you black-and-blue."

ALONE, Anne remained motionless for some minutes. She was not unduly disturbed. A brush with her mother was the price she expected to pay for staying home from school. Nor was she at all agitated about her connection with Betsy Lane. Betsy had been expelled from school. The sewing teacher had discovered a few days before that Betsy was pregnant by comparing measurements made over the period of a semester. Anne had been not in the least horrified, although she had been surprised that this accident had befallen her own and very dear friend, Betsy. She would not have been surprised had it happened to one of some three dozen other acquaintances. Anne frequently spent idle moments wondering by whom Betsy was pregnant. But she did not let it bother her. And this morning Anne did not spend a great deal of time thinking about Betsy.

Anne was listening to whispers from another source. She closed her eyes and smiled. Anne's face was innocent of the drug and dime store make-up of the evening before. There was no hint of hardness in the curving line of her jaw and chin. Her nak arms hugged a pillow.

"I love that sweet gorilla!" Anne wh pered.

ANNE went to school that afternoon. S was in a happy mood. She was glad beca she would see Jane Whipple, and Jane, w had a talent for collecting informati would post her on the scandals, absurdit opinions and general news of the past twen four hours. But Anne was happy chiefly cause she would see Fred Halper—*if the ape hasn't skipped school again.*

Anne did not go directly to the school, headed across the street to the Alli Pharmacy. In her purse was twenty-f cents she had pilfered from a fruit jar in Karlan spice cupboard. She discovered booth at the pharmacy Susie Snead, S Bates, Marilyn Arnold and Chuck Simps Anne did not care for Sam and Susie. S was one of the most talented jitterbugs Shadowland Ballroom, but he liked knock couples balance with his bow. Susie was girl. Susie hac pretty face anc habit of messing other people'sda They made a n detestable combi tion, in Anne's o ion. But Ch Simpson, a hus serious senior, entirely unob tionable, altho of little interest anyone but Mar Arnold. Mari was good to h around—she min her own busi and had a syn thetic ear.

Anne was di pointed at not f ing Fred, but M lyn slipped her around her Anne squeezed the booth. "I ling," said Mari "were you sick morning?"

"I had a h ache from t awful Government exam I didn't take," Anne.

Sam Bates appeared to be studying A Suddenly Susie broke into a fit of giggle

"What's so darn funny?" asked Anne

Sam painfully straightened his face, Susie continued to giggle.

"Going out for track?" Sam asked Ch

Susie's face was becoming red. "Nee good weight thrower!" she sputtered.

"Yeah—good shot-put and javelin m Sam added.

"What do you mean—'good shot-put javelin man'?" asked Anne, nettled. "W do you think Fred is if he isn't a 'good s put and javelin man'?"

"Fred's track suit's damn near wore by now, I bet!" said Sam slyly.

At this remark, Susie relapsed into s hysterical laughter.

"I don't see anything so damn fun said Anne.

"Fred's track suit's wore out." Sam s defiantly.

Susie was trembling and sizzling li leaky boiler under a high head of steam. gasped, "His pants are full of buck holes!"

"What's so damn funny?" Anne manded. "What's all this sappy gig about Fred?"

"There isn't anything except that F pants are full of buckshot holes," said

"Say, what is all this, anyway?" manded Anne. There was an uneasy si

Next Month

The moment had come for which Catherine had been waiting. She was dizzy with the triumph and terror of it. The creature she had destroyed lay twenty feet away from her, twisted and noiseless and fearfully still. Now there could be no turning back.

This is the story of two men and a woman, and a small town that nourished murder in its heart. Unwillingly—for it was a peaceful college town and the young art instructor and his wife had lived peacefully within it. No one could foresee that a stranger's ambition was to weave a pattern of evil about them, a gray and killing—

Design for November

By Ronald Mitchell

Complete in the April JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Harper & Brothers.

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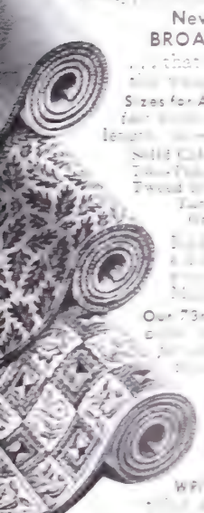

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As the hour of one P.M. approached, the ... ried to meet it. This was Jane Whipple.

"Oh ... glad you're back! I began to wonder, and thought maybe you'd do something rash."

"What are you talking about? You're hinting about something, just like everybody else."

"You haven't heard about it?"

"No, spill it!"

"Well, Betsy and Fred are married."

"Yes. You know how Betsy was going to ... brothers stopped at the track field and sent a kid over to tell Fred to come to their car ... suit when they got married, but I got it straight from the next-door kid that he bor... they wouldn't let him out of the house for ...

"Honest, kid," Jane cooed. "I hated to ... nounced. "I don't give two hoots."

... had mysteriously appeared on the black... woman with a long train. The abdomen of the young lady, or at least what passed for it ... eyes disregarded it completely. She was ... but she deigned not to notice. Miss Tready ...

As the class progressed, thoughts of Fred began to come over the dam that Anne had ... cheering crowds at football games, his name on every lip and in every newspaper, and the pride she felt as they appeared everywhere ...

Suddenly the room was in an uproar, and ... rim of tears. Gradually she came to realize that the students were laughing at Miss Tready's discovery of the drawing. Anne laid her head in her arms and cried.

... fiercely searched the room for the culprit. ... arms, her shoulders shaking, apparently with ...

Miss Tready's accusing finger jabbed at ...

"Susie Snead supplied the name Miss ... me!" she called ...

Anne suddenly jerked her head up.

"Get up!" ordered Miss Tready.

... been only vaguely aware of what had ...

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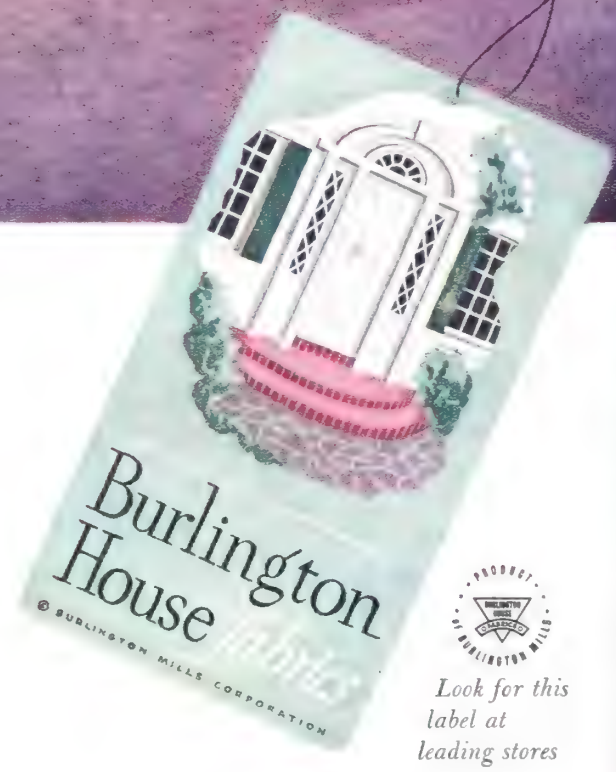

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(Continued from Page 121)

en occurring; her grief had blinded her to details. Then Susie's smirking face came focus. Every man, woman and child she d seen that afternoon seemed bent on her miliation. Well, they would not get away th it! Anne suddenly charged down the le. She grabbed a handful of Susie's hair th one hand and with the other slammed sie in the face with her purse. She kicked r in the shins, pounded her on the head th her fist, forced her down in her seat and mmed her knee in her side. Miss Tready ved in and grabbed Anne by the arm. ne jerked free of Miss Tready, swatted r in the face with her purse, and fled the om.

She felt that she must hide. Then she ought of an isolated spot behind the cirlar fire chute where she had, several years fore, received one of her first introductions necking. She hurried around to it, and ere, seated on the sill of the boiler-room ndow, she removed her handkerchief from r purse, pressed it to her eyes and wept thout restraint.

When Anne finally quit crying, she opened r purse and dug around for her mirror. She nd it broken, but took the largest fragnt, and with powder puff, lipstick and le finger she repaired her make-up. She lked briskly away from the school.

She stopped at a gstore, bought a ckage of cigarettes, d headed for Wilcox uare. There she ected an empty ch, lit a cigarette, e reviewed all the nifications of that ernoon.

Although she did know what she nted to do, there re negative convicns: she would not back to school. ove everything . there were Betsy d Fred to be pun-ed, somehow. She rched the dirtiest ners of her vocabry for names for m, but no name s vile enough.

Anne, despite her emotional upset, began feel hungry. She had had vague thoughts staying downtown until evening and then nming her way into Shadowland Ballm, but she had reckoned without her mach. So she started to walk home.

Several blocks from her house she noticed amiliar figure walking in her direction. It s Leonard Mason, the roomer. Leonard s tallish and his clothes hung nicely and re always in knife-edge press. Anne had ticed his black wavy hair; she knew its or because Leonard had once left his door en and Anne had gone in, found his bottle hair oil on the dresser, and had sprinkled ew drops in her palm. She estimated his e at twenty-six or twenty-seven. She had rd her mother say that Leonard was head okkeeper at the Logan Ice Cream Comny. Anne was scarcely acquainted with n, but all at once it occurred to her that might have possibilities. She halted ruptly and waited for him.

RS. Karlan was pushing her carpet eeper back and forth on the hall rug as ne and Leonard walked into the house. onard went upstairs to his room, and Mrs. rlan called her daughter into the kitchen. 'I don't want you hanging around our omers, young lady."

Anne's innocence put an injured ring in r voice. "I only met him on the way me."

"On your way home or anywheres else, don't want you hanging around him."

"I'll hang around him all I damn please,' ne said, moving away.

Mrs. Karlan's hand shot out and caught r daughter by the arm. She had the grip

say that everything looks pretty darn funny about you and that Fred Halper,' she told Anne. "I heard about his having to marry your friend Betsy. I want you to know that when I was a young girl a fellow like Fred ..."

"Oh, shut up about Fred!" Anne managed to twist her arm free. She ran to her room.

MARY Karlan, the only other child of the family, was reading the evening Record in the parlor next to the telephone. She was a pert-faced girl in her early twenties, hardly five feet to Anne's five-feet-three. Mary had arrived home a few minutes before six o'clock from the Fred Wallace Farm Implement Company, where she held a job in the general office. At intervals a telephone awoke at her elbow. "No, this is not Anne," Mary would say. And then Anne's voice would come from the room at the end of the hall. "Who is this?" Mary would ask, smothering the mouthpiece. Some conversation between the sisters. "She's going to be busy," Mary would say.

In the kitchen Andrew Karlan was talking with his wife. Mr. Karlan was an unimpressive man in shirt sleeves, unbuttoned vest, and suspenders. He was no more than middle-aged, but his shoulders were bent and he had a fuzzy gray halo of hair around a shiny crown. His eyelids drooped, making him look sleepy and tired.

"Anyway, where did you hear this?" he said. "Perhaps it isn't as bad as you think, maybe. Well, I don't see where I can do anything about it."

In her room Anne had laid aside her copy of Screen Love magazine and was lying on her back on the bed, smoking a cigarette. She reflected on the telephone calls she had received that evening. All were from students of Emerson Senior High School, and she noted with satisfaction how well she was carrying out a vow of hers never to speak to anyone connected with that hated school again. But Anne also viewed with apprehension the prospect of a dateless evening.

The Karlan family ate for some time in silence. Presently Mrs. Karlan looked at her husband. "Well!" she said.

"Anne," began Mr. Karlan uneasily, "your mother and I have been talking. We thought it best that perhaps you study harder and not run around nights so much."

"So much!" exclaimed Mrs. Karlan. "She's going to quit running around entirely, at least until there's some fellow we can approve of."

"Yes. You've had a lot of good time, Anne, and now maybe you can settle down and do some good studying and maybe make some good grades."

At this moment the telephone rang and Anne scurried to answer it. When she returned to the table, she saw her mother's face furrowed in anger.

"Who was that you were just talking to?" Mrs. Karlan barked. "You're not leaving this house tonight."

"Perhaps you'd better study your lessons," said Mr. Karlan.

Anne glanced up narrowly from her plate. "Skip it!" she said. "I'm not going back to school. I quit school this afternoon."

Mr. Karlan was aroused. "You don't really mean that, do you, Anne?" he asked incredulously.

Anne delivered an individual punch with each word. "You can bet your little old bald noodle I mean it! I quit school and I got a date for tonight, and ain't that terrible!"

I Can Remember

By Bessie Saunders Spencer

I can remember little things
Like [illegible]
And big, old, noisy bumblebees
And [illegible]
trees.
Big things recalled are often stark,
But small ones slip from out the dark
With no demands or lofty boasts,
And play like chummy little ghosts.

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"So!" crowed Mrs. Karlan. "I suppose it would be just too much to ask the little lady who she thinks she's going out with tonight."

But Anne in her turn could be sarcastic. She leaned over the table and spoke to her mother with a dramatic whisper. "Why, no, indeed! It so happens that I'm going out with Mr. Tony Kruper."

"Oh, no, you're not!"

"You can pardon me from here to hell, but I am!" Anne stood up. "You just wait and see whether I go out tonight."

Mrs. Karlan did not attempt to follow her daughter. She ate silently for a while, then told Mary to clear off the table and went into the living room. She moved a chair to the corner of the room where she could command a view through the curtains to the foot of the stairs.

In her room Anne flopped on the bed, lay on her back and stared at a crack in the ceiling. She had no desire to go out with Tony Kruper. But Tony's call had come at such an opportune time that she felt a slight wave of benevolence toward him.

Presently Anne arose. She unhooked her dress and tossed it carelessly on her bed. Slipping into her house coat, she collected her rat-tail comb, brush, facial tissue, lipstick, powder, mascara and eyebrow pencil.

Then she hurried upstairs. From Leonard's room came the tapping of a typewriter. Anne shut the bathroom door and locked it.

She removed her make-up and applied fresh. Her procedure was so involved, however, that it was twenty minutes before her face was ready. Gathering her house coat around her, she hurried to her room. Anne let her house coat slip from her shoulders and tossed it on the bed. As she did this, she noted absently that the dress she had worn that day was missing. The significance of this did not impress her immediately, and she began to fluff her hair in front of the vanity mirror. Then she stopped, as though she had heard a suspicious noise. Slowly she walked to her closet and stepped inside. It was dark, and she ran her hands over the hooks and rods. There was not a single dress, sweater or article of clothing of any description.

Anne sat down in the chair by the window. She reached for her purse on the bed, took out her cigarette package, found it empty.

When Tony Kruper stopped for her, Anne strained her ears to hear what was said. First, the doorbell rang. Then her mother's footsteps and the sound of the door opening. A few mumbled words, and the door closed.

The solitary window of Anne's bedroom looked out upon a slope that terminated at Jefferson Avenue, one block away. Anne could see a group in front of Joe Svec's tavern. Automobiles, in a never-ending river, twinkled down the avenue. Couples, arm in arm, strolled past. And from the open window the May breeze played with the curtain.

Anne was lonely. She yearned for a throbbing dance floor, a motorcar racing over the highway, someone to talk to. She wanted Fred. She despaired because, incredibly and irretrievably, he was lost.

A surge of breeze ruffled the pages of Screen Love magazine. Anne pulled down the shade. She found the article on Loma Belle Cummings, folded back the cover and placed the magazine on the bed. Then she rummaged through a drawer of her vanity until she found a tape measure. With this she encircled her body at her breast, waist, hips. She compared these measurements with a table alongside a photograph of Loma Belle Cummings. She smiled. She hummed Ti-Pi-Tin.

After a few poses before the mirror, Anne opened another drawer. She found a pair of pink silk pajamas that Mary had given her the preceding Christmas. She put them on, stepped into her slippers, drew her house coat around her, and opened the door. Quietly, Anne slipped down the hallway, up the stairs. She saw a crack of light underneath Leonard Mason's door, headed straight toward it, rapped gently.

Leonard had been in his closet, examining a pair of last-year's light wool trousers for moth holes. He stepped from the closet to answer the knocking and found Anne already in his room.

"Oh!" he breathed, surprised. "Does your mother know you're here?"

Anne shook her head.

"You better watch out." Leonard chuckled nervously. "You're in line for a scalping."

Anne investigated the room, walked her fingers over the keyboard of Leonard's portable typewriter, examined a pile of magazines on the table. "My mother," she said, "I hate her guts. You know what she did? She hid every scrap of clothing in my closet. If she'd taken the stuff out of my drawers, I'd have

LITTLE GUY

"I understand they were two-for-a-nickel under the Democrats!"

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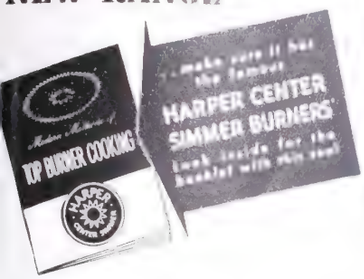
NEW RANGE



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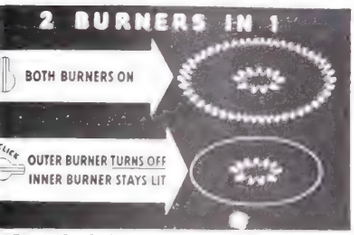

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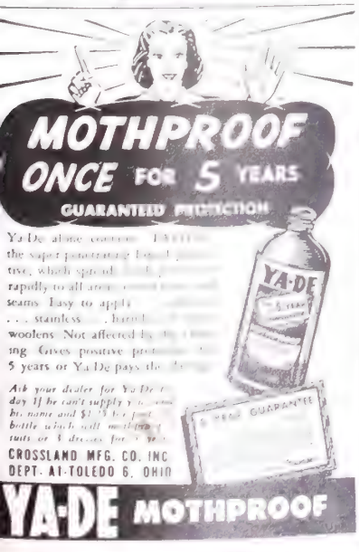

had to come up here naked. Lucky she forgot that, wasn't it?"

Leonard said nothing.

"Well," said Anne, "you're not very sociable. I got so lonely down in my room I could have bit my fingers off." She sat down on the edge of the bed. "Whatcha been doing?"

"I just finished writing a letter."

That did not seem to interest Anne. "Got a cigarette?" she asked.

Leonard gave her a cigarette.

"I was dying for a smoke. Thought you might have one, so I beat it right up here." Anne's voice became confidential. "Say, there's a swell dance tomorrow night. Skeets Galloway."

"Is that so?" Then Leonard laughed. "You're an impetuous girl."

"What does that mean?"

"Sort of headstrong."

Anne was pleased. "You're deep. I was all ready to get mad at you. Who's Marjorie Purdy?"

Leonard remembered the letter he had written. He had placed it behind the platen of his typewriter, but now rather wished he had slipped it into the table drawer, out of sight.

"She's a girl I know."

"Your steady?"

"I'd call her that."

"How come she's in Wildfield? A hometown girl, I suppose."

"She works there, in a doctor's office."

"I'll bet two to one you're engaged to her, aren't you?"

"More or less."

"More or less what? Either you are engaged or you aren't." Anne arose from the bed, picked up the letter, which was in its envelope but had not been sealed. "I'll bet you've been going with her for ten years. C'n I read it?"

"No!"

Anne began to slip the letter from its envelope, but Leonard grabbed for it. Giggling, Anne swung her back toward him, doubled herself over the letter. Leonard threw his arms around her and clutched her wrists, but with his attempt to reach farther for the letter Anne freed herself, turned to face him. She was laughing silently.

"C'mon!" she pleaded. "Why can't I read it?"

"Didn't know you could read," Leonard grunted. He suddenly snatched for the letter. It fell on the floor. Anne pounced on it. Leonard followed her to the floor, but Anne had the letter and threw it under the bed.

The rug nap was bristly on her cheek, and Anne raised her head on her arm. Leonard pulled her body a few inches toward him and kissed her. They traded kisses of increasing pressure and duration, then Anne dragged his hair down over his forehead and abruptly got to her feet.

"That was fun," she said, "but I didn't want to read your old letter." She twisted her pajamas straight, noticed Leonard looking at her. "Don't you approve of me?"

"Huh—oh, absolutely."

Anne seemed inspired. "Did you know I got a figure just like Loma Belle Cummings', except my waist is a little smaller and I'm bigger-busted?" She dropped her house coat for his inspection. She further accentuated her curves by taking a deep breath and pulling in her stomach and placed her hands on her waist so that the loose folds of her pajamas were drawn close. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Leonard made a comical face, whistled softly.

"Why don't you say something?" Anne urged. "Or maybe my figure isn't as good as I think it is."

"It'll pass."

She again put on her house coat. "Anyhow," she said, "it's all mine. Half the girls I know wear girdles. Some even wear brassières with pads in 'em." She rested languidly on her elbow. "Does Marjorie wear a girdle?"

"No."

"How do you know she don't?"

Continued on Page 127

WHY TAKE A POKE AT MY HOUSEKEEPING-JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT A GORGEOUS NEW SINK?
YOU BET IT'S GORGEOUS! BUT I STILL SAY THERE'LL BE SEWER GERMS* IN YOUR DRAIN, JUST 2 INCHES FROM WHERE YOU WASH FOOD-IF YOU AREN'T CAREFUL!
(*SURVEY MOLNAR LABORATORIES)
PHOOEY! I ALWAYS KEEP MY SINK SCRUBBED SPOTLESS
SCRUBBING WON'T DRIVE OFF THOSE FILTHY GERMS — IT TAKES Drāno!
HERE! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME I JUST BOUGHT! Drāno BOILS OUT SEWER GERMS-FAST! MAKES YOUR SINK SANITARY, SAFE!

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Drāno

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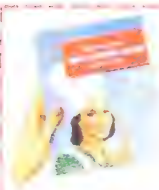
This big Youngstown Kitchenaider two-bowl cabinet sink with its contrasting porcelain-enameled top is practically a kitchen in itself . . . crammed with hungry drawers and storage space. If you wish, get a Kitchen-aider fitted and sold for beautiful matching wall and base cabinets. Low Mullins terms cost about $4.45 a month!



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Youngstown Kitchens
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Send me your book on Youngstown Kitchens and the 51 cut-outs. I enclose 25c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐ I plan to build ☐

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ADDRESS

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Beauty, beauty everywhere and not a wasted step! Look, how those big Youngstown cabinets flank the handsome Kitchenaider sink. On the floor. On the walls. A place for every cup and kettle, with *half* as much of work surfaces too. Seem out of this world? *Not when it comes to price!* This gleaming combination, complete and installed, costs surprisingly little on most budget plans after minimum down payment. Others shown, in proportion. And every unit is white-enameled *steel!*

Dream kitchens...for a song

OH what dazzlers—right out of your dreams!

A whole line of the smartest cabinets and cabinet sinks that ever graced a kitchen, *priced at a song!*

They're Youngstown Kitchens and these sketches show only a hint of the arrangements possible with these gorgeous white-enameled steel units. Your Youngstown dealer can show you dozens more pla . . . *your own dream kitchen included!* So put on th new spring bonnet, hustle down and see him *tod*

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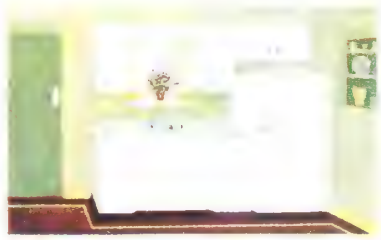
Porcelain Enameled Products, Large Pressed Metal Parts, Design Engineering Service

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



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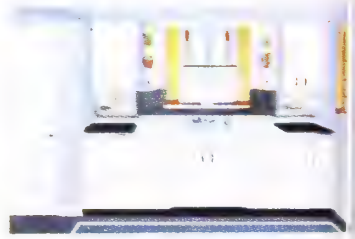

Whatever bugaboos your kitchen p sents, there's a handsome Youngstown rangement to lick them. Units go beau fully with any range and refrigerator. S your Youngstown Kitchens Dealer *n*

(Continued from Page 125)

Will you shut up about Marjorie!"
nne giggled. "And you two've been going
ther ten years."
Nobody said anything about ten years!"
nne did not seem to hear. "I'll bet she has
l doped out how she's going to hook you
have a little home and kids and measles
mumps and dogs and cats. I'll bet she's so
ed somebody else'll hook you that she
es you stay cooped up in this old room
ou never get out to dances or nothin'. I
you don't even know *how* to dance."
eonard laughed. "Oh, yes, I do."
What are you laughing at?"
Nothing."
I suppose meaning me. How old are you,
now?"
Twenty-six. How old are you?"
I'm seventeen—won't be eighteen until
ber. How much money you making
n at that ice-cream company?"
Why do you want to know?"
Guys always tell me how much they're
ing without my asking. But of course
all lie about it. Come on, tell me!"
Why?"
I'm just curious."
eonard was not ashamed of his salary.
undred and sixty-five dollars a month,"
aid.
And living in a dump like this! If I made
much, I wouldn't hang around here."
I'm saving my
ey."
I bet Purdy gave
that idea. What
't ten years of hang-
around a girl do to
erfectly good guy!
went with a fellow
en years, I'd shrivel
nd kick off. The
I ever went with a
w was ten months,
then he knocked
girl friend of mine
had to marry her.
to think of the
I loved that guy!
, I—you know,
's the reason I
school today."
You mean," said
ard, "your girl
d and boy friend
le-crossed you?"
That's exactly it, and I just found out
y." Anne had been longing for the right
on to whom she could tell her story. She
unted it briefly to Leonard.
e began speaking, but so gently Anne
d distinguish only a few words.
What did you say?"
was just wondering. I think you're
ing a mistake. I know the way you feel,
quitting school isn't such a smart trick.
r on I think you'll regret it."
am not going back, and that's that!"
What *are* you going to do?"
Oh, I dunno." Anne was momentarily
us. But it did not worry her for long.
glanced quickly at Leonard. "If you
n't heard that trumpet player of Skeets
oway's, you've never really lived. I love
ance. Do you?"
usually enjoy myself. But this school
ness is a serious ——"
Can't you take a hint?"
Did you want to go to the dance?"
think it might be arranged." Then
e giggled. "You knew I was crazy to go.
't you?" Anne was on her feet, heading
he door. She stopped abruptly. "I al-
forgot. My mother don't want me to
ut any more. But you stay in your room.
I'll come up when we can give her the
G'night!" She disappeared.

seven-thirty the following morning
Karlan entered Anne's room, as usual.
t up!" she growled. "You're not going
queeze out of going to school *this* morn-

nne stretched lazily. "I can't go to
ol," she yawned. "I went to my closet
night, and whaddayaknow, every stitch
had been stolen!"

Mrs. Karlan left the room with a snort and returned presently with a cheap cotton print that Anne hated and a pair of anklets and low-heeled shoes. "Wear these!"

"Those!" Anne was ready to say something much worse, but she held her temper.

At eight-forty-five Anne left the house in the direction of Emerson High School. But, instead, Anne headed for the business district. In her purse were three small gold footballs, a school pin and two rings boys had given her. She planned to visit Federstein's Loan Office. But first she went to Tronheim's department store.

ABOUT five-thirty Anne returned home. She was wearing a fine light blue jersey dress, an imaginative hat, silk hose and a pair of neat high-heeled slippers. Anne had left her low-heeled shoes in the wastebasket of Tronheim's ladies' rest room. With the ready cash she had obtained from the sale of the jewelry, she had attended two movies and purchased a package of cigarettes and a sack of chocolate-covered peanuts. She was feeling serene and, once home, she lay down on the living-room rug with the evening Record, while her parents spoke to each other heatedly. There was a suggestion of tears in Mrs. Karlan's voice, and Mr. Karlan spoke with more certainty than usual.

"Why didn't you tell me you hid her clothes?" he asked his wife. "I can't say I blame her for charging something."

When Anne went to her room after dinner, she saw her shoes, dresses, suits in a pile in the middle of her bed.

Mrs. Karlan repeatedly beat Anne to the telephone and scotched prospective dates with a few words. Had she stopped to think about it, she might have realized that her victories were too easily gained. Leonard came in and went to his room, and a few minutes later Anne quietly slipped upstairs and opened his door. He was in his shorts.

"Hi!" Anne whispered. "You be ready and I'll come back when the road's clear."

When she left, Leonard reflected that it probably would have been the same had he been stripped. He glanced at the door uneasily as he dressed. In twenty minutes he was ready. And then he waited. He began to wonder if she would come at all. She was probably one of the least dependable, least principled persons on earth. But at eight-thirty his door opened.

"Come on," said Anne quietly. They slipped through the outside door, apparently unobserved.

At Shadowland Ballroom Jane Whipple noticed the entrance of Anne and Leonard. She watched the couple as they selected a table next to the wall.

"Kid," asked Dolores Tyler, "who's Anne with?"

"I dunno," Jane admitted.

"She sure is acting high-hat," Dolores observed. Dolores was a childish-appearing girl, big-eyed, pretty. She and Jane were sitting at a long table with an assortment of boys and girls of high-school age.

"I'm gonna bust in on 'em," Jane announced. Jane was not a particularly bold person, but she did cherish her reputation of knowing everything about everybody. She reached Anne's table. "Kid!" she gasped. "Why don't you two come and sit with us?"

Anne drooped her eyelids. "Perhaps we'll come over and say hello," she said lazily. "Later."

Anne noticed Jane taking an inventory of Leonard. She introduced the two.

"He's one of the heads of the Logan Ice Cream Company," said Anne. Leonard opened his mouth, as though to protest, and Anne kicked him under the table.

FIRST WOMAN TENNIS PLAYER

Nowadays names like Alice Marble, Helen Wills Moody and Pauline Betz are newsreel bywords. But few, if any, have ever heard about Mary Ewing Outerbridge, who was not only the first woman to play tennis in America, but is generally credited with starting Americans at the game. After she first saw tennis played at the British garrison in Bermuda in 1874, she proceeded to import paraphernalia and instructions to the U.S., set up a court at the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club and teach her friends the game. Among her disciples must have been the first U.S. male player.

—JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

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W. F. BREUSS

WEST NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY

Jane returned to Dolores and Beverly. "His name's Leonard Mason," she told them. "He's head of the Logan Ice Cream Company."

"Who did you say he was?" asked Millie, who had just returned to the table.

"Leonard Mason," said Jane. "President of the Logan Ice Cream Company."

The next day was Saturday. Anne slept until noon, was not fully dressed until her father and sister had returned home. The family ate dinner about one o'clock. Anne gulped her food, then immediately stepped out on the porch. The air was warm, the sky blue. Two days before, Anne was not sure whether she cared to go on living. Now all that was changed. Every few moments she glanced at the corner of Sixth and Adams. The probability was that Leonard Mason would make his appearance at this point within a few minutes, and Anne longed to see him.

But Anne grew restless waiting. She set off in the direction of the Adams Pharmacy.

She remained at the pharmacy for the better part of an hour. The soda clerk, a boy Anne's age, had a great many slugs that would operate the record-playing machine, and the proprietor of the store was out. When Anne arrived home she headed directly up the stairs. Leonard's door was closed. She walked in without knocking.

Leonard was not in his room. Anne was about to leave, but something about the roommade her hesitate. It looked different. Anne walked to the table, pulled open the drawer. It was empty. She opened the drawers of the dresser. They, too, were empty, as was the closet. Leonard and everything that belonged to Leonard had vanished.

Mary Karlan was coming up the stairs and Anne, on her way down, nearly collided with her.

"Say, what do you know about this? Where's Leonard?"

"How should I know? Mother kicked him out of the house."

"So that's it! What's her big idea, anyway?"

"You asking me? Maybe she thought you'd accidentally on purpose wander into his room by mistake. Silly idea, wasn't it?"

Anne snorted, continued her headlong flight in search of her mother. But Mrs. Karlan was visiting her neighbor, Mrs. Bezdek.

When Mrs. Karlan returned, Anne pounced on her and a fight began that caused Mrs. Bezdek, two houses removed, to shake her head in dismay. But after the fight was over, Anne realized that it had done no good, that Leonard was gone and that for all she knew he would never even call her for a date. She settled into a mood of sullen resentment.

FROM the time Anne had fled the high school to the time of Leonard's disappearance, Anne had been following a plan. She was trying to impress on the high school that she was an independent young woman, that she neither cared for nor needed the school. Now she did not return to school, but she did resume dating high-school students. She danced, screamed, necked, joked with them, but something was missing. The school year was ending, many in her crowd were graduating; some were planning on going to college, some on going to work, others planned to marry. They moved in directions away from Anne.

If she experienced little satisfaction in going with them, she experienced less in dating the older fellows—a nondescript lot that hung around the bar at Shadowland.

One day, after an aimless afternoon spent wandering around town with Jane Whipple,

In the old days, when Greece was made up of many little states, the King of Sparta was visited by an ambassador from another part of Greece. The King showed him the city of which he was proud.

"I am surprised," said the visitor, "to see that Sparta has no walls."

The King replied, "Tomorrow I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Next day he showed him ten thousand men on the plain below the palace.

"There," said the King, "are the walls of Sparta. Ten thousand men and every one a brick."

And that is where we get the saying, "You are a brick."

—JOSEPH FORT NEWTON: Living Every Day. (Harper & Brothers)

Anne came home to find in the mailbox a l ter addressed to Leonard. Her mother gone, and Anne went to her room to exam the letter. It was square and blue, dressed in a neat, small hand. On the b was the return address—the house and str numbers and the name of the town of W field. There was no doubt in Anne's mind that it was from Marjorie Purdy. She perimentally stuck her fingernail under flap, but it was glued tight. Then she ar and went to the telephone.

ANNE leafed rapidly through the teleph directory until she found the number of Logan Ice Cream Company. She dial waited for some moments, but it was f thirty and she received no answer.

Anne was bursting with the desire to t to Leonard, but was forced to resort to next best thing. On a sheet of her moth stationery she wrote:

Hi darling!

I couldn't find a way to pry open this le from Marjorie Purdy and put it back toge again so you wouldn't know I had been in it I still don't know the kind of letters your M jorie Purdy writes you. I suppose it's from y Marjorie unless you have a lot more girl frie than I think you have, in Wildfield I mean.

Anyhow, I have something I want to tell y That is that I am awfully sorry about w happened and that I think it terrible the mother kicked you ou the house. Please for me and don't think too awful because ma I'm a better girl t you think.

Why don't you let me see you any m darling? I've been g out with all sorts bums which just ma me want to see you the more.

Yours truly, ANNE KARLA

Anne did not bo to reread her let but folded it, slippe into an envelope, addressed the en lope to Leonard at Logan Ice Cream C pany. Then she tempted to insert M jorie's letter, but was too large, so she folded it in the mid The final result was bulging and messy, Anne did not mind. She found one of mother's stamps and headed for the mail

The letter had no sooner dropped into mailbox than Anne became impatient Leonard to call. She had to remind her that Leonard would probably not receiv until the next day. Surely he would call as soon as it was delivered. With this thou in mind, Anne, the day following her mai of the letter, did not go far from the h until her date arrived. Leonard did not Anne was indignant. It was some days fore Anne's wounded pride healed s ciently for her to concede that perhaps L ard simply wanted nothing to do with he

She attempted to charge a pair of hos Tronheim's, but she was told they could tend her no more credit. The fruit jar in Karlan spice cupboard was now almost ways empty. Her father grimaced when she asked him for handouts, and g her less.

Her hose, dotted with nail polish to runners, were now beyond repair, so she barelegged. Her slips were frayed, the st broken and knotted, and her panties tor the elastic. But that was not the wor those things didn't show. At their best dresses and slacks were not very goo cheap things purchased at small bar dress shops. Now even they were sadl need of repair and dry cleaning. Anne wa most tearful. She asked her sister for mo

"Why should I give you any?" as Mary. "Why don't you get out and ea little for yourself?"

Anne knew that the only sensible thin her to do was to follow Mary's advice,

(Continued on Page 130)

BETTER SLEEP MAKES BETTER HUSBANDS

Most rewarding buy you can make...a luxurious Englander Mattress!

much *depends* on your mattress! ors say the kind of rest you get s your vitality—your looks—your personality, glum or gay. (*Isn't 1/3 your life?*)

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(Continued from Page 128)

she waited two days before calling at the Westrom Employment Agency.

Anne got a job at the Westrom Memorial Cemetery Association at eight dollars a week. But other than salary, her job had its compensations. She had only to receive an occasional caller, answer an occasional telephone call. Her boss spent most of his time trying to interest businessmen in a proposed community mausoleum, so Anne was left alone most of the day.

From her salary she must deduct eighty cents' commission for the employment agency, one dollar for registration at the agency, and twenty cents a day for bus fare.

Mr. Karlan was proud of his younger daughter, and did not hesitate to brag about Ann to his wife. Instead of spiking his guns, Mrs. Karlan took advantage of his good humor and informed him that she had written to her sister, Erma, and that Erma and her daughters, Maymie and Claribel, were coming to live with them. Mr. Karlan was in despair, but not surprised.

"How do you expect to feed them? What do you think I am, anyhow—made of money?"

"Now that Anne's working ——"

"What!" yelled Anne. "You're not getting your hooks on *my* money. I'm not working to support your sister and *Maaaaaymie* and darling little Claribel."

"That's a fine attitude!" declared Mrs. Karlan. "We've supported you for seventeen years, and now you should be willing to do a little to help support us. Why, Mary ——"

"Mary gets twenty bucks a week."

Nor did it improve Anne's humor to discover that she must give up her room, move in with Mary to accommodate Erma Hawk and her daughters.

The Hawks arrived. Maymie, though only thirteen, was about Anne's size. Maymie's nose was flat on the end, her hair straight, of indeterminate shade, and graced only by a hair ribbon the width of a shoelace. Anne's other cousin, Claribel, was only eight. She was more decorative, having corkscrew curls and dark eyes, and she poutingly guarded a comic-strip magazine.

Mrs. Karlan welcomed them to the house vociferously, and Mr. Karlan started to make polite conversation with Erma. Anne said not a word; she saw no need to make her relatives feel more at home. The first thing Maymie did upon entering the house was switch on the radio, loud. She appeared devoted to hillbilly music, which Anne detested. The evening Record came, and Maymie pounced on it. She held the section Anne wanted fast to the rug with her knees, seemed to be memorizing Leta Parrot's column, Along Hollywood Boulevard. Anne swore and went to her and Mary's room.

SUMMER was but a few days off, and Anne found herself weighted with an unaccountable depression. This Sunday was like many others. First, about six o'clock, Mrs. Karlan arose, tidied the house a bit and then went out to the garden. About six-thirty, Mr. Karlan yawned, realized it was Sunday, and went to sleep again for another half hour. The Hawk family were up and dressed by eight. Mary arose between nine and ten, and Mrs. Karlan put the roast in the oven about the time Erma and Maymie and Claribel trooped off to Sunday school and church. About two hours later Anne began to stir in bed.

The first person she saw this Sunday was Claribel. Anne resented this intrusion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The House Undivided

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

When you, my lordly love, hold forth
On subjects ranged from south to north,
From up to down and east to west,
You'll note how rarely I protest
Your dictums. Sometimes this is due
The fact that I agree with you.
At other times, with guile concealed
I deem it strategy to yield
On minor issues, so I may
Gain vantage for a larger fray.
But now and then I just prefer
The peace that rules if I concur.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"G'way," she murmured. But Claribel c tinued to swing, her feet braced against bottom of the door. She muttered a sounds. All Anne could translate was "So thing for you."

"Well, for gosh sakes, what is it? Cat your tongue?"

Claribel shook her head violently.

"Come on, honey, tell me what you g

"Nuthin'," said Claribel. "I talked t man on the phone."

"Who did you talk to?" Anne could that Claribel was being purposefully m terious.

"He wanted to talk to you."

"You didn't hang up, did you?"

"Unh-uh."

ANNE got out of bed. Claribel imm ately fled. Anne fished around in the cl for her house coat. She hurried to the ph "Hello," she said, a little doubtful whet anyone was still on the line.

"Is this Anne?" The voice was not q familiar.

"Yes."

"This is Leonard."

"*Where on earth have you been?*"

"Anne, can you go to a show tonigh

"Oh, darling, I have a date! And one tomorrow and the night after—but I break the one for morrow. What are doing tomorrow?

"Nothing. Ca call at seven-thirt

Anne was buoy as she walked bac her room. She sni the roast, and aroma took its p in a delicious conception of world. Life was g She was half dre before she rem bered that she vowed never to s to Leonard again that was now a ter of small im tance.

After the sh Anne and Leo went riding in a Leonard had rowed from his fr Bill Denny. Aft while Leonard tu off onto a graveled road and parked or of a hillock. Anne turned on the car to an orchestra playing from a Chicago club.

"I love that music," she sighed. couldn't live without music, same couldn't live without eating."

"Did you go back to school?"

"No. I'm working."

Leonard had Anne tell him about her

"It's just a phooey little job," she cluded.

"It's all right."

Anne flopped on and against and ar Leonard with abandon. She lay down i lap, removed a mechanical pencil fron pocket, unscrewed the cap, and dumpe leads on her stomach. She fished ir pocket for cigarettes.

"Do you understand me?" she aske

Leonard kissed her. Her skirt was a her knees, and he pulled it higher.

"You don't have to pull up my dre order to understand me," said Anne, pu down the hem of her skirt.

Anne poked her fingers into Leon stomach. He collapsed, then retali Anne doubled her legs, giggled, made shrieking noises. Both feinted and p with their fingers. Finally Anne indi that she wanted to call off the tickling m It was a ruse. Suddenly she dug into ard's middle with her fingers. But Le was prepared. He did not even smile. darn you!" Anne exclaimed. "You ticklish." She tried again, but he di smile.

(Continued on Page 132)

Beautiful Edith Kingdon Gould

Gifted harpist and accomplished linguist . . . former lieutenant in the WAVES . . . daughter of one of our greatest families

Dramatic

Edith Gould accents the dramatic beauty of her strawberry-gold and smoky blue eyes with stunning new Pond's make-up colors—

POND'S MAKE-UP PAT AND DREAMFLOWER POWDER in new delicate "Peach" . . . radiant, soft-glowing.

POND'S "LIPS" in luscious new Mauvetinged "Heart Throb."

There's a dramatic Pond's color ensemble for you, too. *All* of Pond's new complexion and lips shades are eye-stopping and lovely! "And a Pond's make-up has the most lovable way of [illegible]," says Edith Gould.

All lovely—Pond's cake make-up . . . powder . . . lipstick

a Pond's make-up stays on . . . and on . . . and on!

that Always-Fresh look

"Beautify skin as you cleanse . . .
with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream"

Teresa Wright

one of the stars in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives"

this Woodbury-Wonderful Way!

8 A.M. **Smiling very pretty,** Teresa sits for hairdresser. Note—Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream on hands. "Between movie 'takes', I beauty-cleanse the Woodbury-Wonderful Way," confides Teresa. "So easy, skin glows with that 'Always-Fresh Look'!"

The Woodbury-Wonderful Way. ONE: Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Tissue off. TWO: Repeat for *plus*-softening. THREE: A brisk cold-water spanking! See how Woodbury's four rich oils soften, smooth, beautify—skin glows with Woodbury "Always-Fresh Look"!

9 P.M. **Should be television** . . . to "send" that dewy look! Teresa also gives beauty tip: "A Woodbury 'cream-bath' . . . a second film for my powder base . . . that's my skin-beautifier!" Results—*simply captivating!* Try Woodbury, girls, for *your* date-glamour!

11 P.M. **Sleepy-time special** . . . Teresa's Beauty Nightcap. "First, whisk off make-up with Woodbury—so clean-cleansing! Add a film to soften *overnight.*" For Teresa . . . for *you*, Woodbury 'round the clock care for that "Always-Fresh Look"!

(Continued from Page 130)

"I've got will power," said Leonard. "All sorts of it."

"I spose it's something you got from Purdy." Anne added scornfully, "Purdy! I wish she'd croak."

"Now, was that a nice thing to say?"

"Tell me, honey," said Anne, ignoring the reprimand, "how come you were born in a hick town like Wildfield?"

Leonard told her about himself. His mother was dead, and his father had operated a grocery store in Wildfield, a town of fewer than one thousand population, until a chain store had forced him to close.

Anne was lying in his lap. She raised her arm above her head, struck Leonard's keys on the steering post. She had him hand her his key case, then she asked him about each key.

Leonard looked down at Anne. There should be something wrong with her: her ankles should be thick, or her nose snub, or her eyes too far apart, or her chest flat. Not, of course, that he wished her to have these defects; it just seemed contrary to natural law that she should be so well made. For several moments it seemed unreal to Leonard that Anne should be resting in his lap. Then he wondered whether he had made a mistake in taking her out, whether he was starting something that might develop into some kind of disaster for one or both of them. Then Leonard sharply warned himself that he was thinking of Anne in altogether too serious a vein. They were just out for a good time, weren't they?

"What a gob of keys," Anne commented, jingling the keys. "You must feel like a big shot." Whereupon she tossed the keys over her head, out the window into the darkness.

"Why, you ——" Leonard exclaimed. "Didn't you know the car key was there?"

"Sure I knew. But you got all sorts of will power. You can put up with me for the night."

"You little idiot!" Leonard climbed out of the car.

"Don't call me an idiot!" Anne exclaimed, kicking his buttocks with the toe of her slipper.

He grabbed her arms and tugged. "You come out here and help look."

"I won't! I wanna listen to the radio."

But he managed to pull her out of the car.

"Oh, it's sand!" Anne exclaimed gleefully. She slipped off her pumps and tossed them in the car. "It's sort of wet, but it feels nice."

Leonard was walking along the edge of the road, parting the wet grass with his foot. He glanced up at Anne, annoyed at her playful manner of wallowing her bare feet in the sand. "Hey, you get busy," he ordered.

When he glanced up again he did not at once see her, for she had walked some hundred feet down the road. The headlights were on her. "Hey darling, look!" she called, jingling something at arm's length.

"Bring 'em here!"

"Come and get 'em!" Anne began to move away. Leonard suddenly broke into a run, and she ran too. For a few moments she kept her lead, but then began to hop on one foot, stopped. "Owoo! I stepped on a rock."

"Serves you right," said Leonard, coming up to her.

But he had to carry her back. Hoisted in his arms, she reached her hand inside his coat, removed a cigarette from his shirt pocket, singed his eyebrows in lighting it, and blew smoke in his face.

"Am I different?" she asked.

"Different from what?"

"Different from Purdy?"

"Oh," Leonard exclaimed, tossing her roughly on the car seat, "yes!"

By all rules of common sense, he should be angry with her. He tried punishing her by paddling, poking and choking. Finally they rested.

"You're awful sweet," said Anne.

Ahead, the red lights of the radio towers of the Record station winked methodically. Far away, crawling beads of light indicated the highway. A baritone crooned Always, and Anne closed her eyes and hummed.

"Who's your favorite singer?" she asked.

Leonard thought. He had not given this problem a great deal of consideration. Then he said, "Vincent Lucas."

Anne became electrified. "Oh!" she shrieked, whirling around in Leonard's arms to face him. "*Vincent Lucas!* Why, he's my favorite too."

Leonard noticed that the light had grown dim. The car battery was dying. He switched off the radio. Fortunately, he was able to get the car started down the grade. He pushed, and prayed that Anne, at the wheel, would not take a whimsical notion of driving the car into the ditch. All went well, however. The motor purred reassuringly and lifted high the spirits of the two. Leonard opened the cowl ventilator and windshield, and cool washed air whipped their clothing.

Anne moved close to Leonard. "Just think, darling," she marveled, "Vincent Lucas was your favorite all the time, and I didn't have the faintest!" She hugged his arm. "Oh, but

"Have you something that will suggest a white cottage, a cheery greeting at the end of the day, and a nice home-cooked meal?"

"Warm weather relief for COLD WEATHER JOINTS!

Help increase the flow of nature's own lubricating fluids

When icy blasts seem to cut through you like a knife and your joints seem to creak with every movement—there's a reason! Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels, cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff. Rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep Absorbine Jr. on hand. $1.25 a bottle at your drugstore.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

I wish you were still staying with us so I could see you more. Soon as I get a better job I'm going to take a room where you're staying. But anyhow, darling, isn't everything wonderful!"

Although Anne had successfully defended her salary against her mother, she found it far from adequate to complete payment on a number of hats, dresses and shoes that she had optimistically laid away in various shops, placing fifty cents or a dollar on each to have them held for her. She was also bored at her job. Alone most of the time, she gave in to her penchant for kicking off her shoes, the carpet having a nice feel to her bare feet. She found a snappy magazine in the shop, and with a cigarette dangling from her lips, propped up her legs on her desk and read. She was surprised thus by her boss, accompanied by an old couple, prospective grave buyers. Her boss was a tolerant man and perhaps would not have fired her. She, however, forestalled the possibility by quitting.

She had no difficulty in getting another job. The employment agency sent her to interview Mr. Perry, of the Follies Dress Shop, and Anne went to work selling dresses the following Monday. Thirty cents an hour had been mentioned as her pay, and although this was far more than she had been getting, she soon wished she were back at her old job. She found it distasteful to be solicitous, did not call every female who carried a purse "darling," as did the other clerks, and on one occasion when asked for her candid opinion on a $10.95 dress by a woman on the verge of buying, she said the dress "stunk."

Anne worked for a week, decided to quit and get another job. Among other things she didn't like was the manager, Mr. Perry. There was a great deal of gossip about the extramarital affairs of Mr. Perry. Anne revolted at his smell, at his loose-wristed manner, the way he flexed his little finger.

She stopped for her week's pay on Monday and informed Mr. Perry that she was quitting. He protested that she hadn't permitted him to instruct her in the finer points of selling (the instruction, he had intimated, was to take place after the closing hour). But Anne was not interested in her career as a salesgirl, and Mr. Perry handed her a check in a sealed envelope. Anne dropped it into her purse and crossed the street to Applegren's Drugstore.

Sitting in a booth, smoking a cigarette and sipping a malted milk, she thought of Marlene Dietrich and let her eyelids droop.

As Anne was paying the cashier, she thought of her check. She ripped open the envelope, looked at the amount. The check was for $6.75. Anne had been expecting just twice that amount, $13.50—45 hours at thirty cents an hour.

Without hesitation, Anne marched across the street to the Follies Dress Shop. Al, the assistant manager, whom Anne detested almost as much as Mr. Perry, was in the front of the store. "I want to see Mr. Perry!" Anne demanded.

"He's out."

"Then you fix this up for me. He said he would pay me thirty cents an hour. Make me out a check for thirteen-fifty!"

"I don't know anything about the arrangement you had with Mr. Perry. And I couldn't make out a check even if I wanted to. Mr. Perry won't be back until Wednesday."

"Wednesday? I bet I'm one girl he'll never forget!"

Anne cussed as she left the store. When she cooled off, she reflected that life was very complicated.

William Denny, of Denny and Denny, Attorneys-at-Law, was Leonard's closest friend in Westrom. He was twenty-eight and, like Leonard, originally from Wildfield. He owned the car Leonard had been borrowing.

The matter of borrowing Bill's car had begun to bother Leonard. He was sensitive about imposing on his friend. In Leonard's effort to find some way to compensate Bill

(Continued on Page 135)

When your INDIAN overeats..

PALEFACE needs pink medicine

For young and old, the price of too much of a good thing is misery—a sour, sickish, upset stomach. Be gentle with such upsets *take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation is non-alkaline, non-laxative, non-constipating. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

To relieve *distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . and* to retard *intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea.*

Norwich

A Norwich Product

Pepto-Bismol*

for UPSET Stomach

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Farmer's Daughter

LITTLE DID LOVELY KATRIN HOLSTROM GUESS WHEN LEAVING HER FATHER'S FARM . THAT SHE WOULD BECOME FAMOUS OVER NIGHT . . AND REALIZE HER WILDEST ROMANTIC DREAMS !

WHILE ON HER WAY TO CAPITOL CITY, WITH A PAINTER NAMED ADOLPH, HER SAVINGS WERE SPENT ON DAMAGES WHEN ADOLPH TURNED "WOLF" AND HIS JEEP TURNED TURTLE !

UNDAUNTED, KATIE (**LORETTA YOUNG**) TAKES A TEMPORARY JOB IN THE MORLEY HOUSEHOLD . AND YOUNG CONGRESSMAN GLENN MORLEY (**JOSEPH COTTEN**) TAKES A PERMANENT HOLD ON HER HEART. GLENN'S MOTHER (**ETHEL BARRYMORE**), SLYLY LOOKS ON.

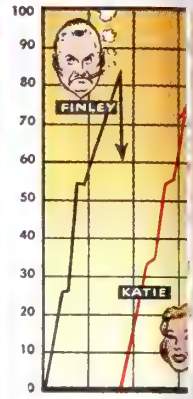
SOON AFTER, KATIE FISHES GLENN OUT OF THE RIVER AND GIVES HIM A MASSAGE THAT HAS CLANCY (**CHAS. BICKFORD**) POP-EYED AND GLENN'S GIRL FRIEND GREEN-EYED!

JUST WHEN LOVE SEEMS ABOUT TO BLOOM KATIE AND GLENN QUARREL OVER THE PARTY'S CHOICE OF FINLEY, A WARD-HEELER AS GLENN'S RUNNING MATE. POLITICALLY, KATIE'S OUT OF THIS WORLD. ROMANTICALLY, SHE'S OUT ON A LIMB !

AND WHEN KATIE, "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER" SAYS HER PIECE, GLENN AND MA MORLEY ARE VERY RED-FACED

KATIE FOR CONGRESS

ACCLAIMED BY PUBLIC, PRESS AND RADIO--- AN OVERNIGHT POLITICAL SENSATION--- KATIE IS DRAFTED BY THE OPPOSITION TO RUN AGAINST FINLEY FOR CONGRESS !



KATIE'S CHANCES ZOO WHILE GLENN AND TH PARTY GLOOM

SUDDENLY, ADOLPH THE PAINTER POPS UP WITH A DISTORTED STORY ABOUT KATIE'S OVERNIGHT STAY WITH HIM AT A TOURIST CAMP. GLENN THREATENS TO BOLT THE PARTY IF THE LIE IS PUBLISHED. SO...

Capitol City Times

KATIE, "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER," VANISHES AS PAINTER TELLS ALL! ELECTION 2 DAYS OFF!

Glenn Morley Bolts Party!

A political A-Bomb burst in ... with the ranks of the Pa... the Opposition ... rank...

WHILE GLENN TRAILS KATIE TO HER HOME AND SUCCESSFULLY PLEADS HIS LOVE, MRS MORLEY PHONES THAT ADOLPH THE PAINTER IS BEING GUARDED BY FINLEY'S MEN !

GLENN AND KATIE'S THREE HUSKY BROTHERS BATTER FINLEY'S HOODLUMS AND CAPTURE ADOLPH, WHO GET SLUGGED DURING THE FRACAS !

WITH ADOLPH IN HAND, THERE ARE ONLY FIVE HOURS TO ELECTION TIME IS THERE TIME ENOUGH TO GET THE TRUTH TO THE VOTERS ?

What can they do to bring the truth to the voters? It's Katie, "The Farmer's Daughter," for laughs...for love...for Congress! The show that'll win your heart and your vote as the happy hit of the year!

RKO PRESENTS

LORETTA YOUNG
JOSEPH COTTEN
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
"The Farmer's Daughter"
with **CHARLES BICKFORD**

A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION
Directed by H. C. POTTER
Written by ALLEN RIVKIN and LAURA KERR

RKO RADIO PICTURES

(Continued from Page 133)

r the use of his car, it occurred to him that
ill might enjoy double-dating. The idea
as favorable to Bill. Anne succeeded in
·tting Jane for Bill [illegible]
ey stopped at Anne's. Bill did not
r an introduction.

"And I thought I was pretty!" he ex-
aimed, looking at Anne admiringly.

Anne laughed. "He's cute."

Bill discovered something in Jane that
ppealed to him, and they began going to-
ether frequently.

Bill's attachment to Jane [illegible]
he car problem, and one day Leonard
opped for Anne with a new car.

"Whose chariot?" Anne asked.

"Oh, it belongs to a guy I know."

"A guy ——" Then she squealed and
ugged his arm. "It's *yours*."

"It hasn't any of the cute horns and mon-
ey business you wanted," said Leonard a
ttle defiantly. "I'm going to have 'Logan
ce Cream Company' painted on the sides in
tters a foot high."

"It's got a radio." Anne switched it on
nd tuned in a hot swing band. She bounced
n the seat. "Say, the dimples in this seat fit
e just swell!"

Anne worked for one day at a restaurant
s a waitress. She quit because she had a
ght with the proprietor over her absence
e following night. Anne considered she
d a good excuse. She had been paying Mr.
erry, of the Follies Dress Shop, a [illegible]
Mr. Perry had
oved to be tougher
an she expected. He
ld her that he had
ade no agreement
ith her on the wages.
at the check for $6.75
presented exactly the
mount she had been
rth to him.

"Oh, you *skunk!*" claimed Anne. "I'm
t leaving until I get
y check."

She lit a cigarette, ndered coolly about e shop, dropping hes on the floor and talking to the clerks. hen she left the shop, leaned against the tside door so that no one could enter with-t pushing her aside. Her cigarette was ll in her mouth, and after a while she lit other from the butt of her first.

Mr. Perry watched her from the inside. A mber of women stopped to look at the esses in the window, and then looked at ne with troubled expressions. She had her ms crossed on her breast, her feet apart. d the cigarette dangled from her lips. They d not push her aside, nor did they ask to ss.

> In the days of my teaching novitiate at the College of St. Jean I was a voluble talker, and sometimes even strangers smiled at the velocity of my output. One of my colleagues, old Monsieur Deraisines, remarked in a ceremonious manner, "How lucky you are, my dear young man, to have that marvelous gift: we have to think before we speak." —ABBE FRANÇOIS DONET
> in The Wine Lover's Treasury

r would be difficult to say just how long is state of affairs lasted, although to Mr. erry it must have seemed very long. But ter a while a middle-aged woman and her own daughter approached the shop. Anne them enter, but followed them so closely eir heels nearly caught her ankles.

As she passed the booth, Mr. Perry spoke her. "Oh, Miss Karlan!"

Anne turned and came to the booth.

"Perhaps there's been a mistake. When d you come to work?"

"Monday."

"I was thinking it was Thursday. O.K., ve me the check."

"Nuts to you! You give me my check."

nne turned and walked away in the direc-on of the customers.

"Miss Karlan!"

Anne returned to the booth.

"Give me your check and take this."

Anne stared at the amount on the pro-ffered check. "Why, Mr. [illegible]
e *soaked!*" As he glanced down at his nts and as the customers glanced at him, nne lifted the check from his fingers. She added the $6.75 check and tossed it on the or as she left the shop.

For some time after that she made no fur-er attempt to find work. Mrs. Karlan de-manded that Anne get a job or leave her room and board. Unfortunately, the latter [illegible]

One evening Anne surprised Leonard by demanding abruptly, "Let me wear that ring. It wouldn't hurt any. I wouldn't lose it."

"How the devil did you find out I had a ring?"

"It doesn't matter."

[illegible]

this?"

"Last night. I had a date with him."

Leonard drew his upper lip in. "That was a swell little piece of two-timing!"

ANNE was angry. "I don't like that! I can go out with whoever I please. You've never yet said anything to make me feel different. I go out every night I'm not with you, and if you're jealous, it's just your own hard luck."

Leonard had been caught off guard. He knew that he had no exclusive claim on Anne. "Well, I didn't mean it," he apologized. "I just didn't think Bill would try to horn in."

"He didn't." Anne was satisfied with Leonard's explanation. "It was me that asked him to take me out. Glad to see you're a little jealous, just so it doesn't grow into a [illegible]

Anne's date with Bill was the result of her failure to trick out of Leonard the facts about Marjorie Purdy. Bill's story was vague and he hedged all he could on the subject of Marjorie. Anne did learn of a diamond that had belonged to Leonard's mother and that she had left it to him at her death, some six [illegible]

"How come you had that diamond reset? I suppose you had the bright idea you'd give [illegible] Purdy!"

"Perhaps I did. And perhaps I didn't."

"Anyhow, let me wear the ring awhile."

"No, that ring's in safekeeping and it's going to stay there."

Anne pouted. "Well, if you won't let me wear it, you could at least show it to me."

Leonard was proud of the ring and not averse to showing it to Anne. They stopped in front of Leonard's rooming house. It was nearly midnight and the house was dark. Leonard immediately had another problem on his hands, one that he had had to handle a number of times before.

"No, you can't come in," he insisted. "I'd be kicked out of the house if they found a woman in my room."

"I'll be quiet. I'd just like to get a good look at the dump where you're staying."

"It's not a dump and you're not going to get a good look at it." Leonard moved toward the house. Anne had started to follow him, but Leonard stood his ground. He said nothing, but Anne knew his mind well enough and got back in the car.

Leonard returned with a small white box, [illegible] casket, snapped it open.

Anne carefully lifted out the ring. "Crimine! This little amethyst of mine looks pretty sick next to it. Are you sure it's a diamond? How big is it?"

"Darn near a carat."

Anne marveled. She tried it on. "It just fits," she said. "Lemme wear it!"

"No. We better put it away before it causes trouble."

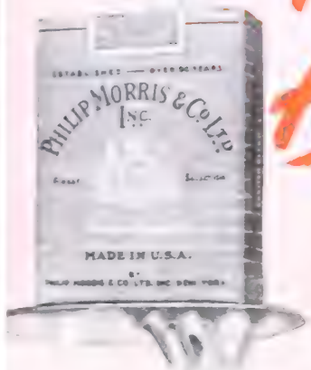
Leonard reached for the ring; Anne turned away as she slipped it from her finger. She snapped the case shut and handed it to him. "Well, all right, if you want it to go to waste," she said. Leonard locked the case in the glove compartment.

When Leonard returned to his room that night he opened the box to inspect his dia-

The Flavor's All Yours—

when you smoke

PHILIP MORRIS!



CLEAN, FRESH, PURE . . .

America's FINEST Cigarette!

No matter how much you smoke, *the flavor's ALL yours* — when you smoke PHILIP MORRIS! And *here's why . . .*

There's an *important difference* in PHILIP MORRIS manufacture that lets the FULL FLAVOR of the world's finest tobaccos come through for your *complete* enjoyment — *clean, fresh, pure!*

That's why PHILIP MORRIS *taste* better — *smoke* better — *all day long!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

ALWAYS BETTER . . . BETTER ALL WAYS

It's by DURA-GLOSS

"It's the bright new idea in fingertip fashion"

Sylvia MacNeill
LOVELY
WALTER THORNTON MODEL

A John Frederics pink felt hat and Dura-Gloss bright American Beauty smartly contrast with a blue faille suit

It's color range for costume change

"Fingertips are color accents, too," says sparkling Sylvia MacNeill.

"So I have six of the eighteen fashion-right Dura-Gloss shades on my dressing table ready to complement whatever frock I choose.

Give your fingertips this added loveliness, too! Whisking away the old and brushing on harmonizing Dura-Gloss takes less time than renewing facial make-up . . . brings you the bright new magic of fingertips keyed to the occasion, your frock, your mood!"

Eighteen fashion-right shades . . . 10¢ plus tax.

NEW! *Dura-Gloss Lipstick—creamy-smooth, long-lasting, never oily, never dry—in glowing colors to match and blend with Dura-Gloss Nail Polish . . . Smart gold-tone metal cap, slick-turning metal swivel . . . 39¢ plus tax.*

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(Continued from Page 135)

In place of the diamond ring was amethyst.

days of idleness for Anne were over. btained a job at the Midwest Cereal any, manufacturer of the famous ast food, "Poppies."

ough Anne was paid $15 for a week's she was rather ashamed of her job. moron could do it," she told her fa- She weighed each box of Poppies; in hat were underweight she dropped a tra Poppies, in those that were over- she subtracted a few.

e of the women has been on the same elve years," Anne said to her father. e does is lift boxes from one belt and em on another. I can see that I've got future."

constant use of the same muscles, the of holding her back straight all day er. On the other hand, she soon found doing her work automatically so that nd could be on other things. Her fel- rkers ranged from girls her own age to in their late fifties. Although Anne ee a dismal future badly outlined, she ved by a belief that her co-workers ealous of her. For one thing, Anne huge diamond and it quickly became n knowledge that it had been given to a very desirable young man. For an- hing, she seemed to be the pet of Mr. r, the head of the department.

e and Leonard went to a show and rd to the Westport Inn. It was ed and noisy. d was sitting the table from ling her a funny ut all she could m it were the s, a raised eye- wry grin. e rowdier it gets, fter you talk," nne. "I can't word you say." ancing couple, g out of control, Leonard in his chair. "Let's go some- here we can fight in peace," Leonard ed. ."

ooner had they climbed in the car than d grabbed Anne. "Come on, fork at ring or I'll break your arm."

u couldn't. I don't think you'd ever exercise if I didn't have that ring."

tussled. Anne, giggling, rolled back th as Leonard tugged and mauled her. her arm free, but she clenched her fist. d pried her fingers open, but Anne ly jerked her hand away, slipped the and put it in her mouth.

uess I'll swallow it."

ard put his hands on her throat. Anne ted him to choke her for a while, but ly tore his hands away.

u're rough," she complained. "What's idea?"

ARD perhaps would not have admitted he did not mind Anne's having the she had recently been stopping at the or him, the ring on her finger, and he cretly proud of her before his fellow vees. Her beauty was there for all to d she was sufficiently aware of a new t to adopt a certain graciousness of rs. Everyone at the office thought engaged, and Leonard had not gone his way to enlighten them. But still he asperated that Anne could so effec- keep the ring away from him.

I have to pry your mouth open?" he ded.

you do, down the hatch she goes, where ps nobody knows!"

re was no doubt in Leonard's mind nne meant business. He looked at her air.

denly Anne began to laugh at him. her finger in her mouth and brought it th the ring on it. "Darling," she said, are you so blame anxious for me to give

> Children are the most fascinating beings in the world, whether we paint pictures of them, write books about them, or just live with them and try to help them grow up. Fathers who share their children's growing time cannot grow old.
>
> —ANGELO PATRI
>
> Robert French Leavens (Beacon Press).

considerably. He had at first thought her mistake. Her principles were not many and not very conspicuous, but, like a sunken boulder, they were immovable. She may have come into his bedroom in her pajamas, they may have parked for hours on lonely roads; but no matter the temptation, there was a certain point beyond which Anne would not go. This may or may not have pleased Leonard, but there was one point he found agreeable. She seemed as settled in her mind about sex as though it were a simple problem in addition that had been solved. Leonard knew something of an adolescent girl's fearful doubt about how far to go, of self-reproach at having gone too far. But Anne never seemed bothered by troubles of this nature.

He had not anticipated that they would get along as well as they had. He had seen enough of her temper and quarrelsomeness, and his mind had told him their affair would never extend beyond three or four dates. But three months had passed, and there was no serious rupture. She seemed to find in him something that satisfied her.

In a different frame of mind, he might have condemned things he now found attractive. He liked her nerve. He liked her gay, sometimes blasphemous defiance. He liked her candor. She was wild and disturbing but wasn't this better than being dull?

When the couple parked in front of Anne's house, Leonard spoke. "I won't be calling you tomorrow night, dear." Date or no date, Leonard had been talking to Anne briefly on the phone each evening.

Anne stopped, struck by the strangeness of his manner. "Why not?"

"Well, if you must know, I have an early date. Marjorie's in town."

"Oh, so it's Purdickins. Why is she here?"

"She's visiting her aunt."

"Oh, she is, is she! I'll bet she's here to try to get her hooks in you. Is that the reason you wanted the ring back?"

"Take it easy. Marjorie's here and I just happened to want to see her. The ring has nothing to do with it."

"What did you want the ring for?"

"Will you shut up about the ring!"

"I will not!"

"You're acting like a jealous little fool."

"Oh, I am, am I!" Anne was silent for a moment. "Well, you can pardon me from here to hell." She abruptly got out of the car and went to the house.

It was true that Leonard did have some unfinished business with Marjorie to attend to, but he was not thinking of Marjorie now. He was wondering at Anne's immediate hurt at the mention of Marjorie, at the reason why she should be jealous of him when she could have any number of young men. Something about this capricious child had him stumped. Finally he decided he was mad at Anne, at least until next Friday, when they had a date for Jimmy Count James at Shadowland, and he wondered how long Anne would be mad at him.

The next morning, at quarter to eight, Anne descended from the Kerry Heights bus at the corner of Third and Main, near the Charming Lady Dress Shop. She hesitated in front of the window, looking at a moonstone-blue dress, her lips parted a little. She took a number of unwilling steps down the street, her eyes still on the dress, before she was able to set her eyes in front of her on the tall cylindrical elevators of the Midwest Cereal Company, several blocks down the street.

After work that afternoon she once more walked down the street, in the opposite

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direction. But she marched right by the Charming Lady Dress Shop.

At home she sat down at the old maple desk in the dining room. She called her father to her. "Dad," she said, taking out her pay check and scribbling her endorsement on the back, "Christmas present."

"Oh, I hate to take it, Anne. How much do you want back?"

"I busted the furnace. You'll need it all."

"No, you'll need some of it. I'll give you back all I can next payday."

"Take the whole thing and shut up."

As Anne closed her door she thought, *If I get much more noble, no one will be fit to live with me.* She did not know whether she felt good or bad; she did know that she felt different. She felt stronger and more important because she had helped—and in no inconsiderable degree, by her lights—to bolster the family's finances. She thought of Marjorie, and wondered if she was out with Leonard. She looked at the ring. It had been obtained by trickery, yet its implications were growing. For a while she had had the feeling that it was gradually becoming hers. Now she was not at all certain.

"You oughtn't to let 'em stack up that way," the woman said to Anne. "Wait'll Schluter catches you."

"He wouldn't do anything. I wouldn't care if he did."

It was Friday morning. Anne was loafing on her job. She didn't bother to weigh half the boxes of Poppies that came to her, merely glanced at the level of the breakfast food and guessed. Around her chair were scattered Poppies she had dropped.

Mr. Schluter appeared at the other end of the room, heading her way. "Miss Karlan!" He spoke so sharply that Anne jumped. "Pep it up! Keep those boxes moving!" Mr. Schluter walked a few feet along the conveyor belt and picked up several of the boxes that she supposedly had weighed, returned to Anne's station and placed them on the scale. "One quarter of an ounce over," he said, "half an ounce over, quarter over, half under. Young lady, what do you think the company's paying you for? If you don't snap out of it right away, you'll find yourself out of a job."

Live in contact with dreams, and you will get something of their charm; live in contact with facts, and you will get something of their brutality. I wish I could find a country where the facts were not brutal, and the dreams not unreal.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Schluter did not give her opportunity to contest the issue, but walked off.

"I thought he was so stuck on you," said the woman who worked nearest to Anne, sarcastically.

"Oh, shut up!"

Anne did not bother to return to work that afternoon but, after eating, walked home. She met her mother in the hallway.

"Why aren't you at work?" Mrs. Karlan barked.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Don't sass me, young lady! I suppose you've quit your job again. Have you?"

ANNE went to her room. She was weary of fighting with her mother. She took off her shoes, poked a pillow together, and lay down on the bed. She stared at the ring, took it off, put it back on her finger and looked at it again. Suddenly she began to cry. Seldom had she cried so long and so hard.

When she was over her spell, she lay quiet for many minutes. Then she rolled over on her back, stared at the ceiling. With a quick roll she was off the bed. She ran upstairs to the bathroom, washed off her make-up.

Aunt Erma was using the telephone and Maymie had just arrived at the house from playing with the girl across the street when Anne came downstairs. Maymie was wearing one of Anne's dresses. Anne felt her temper swell her throat. She exploded.

"Who said you could wear my dress?"

Maymie was scared. "Mom said I could!" she spluttered.

For a second Anne glared at her, then Anne turned and rushed at Erma. She grabbed the phone out of the hands of her bewildered aunt and slammed the receiver on the hook. She shook Erma by the shoulders.

"You told her? Whose dresses are they, mine or yours?" Anne had lost her temper but not her head. There was a kind of grim purposefulness in her attack.

"Your mother said ——" Erma managed to say.

"My mother said she could. You didn't think they belonged to my mother, did you?"

Mrs. Karlan was coming in from the kitchen.

"Why don't you and your brats get out of here?" Anne flung at Erma as her mother descended on her.

MRS. Karlan grabbed her daughter and slapped her, but Anne hardly blinked and once did not strike back. "I'm fed up with this place!" she exclaimed, ran upstairs and locked herself in the bathroom.

Anne was determined she would stand no more humiliation. She might have suffered through that afternoon without doing anything had it not been for the rumpus with Erma and her mother. She might have waited to see if Leonard would call to take her to Jimmy Count James that evening. But such patience was impossible now.

She went directly to the Logan Ice Cream Company. An ambidextrous young woman, a Miss Kegler, operated a typewriter and a switchboard.

Leonard was not at his desk. "He left yesterday," Miss Kegler told Anne.

Anne had not expected this bad news. "Where did he go?" she asked.

"Cabel City, I guess." The switchboard buzzed and Miss Kegler plugged in. Cabel City was but a name to Anne. She had heard of it somewhere, but for all she knew it might be twenty miles distant or two thousand. Anne immediately assumed that Marjorie had gone with Leonard.

"When is he coming back?" she demanded.

"I don't know. Perhaps tomorrow."

Mr. Stanley Tate, the president of the Logan Ice Cream Company, was passing by, his hand full of papers. He overheard the last of this conversation. "I told Leonard he needn't be back until Monday," he said to Anne, then disappeared through the door.

"Why did he go?" Anne asked Miss Kegler.

"He had some business to attend to. Good afternoon, this is the Logan Ice Cream Company." Miss Kegler was absorbed in the interpretation of an order for seven varieties of ice cream. Anne turned and left the building. She had expected trouble, but she had not expected this. Every barbershop, restaurant, beauty parlor that she passed had a sign with the picture of the baldish Jimmy Count James, baton raised, and the legend "The Band with the Blues, Famous Recording Artists with Jeannette Day, the Sweet Songstress." The thought that Leonard might call for her that evening to take her to the dance now seemed preposterous.

There was now no indecision in Anne's mind. She was through with Leonard and with her family and with the city. So far had this state of mind progressed that she no longer felt much anger, only bitterness and sadness.

She went to the paymaster's office of the Midwest Cereal Company and waited for her check. It had been considerably reduced due to her quitting before the week was up.

On her way back to the loop she passed the Shadowland Ballroom. Above the door was a big sign: "TONITE JIMMY COUNT JAMES." Anne crossed the street, turned at the corner and cut through the taxi stands of the Union Station.

At the ticket window she asked the fare to Chicago and the time the train left. The streamliner, the Rocky Mountain Flier, left at 2:25 in the morning, and the fare was

(Continued on Page 140)

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CROUTON TOMATOES: (1) Melt 1 tbsp. Nucoa in saucepan. (2) Stir in 1½ tbsp. flour, 1½ tsp. minced onion, 1 tsp. salt and 1½ tbsp. sugar until smooth. (3) Add 3 cups stewed tomatoes and bring to boil. (4) Combine [illegible] cups stale bread cubes in 3 tbsp. melted Nucoa. (5) Arrange layer of [illegible] in casserole, cover with half the tomatoes, more croutons, tomatoes and top with rest of croutons. (6) Run into hot [illegible] 10 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

UPSIDE-DOWN COFFEE CAKE: (1) Pour 3 tbsp. melted Nucoa into bottom of pan. (2) Add 1 cup orange marmalade mixed with 2 tbsp. lemon juice. (3) Sift, measure 1 cup enriched flour and 1 cup yellow cornmeal and resift with 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ cup sugar. (4) Cut in ¼ cup Nucoa until it disappears. (5) Add ¾ cup water or milk, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind and 2 eggs. (6) Mix just enough to moisten dry ingredients. (7) Spoon over marmalade. (8) Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 30 min. Serve hot—with plenty of Nucoa. Um-m-m, is it *good!* Yield: One 8-inch square cake.

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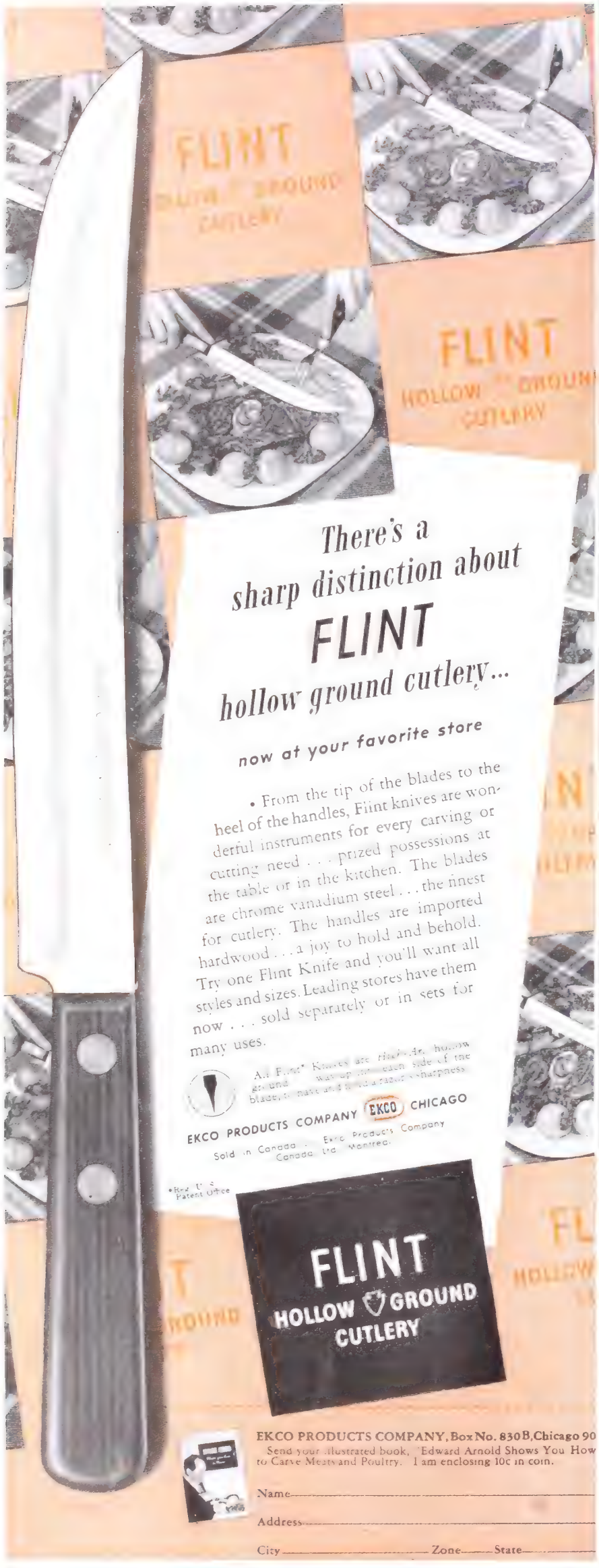
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(Continued from Page 138)

$11.20. Anne was dismayed. That would leave her with only slightly more than a dollar. She needed more, much more. But perhaps she could borrow. She could land a job as soon as she got to Chicago, all right. Anne had a sublime confidence in her resourcefulness.

On the street again, Anne looked in the store windows, then went home.

The first person she saw was Aunt Erma, who smiled at her, then disappeared. It was just like Aunt Erma to smile at her after what Anne had done, and it didn't make Anne feel any better.

Claribel eyed Anne, half frightened. "Maybe we're going away," she said.

"No, you're not," Anne replied. "You're going to stay here until you're a little old lady."

Anne climbed the stairs to the attic, pulled out several suitcases from under a pile of empty cardboard boxes. She immediately chose the most presentable suitcase. She quietly slipped to her room and shut the door.

She selected the best of her wardrobe and placed it in the suitcase, using more care than usual, for this was a definitive act: when she left she would not come back. She threw her house coat around her, glanced at the clock on her way to the bathroom. She discovered that she was not pressed for time, so she allowed forty-five minutes for her bath. Then she dried herself briskly, went back to her room and put on her panties, but nothing else, and lay down on her bed to read her movie magazine. Her suitcase was still standing on the floor, by the dresser. Anne scrambled to her feet, lugged it to the closet. Then she climbed back on the bed, picked up her magazine, and lit a cigarette.

Anne had acted just in time, for now her door opened. It was her mother. "I thought I'd find you here," she said, "taking it easy while everybody else is working their heads off."

ANNE ignored her mother.

"You ought to have the decency to mind your tongue," continued Mrs. Karlan. "You ought to realize Erma's had about all she can bear. You're going to march right in there and apologize."

Anne was very much absorbed in a photograph of Claudette Colbert. Mrs. Karlan stared at her hostilely.

"I have half a mind to kick you from the house. Haven't you got any feelings? Put on some clothes!" She slammed the door.

Anne maintained her silence through a dismal dinner. A little later, Mr. Karlan stepped to the door of Anne's room. He rapped lightly.

Anne opened the door. She was brushing her hair. "Well?" she said.

"Anne, your mother and I have been talking."

"That's nothing new." But there was nothing cocky in Anne's manner. She was as meek as she had been at any time in her life.

"She told me what happened this afternoon," Mr. Karlan continued. "Your mother told me that you told Erma to leave the house with her kids. Of course I know you probably lost your temper and ——"

Anne flared up briefly. "Of course I lost my temper. I had good reason to."

Mr. Karlan studied his daughter. "Well, you probably said something you wouldn't have said if you weren't mad. Don't you think you'd better apologize? Erma, I guess, was pretty much broken up about it." Mr. Karlan had discharged his duty, but he continued to stand by the doorway. "Anne," he said softly, "school is about ready to open and I thought ——"

"I'm not going back to school!" Anne cried. "I'm getting out of here!"

"Oh." Mr. Karlan obviously did not believe his daughter. But he saw that it was no use arguing with her and left.

Suddenly Anne marched from her room to Erma's. She opened the door, entered. Two minutes later she returned to her room. She had apologized. She had suffered the last humiliation. She hoped that now everyone would be satisfied.

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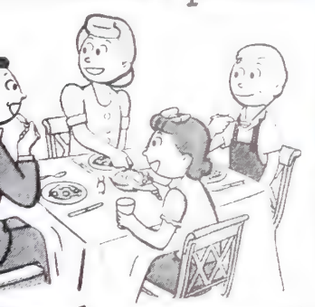

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Anne heard Mary's footsteps in the hallway and was ready for her when she came in the door. "Honey, how much money you got?"

Mary looked at Anne, lying on the bed in her slip. "Why, you're not dressed!" she exclaimed. "You look like you've lost your last friend. Why don't you get ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"Didn't you hear me call? Here I've been trying to entertain Leonard out on the front porch for half an hour."

What had happened was simple. Leonard had gone to Cabel City on business. Marjorie had terminated her visit with her aunt and he had taken her home. Wildfield was but four miles from Cabel City.

"I sure burned up the tires to get here in time for our date, and what do I find? You haven't even bothered to get ready." But Leonard was not serious.

"Well, gosh, I didn't think you'd come. You didn't call me all week. Was I ever mad at you!"

They went to the dance. Anne moved about the floor with her chin high. Leonard was a personal triumph for her. While dancing she placed her hand on his shoulder so that all could see the ring. They left the dance early. Both wanted each other alone.

The pressure had been released. Only now did she realize the strain that she had been under. She kissed him, snuggled to him, squealed her happiness. Leonard was surprised.

"I didn't realize you missed me *that* much, darling."

"Uh-huh. Oh, you oughtn't to ever run out on me! If you knew how awful it was, you wouldn't. Oh, darling, I love you so damn much!" She burrowed into his arms.

Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.

—MARK TWAIN.

Leonard knew that if he were ever to take advantage of a moment, now was the time. He thought of what she had said. He had honestly been unaware that he meant so much to her. It made him feel responsible. No, he would not take advantage of her. If anything further were to come from their newly intensified relationship, it would have to be a considered act.

The peak of Anne's emotion passed, and she lay in his arms. They were parked at the bottom of a small hill, at a spot they had visited a number of times. It was quite isolated, a side road of a side road. A sultriness hung in the warm air, and heat lightning was kindling in the sky, illumining an old shed just off the road. That shed had been the inspiration of much of their meaningful banter: it was their "house."

"What business does a cow have in our pantry?" asked Leonard.

Anne lifted her head, looked at the shack. A flash of lightning revealed the hindquarters of a cow in the doorway. "Hell, that's no cow," said Anne. "That's Sylvester."

Leonard loved her. He had reasoned that he could dispose of his affections where and when he wished. What good did his nice reasoning do now? He suddenly realized that he loved her, that he had loved her for some time.

He placed his hand at the back of her head, beneath her hair, and let her hair trail through his fingers. Leonard wanted to tell Anne that he loved her. But he would not. He very much lacked Anne's impulsiveness. So he petted her, trusting his actions to convey what he felt.

"Yes, that's Sylvester all right," he said. "And he's in the cooky jar."

"Darling, you'll just have to chop the little brat's hands off." Anne was silent for a minute, then she turned around in his arms so that she could see his face. "Why do we just sit around and talk like saps?" she asked. "Why don't we really get married?"

Leonard was not ready to answer such a question. In a flash he knew that he should

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have expected something like this from Anne, that he could only play house with her for a little while before she would either kick it over or else insist on the real thing.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"I was never more serious. Will you marry me?"

"Doesn't the man usually ask that question?"

"What difference does it make who asks it? I want an answer, either yes or no."

Anne's insistence began to irritate Leonard. She seemed to have no conception of the seriousness of marriage. "Honey," he explained, "I don't think you realize what a serious step marriage is. After all, you're pretty young. You've got to be doubly sure of the way you feel, and in addition to that ——"

"Oh, quit preaching to me. I guess the way I feel is plain enough. I wanted you to marry me and maybe know something of the way *you* feel."

"Darling, it isn't that I don't love you." There, he had told her, inadvertently—almost. And once committed, he was not one to leave any doubt of it.

"I should think if you loved me you'd want to marry me right now. You'll never get another chance."

"What?"

"You heard me. I'm going to Chicago tonight, unless you marry me."

"You're crazy! You're not running off to Chicago."

"Will you marry me?"

"No!"

They settled back, silent, each on his side of the seat. Presently Leonard started the motor and they drove back to town. He was much disturbed. She was so unreasonable. They did not speak to each other. But when they stopped in front of her house she did not get out of the car immediately. He could not see her face, and he suspected that she was crying.

"Are you mad at me?"

"No."

He lifted her head tenderly. She was not crying, but her eyes were closed and she would not invite his advances. "Then what's the trouble?"

"Isn't it enough that I asked you to marry me and you wouldn't? I made a sap of myself. I'll never go crawling to a man again." Anne took the ring off her finger and placed it in his hand.

"Hey!" Leonard objected. "Don't you want to wear it?"

"It don't belong to me."

"Oh, come now, honey, it's not as bad as all that!" He embraced and kissed her, but she was inert in his hands. It seemed as though he had lost her.

"Darling," she said, and it thrilled him a bit that she would still address him affectionately, "will you do me one last favor?"

"What do you mean, 'last'?"

"Will you give me a lift to the station about two o'clock tonight? My train leaves at two-twenty-five."

"You're crazy! You're not running away, and even if you were I wouldn't help you."

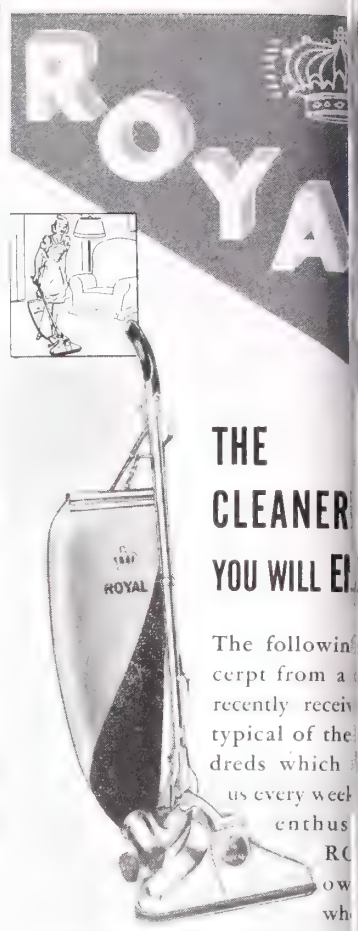
"Come on, please! My suitcase weighs a ton."

"I say you're crazy. You're not going to Chicago! You're going in that house, and go to bed!"

"Well, O.K., if that's the way you feel about it." She uttered a little cry, half articulate—perhaps it was "so long"—ran for the house and shut the door.

Several days before this, Leonard and Marjorie Purdy were seated on newspapers on top of a hill. The scraps of a picnic lunch were scattered about.

Marjorie laughed. It was a measured laugh—Leonard had been noticing that lately. "You talk differently," she said, and he noticed how carefully she had chiseled her lips with lipstick, and how remarkably attractive those lips were. "I was surprised at the number of young kids who knew you at that place—the Westport Inn. They made me feel ancient." Marjorie was twenty-six. "Lennie, I don't know what I'm going to do



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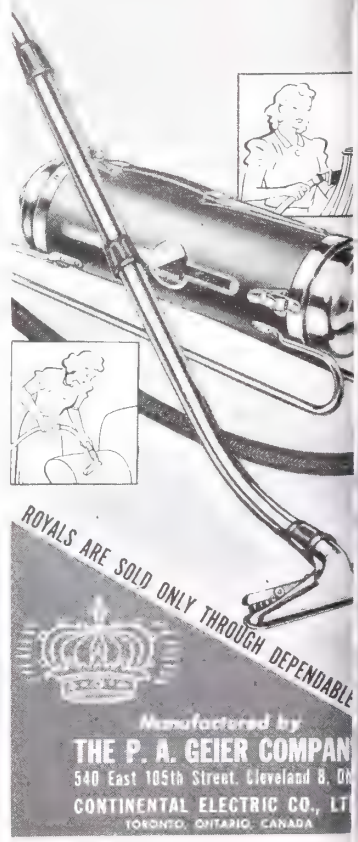
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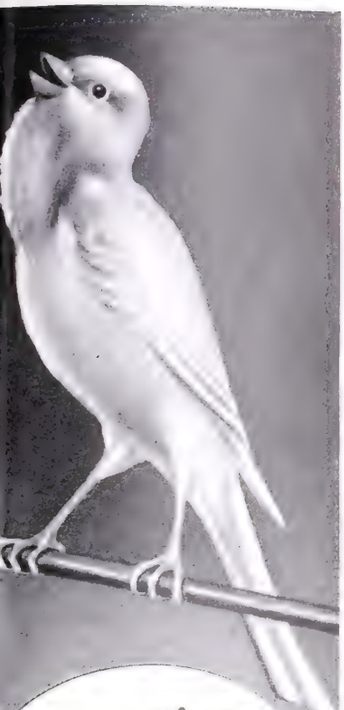

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French's BIRD SEED AND BISCUIT

IN ONE ECONOMICAL PACKAGE

with you! I'll get anything you've been robbing the cradle."

"I have." Leonard admitted solemnly.

"And her name is Anne?" Marjorie teased.

"How did you know?"

Marjorie looked at him slyly. "You can't fool me. I've known you too long, Lennie. I could see confusion written all over your face when that little girl asked you how Anne was. You bad boy!" Marjorie spoke as though she were reprimanding a child.

Leonard was certain that he had shown no confusion when Dolores had asked him how Anne was. He also knew that Marjorie did not regard him as a child.

Leonard wanted to tell Marjorie something. Precisely what it was, he could not say. They had been going together for a long time and they had talked frequently about getting married, without saying as much in so many words. Actually, no engagement had been made, so now no engagement could be broken. But the understanding that had existed once had now developed into misunderstanding on Marjorie's part, Leonard feared.

He did know one thing he wanted to tell Marjorie. He wished she'd shut up about Adrian Schlotterbeck. Adrian was undoubtedly a desirable young man, but her talking about Adrian did not make Leonard jealous. He did not care that Adrian owned two automobiles, three dairy farms.

Leonard, his head bent, was thoughtful. "How many farms did you say he had?"

"Three. Four, if old man Woonsocket doesn't change his mind about selling."

"H'm-m-m." Leonard raised his head. "When you and Adrian get married, it'll be a nice place to raise your kids."

Marjorie was a good actress, but Leonard noticed her clutch her knee so forcefully that her fingernails whitened. "Why, Lennie," she began, and Leonard was sure that her first impulse was to say something entirely different from her next words, "it has no modern improvements."

He who will revenge every affront means not to live long.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

"You and Adrian will love it." Then his manner lightened. He decided to tell Marjorie more about Anne. After all, Marjorie had turned the conversation that way. "I've been going with Anne for about three months," he said. "She's only seventeen, but really quite a girl. You should ——"

Marjorie shamed him. "Lennie! Seventeen?"

"Well, she's a ——"

Marjorie shook her head. "No, Lennie. It's all too sordid for me. I give up."

Leonard knew that Marjorie never gave up. He also felt angered that Marjorie would let him tell her no more about Anne.

Hardly had Anne entered the house than there was a terrific clap of thunder and a drop of rain exploded on the windshield. Suddenly the downpour came. Leonard drove to his rooming house, locked his car, made a dash for the porch.

Leonard undressed, lay down in bed, but he did not sleep. The faintly luminescent hands of his alarm clock were pointing at 1:15. So many things had happened in the past few hours that the evening seemed timeless. His mind could not handle all the problems before it. He loved Anne; she was a fool; she loved him; she hated him; she put him on the spot; she was trying to trick him; she needed him: they loved each other. Angry at his torment, he kicked the sheet off his legs.

He wondered what kind of wife she would make. Certainly not an ideal wife—he would not permit himself that illusion. But at the moment Leonard was not particularly interested in ideal wives. At various times he had imagined that Marjorie would make an ideal wife, thoroughly tamed and domesticated. But perhaps that was the way Mar-

(Continued on page 145)

LEADING CUTTERS AND DECORATORS CHOOSE FEDERAL GLASSWARE

Good company

Every hostess knows that there's nothing like tall, gleaming glasses appropriately decorated, and properly filled, to add zest and sparkle to any occasion, from a big casual party to a foursome for bridge.

So, wherever smart folks gather, you will find the best hands reaching for lovely decorated tumblers which carry the Shield F Symbol of luxury-quality Federal glassware. That's natural enough, because tumblers, like people, are known by the company they keep.

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IMPORTANT: Here is one of the few products in America that has not raised its price since the war! Fifty-two piece service, eight place settings . . . only $68.50 with chest (Tax Free). Choose from three patterns—left to right, Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady—all made in the U. S. A.

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STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

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It's Sterling Inlaid

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(Continued from Page 143)

ie had wanted him to see her; perhaps it s a trap. Marriage and housekeeping were synonymous. It might be some years ore Anne would become housebroken. You d to know how to handle her. But if Anne d he could get along as well as they had in past, he would be satisfied. She was tless, would want to go out more than he . At least that would prevent him from ting stodgy. There was nothing wrong h her brain; perhaps it was in backward d perhaps she hadn't got around to using ne of the cells, but it was all there and lthy enough.

He now understood better one aspect of ne's personality. She liked to shock ple. She liked to do things other people e afraid to do. This need of hers to do the vy thing not only disturbed Leonard; it llenged him. Perhaps he needed more of perhaps it was a good thing. She was not id to plunge into marriage; was *he?*

Leonard was more restless by the minute. got out of bed. Would she go to Chicago? w would she get to the station in a rain this? If she did go to Chicago, she would broke and almost anything might happen ier.

And then he began to think that she might an business after all, and that he might er see her again. At the possibility, his oat began to feel ck. It was impose to sit still any ger. He picked up alarm clock. It s ten minutes to . He dressed hurlly, telling himself the time that he s a fool. He did bother with a ktie, had to rein himself from hing out of the r without his raint and rubbers.

He drove at high ed through the eets, his wheels aying water like a edboat. At the de his fever met the ely calm of the iting room: a man h a brief case, ding a newspaper; niddle-aged woman with a cardboard box her lap and two small children; a taxicab ver. No Anne.

There were fifteen minutes before the in was due. He got in his car and cruised Fourth Street, the logical route that ne would take. He turned and headed k toward the station.

Suddenly he applied his brakes, leaned ward. A girl was hurrying along the sidelk. She lugged a suitcase, was wearing a nsparent rain cape. He stopped, opened car door, called her name.

was Anne all right, but she paid no attion to him. He called again, sounded his rn. This time she hesitated, came over to car.

"I didn't know it was you," Anne murred. She got in the car, and Leonard put suitcase in the back seat. "My arm's out broke from that suitcase. I'm soaked."

e clutched her purse with her left hand. ren't you driving me to the station, ney?" Instead of starting the car, Leonard d moved over and was removing the water m her face with his handkerchief.

"No."

"Why not?"

"You're not going to Chicago, that's why. ere are some things we have to talk over."

"We did enough talking for one night. erything's settled and I'm going to icago."

He saw it would not be easy to dissuade r. "Darling, you said you loved me; you ked me to marry you—remember? I'm azy about you."

"Well?" She did hesitate for a moent, watching him, waiting for him to go on.

But it was a delicate and a difficult thing. Leonard wanted to ask her, and he hesitated too long. "It's no good," said Anne conclusively. "Now are you going to drive me to the station, or are you going to make me walk?"

"You're not going to the station."

"Oh, no?" They began to struggle.

There was a blast from the train's horn. It seemed but a moment before the train glided noiselessly into the depot. No sooner had it stopped than half a dozen men in overalls began tending the stainless-steel monster's wants so that it might go again. Several passengers climbed aboard.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Anne muttered desperately. She beat Leonard with her fists, tried to get at her suitcase. Leonard had to use all his strength to prevent Anne from escaping.

Suddenly a bell began to ring, steadily and rapidly. The train had begun to move, and soon the locomotive had disappeared and the passenger cars were rolling over the crossing tracks. Anne gave one last blow with both fists on Leonard's shoulders. Then she broke down.

Leonard had never before seen her cry. She leaned over, covered her face with her hands, and her shoulders shook. He did not touch her for a few moments, then he laid his hand on her back. He half expected her to pull away, but she did not. Encouraged, he told her he loved her in as many ways as he could think.

"It was a dirty trick," he admitted, "but I couldn't let you go."

Her crying was abating; presently she was still. "Yeah, it was a dirty trick. You sure deserved a bust in the nose."

It was bleeding a little, and she found his handkerchief on the seat, dabbed rather roughly at the blood. "Wait till I really get even!"

"I'm glad you're not mad at me."

"Not mad at you!" She said it with just enough force so her meaning was ambiguous. "I'll say I'm mad at you. I had a trip planned to Chicago so nice; now I spose I'll have to wait till the next train."

"Anne," said Leonard suddenly, very serious and nervous, "there's something I've got to know. Will you promise not to get mad at me?"

"I won't promise anything. Besides, I'm already mad at you."

"Anne, you aren't pregnant, are you?"

She pulled herself out of his arms. Then she looked at him curiously. "Why?"

"You didn't answer."

"I don't have to."

"Are you?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Difference!" he exclaimed angrily. "You didn't think I'd want to give my name to somebody else's kid, did you?"

"Who said anything about marrying?"

"You did. Answer me either yes or no!"

"What if I don't know?"

Now Leonard was angry at her. She had succeeded admirably in confusing him. He was divided approximately into thirds: in one third there was the suspicion that she was pregnant; in another third the belief that she was up to her old tricks again and stringing him; in another third there was simple anger at the willful way in which she had answered. For a considerable time they were silent, then Anne spoke.

"Darling, I guess I know how you feel and I don't blame you for being mad at me. But I know you're a big enough guy to drive to the station and buy me a pack of chewing gum. My mouth's dry. I want to fix up my face a little too. It's a mess."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Modi Operandi

By Ethel Jacobson

A damsel once could Get Her Man
By making him feel protective;
By letting him hold
Her knitting wool,
Or leading him on
With a taffy pull;
What she does now
Is incredibull—
And often no more effective—
When you figure that all she stands to snag
Is the same old odd objective.

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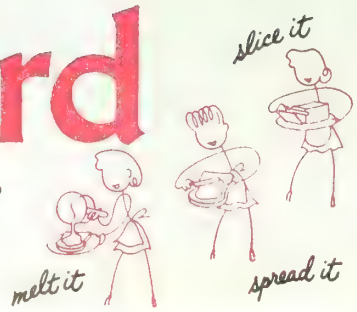

Simple or Showy

Simple...

Eggs with Chevel Sauce

Blend 1 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoons melted Blue Bonnet Margarine or butter. Gradually add 1½ cups milk; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add one 8-ounce package Shefford Chevel Brand Cheese Food, cubed; stir until Chevel melts. Add ½ teaspoon onion juice. Slice 6 hard-cooked eggs; alternate layers of egg slices and sauce in casserole. Top with crumbs; brown under broiler. Sprinkle with paprika; garnish with egg slices. Makes 4 servings.

Showy...

Shrimp Chevel Casserole

Cook ½ cup washed, drained rice in 2 tablespoons melted shortening until golden-brown. Then simmer in 1¼ cup water with ½ teaspoon salt until tender (20-25 minutes). Cook ½ pound well-rinsed fresh shrimp (shells and veins removed) in ½ cup salted water for 3 minutes. Drain and reserve liquid. Melt 1 tablespoon Blue Bonnet Margarine or butter in saucepan; blend in 1½ tablespoons flour. Add gradually ½ cup shrimp liquid, ½ cup cooked tomatoes, stirring constantly. When thickened, add 2 teaspoons grated onion, ½ cup grated carrots, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add shrimp; heat through. Put hot rice in casserole; cover with hot shrimp mixture; top with ½ package (4 ounces) Shefford Chevel, sliced; place under broiler until browned. Makes 4 servings.

"Chevel" is a trade mark owned by Standard Brands Incorporated

You can make Shefford Cheese a main flavor in a simple Lenten meal—or you can make it the gourmet accent in a showy Lenten dish. But either way, you can't miss the fine and pleasing flavor the genuine, natural flavor—that marks it as a sound, honest, quality cheese. Made from good milk, by experts who have been producing fine cheese for more than forty years. Many types and styles.

STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
New York 22, N. Y.

In grouchy silence, Leonard started the car and drove to the depot. When they entered, Anne signified that she wanted to go to the rest room, while Leonard headed toward the soda fountain.

"Spearmint!" Anne called after him. "Wait for me."

He bought the gum, returned to a spot a few feet from the rest-room door and waited. It was taking her a long time. No Anne. He hesitated, self-conscious, then marched up to the girl at the soda fountain and had her go into the rest room to find Anne. She returned and said no one was in the rest room.

Leonard was not a person to swear much, but most of the names he called Anne on the way back to the car were unprintable. He looked in the back seat. Her suitcase was gone. He drove home.

By the time Leonard reached the house, he realized what Anne had meant when she had said she would get even with him, and he even grudgingly complimented her on the neat way she had handled it. Leonard walked through the darkened hallway, climbed the steps to his room, closed the door with utmost care because he wished to awaken no one. He snapped on the light.

Anne, in her slip and with her shoes and stockings off, was lying in his bed. She had her eyes closed. Her breasts swelled a little above the top of her slip, and her legs were bare for a few inches above her knees. There was a kind of graceful, spiral twist to her position. She lay there as if she owned the bed.

Leonard leaned over her. "Darn you," he said.

Anne snickered, opened her eyes.

"How did you get here?"

"Cab."

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm having a baby."

There was still a little anger left in Leonard toward her, still a little suspicion. Anne saw it in his face.

"Oh, you fool!" she exclaimed, raising herself on her arm. "I'm not pregnant."

He laughed a little sheepishly. Then suddenly everything cleared for both of them. They were even. The strain was released from Leonard. He sat down on the bed and embraced her, kissed her on the face, neck and shoulders. Anne watched him tenderly, but a little amused. He slipped the straps of her underthings off her shoulder, but when his hand moved along her thigh, pulling up her slip, she pushed his hand back and hitched the straps over her shoulder again.

"I want you to marry me," he said, looking up. "Will you?"

"Sure," she said.

Two hours later, in the town of Medalia, in a room in the Livingstone Hotel, Leonard lay on the bed and waited for his wife. The sky was already quite pale, and from the partly opened window could be heard the clatter of breakfast dishes in the restaurant kitchen.

THEY had taken the room only a few minutes before. A lamp on the writing stand was burning, and in its shadows Anne's figure, her breasts expanding and overflowing her brassière, had appeared deep and rich. But before divesting herself of her panties and brassière, she had grabbed her house coat and trotted to the bathroom. Now Leonard was waiting for her and smoking a cigarette so he would not appear nervous.

There was a sharp knock on the door, and he was startled. "Who is it?" he called.

There was a long hesitation. Then came a small voice, very meek, "It's Preggie."

Anne stepped from the bathroom in her house robe. Only something was wrong. She hadn't been shaped like that before. Her abdomen was unmistakably distended. Leonard sat up in surprise.

Anne lowered her head and assumed bashfulness as she approached. He saw the point, but there was something terribly vivid about her enormous belly that prevented his speaking. Anne held her face straight for yet another moment, then tossed aside her house robe. The Livingstone Hotel bath towels were well represented beneath the waist elastic of her panties.

They fell over in each other's arms, laughing. He gave her a swat, and she threw the towels in his face, and thus began their married life.

ONE morning about a month later Anne awoke at the seven-thirty blast of the Midwest Cereal Company's whistle. Normally she would have slept right through this disturbance, but this was an important day for Anne. It was her eighteenth birthday.

She had a number of times reminded Leonard of her approaching birthday, and half expected to find a present on the foot of the bed. But all that lay on the bed were Leonard's pajamas.

He was in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie. He noticed that Anne was awake. "Hey," he said, "you sick?"

He bent down to kiss her good-by. Anne took hold of his nose, turned his head around, and with her thumb removed a bit of shaving lather from behind his ear. Leonard hurriedly put on his suit coat and topcoat and left the apartment.

He had not mentioned her birthday. Anne was still not alarmed. Surely that noon he would bring her present. She got dressed. She felt like doing something. Humming, she moved about the apartment, doing unusual things—dusting, emptying ash trays, and feeling more virtuous by the minute. She decided she loved the apartment. It had three rooms, and it was a simple matter to keep three rooms in order.

Anne ran out of things to do, and it was still early. Then it occurred to her that Leonard might appreciate a more elaborate lunch than she ordinarily prepared.

A physician had as a patient a robust woman who was never without a long list of ailments. As she was telling him how she was suffering from rheumatism, sore throat, nervous indigestion, heartburn, pains in the back of the head, and what not, he interrupted her. "Ah," he said in an admiring tone, "what splendid health you must have in order to be able to stand all these complaints."

—From Those Nerves, by George Lincoln Walton. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

The apartment was only a three-block walk to the Simpson Bakery. It was now operated by Chuck, his father having opened his new bakery on the North Side. Chuck and Marilyn had married a few days after Anne. Anne bought an apple pie, some frosted cinnamon rolls, apple turnovers and raised doughnuts. On the way back she stopped at the supermarket, wondering what she might get to complete the meal. She was uninspired until she saw a pound casing of sausage. Leonard liked sausage. She bought three pounds on the theory that three pounds would provide him thrice the enjoyment of one.

Lunch was ready for Leonard, and Anne was waiting by the window. It was ten minutes after twelve before Leonard arrived. Anne, holding her breath, watched him get out of the car. She looked for a gift-wrapped package, but he was empty-handed.

"Hi, slug!" Leonard called as he came in.

"You're late," said Anne, looking for bulges at his pockets.

Leonard took off his coat, and then Anne was certain that he had nothing for her. They ate lunch, and Anne said nothing, while Leonard was more cheerful than usual. "Swell lunch," Leonard concluded.

Anne scarcely permitted him to kiss her before he left, but it did not seem to spoil his good humor.

"So long, slug!" he called cheerily.

She had never before counted heavily on getting much for her birthday. Mary had always given her something, Erma had always sent her a card, and her father and mother had always gone together and bought her something that she needed.

Anne's marriage had not produced the sensation that she had expected. There had been some excitement among her family—Mrs. Karlan had threatened to get the marriage annulled—but the world outside

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HOT MUFFINS
made with
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they're sure to
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Delicious...
whether you serve them plain... or add the fancy touch of chopped pecans, walnuts, raisins or crushed fruit to the batter. Easy to make—any time with Duff's Mix

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FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

...ceived to record marriages, nothing at all unique.

Jane Whipple and Lorraine Taylor called on her that afternoon. It was on their way to the apartment Jane whispered as though out of breath, "Hey, kid, you sure got a neat dump!"

"It'll do to start out with," said Anne.

"Do! My cow, kid, you're lucky."

"Anne, it seems funny, you being married," said Dolores. "What's taking care of a guy like, anyhow? I should think it'd be awful, with the washing and mending socks ——"

"Oh, we send the laundry out," said Anne quickly. She did not mention that Leonard had suggested she try using the washing machine in the apartment basement. "I don't darn his socks until I'm good and ready. Just buy him more at the dime store. C'mere." She led them into the bedroom and took a large brown paper sack from the closet floor. It was filled with washed but undarned socks. She dumped them on the bed.

"There must be a thousand," exclaimed Dolores.

"And you're going to mend them?" asked Jane.

Anne shook her head solemnly. "Not until I'm good and ready. Just buy him more at the dime store." She opened a drawer of the chest. "He keeps it this way himself. Look!"

They peered in. Leonard's shorts, jerseys, pajamas, shirts—all perfectly folded—were arranged in mathematically spaced piles.

Dolores' jaw again dropped. "Say," she said, "Leonard must be a nice guy. I never exactly met him formally, you know."

ANNE brought out Leonard's accounting texts and practice sets he had used at business school. She leafed through them rapidly, displaying their magnitude to the girls.

"I'd hate to work for a living," Jane observed.

"You either have to," Anne said wisely, "or get some guy to do it for you."

For three minutes Anne had been vaguely aware of a feeble tapping noise from the direction of the hall door. She now decided it was time to investigate. Claribel walked in.

"She's my cousin," said Anne. "What do you want, honey?"

"I wanta see what you got!"

"It looks like she's the one who's got something," said Jane. "They look like presents. What have you got, darling?"

Claribel would neither tell Jane nor give her the presents, but she did give them to Anne. "Mamma said she thinks these are nicer than a card," Claribel informed Anne.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Jane, pensive. "It's Anne's birthday!"

"Are you nineteen?" asked Dolores. "Why, I thought ——"

Claribel startled everyone. "She's eighteen!" she shrieked.

"She's eighteen today," confirmed Jane. "I remember now. Let's see what she brought you."

Anne, hiding her reluctance, opened the presents. There were two square pot lifters from Erma, decorated with hand-embroidered pansies, and a small cotton handkerchief from Maymie. Claribel's present was wrapped separately. It was made of clay, painted blue, and about the size of a billiard ball.

"Did you make it?" asked Anne.

Claribel nodded.

"I guess it's meant to be a paperweight," said Anne. "What is it, Claribel?"

Claribel pulled her thumb from her mouth, but her lips remained open. She repeated, "I wanta see what you got."

"She wants to see your other presents," said Jane.

"I wanta see the thing you got from your mister," said Claribel.

"Say, what *did* Leonard get you, anyhow?" asked Dolores.

"Oh," said Anne, forcing a lightness into her voice, "Leonard hasn't brought it home yet. He has it at the office. A purse or a coat, I guess."

"Didn't he give you *nuthin'?*" insisted Claribel.

(Continued on Page 149)

Sunshine
PIMIENTO RED
The Signal to Eat Hearty!
Nothing sparks the appetite as quickly and surely as a touch of red! When it's Sunshine-Pimiento Red, you get extra flavor and vitamins, too. And you can use Sunshine Pimientos in so many, many ways. There's scarcely a vegetable, salad, seafood or meat dish that doesn't gain immensely by adding rich, red Sunshine Pimientos. Get a jar or can today and get the pimiento-habit!
Corn O'Brien
2 cups of whole grain corn
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup minced Sunshine Pimientos
1/2 cup minced green pepper
Salt and pepper to taste
Melt butter in a saucepan, add the green pepper and cook 5 min. Drain corn, add corn, pimiento, seasonings and cook 10 min. more, stirring. Serve hot. Serves 4.
Shrimp Rarebit
1-1/2 cups cooked shrimps
2/3 cup Sunshine Pimientos, cut into strips
2 teaspoons onion juice
2 tablespoons butter
1 green pepper, cut into strips
1 lb cheese
1 1/2 cup milk
Melt butter, add green pepper, cook 5 min. Then add shrimps, pimiento, onion juice. Slowly heat cheese and milk in double boiler, stirring until cheese is all melted; salt and pepper to taste, add dash Worcestershire. Serve the shrimps in individual dishes, with a generous amount of the hot sauce on each portion.
Pimiento helps all salads, either chopped or in strips. Good with salad dressings, too.
Do your vegetables go begging? Color them up with a tablespoon of chopped pimiento.
Unused Sunshine Pimientos keep sweet and fresh if covered with vegetable or olive oil and stored in refrigerator.
Use a cookie cutter to shape pimientos into rounds, stars, triangles, to decorate hors d'oeuvres, and other foods.
Left-overs taste like Sunday dinner when they're creamed or scalloped. Be generous with chopped Sunshine Pimiento.
Sunshine
Brand
WHOLE RED PIMIENTOS
POMONA PRODUCTS CO.
Griffin, Ga.

Stew for Sunday dinner? Why not?

It's a treat for anybody — any day — with the flavor of Del Monte Brand Peas!

1-We put extra care here

Extra care where? In such extreme precautions as the way we "vaccinate" Del Monte pea seed against the weather!

Too much rain can wash plant food out of the soil so that the peas don't develop their full flavor. We can't stop the rain — but we can and do inoculate all our pea seed to provide the tiny nitrogen-fixers which will keep the peas strong and healthy in spite of any downpour.

Providing for emergencies like this is an everyday matter at every step of growing and packing Del Monte Peas. We take no chances when flavor is at stake.

Because *flavor is our responsibility* — to you and to our brand. We know every bit of extra care we take means greater enjoyment for you!

2-You get extra flavor here

Any "plain" dish comes into its own with the Sunday-best flavor of Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas! First, Del Monte takes out the peas too young for flavor, the peas so old they've passed flavor prime. Then packs the best of all the rest together — the sweeter flavor of the smaller peas blending with the richer flavor of the larger. Insist on them for this

LAMB SAVORY

- 3 lbs. lamb stew meat
- 1 qt. hot water
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 3 tsps. salt
- 1 cup sliced onion
- 1 cup sliced celery
- ⅓ cup uncooked rice
- 1 cup Del Monte Tomatoes
- ¾ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup Del Monte Diced Carrots
- 2 No. 2 cans Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas
- ⅓ cup flour
- Biscuit dough (based on 2 cups flour)

Brown meat in 4-qt. kettle; add hot water, pepper and 1 tsp. of the salt. Simmer 1½ hrs. Add onion, celery, rice, tomatoes; simmer ½ hr. Drain liquid from 1 can of peas, mix with flour and 2 tsps. salt. Add to stew with green pepper, carrots and ½ cup of peas. Stir till thickened; then cook slowly for 5 min. Serve over hot biscuits (baked in figure 8 scroll pattern as shown, if desired) surrounded by the rest of the peas, heated and seasoned. Serves 6.

OPEN A CAN
SEE AND TASTE
THE DIFFERENCE
YOURSELF

Extra flavor? Sure—Del Monte always puts

flavor first

Del Monte Early Garden PEAS

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 147)

Oh, shut up, Clarie," said Anne, check-
n impulse to slap her cousin. "Of course
d. It's at the office. You run home now
thank Aunt Erma and Maymie for their
nts." Anne worked an unwilling Claribel
e door.
think we ought to paddle Anne," said

t no attempt was made to paddle Anne.
did not enjoy the rest of the visit, for she
thinking of her birthday, and she sus-
ed that both Jane and Dolores were
king of her birthday. She was glad to
hem leave.
ven if Leonard did have a present for her,
e was going to tell him how humiliated
had been. Further than that, she was
g to have a present, whether Leonard
anything to do with it or not. She was
g downtown, charge the purse and gloves,
aps even the fall coat.
e had resolutely marched two blocks
n Sixth Street when something made her
ate. At first she did not know what it
then she remembered a large Tronheim
ery van that had passed her. She
ed out to the curbing and looked up the
t. Sure enough, the delivery van was
ed in front of the apartment. She
ed around, walked back toward the
tment, slowly at first, then faster when
aw the delivery van drive away.
he apartment was on the third floor, and
e was breathing heavily when she reached
anding. A package
d by the door. It
a large package in
n wrapping paper,
st waist-high, and
e knew before she
hed it that it was
oor-model radio.
dived frantically
ugh her purse for
key, opened the
, placed her arms
nd the radio and
ed and twisted it
ss the floor to the
lle of the living-
n rug. She stripped
he wrapping paper.
Jeez!" she exclaimed.
the center, protected by a convex glass,
a black dial the size of a dinner plate.
each side of the dial were arrays of push
ons, some for tuning, some for tone con-
and some the purpose of which Anne
not know. She looked in the back of the
o. The electric cord was looped and held
a rubber band; Anne, impatient, broke
band. She plugged in the radio.
ll at once the front of the radio dropped
ard. Anne thought she had broken the
o. She pushed on the front, looked inside,
as not only a radio, but a phonograph.
imine!" Anne exclaimed. She ran to
telephone and called Leonard.

ou can't imagine how humiliated I
," said Anne happily when Leonard re-
ed home that evening. "I'm going to
e those kids over, just to show them how
h you didn't forget me."
he following morning at eleven o'clock
was on the telephone, calling her friends.
Come on over tonight," she said to Jane.
e're having a brawl. Bring Bill."
Oh, heck, Bill said an old friend of his
in town and he couldn't see me tonight.
Come over anyhow. It's just a brawl –
g anyone, or just bring yourself.
nne invited Marilyn and Chuck. Dolores
Gene, Beverly. Dolores had a date with
oung man named Rudy, unbeknown to
e, but it was hoped that Rudy would
ingly give up Dolores at the hour of ten
take over Jane, for Gene was supposed
come straight to the apartment upon fin-
ng work at ten.
nne was certain of enough to make a
ng" and she enthusiastically unfolded
plans to Leonard.
"What are you going to serve?" he asked.
"Serve?" Anne looked at him blankly.
's just a brawl. We'll hang around here for
while and dance, and I suppose Gene and
Dolores will want to neck – they always do –
end up at some joint. The chief thing is, I
want them to get a load of my phonograph.

Jane was first to arrive, and then Marilyn and Chuck. Marilyn said that the radio-phonograph was marvelous. Jane, also, was impressed.

They stacked records on the record changer, and Marilyn danced with Chuck and Anne with Leonard. For a full hour no one else came. Leonard and Chuck finally prevailed on the girls to turn off the phonograph and turn on the radio. Both young men were followers of Doctor Stanley's Question Box and were listening to this program when Beverly rapped. Anne opened the door.

ANNE saw that Beverly, as usual, was making her appearance with someone who might do her credit. He was Nick Reed, a slender and tall young man who had achieved some fame as a tennis player and hurdler. He nodded and shook hands when introduced, but did not have much to say.

"What an exquisite radio!" exclaimed Beverly.

"Isn't it scrumptious!" Jane breathed. "But wait'll you hear the phonograph part of it. Anne got it for her birthday."

Leonard and Chuck sacrificed the remainder of Doctor Stanley's Question Box and they once more loaded the phonograph.

There were scuffing and thumping steps outside, and Rudy and Dolores walked in. Rudy was thickset, and although in his early twenties, his thinning hair made him look older. He wore an overcoat but no hat, and his shirt was open at the neck. A cigar was in his mouth and he did not remove it when he came into the room. Anne was about to introduce him to the rest when he noticed Nick.

"Well!" Rudy roared around his cigar. "Nick! What you doing here?"

This was the signal for Nick to become boisterous. His voice was almost as large as Rudy's: "Well, Rudy, I thought some fellow had put you away for good."

With Rudy's arrival, the party began to get loud and strenuous. A pint flask of whisky appeared, and presently a fifth of whisky that seemed to belong to Nick for longer intervals than to anyone else. He lost his aloofness and was revealed as only slightly more grammatical and slightly less profane and slightly less loud than Rudy.

Rudy danced with all the girls. When dancing with Anne, she said, "Can't you take that cigar out of your mouth? You'll singe my hair."

Rudy took two puffs, then removed the cigar. "Smoke twenty of them a day. Habit. Say, I feel like I've met you somewhere before."

"You want me to tell you to feel again to make sure, don'tcha?"

Apparently, though, Rudy had not heard this joke before. He laughed. "Say, that guy over there your husband?" He indicated Leonard.

"Yes. You shoulda let me introduce you around."

"Rather meet people natural.

Jane was talking with Nick. Nick suddenly pointed his finger straight at Anne, roared, "Hey, Rudy, it's her birthday! Let's paddle her!"

Anne began to retreat, but two strong hands grasped her shoulders from behind. It was Chuck.

"Look out!" Anne shrieked. "I can kick."

Jane threw her arms around her and Marilyn helped drag her to the sofa. At least four of those present pushed her down on the cushions, and Anne squirmed to keep her posterior out of reach. Her dress worked up well above her knees.

> Happiness and joy in each brother's company, an anxiety for self-development to be more worthy of the partner, a consciousness of an intellectual, moral and emotional advancement as a result of being together, a longing for each other when separated, a tolerance of each other's foibles, and a willingness to make concessions – these are the experiences had by a courting couple, then they can be fairly certain that between them true love exists.
>
> —REV. J. J. O'CONNOR, S. J.

"They'll smack their lips over this better tasting Lenten Dinner"

says Aunt Jenny

Foods fried the Spry way are so digestible, too!

CAN you make a [illegible] like [illegible]? Then you're a good cook—'specially when you're fixing something homey like fried foods.

"To be sure they're topnotch, fry 'em in pure all-vegetable Spry. Land sakes, it brings out all the natural fat-sea goodness. And even the children can eat their fill—foods fried the Spry way are *so* easy to digest. Just you try 'em and see!"

Fried Fish Fillets

2 pounds fish [illegible] (haddock, cod, *whitefish, mackerel, whiting or herring*) [illegible] Spry

Try any *one* of these four easy ways to prepare your fish for frying:

Method 1: Dip fillets in [illegible]. Methods 2 & 3: Dip fillets in salted evaporated milk, then in crumbs (or into mixture of half crumbs, half corn meal). Method 4: Dip fillets in seasoned flour, then in beaten egg.

[illegible] heat until golden-brown on both sides. There's no unpleasant smoke or smell when you fry the Spry way. And what delicate, delicious flavor you get with pure, all-vegetable Spry! Garnish with lemon. Serves 6.

Skillet French Fries

[illegible] you the crisp, sunny goodness of deep-[illegible]

Cut 6 raw, pared potatoes into ½-inch cubes. Melt ⅓ cup Spry in heavy skillet over full heat. Add potatoes. Fry quickly, turning often with wide spatula until crisp and golden brown, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with 1½ teaspoons salt and serve immediately. Serves 4. Potatoes fry so crisp and tender—so *good* tasting in pure, bland Spry.

Lighter, More Delicious Cakes

Have you discovered how easy it is to make superb cake with Spry and its One-Bowl Cake Method? Spry gives you a magic cake-making secret you don't get in any other type of shortening. Pastry success is child's play with Spry to help. Rely on Spry for ALL your baking and frying.

Spry is a Product of Lever Brothers Company

Aunt Jenny says

"BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL BE A Better Cook WITH Spry"

How to keep Sunday's Veal Roast fresh for Tuesday

It's a slick trick to make my finicky Bob love leftovers. I learned by taking out flavor-insurance with waxed-through Cut-Rite! My leftover roast, those extra carrots and onions, *are* just as flavorful as first-serving . . . if they're wrapped in extra-heavy Cut-Rite.

Air's the culprit, so keep out air! Don't let it rob cooked meat of moistness and flavor! Quick as you whip dishes off the table, wrap up good leftovers in flavor-protecting Cut-Rite!

Now I'm cooking with Cut-Rite and listening to those masculine praises! So easy to wrap one thickness of Cut-Rite around precious leftovers and keep their fresh, yummy flavor. Try my favorite recipe at the right for leftover veal. It's scrumptious!

VEAL GOURMET

Flavor-Saved by Cut-Rite

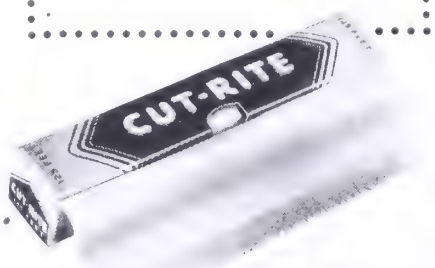
Cut 3 small acorn squash in half, remove seeds. Bake at 425° until center is soft (about 40 minutes). Fill with creamed veal, sprinkle top with grated cheese mixed with bread crumbs, return to oven, bake until top is brown.

Creamed Veal

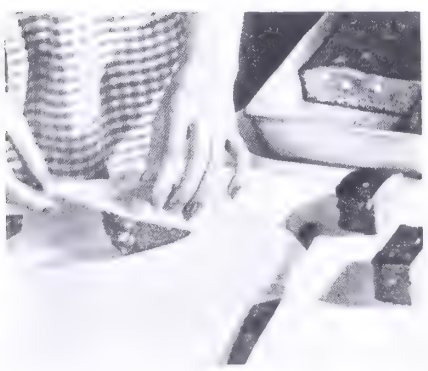
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
1 cup milk
½ tsp. salt
2 cups leftover veal cut in small pieces

Melt butter, add flour and combine. Add milk and salt. Cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add veal, and 2 or 3 drops lemon juice.

THE BOX WITH THE FAMOUS CUTTING EDGE . . .



"Cut-Rite" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Wrap sticky cookies, pieces of fudge in one thickness of Cut-Rite to help keep them fresh as the moment you take them from the pan!

Save dishwashing. Grate cheese or onion on extra-heavy, waxed-through Cut-Rite. Tears evenly, easily. **A Scott Paper Product.**

Several swats were delivered. Anne kicked and twisted, and the target was difficult to reach.

Leonard was talking with Beverly. He did not hear a rap at the door, but Beverly did.

"It must be Gene," she said.

Leonard opened the door. It was not Gene, but Bill Denny and Marjorie Purdy.

"Well, hello!" Leonard exclaimed, completely surprised. He asked them in, although he was uncomfortably conscious of the row in the neighborhood of the sofa. "A birthday paddling," he apologized.

Rudy delivered a terrific swat. Anne screamed.

"Cut it out!" ordered Leonard. It was obvious that things were getting out of hand.

Anne sat up. She said to Rudy, "Why don't you use a horsewhip?" She rubbed her seat.

"Hello, people," said Bill. "I'd have barged in sooner and helped you out, but I left my billy club in my other pants."

"Hello," said Jane coldly.

Bill placed his hand on Jane's head, but she pulled away. "Cut it out!" she protested.

"Who you with?" asked Anne.

"You know who it is. Margie. Now I would suggest that you go over there and strike up a beautiful friendship; she's been wanting to meet you."

"I'll bet she's been getting a swell impression. She can come over here if she wants to meet me."

But Leonard also wanted her to meet Marjorie, and Anne arose reluctantly. Leonard introduced them.

"Hi," said Anne.

"Hello, my dear," said Marjorie.

Anne found that Marjorie did not at all resemble the snapshot Leonard had carried. Instead of the straight lip, here was a graceful little chiseling painted bright red. Her nose and chin were curved sharply and neatly. Her jet-black hair was set off by a small yellow ribbon, and Anne wished that she had remembered to put something in her own hair. Marjorie's ankles were slender and her bosom lifted her blouse nicely.

Stuart Cloete, who has made South Africa an interesting and fascinating country, tells a story which deals with an early courting custom there that ranks with our own custom of bundling in colonial days. When the Dutch settled in South Africa, suitors could visit with their girls for only as long as one candle burned. A fellow knew just where he stood: if the girl lit a long candle he was in solid; a short candle meant the sooner he left the better.

Anne noticed Jane and Bill arguing. "Bill seems to be having a helluva time with Jane," said Anne to Marjorie. "I guess you made her jealous."

Marjorie laughed. "Bill and I are just old friends—he used to chase me home from school when I was in fourth grade and he was in sixth. That's a lovely phonograph Lennie bought you, Anne, even if your crowd likes it rather loud. How are you two making out?"

"O.K. You still going with Adrian What's-his-name?"

"Oh dear, yes. You have a nice ——" Marjorie began, but Anne interrupted Marjorie by leaping to her feet.

Jane, her face white, her eyes red, was running across the room. Anne, on Jane's heels, entered the bathroom, shut the door. Anne helped support Jane while she vomited, and then they sat on the edge of the bathtub.

"Feel better?" asked Anne.

"I guess. Whew! I wanna go home. I ain't waiting for Gene or anyone else."

"I'll get Bill to take you. You two can make up in the car—just see if you don't." It was settled as far as Anne was concerned. She explained to Bill.

"I'll tell Margie," he said.

"No, I'll tell her. Jane's pretty sick, and you better get going."

Anne returned to Marjorie, who noticed Bill and Jane going out the door.

"Where's Bill going?" asked Marjorie.

"Oh, Jane was sick and I had him take her home," said Anne.

Marilyn came over. "Anne," she said softly, giving a meaningful nod toward Dolores and Rudy, "when Gene gets here, there's going to be an awful lot of trouble."

Dolores and Rudy were in the big chair, firmly in each other's arms.

"Dolores is hopeless," said Anne. "We better get them out of here."

"Speaking of leaving," said Beverly, "I'd give a great deal to be rid of this inebriate." Nick was sprawled over two chairs. "He can never drive," said Beverly. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask some gallant gentleman to help me out."

"I'll drive," said Chuck.

Dolores and Rudy stirred.

"Hey, you two," said Chuck. "We're leaving."

"S'long," Dolores murmured.

"You're coming with us," said Leonard. "Come on, Rudy. Give me your car key."

Rudy was on his feet. Dolores stood unsteadily. "No guy's goin' to drive for me!" Rudy announced loudly.

"I guess you can drive, all right," exclaimed Chuck. "We have to get Nick home."

Rudy and Dolores lurched to the door.

Nick was still occupying two chairs. Chuck got under one arm and Leonard the other, and they half walked, half dragged him to the back door.

In the car, Anne seated herself between Leonard and Marjorie, while the rest of the crowd got in Nick's car.

They drove past the long blocks. Anne fished a cigarette from Leonard's pocket, lit it. No one spoke until they reached Marjorie's aunt's house.

"I guess you'll have to wake your aunt," Leonard apologized. The house was dark.

"That's all right, Lennie," said Marjorie. "As long as I'll probably have to get her up anyway, I wonder if you'd mind driving me to the drugstore. My head aches—I'd like some aspirin."

As soon as Leonard had got out of the car at the drugstore, Anne said to Marjorie, "Your head don't ache."

"It does. I've had a long train ride, and, frankly, your friends are a little noisy for me."

"They suit me."

"Perhaps they do. But, my dear, here's a word of advice: Lennie isn't going to ——"

"His name's Leonard!"

"All right, then. Leonard isn't going to stand for your type of friends indefinitely. He doesn't want just a giddy high-school kid whom he's afraid to introduce ——"

"In other words," Anne snapped, "he should have married you instead of me."

"Not at all. Lennie and I are just very good friends. I merely was trying to say that if things between you two continue in anything like the fashion I've witnessed tonight, you're going to find yourself without a husband. Your marriage won't last a year."

"Now let me give *you* some friendly advice! If you go sticking your big nose in our affairs again ——"

At this moment Leonard returned to the car and Anne's "advice" was cut short. However, on the way back to Marjorie's aunt's, Anne contrived to make both Marjorie and Leonard uncomfortable.

"Darling," she cooed, "I don't think Margie got a very nice impression of my friends. Darling, don't you think it would be nice to have Margie and A-dri-an down for Sunday dinner sometime? I want her to see how cozy we really can be, and I could bake a cake and afterward we could go to a dance—that is, if she and A-dri-an dance—do you, dear?—or perhaps it would be nicer if we had a little party, only this time a *nice* party."

After they left Marjorie, not a word was spoken between Anne and Leonard until they were undressing for bed. Then Leonard said, "I didn't like the way you acted."

"Shut up!" said Anne crossly.

(Continued on Page 152)

Read what you get in 2 Glasses of

OVALTINE

more **VITAMIN A** than **2** servings of Peas

more **VITAMIN B**1 than **3** servings of Oatmeal

more **VITAMIN C** than **4** ounces of Tomato Juice

more **VITAMIN D** than **10** ounces of Butter

more **VITAMIN G** than **1** pound of Sirloin Steak

more **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS** than **2½** servings of American Cheese

more **IRON** than **3** servings of Spinach more **PROTEIN** than **3** Eggs

more **FOOD-ENERGY** than **2** servings of Ice Cream

more **NIACIN** than **6** slices of Enriched Bread

It's the Newer Way for Better Results

Get ALL your Vitamins in Food

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals. You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS... Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

Yes, hands can scour a coal-black stove and still be milk white

If you think that daily hard housework *must* leave your hands all roughened up, red, and scratchy dry . . . you're wrong! You're *right* . . . if you use creamy-rich Pacquins to help combat that housework look. This snowy, fragrant cream helps keep hands looking delicately whiter, romantically softer and smoother.

Pacquins was first made for Doctors and Nurses

Yes, Pacquins was first made for doctors and nurses who scrub their hands thirty to forty times a day. They had to have something that would really *work* . . . really help keep hands softer, smoother. And Pacquins proved effective . . . as it will for you too!

Pacquins
HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth, fragrant . . not sticky . . not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.
Pacquins
HAND CREAM

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT OR TEN-CENT STORE

(Continued from Page 150)

In the days immediately following, the party was scarcely mentioned. But the words and thoughts had not evaporated. Anne thought of Marjorie and Marjorie's advice, and was uncomfortable. That there had been anything wrong in the way she had acted at the party had not occurred to Anne at the time. Marjorie had returned to Wildfield, and there seemed a tacit agreement between Anne and Leonard that her name not be mentioned again.

Leonard had had no great illusions about Anne, and thus had not been forced to make a drastic downward revision of his concept of her since their marriage.

But his idea of Anne as a housewife did need modification, in some respects for the better, in some for the worse. He found her to have a good sense of money value with no unreasonable cupidity, although she did claim all loose coin lying on the vanity scarf as her own. On the other hand, she was a more lax housekeeper than he had anticipated, and his anticipations had not been high. She prepared only the simplest of meals, and then frequently only after she had lost an argument about eating out at a restaurant. She permitted the dirty dishes to stack in the sink. The furniture became disarranged and the apartment dirty until Leonard, his sense of order and cleanliness outraged, pitched into the housework.

She had ample energy; during one of her rare spells of tidiness she would work hard. What she did not know about housekeeping she was capable of learning readily enough, but she seemed to fight clear of the idea of housekeeping.

He got the idea that she should associate with someone better than Dolores, and began to tell her about Mrs. Irene Frame, wife of Dean Frame, the young advertising manager of the ice-cream company. Anne evinced no interest in Mrs. Frame, and as Leonard was not too sure that Irene would like Anne anyway, that campaign did not get very far.

Nevertheless, Leonard was not discouraged. He bought a pork roast, the first roast they had had since their marriage.

Anne looked at it dubiously. "What do you want me to do with it?"

"Why, roast it, of course. I've been hungry for roast pork for weeks."

Anne silently took the roast and placed it in the refrigerator. That afternoon Leonard optimistically thought of Anne preparing the meat for the oven. But when he returned home, he was not surprised to find Anne had done nothing with the roast.

The next day, at noon, Leonard was more emphatic. "See here," he said, "I want that roast for dinner tonight. If we keep it much longer, it will spoil."

"Oh, all right."

"There's nothing better than roast pork. Now you know how it's done—half an inch or an inch of water is enough, and keep it around three hundred and fifty degrees. I want that roast pretty darn bad. You will fix it, won't you?"

"Sure. But I'm not promising to eat any."

Leonard was blissfully confident that Anne would keep her word. He whistled as he drove home, and hoped that the roast was still in the oven so that he would be sure of having gravy. Anne probably would not think of making gravy. Leonard's appetite became yet more eager. He opened the apartment door, saw Anne in a chair, reading a movie magazine, but smelled nothing but a slight, stale tobacco odor.

"Where's the roast?" he demanded.

"I intended to fix it," said Anne, "but Dolores called."

"So what? Who is Dolores, anyhow? She's nothing but a cheap little piece of trash."

"My friends are none of your business."

"Yes, they are."

But no amount of argument would prepare the roast for the table that evening. The next day, fortunately for Leonard's appetite for roast pork, was Saturday. He prepared the roast himself, although he insisted that Anne watch.

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Maiden Form
* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Allo-Ette" superbly moulds and controls the *average* bosom and that "in-between" type, the just *slightly* larger-than-average bosom. Made with 2-inch diaphragm band for additional support and featured in 100% Pure Silk at $5.00, as well as in other fabrics, $1.75 up.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

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Smart Women wear INVIZ-A-GRIPS

5 REASONS WHY
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Replacement garters available at leading chain stores

INVIZ-A-GRIP
The Modern Garter on Finer Corsetry

O YOU SHRINK
FROM WASHING
SWEATERS?

Quick as a wink, I wash sweaters, sox, blankets and baby things . . leave them clean and fluffy as kittens! Colors remain bright; delicate fibres stay alive!" Endorsed by America's leading sweater manufacturers. A 25¢ box of **WOOLFOAM** washes 6 sweaters. Grocery, Drug or Department Stores.

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INVISIBLE MENDING
AS FAST AS YOUR MACHINE CAN SEW

ACME
Stitch Master
WITH THE MAGIC FINGER

MAKES YOUR SEWING MACHINE TWICE AS VALUABLE--SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN USE IT!

Say goodbye to costly alterations . . . and get the nuisance of trying to keep *blind* stitches from showing. It's easy with *Miracle* STITCH MASTER, the amazing invention that doubles the value of your sewing machine . . . enabling it to do the *entire* sewing job—from *blind* collar seams to *blind* skirt hems as well as any other sewing job that calls for *hidden* or *invisible* stitching. Comes to you *completely assembled* . . . all ready to use! Eliminates hours of tedious handwork . . . *Miracle* STITCH MASTER gives you trim, tailored hems, professional-looking cuffs and edges in a matter of minutes. See it—try it — buy it — today. At your favorite department store .....

$6.95 EA.

Included . . .
"HOW TO SEW SO EASY"
48 pages of sewing short cuts.
If STITCH MASTER is not yet in your favorite department store, write to:

STITCH MASTER CO. Dept. L Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Leonard had various errands to perform that afternoon. He [illegible] to the apartment and looked in the oven. "You let the water boil away," he accused Anne. "Why didn't you look at it?"

"Ho-hum," said Anne.

After pouring more water in the roaster, Leonard burned his fingers while replacing the lid. "Damn it!" he exclaimed. "What do you have to be such a big baby for? Why can't you give me a little co-operation?"

"I did look at it," Anne declared. "It didn't need any water then."

Finally the roast was served. Anne tasted it.

"It tastes foul," she said.

"It tastes all right," Leonard maintained. "It would be perfect if you hadn't let it burn."

Leonard was surprised one day when Anne, quite without warning, said seriously, "You get awfully disgusted with me sometimes, don't you?"

"What do you mean?" he parried.

"I mean that you get to thinking you ought to have married a home girl."

"I wouldn't say that."

"Just the same, half the time you're wishing I was a better home girl."

Few words that Anne had spoken created a greater impression on Leonard than these. They meant that Anne had been thinking.

There was no overnight reformation, but there were favorable indications. For one thing, she finally got around to mending his socks. For another thing, Anne baked her first cake. This was for her mother, whose birthday ironically coincided with several days' illness. Leonard got to eat none of the cake, but was nevertheless pleased.

There are no small steps in great affairs.

—DE RETZ: Quoted in Human Nature. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

"It will make her even sicker if she eats it," said Anne. "I don't know what she'll think, but dad will be proud of me."

Leonard interpreted the cake to mean a new interest in family ties, in quieter, more substantial things. He had some news for her.

"By the way," he said, "Tate's putting in a new man up at Cabel City and he wants me to go up there next week and help him get started."

"How big's Cabel City?"

"About three thousand."

She immediately lost interest in Cabel City.

"Sunday we could drive over to Wildfield," Leonard suggested. "I want you to meet my dad."

"Oh, I don't want to poke away a week end in any hick town."

Several things occurred that week to put Anne in sullen humor.

She learned Tuesday that Vincent Lucas was appearing in person that evening in the city of Liverton. Liverton was only seventy miles distant, yet Anne's entreaties, which approached the point of tears, would not get Leonard to take her. Wednesday night she had wanted to see the motion picture, Enter, Mr. Cupid, but Leonard had insisted on postponing this movie in favor of littering the apartment with uninteresting accounting books he had brought home from the office.

So, on Friday, Anne was in sullen humor. She sat at the apartment window and glared at the fallen leaves on the parkings of Buchanan Avenue. Toward the middle of the afternoon, however, her spirits were lifted by a telephone call from Dolores Tyler. Dolores said she had a date with Luther Griswold for that evening "if Luther can get a guy to work in his place." Some time later Dolores called Anne again to inform her that Luther, after all, had to work. Whereupon the two girls agreed to walk to the GoodnKrisp together, and Anne left the apartment.

(Continued on Page 155)

SHORTBACK

Foot Savers

shoes with a dual personality

so feminine— Foot Savers have it—femininity-plus! Gentle, graceful lines that enhance your foot . . . your costume, too. In luxury leathers with deft dressmaker detailing or trim tailored touches for a truly feminine Spring.

so fitting— Foot Savers fit—perfectly—from heel to toe. Made over the exclusive Shortback* Last, they hug your heel firmly, yet free your toes amply. Fitting? Yes! Comfortable? Oh, so!

Write for name of nearest store. The Julian & Kokenge Company, 38 W. Main Street, Columbus 15, Ohio.

Only Foot Savers are made over the Shortback Last which prevents looseness and gapping at the heel without pinching at the toe.

FOOT SAVERS ARE A PRODUCT OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

"WE REDHEADED HINCKLEYS *NEVER* FIGHT (AT BREAKFAST)"

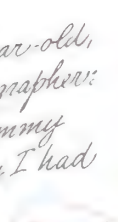
The Herbert Hinckleys of Hartsdale, New York

"Wow", said my enthusiastic Johnny at breakfast today, "I could eat Grape-Nuts Flakes forever." He's sold on that Sugarroasted flavor—and I'm sold on the wholesome nourishment in delicious whole-grain Grape-Nuts Flakes.

My husband, Herb, is all for Post-Tens. And no wonder! "Even redheads are peaceful," says he, "when they can each pick their own cereal." Today Herb chose Post's Bran Flakes—says it's a delicious way to get the bran that helps keep him feeling so fit.

Paul ate two boxes of Corn Toasties this morning—and asked for more! Certainly proves that new Post's Corn Toasties really are fresher, crisper and toastier than ever! And I know they're an important energy food!

Lovable Alice, my 6-year-old, told the POST-TENS photographer: "Yesterday I had yummy Grape-Nuts and today I had yummy Rice Toasties and tomorrow I haven't decided yet."



7 favorite Cereals to please any taste

Post-Tens

3 POST'S CORN TOASTIES, 2 GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES, 1 GRAPE-NUTS, 1 SHREDDED WHEAT, 1 RAISIN BRAN, 1 BRAN FLAKES, 1 RICE TOAS ES

(Continued from Page 154)

Although it was only ten minutes after
when she returned, she found Leonard
eady at home.

"We better hurry the dinner so we can get
rted," he said.

"I'm not going," Anne declared.

Leonard began to swear. "Why aren't you
ng?" he demanded.

"I just don't want to go. Besides, I prom-
d Dolores I'd go to the Paramount with
tonight."

"Do you mean to say that hanging around
t trash is more important than going with
to Wildfield?" Leonard was thoroughly
ry, but there was no changing Anne's
d. He went to the bedroom, jerked open
chest drawers. "Where's my shirts?" he
uted. "Didn't they get back from the
ndry?"

"They never got to the laundry. I forgot
call them."

The bedroom was noisy with a number of
rds Anne seldom heard from Leonard.
t finally his temper subsided.

"Well"—Leonard hesitated awkwardly—
case you have to get in touch with me,
can call long-distance. Just the Logan
Cream Company in Cabel City. Dad
esn't have a phone, but if I'm in Wildfield,
can call the Purdys."

"I wouldn't be caught dead calling the
rdys!" Anne exclaimed.

Leonard had his traveling bag in hand, his
t on. "Well, good-by," he said, leaning
r to kiss his wife.

Anne remained seated after Leonard left,
t leaned forward to peer out into the street.
e heard the familiar slamming of their car
or, saw the lights switch on, heard the
tor start.

She felt less and less like going to the show
h Dolores. She felt as though she had
n running a race with all her might, only
discover, when she was exhausted, she
d been running in the wrong direction.
The telephone rang and Anne answered.
was Dolores. "Say, kid, it's all off. Luther
pped in a few minutes ago. He got the guy
work for him after all. I'm a million times
ry, kid, but maybe ——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Anne. "I don't
d much like going out."

Anne did maintain a proud if lonely in-
pendence that evening and did not leave
e apartment. The next afternoon she at-
mpted, without success, to reach Jane and
arilyn by telephone. She walked down-
wn and saw Enter, Mr. Cupid, alone. It
s a poor show, and like most poor shows it
t Anne with a feeling of emptiness, of
istration. Anne returned home with the
intention of [illegible]. She picked up a magazine and started a story, but by the time she was at the bottom of the first column she found her eyes skimming the print without leaving the slightest impression on her mind, and she threw the magazine down.

So there was nothing left to do but seek company. She decided that she could stand the apartment no longer, so she put on her coat and headed for Jane's. There was no light on in the front of the house; nor was there a light in the back. She rang the doorbell, but no one answered.

Once more Anne returned to the empty apartment. In the hallway she was greeted by one of her neighbors, a young man in topcoat hurrying toward the outside door. There was a slight questioning look on his face, and Anne could almost hear him say to himself, "Where is your husband?"

She switched on the center light. The apartment always looked brightly bald and uninviting under the center light, and Anne hastened to get out of her coat and turn the center light off and switch on a lamp. She had to make the apartment look as cozy as possible, as though there were nothing missing. It was strange, Anne considered, the difference that Leonard's absence made.

She went to the kitchen, made herself a bread, butter and brown sugar sandwich, and sat down at the dinette table. She heard the young man she had met in the hallway come back and enter his apartment. Liberty was a strange thing. She might that night have a lover, and Leonard would be none the wiser. She might invite this young man over to eat with her, or ask him in to fix the sink drain. She knew him to be a bachelor, so it would be simple to get him to come and simpler to get him to stay. Anne was not much tempted; it was just strange to think how very easy it would be to be unfaithful to her husband.

Anne wondered where Leonard was at that moment. He had probably finished his business in Cabel City and was in Wildfield. Would he walk across the street and see Marjorie? Anne suddenly had a disturbingly vivid picture of the Purdy living room with a realistic Marjorie and Leonard talking and laughing and a vague Mrs. Purdy in the background preparing refreshments.

Anne began to wonder why she had been so stubborn about not going. She wished now that she had gone.

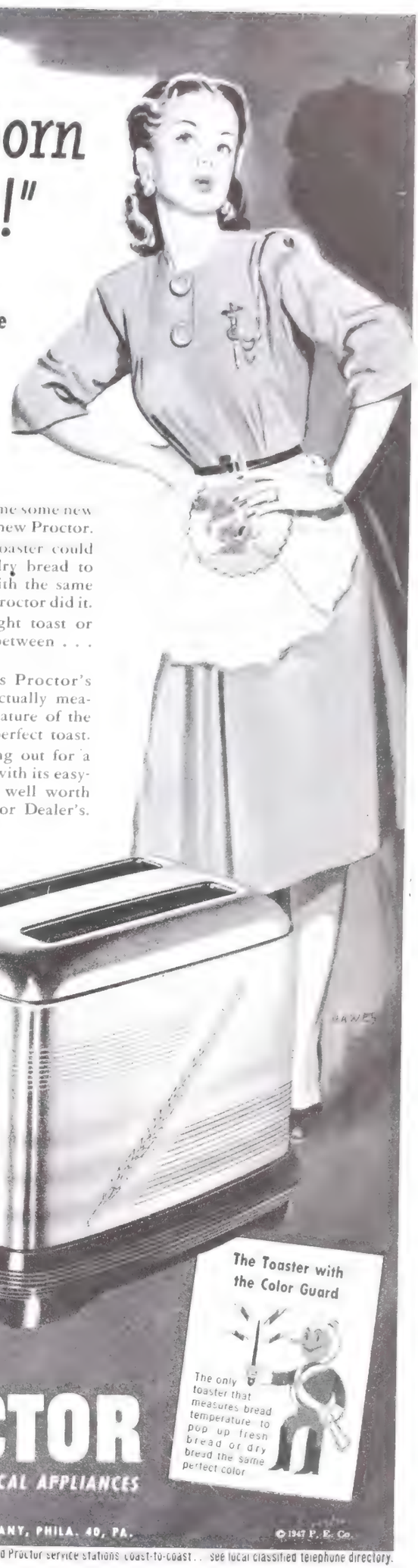
Next morning, when Anne was up and dressed, she found that the complexion of everything had changed from that of the evening before. For one thing, Leonard

(Continued on Page 157)

"I used to be the star, but now I'm only an extra."

"Stubborn me!"

"Holding out for the newest thing in toasters—the PROCTOR Color Guard"



Edith did it. She showed me some new toaster tricks...with her new Proctor.

I never thought any toaster could toast fresh bread and dry bread to the same even brown with the same knob setting—until her Proctor did it.

You can set it for light toast or dark, or anywhere in between . . . And *that's* what you get.

Unlike other toasters Proctor's amazing Color Guard actually measures the surface temperature of the bread itself to pop up perfect toast.

That's why I'm holding out for a smart gleaming Proctor with its easy-to-clean crumb-tray. It's well worth seeing . . . at your Proctor Dealer's.

The Toaster with the Color Guard

The only toaster that measures bread temperature to pop up fresh bread or dry bread the same perfect color

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

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JUST MEANT FOR LENT!

*Fish and Fixin's... 58¢ to 62¢ a portion**

MENU
(Serves 4)

Broiled Fish Fillets†
Creamy Hashed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes
Hot Cross Buns Spread
Avocado and Grapefruit Salad
Lemon Snow Pudding
Coffee Tea Milk

† **BROILED FISH FILLETS**

Place 1½ pounds fillets in greased shallow pan. Brush with melted margarine, butter or cooking oil. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Place in heated broiler under moderate heat 10 to 20 minutes, depending upon thickness of fillets. Baste several times with melted fat or cooking oil.

Fish fillets for broiling: Haddock, Cod, Pollack, Yellow Pike.

Recipe cost estimated for price of Haddock.

Menu and recipe tested and priced by the A&P Test Kitchen

A&P TESTED

Picture this spread on your Lenten table! Flavorful broiled fish fillets with creamy hashed potatoes, succulent broiled tomatoes, and a zesty fresh fruit salad, served with tempting Hot Cross Buns. Complete the picture with lemon snow pudding, a beverage, and a smile of satisfaction . . . remembering it costs only 58¢ to 62¢ a serving.

It's a snap to make delectable dinners at prices that click with your budget . . . when you plan a little and shop regularly at your friendly A&P Super Market. You see, A&P buys dozens of fine foods direct from their source . . . has others made for its exclusive sale. This eliminates many unnecessary in-between expenses . . . and you share the savings! Come shop the A&P "Super" saving way today!

A&P SUPER MARKETS

FOR GOOD EATING AT SENSIBLE COST...
TURN TO A&P
A&P

**Cost based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

(Continued from Page 155)

probably get home that night. Anne
d as she went to the door to pick up
nday Record. She scattered the paper
floor, got down on her knees to read.
she had finished it was almost noon,
ıe decided to combine her breakfast
nner in one meal.

meal was even more sketchy than
she usually prepared, but Anne de-
that, with a cigarette for dessert, she
be satisfied. But she could find no
to light her cigarette.

search led her into the pockets of
rd's suits. She did find a match book,
so found a sales slip of the Penley
Shop, dated ten days previously, for
zen chrysanthemums.

ow who the hell were those for?" Anne
ned.

y certainly had not been for her. Leon-
id given flowers to someone and had
ld her about it. Of course, if he had
them to Marjorie Purdy, he would not
r. Perhaps there was a great deal
n between Leonard and Marjorie that
did not know about. Perhaps the
business about going to Wildfield was
.

v Anne did not actually believe all this.
he possibility occurred to her. Anne
d somebody substantial to talk to. She
ht of Mary.

isit to her family in the evening might
erpreted as a loss of independence on
s part, but a visit in the afternoon
l appear casual. Anne marched toward
partment door, then
ed, scribbled a note:
e to folks. Be back
ec."

s. Karlan was visiting
Bezdek, but the rest
family were at home.
found Mary in her
, dressing.

Hi," said Anne.
atcha doing?"

Why, hello, sis," said
. "I've got a date.
's on your mind?"

h, nothing much." Anne flopped on the
"Leonard ain't in town. Had to go
on business."

ary continued to powder her face.
ere'd he go?"

Cabel City. And then up to Wildfield to
is dad."

Didn't he ask you along?"

Yes,"

ary turned around. "Well, you nut!
didn't you go?"

Oh, I dunno." Then she was truthful. "I
s I was kinda mad at him."

ary remained partly turned in her chair
ce Anne. "You should have gone," she
sed her sister.

rs. Karlan returned, and she and Mr.
an asked Anne to stay for supper, but
e refused. "Leonard's away, but he's
home any minute."

THAT was a nice bouquet you and him
e me," said Mrs. Karlan. "I don't know
I come to be sick I never was sick be-
Are you sure you won't stay?"

o that was where the flowers had gone.
)," said Anne. "I gotta run straight
ne."

e wondered whether [illegible] tell
nard that she had found out about the
ers. She felt ashamed. He had shown
sideration for her family, but she had
wn no desire whatsoever to visit his. As
hurried home, she was not sure that she
ed that he were there waiting for her it
ld be better if he did not come until she
the newspapers picked up, her clothes
away, the bed made, the dishes washed.
ler note was still leaning against the lamp
e. For the first time since Leonard had
, Anne was fully conscious of the messi-
s of the apartment: the chairs were awry
draped with her house coat, a slip and a
r of hose; on top of the radio was a pile of
gazines, and on top of the magazines were
ottle of Passion Red nail polish and a
tle of polish remover.

Anne furiously went to work [illegible]
in order. She was hungry [illegible] would
have to wait until the apartment was pre-
sentable. Then she fried two eggs and ate
from scraps in the refrigerator.

In the cupboard, she discovered a bottle of
stuffed olives. Few things, at the moment,
could have given her a more pleasurable
thrill. Leonard did not like olives. What
could be more boyish than [illegible] wondered, excitedly prying at the lid of the bot-
tle. There were a great many things about
Leonard to recommend him, she thought as
she contentedly munched olives.

SHE washed the dishes, and then she
cleaned the apartment further. In putting
away her clothing in the closet, Anne bumped
against the large laundry bag. She became
thoughtful. She opened the chest drawer in
which Leonard kept his shirts, found only
three shirts, and those with collars frayed.
Aside from laundering small items in the wash-
bowl, Anne had never attempted the wash-
ing. After fifteen seconds' deliberation she
clattered down the steps to the first floor,
rapped on the landlady's door.

The washing machine, it developed, was
claimed by other tenants on all days but
Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. She might,
however, do her washing that evening, pro-
vided she promised to get her clothes off the
line early Monday morning. Anne agreed.

Now that Anne had made up her mind to
do the washing, she found herself buoyantly
self-confident, although she had but a rough
idea about the procedure. She had soap and
she borrowed bluing and
clothespins from her land-
lady.

She dumped clothes in-
to the washer, ran them
through the wringer into
the first tub, then into
the second, then again
through the wringer be-
fore hanging them on the
line. The whole procedure
operated beautifully. Anne,
whistling, went about the
business with an almost
arrogant assurance. To all appearances, it
might have been her hundredth washing
rather than her first. Until she made an un-
pleasant discovery.

She held in her hand one of Leonard's
white shirts that she had just lifted from the
washer. Only now it was an uneven pink,
not white. She dragged four other shirts
from the wash water, and they, too, were of
the same unlovely color.

Anne now remembered that she should
have separated the clothes. She found the
cause of the disgrace: a pair of red anklets
that she had bought a number of days before.
She could find no remedy. She drained the
washer, refilled it, washed the shirts again,
but the pink persisted.

"Oh, damn!" Anne muttered as she
climbed the steps. Her eyes were moist and
her throat thick. "He wanted me to do the
washing. I hope he's satisfied."

She then had nothing to do but think of
her failure and think of Leonard. As during
the preceding evening, she felt restless, but
she did not leave the apartment, because she
was sure that Leonard was due any minute.
She played her phonograph and found some
consolation in her blues records. As it be-
came later she began to concede that Leon-
ard might not get back that night at all. She
wanted to call him. But not badly enough to
call the Purdys.

Next morning she calculated that Leonard
would spend the morning in Cabel City and
not get home till five or six o'clock that
evening.

Not without trepidation at again seeing
the shirts she had spoiled, Anne went to the
basement to take her washing off the line.
Anne crammed the clothes into two pillow-
cases and lugged them to the kitchen. Al-
though not extensive, her experience in iron-
ing was enough so that this work proceeded
without mishap.

Finally she had everything ironed but the
pink shirts. She studied one of the shirts to
see if it could be folded in any manner so that

> **Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.**
>
> SIDNEY SMITH. From Table Talk From Ben Johnson to Leigh Hunt: Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Jane Parker

Hot Cross Buns

Serve them for dessert, or serve them for breakfast . . . they're always in big demand throughout the Lenten season. For these delicious oven-gems are full of the tasty fruit tidbits and tempting spices that make you say "Ah!" when you taste them. Of course they're always fresh . . . because Jane Parker Hot Cross Buns are delivered fresh daily every day of Lent! Try these oven-treasures today!

Delivered FRESH DAILY throughout Lent . . . February 19 to April 6

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES . . . Except on Pacific Coast

A&P

Don't be a Rubbit!

Don't try to clean that messy, crusty skillet with elbow grease and a sloshy dishrag! *Whisk* it smooth with a spunky Brillo pad! Brillo is quick! Tidy!

Be BRILLO wise!

Lightning-quick, Brillo swoops off greasy scorch and crust! Fast! Neat! Easy! Brillo's sturdy, square metal-fiber pads make pots and pans *gleam* like silver! Give all your pans daily care with Brillo. The special *shine* ingredient in Brillo soap keeps 'em mirror-bright! Wonderful for aluminums!

BRILLO EVERY DAY keeps pans like new!

Keep all your pots and pans looking new as the day you bought 'em! Give them a quick easy Brillo shine-up every time you use 'em. Brillo won't let them get that old sooty look! Get your Brillo today!

BRILLO comes 2 ways!

★ GREEN box—soap & pads

★ RED box—soap pads

Shines aluminum fast!

the most nearly white cloth would be on the outside. It was no use, but she decided that the shock to Leonard might be less if the shirts were neatly ironed.

Anne ate her lunch at Sally's Shack early that afternoon. As she was sitting at her table, she decided the situation was intolerable and determined to do something about it. She considered herself foolish for sitting around, waiting, hoping, expecting—and then being disappointed. If necessary, she would take the first train she could get to Cabel City or Wildfield. First, however, she would telephone, even if it meant calling the Purdys.

As Anne climbed the apartment steps she was thinking of what she might say to Marjorie, if such a disagreeable eventuality came to pass. Her forehead was furrowed as she opened the door, entered the living room. She looked up, startled. Leonard was sitting at the dinette table.

They could not talk fast enough. "Holy cow!" Anne exclaimed. "I was just going to hop a train and come up after you."

"What's happened?" said Leonard. "I see you cleaned up the apartment. I had a puncture."

Anne sat down opposite Leonard. She looked at her husband as though he were a novelty. Presently their nervous enthusiasm at again finding each other quieted. Leonard went to the bathroom, took off his shirt and jersey to wash, while Anne followed him.

Then she admitted, "I should have gone."

"Well, nothing much happened." Leonard, in turn, was being conciliatory. "You probably would have had a dull time."

"I guess I should have gone, anyway," Anne repeated.

He wiped his hands on a towel, marched to the bedroom to open his traveling bag.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Leonard had a shirt removed from the traveling bag. "I'm going back to work. I have to go downtown anyway. I have to buy some shirts to carry me over until the laundry gets back. You remembered to call the laundry, didn't you?"

Anne shook her head uneasily.

Leonard was forgiving. "I'll call."

"No," Anne interposed quickly. "You don't have to call. You got shirts."

"You did the washing?"

"Yes," Anne replied miserably. "I did the washing and ironing. But you don't have to be so enthusiastic about it."

"Why not?" Leonard said. "That's the most astounding piece of good news I've heard in a long time."

"I wish you weren't so happy. You won't be after you see what happened to some of your shirts."

Anne jerked open a drawer, tossed Leonard's pink shirts on the bed. He regarded them dumbly.

"Well," he said at last, "they might come in handy. If I wanted a red rag to tie on the end of a ladder. If I had to tow a ladder behind the car. If I only had a ladder."

"You wanted me to do the washing. Maybe a bleach ——"

"Cheer up. I've got other shirts. Nicely ironed too." He kissed her.

THE next day, while Leonard was at work, there was a wild clatter of feet on the steps and then an imperative pounding on the door. It was Jane.

"Guess what!" puffed Jane. She bounced into a chair, breathing heavily. "Go ahead, kid, guess!"

"You're going to be married?"

"No. Guess again."

"You know I don't like to guess. What is it?"

"Vincent Lucas—he's *coming!*"

Anne shrieked. Jane threw her arms around Anne and they collapsed, giggling, on the sofa. Then Anne sat up. "When?" she asked, excited.

"November eighth."

"Oh," Anne groaned, "I don't think I can live that long. *Three weeks!*"

"Ain't it awful!" gasped Jane. "If Bill won't take me, I'm going to get someone else to. And if I can't find anybody else, I'm going alone, even if my parents won't let me. Honey, let's listen to all your Vincent Lucas records."

Anne needed no teasing. Finally, after the last note of the last record, a reverent quietness prevailed in the apartment. The girls did not screech or giggle, but talked seriously. This mood continued until Beverly Marshall quite unexpectedly arrived.

"Well, hi!" Anne exclaimed. "Long time no see. Guess what, kid—Vincent Lucas is coming! November eighth!"

"That's nice," said Beverly.

"We're going," declared Anne, "if it's the last thing we do on earth. Are you?"

"I don't know. I may have another engagement."

Jane and Anne, momentarily struck dumb by Beverly's disinterest, stared at her.

"You never acted like this before, Bev. You were always just as nuts about Vincent Lucas as anyone."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When Fighting Men Return

By Mildred Louise Bole

Not the physician's but the lover's hand
Can dress the jumping nerve and heart, avoid
The shell-shocked regions, deftly understand
The needed secrets, hated or enjoyed.
Not the reporter but the listening love
Hears half the glories, shame, and sleep-torn words,
Reads what the blinded eyes are speaking of,
And sets the crippled body free as birds.
Better than any commanding officer
The loved one, giving no orders, knows how best
To channel muscled service and refer
Power to living jobs and fruitful rest.
Remember love, when fighting men return,
And gently give them home, and wait, and learn.

—From Better Than Laughter (University of Minnesota Press.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"People change," said Beverly. "I liked his orchestra—I still do—but, frankly, I'm rather tired of his boudoir baritone."

"Say," said Anne, belligerent, "you don't have to go talking that way about him."

Beverly laughed. "Now, Anne, don't get angry. Perhaps I'll go to see him. I will if I'm not tied up at the Little Theater."

Contact with Beverly sometimes created unusual sparks in Anne. "I don't know whether I like Beverly or not," Anne admitted to Leonard that night.

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, she didn't give a damn that Vincent Lucas was coming. She started to poke fun at him, but I stopped her."

"I'll bet she doesn't spend two minutes a week thinking about Vincent Lucas. Beverly's a well-balanced girl."

"Huh? Now you don't have to go running him down, and then try to squeeze out of taking me."

"I promised."

Anne was sad and thoughtful. "I don't know what's got into Bev, because in some ways she's all right. She asked me to come to the Little Theater and help paint scenery."

"Why don't you go?" asked Leonard hopefully.

Anne did go to the Little Theater to paint scenery.

Had she any illusions that she was e ing a glamorous new world, they promptly destroyed. Westrom's L Theater had formerly been a church. worked in the basement, in a room clut with old scenery and properties. She however, enjoy her associates, and pleased to discover at least one other r ber as ignorant as she. She was know "Rosie," and she was immediately frie Rosie was in her early twenties. The co of her mouth suggested sly humor, an slant of her nose impudence.

"I DON'T know if I belong here," she to Anne, "but I see no sense in sitting ar upstairs all evening without doing anyth

"Are you in the show?"

"I sure am. Along toward the end c third act I come in with a tray of dishes just as the curtain for the second act go lo and behold, there's me going over th niture with a feather duster."

"You're a maid?"

"That's me. Nobody wanted the par Mark was about to do away with it w said I'd try it. Do you suppose I cou that if I had a brush?"

Anne had tacked muslin to a flat fram was now brushing on glue sizing. She t Rosie a brush.

Anne developed no consuming inter the Little Theater, but it did bring h contact with a variety of people she v not have met otherwise. There was Sn the technical director, who during da hours was Mr. J. S. Smith, office mana the Fred Wallace Farm Implement pany—Mary Karlan's boss. There was Crandall, earnest young dramatic st from the State University, who was dire this production. There was a well-k lawyer in the cast, and a girl who clerk the Acorn Shop and who had once Anne a blouse. There was Mrs. Phil

"Mrs. Philbeck?" asked Leonard.

"She's make-up," said Anne.

"She must belong to the Philbecks run Midwest Cereal," said Leonard.

Mostly, though, Anne talked about "Rosie and I painted the fireplace w sponge. It was my idea—we stippled made it look just like stone. Everybody it looked swell."

Her connection with the Little Theat to one of the most unusual and ex events of Anne's life.

"I'm gonna have my picture in the pa Anne shrieked to Leonard.

"What?"

"A woman was down with her ca taking pictures of Rosie and me and Be the rest. She was from the Record."

"Oh, they'll probably throw your pi out," Leonard cautioned.

But Anne did not think so.

The next day Anne snatched the from the delivery boy before he had a ch to toss it against the door. The Little Th pictures were not there.

"Your picture will be in Sunday," Leonard, "if they use it."

"If they don't, I'll go right down to newspaper office and tell them what I thi

The suspense of waiting three days Sunday was almost too much for Anne. suddenly felt a grave concern over her ents' health and paid them a visit, d which she casually mentioned seven the possibility of her picture's appeari the Sunday Record. Finally, Sunday n ing, Anne heard the paper thump ag the door at three minutes after six o'c She padded to the door in her paja The entire outside page of the so section was headlined: LITTLE THE OPENS NEW SEASON AMID SCENES OF J INDUSTRY. Mrs. Philbeck was picture plying make-up to an actress' face, was shown directing the cast. And i center of the page was a picture of in flattering profile, Rosie and Beverly. neath the picture was the caption:

Miss Beverly Marshall, 1040 Washi Avenue, South, watches approvingly

(Continued on Page 161)

ovely, luscious, tried and true Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cakes!

Make the most of that treasured sugar! These three Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes have starred on thousands of party tables.

Simple, fast, no creaming! Beating and dishwashing cut way down. Still, they're dream-soft as only Swans Down cakes can be. Below: Happy Day Cake (recipe on your Swans Down package).

SWANS DOWN "MIX-EASY" RAISIN SPICE CAKE

Preparations:
Have shortening at room temperature. Line bottom of 13 x 9 x 2 inch pan with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350° F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon soda 1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg ½ teaspoon allspice

Measure into mixing bowl:
¾ cup shortening

Measure into cup:
*Sour milk, or buttermilk—see note below for amount

Have ready:
1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
3 eggs—unbeaten
1 cup finely chopped nut meats
1 cup seedless raisins, dried and fluffy—chopped
1 cup sour milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup sour milk.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer. Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add sugar. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add eggs and *beat 1 minute* longer. Add nuts and raisins; blend. Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 140 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

Baking:
Turn into pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Spread with yellow tinted butter frosting and decorate with nut meats.

Note:
You may substitute ¼ cup corn syrup for ¼ cup of the brown sugar in the above recipe. Reduce milk ¼ cup. Add corn syrup to the milk.

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ½ cup sour milk.

SWANS DOWN "MIX-EASY" DAFFODIL CAKE

Preparations:
Have shortening at room temperature. Grease and lightly flour 9-inch tube pan. Start oven for moderate heat (375° F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1½ teaspoons salt 1¼ cups sugar

Measure into mixing bowl:
1 cup shortening

Measure into cup:
*Milk (see note below for amount)
¾ teaspoon orange extract
¾ teaspoon almond extract

Have ready:
3 eggs and 1 egg yolk, unbeaten

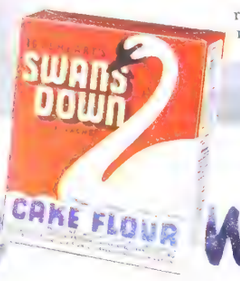
*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ½ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ½ cup milk.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer. Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add eggs and *beat 1 minute* longer. Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 140 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

Baking:
Turn into pan. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 1 hour, or until done. Spread with ½ recipe seven minute frosting made with the remaining egg white. *Beat* one 4 minutes. Decorate with slivered post toasties. This cake is also good without frosting.

Note:
If desired, ¾ to 1 cup finely chopped nut meats may be added to batter before baking.

(All measurements are level.)



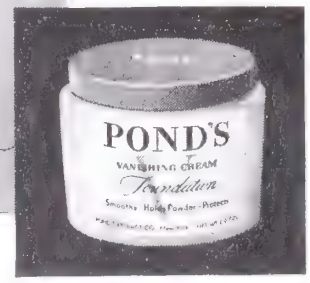
Product of General Foods

ake a better cake with Swans Down

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor attends the Musicians' Fund Opera-benefit

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask"

Smooth on a thick cream. Pat in. Tissue off. Pond's Vanishing Cream has a "Keratolytic" action dissolves off dead skin cells. Helps keep skin radiant. Right away, your skin looks lighter, brighter, smoother. Get a big jar of glamour-making Mask today.



It's a lovely foundation cream, too!

Startlingly lovely against her auburn hair and white gown is Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor exquisite skin, smooth and cream-white as a gardenia petal. "Always before I g out, I refresh my complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Mrs. Astor says. "No beauty treatment I've ever tried gives m skin a so much clearer, brighter, softer look—so *quickly!* You'll find, too, that the Mask makes a wonderful difference i the smoothness of your make-up! Give yourself a 1-Minute Mas every time it's important for you to look your very bes

(Continued from Page 161)

"Oh, that's all right, as long as it's no gger'n a chair. Anne, tell me about the i crowd. I never see anyone any more." Anne began a scattered account of the do- gs of Jane, Dolores, of Marilyn and Chuck. At length Betsy asked, "Do you ever go dances any more?"

"Some, but not so much now that I'm arried."

"Gosh, but I haven't been to a *single* nce since I was married, unless you count ce when we stopped at Hurska's Beer rlor and played the nickelodeon a coupla nes." Betsy sighed deeply. "Lots of times urn on the radio at night, and if Fred isn't re I turn out all the lights, and I listen to those big orchestras from the Chicago ght clubs. Sometimes I get so blue I cry."

There had been a fissure between them, it now Betsy had crossed it. Anne felt etsy standing close to her. "Kid, why don't ou come over?" she asked anxiously.

It was a golden and bright suggestion for etsy, but there were difficulties. "Truly I'd e to, Anne. But I don't know if I could ake it to the bus now. Having a baby is— ell, *inconvenient*. The busses are so jammed d I might be bumped and I oughtn't." A lution kindled hope in Betsy. "Do you ve a car?"

"Yes. But Leonard won't let me drive. aybe I can get Leonard to scoot you over noon, then we can run you back when he ts home."

This was a marvelous solution, and Betsy as happy for a while. Then her happiness gan to dim. "This baby of mine, Anne, is e almost any minute. Anne, sometimes I ink I won't live through it. Sometimes I *ow* I won't live through it." Betsy's lips ere trembling. "I'm so sorry," she sobbed. I've been sorry right along for what I done, nne."

Anne had not counted on Betsy's being so oved. She sat down on the davenport be- de Betsy and put her arms around her. That's all right, Bet. It don't matter a bit ow. Let's just skip it."

But Betsy did not want to skip it. The ates were open and she might let out the evils that had been punishing her. Her houlders shook. "I don't see mamma or papa ny more and I don't have a thing. I been so ck, and once I threw up in the dime store in ont of everybody. Everything's been otten and sometimes I just wanta die to see they care."

"Snap out of it, Bet. Things ain't that ad."

"Yes, they are. I been wanting to see you so long to tell you I was sorry. If anyone ever got what was coming to her, *I* did!"

"No. Fred came over one night and honked. I guess you busted a date with him and went out with someone else, and he was sorta mad. Anyhow, he wanted me to go out to the Sta-A-Mite and have a hamburger, and like a fool I went. But we never got there. He parked. And then—well, Fred's so *damn* strong. I fought back and everything—truly I did—but I guess it was just too much. But I swear up and down, Anne, that I never meant to do you dirt. I sure did you dirt, but I really and truly never meant to."

"Honey, in a way maybe it was a good thing."

Betsy was contemplative for several moments, then spoke. "I mighta done you a favor in a funny way, but for me it was a terrible thing. I had to be expelled and everybody found out about me going to have a baby, and my parents—oh, Anne, my parents!" Betsy stopped, unable to convey the horror that she felt.

"Maybe you're a lot better off married to Fred, Betsy. I'm not mad at you about it now."

"Married to Fred maybe isn't what you think. He says that they never would have got him to marry me except that he was convinced that they were nasty enough to get him charged with rape. Doesn't that sound—well, *awful*. I got to be honest, Anne—it wasn't exactly rape except that I was seventeen. You were eighteen October sixteenth, weren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"I remembered. I wanted to send you a card, but I was scared because you might take it funny."

The room was chilly. Anne pushed the davenport close enough to the stove so that Betsy could rest her feet on the nickeled ornaments at its base. The sky had clouded, the room darkened so that the fire showed with red eyes at the mica windows. The girls were silent. The fire snapped quietly.

"I can't see where I deserved all I got," said Betsy at last. "Lots of girls are really and truly terrible, but I don't see anything like this happening to *them*. I wasn't really such a bad girl, Anne. You knew me better'n anyone else and you don't think I was, do you?"

"No."

"I admit I wasn't a virgin; before Fred, I did it twice and once almost. That's all. Once I guess I was curious, and the other

"Don't be in such a hurry to walk. They'll be sending you to the store soon enough."

a green light combination

Miracle-Tread

AND

Lovely Ankles

... going places together ... footwear that is cleverly designed for ankle flattery.

$6.45 and $7.50
Distant Points Slightly Higher

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Be a Fragrant Symphony

To step out a symphony of loveliness,
choose all your toiletries in one fragrance
—— in Friendship's Garden. All are perfumed
with the haunting bouquet of old-fashioned flowers
such as heliotrope, jasmine and pinks.
Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, 3 cakes Toilet Soap,
Talcum, Body Sachet, Bath Salts, Sachet Tablets
Each 1.00 *plus tax*

SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

time I just couldn't help myself. But my gosh, Anne, when you think of how *frequently* lots of girls do it, and nothing happens to *them*—well, it just don't seem fair."

"The cards were stacked against you. But you'll have your baby, and maybe things will be better'n you think."

"Do you want a cup of coffee, Anne?"

"Unh-uh."

"I don't either. I don't want to be gloomy, Anne, but there are a million things I haven't told you. First of all, we moved way out here in this gosh-awful dump. I didn't mind it so much at first, because I didn't want to see anyone. Fred told my family if he ever caught them hanging around the place, he'd knock them endwise. Can't say as I blame him."

"Do you want him to make up with your family?"

"Well, I dunno. Fred ain't much of a husband. But my gosh, he never wanted to marry me and I never wanted to marry him. I kinda think he runs out on me, but I don't care, just so he don't leave me till after the baby comes and I get on my feet again—providing I live through it."

"Oh, Bet, what's all this blah about 'not living through it'? What does the doctor say? Don't he say you're all right?"

"Well, he says I oughtn't to have any trouble."

"See there! What are you worried about? Some women have five or ten kids without thinking nothing of it."

"I've done everything they told me to. I got my stuff all ready to go to the hospital. I tried to get Fred to put in a phone, but he says the baby won't be here until December first and the phone company won't put one in before then, anyway. He beefs around all the time about how much the baby's costing."

"You ought to have a phone, at least."

"Yeah, I know. But Fred says there's no reason why we can't use Smedley's—they borrow enough of our sugar."

A happily married college president concluded a graduation address as follows: "Gentlemen, many of you will marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. When you are going out together, do not worry if your wife is not ready at the appointed time. Have a good book near by. Read it while you wait. And, gentlemen, I assure you that you will be astonished at the amount of information you will acquire."

FRED RUSSELL in Try Anything Twice. (McQuiddy Press)

There was an interval of silence, and Anne wondered herself into depths to which she was not accustomed. A moment of weakness, a broken date, a silly rumor—little things like that determined the big things. One or two little things altered, and Anne's and Betsy's situations might be reversed. She might be the girl huddled on the davenport; Betsy might be the girl who longed to get home to her pleasant apartment.

Anne looked at the big alarm clock standing alongside Fred's trophy. The hands were pointing to three-thirty. "Is that clock right?" she asked.

"I wish it was. But it's always stopping." Betsy switched on the radio, turned the dial until she was receiving a news broadcast. "I guess it must be about five-thirty."

"Holy cow! I gotta scram."

"Truly, Anne, I hate to see you go. If you can wait awhile, Fred can take you home."

"WHEN will that be?"

"Well, I gotta be honest. Today's Friday, and he gets his pay check. That means he'll stop at Hurska's Beer Parlor to cash it, and he'll get to fooling around and I don't really expect him until seven or seven-thirty. Most nights he's late. He generally goes to the Y to swim, or else to Hurska's, and I never start dinner till seven-thirty."

Anne was not a girl to make lengthy overtures before leaving, but she hovered a few minutes. Betsy was distressed at her leaving, although she made an effort not to show it. The brave front did not fool Anne, and when, at the moment of parting, Anne kissed her friend, the steel turned to water. Anne reached behind Betsy and paddled her buttocks lightly. "There!" she said, and left.

Anne arrived home late; at the prospect of seeing her husband she had, while walking from the bus stop to the apartment, worked herself into a state of conflicting emotions and thoughts. She was on the defensive, a little apologetic, but mostly she felt an intense desire to instill in Leonard some of the warm sympathy she felt for Betsy.

Perhaps she tried too hard. Her words tumbled over one another and Anne knew them to be sadly inadequate. Leonard looked at her solemnly, but said nothing.

Leonard's coolness toward Betsy disturbed Anne, but it lessened in no way her determination to see her friend. She did not tell Leonard the following noon that she intended to visit Betsy that afternoon, but soon after he returned to work she gathered a number of magazines, and set forth.

BETSY was thrilled to see that Anne had, after all, returned. Thereafter Anne's visits were an almost daily occurrence. Once she persuaded Betsy to try to make it to the bus stop with the intent of spending the afternoon at her apartment and of having Leonard bring her back in the evening.

They had gone a number of blocks when Betsy stopped. "I don't think I can make it, Anne."

Anne, although vague on medical matters, spoke with professional sharpness. "When did you go to a doctor last?"

"Oh, a coupla months ago," said Betsy evasively.

Anne scolded her, suspecting that "four months" would be closer to the truth.

One day Betsy looked out the window and said, "Oh, I sure wish it would snow! I'd give anything just to sit here and watch it come down; and then everything would be white and I wouldn't have to look at those darn junked cars and vacant lots any more."

But, save for an occasional utterance such as this, Betsy had lost much of her gloom. She ceased to worry about whether she would die; at least, she did not now voice these worries to Anne. Anne was pleased, and beyond nagging her to go to the doctor again—Betsy continued evasive on this—she said nothing to stir up fears.

The lift in Betsy's spirits was obvious and it was unavoidable that Anne be proud of herself. Betsy's dependence on her was so marked that on one occasion a shade of independence on Betsy's part hurt Anne's feelings. She arrived at Betsy's, found the door unlocked and, as usual, walked in. Betsy was nowhere.

Well, darn her! Anne thought. *Where could she be?*

Anne thought cruelly of teaching Betsy a lesson by leaving and not coming back for two or three days, but at this moment Betsy called to her. She had been at Mrs. Smedley's, two vacant lots and one house removed. Betsy was forgiven.

Anne had, as yet, seen nothing of Fred. In view of Fred's treachery toward her and of his thoughtless or cruel treatment of Betsy, Anne had thought of Fred with his bad characteristics in relief. Her brief meeting with him in the grocery store had dispelled a certain bothersome feeling that she might immediately fall in love with him again were they to meet.

One afternoon as Anne was about to leave Betsy, she heard the sound of a motor.

"It's Fred," said Betsy. "He can take you home."

Fred wore the same outfit she had seen in the grocery store—scuffed leather jacket, sweat shirt, overall trousers, work shoes. His curly black hair, however, had been carefully brushed, and his face had the ruddy color of a well-ripened peach. He brought with him the smell of the outdoors and, when he saw Anne, a broad grin.

But he was silent until he and Anne were in the front seat of his car. Then he spoke

(Continued on Page 166)

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*REG. TRADEMARK

(Continued from Page 164)

boisterously: "Well, how's the kid? What do you know, anyhow?"

The ghost of Fred that had haunted Anne's mind for months immediately fled and the real Fred took its place. Once Fred's bluster had been amusing; now Anne was somewhat annoyed by it.

"Everything's just fine," she said, keeping her voice as impersonal as possible. "How are things with you?"

Fred abruptly dropped his bluster. "I can't blow," he said.

Anne thought it best to inquire no further. "I live on the corner of Buchanan and Sixth, not far from where I used to."

Fred began to whistle. He expertly took the corners at high speed, but leisurely drove along the straightaways, and Anne was sure he was making the trip last as long as possible.

"This don't look like the right way back."

"Short cut." Fred hesitated. "How is this husband of yours?"

"He's fine."

"What's his name?"

"Leonard."

"I'd like to meet him. Darned if I wouldn't. Know you wouldn't marry anybody but an all-right guy." Anne knew that Fred, in his clumsy manner, was trying to cross the bridge between them. "I've been thinking of going out for pro football," said Fred, angling with his eyes for a favorable response.

"Why don't you, Fred? That's more in your line."

"Yes, I have been thinking seriously about it. What does your husband do?"

"He's head bookkeeper at the Logan Ice Cream Company. Are you sure this is the right way back?"

"Yep. But I don't wonder you're confused, the way this blame section of town's laid out."

Anne glanced at the speedometer. It registered thirteen miles an hour. "Oh, come on, Fred! Don't you suppose you could drive twenty miles an hour? I've got to get dinner started and I'm starved."

"How about a hamburger?"

"No, thanks."

"Bet you really want one. I remember how you used to go for them."

Anne did not respond, so Fred returned to a discussion of athletics. After several blocks Fred swung the car to the curbing and stopped in front of Harry's Diner, a railway passenger car converted into a café.

"What's the idea of stopping here?"

"Hamburgers. Ever taste Harry's hamburgers?"

"No, but I'll have dinner in a coupla minutes and I don't want to spoil my ——"

"You'll go for Harry's hamburgers. Best in town." Fred precluded further argument by getting out of the car and going into the café.

Anne had an impulse to leave Fred and walk the rest of the way home alone. Then she considered that Fred just wanted to be thoughtful and polite and she decided to wait.

Presently Fred arrived with a paper sack. Anne unfolded the wax paper in which her hamburger had been wrapped, spread it on her lap. Fred's opinion of Harry's hamburgers was certainly not far wrong; they were good.

The two were quiet for some minutes. Then Fred said, "Betsy sure likes to read those magazines you brought." It had been his first mention of Betsy. "I hadn't thought, but I might subscribe to something so she can read." He started the motor, raced it, swung his car into the middle of the street and drove silently for a block. Then he said, "I do some pretty dumb things."

"What?"

"You know what. You know how I botched things up between us."

"It's over the dam, Fred. Let's forget it."

"You can't forget it easy," said Fred. "At least, I can't. For a while I was dumb enough to think maybe you were coming over to see me, not Betsy. I know it was dumb of me, but ever since I was married I tried to think

Be honest! Check these unlucky

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due to irregularity

ANY ONE IS A WARNING YOU MAY NEED PROMPT, GENTLE SARAKA!

Don't neglect any of the Seven Symptoms when due to irregularity. At the first sign of a single *one* of the Unlucky Seven, try Saraka! Millions know this pure vegetable laxative is so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure!*

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by profession and in practice. "Extravagance," he says, "is usually the sum total of waste in little things." On advice of their dentist, his family (there are four) now brush their teeth with Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (pure Bicarbonate of Soda). Not only are they all delighted with the way Soda cleans their teeth, but he has figured out to a penny the dollars they are saving each year at "Arm & Hammer's" few-pennies-a-package cost. He's a working economist.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda and Cow Brand Baking Soda are among the dentifrices that meet the exacting requirements of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association. Both brands are classified as acceptable dentifrices and have enjoyed the Council's seal of acceptance longer than any other dentifrice.

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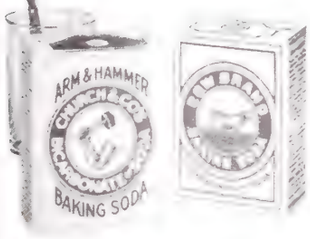

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"You couldn't do that."

"I know I couldn't," agreed Fred.

"It's all settled now," Anne declared.

"Yes. Somehow, now that I know it's all settled, I feel better about it. It's sure been an all-right thing for you to do, coming over to see Betsy. She sure has brightened up since you came to see her."

"It [illegible]"

They reached the apartment. Anne was getting out of the car when Fred said, "You're forgetting something." Anne immediately wondered if it were possible that Fred was going to demand a kiss for bringing her home. But Fred added, "There's another hamburger in the sack."

"Who for? I can't eat another."

"Your husband. What did you say his name was?"

"Leonard."

"You ought to get him to join the Y. I'll teach him the crawl. Well, Anne, be seeing you!" Fred waved, made a showy U turn, careened around the corner.

Anne was holding the sack containing the hamburger and it then occurred to her that she should have made Fred take it home to Betsy. But it was too late for that, so she turned and walked up the steps to her apartment.

"Well," asked Leonard, "how's Freddie?"

"Freddie's just fine," said Anne. "He brought me home. Bought me a hamburger."

"Oh."

Anne attempted to read jealousy, suspicion into her husband's face, but he was inscru-

[redacted]

Nothing is so dangerous as being too modern. One is apt to grow old-fashioned quite suddenly.

—COLE

[redacted]

table. His manner, however, was not particularly exuberant.

"He bought you a hamburger too—just so you wouldn't get mad." She offered him the sack, but Leonard waved it aside, saying something about eating it after dinner, and Anne placed it on the end table.

Immediately after dinner Anne took a bath. When she returned to the living room, she saw the sack still on the end table. *He don't have to act like a baby just because Fred brought me home*, she thought. Perhaps he should be commanded to eat the hamburger.

But Leonard eventually went to bed and nothing was said. Anne, in her pajamas, thought it a pity for one of Harry's hamburgers to go to waste, and decided to warm it. She picked up the sack. It was featherlight. Leonard had eaten the hamburger and puffed out the sack, apparently hours before.

Leonard had, without Anne's asking, decided to stop at Betsy's each afternoon to bring Anne home.

He had had a picture of Betsy: a screeching, painted, nasty young woman. But when he first entered Betsy's house, saw Betsy sitting in the corner of the davenport with a blanket over her shoulders, her flesh gave the lie to his preconception. Betsy was a child of seventeen and looked not a day older. She was meek, and her eyes were big to see what Anne's husband was like. A checkerboard lay on the davenport, and on a chair a dish of bobby pins and a bobby-pin curler indicated a beauty treatment had also been in progress. Leonard tried not to notice her abdomen; it was strange that a child could become a mother.

On one of the few days that Anne did not see Betsy, Leonard returned home to find Anne curled in the big chair. Her eyelids were red.

"What's eating you?" asked Leonard.

"Oh, I saw Mary."

"What did she have to say?"

Anne started to speak, but was unable to continue. She was doing her best not to cry.

"What's the trouble, honey?"

[redacted]

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Plus 30 Cream

60-day supply $5.00, 30-day size $3.00 . . plus tax

Bonne Bell CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 167)

nally Anne became articulate although
ed. Mary had heard that Anne had
visiting the Halpers on the pretense of
g Betsy, but in reality to see Fred. To
e the story shabbier, there was an impli-
n that Betsy's helplessness, resulting
her pregnancy, gave Anne and Fred just
kind of advantage they had been want-

Mary didn't believe that, did she?"
d Leonard.
She said she didn't, but she began by
ching to me about how much better a
you were than Fred, and I asked her
she was driving at and she told me, and
d her that she sure turned out a swell
r, believing that dirt, and she said she
't believe it, and I told her she better
or I'd paste her nose flat."
Where did she hear it?" Leonard wanted
now.
She wouldn't say."
onard sniffed. "It will blow over. Don't
think it about time to give Betsy a rest?
can overdo anything."
No," Anne declared. "No, I don't."
After all, you've hardly missed seeing her
day. And as long as you two are so thick,
's bound to be gossip."
don't care what they think. But"—
Anne's defiance wavered and her voice
ed—"I've been wanting to give her a
er. She's gonna have a shower for that
of hers if it's the last
g I do."

tsy thrilled at the
pect of the shower, at
prospect of seeing her
ds again.
nne thought it wisest
to get Betsy's hopes
high. "Naturally, we
't have such a big
d. Our apartment's
small."
Oh, Anne, just one or
would be enough."
he first thing to do in planning for the
ver was to set a date. In view of Betsy's
anced pregnancy, it would have to be
. Anne decided on the following Thurs-
The next thing should be the invitations.
nne found the telephone number of Olive
lison, who had gone with Betsy and her
lates a few times. She dialed. "Hello,
e. This is Anne Karlan—Anne Mason.
remember Betsy?"
Yes?" There was more interrogation
n assent in Olive's answer, and there was
rtain timidity.
Well, Betsy's baby is coming pretty soon,
I'm giving her a shower. Thursday. Can
come?"
here was a hesitation, then Olive was
k: "Oh, kid, I got a date Thursday. My
y, I'd sure like to make it, but I just
t."

HEN Anne hung up the receiver, she mut-
d, "She don't have a date! No guy ever
ed that mug more'n about an hour ahead
ime. Anyhow, we don't want her."
nne phoned two more without receiving
answer, dialed a third and the operator
rmed her the telephone had been re-
ved. Anne did secure a solemn promise
n Jane that she would come.
Monday morning Anne tore from the tele-
ne directory a bus-route map of the city,
fed it in her purse, and scribbled a note for
nard that she might not be back for
ch. She had decided to make it as hard as
sible for the girls to refuse, and she was
ng to talk with them face to face.
By noon Anne had made four visits. Two
s had said with reasonable conviction
t they would come, one had hedged so
ch Anne considered her unlikely, and one
l stated that she was invited to another
ty that evening and could not be there.
ne managed to make four more calls be-
e six o'clock. Two more girls said they
uld come, one was not at home, one re-
ed flatly.
Well, I guess that's that, Anne sighed, walk-
slowly along the street. It was dark and
cold, but before her Anne saw the friendly light of a drugstore.

She telephoned Marilyn and Beverly from the drugstore. As Anne had expected, both said they would be there. Anne now considered her task of making calls completed. If half the girls who had said they would come appeared, the party should be a success.

"BETSY," Anne asked, "do you have anything to wear to the shower?"

"Sure."

"Does it need fixing up or anything?"

"Now, Anne," said Betsy, gently scolding, "don't go worrying about what I'll wear. I've got something, all right, and you've got enough to do without bothering about it."

It was Tuesday, and as Leonard drove her home from Betsy's Anne recounted the many things yet to do to prepare for the party. Leonard had had no idea that a simple party would involve such preparation. Anne had suddenly become an expert on bootees, buntings, parka hoods, crib blankets, sleepers. Although Leonard possessed the eye for order, it had been Anne who had noted the window curtains' griminess, who had rushed them to the cleaners and exacted a solemn promise that they be returned by Thursday. Games, favors had to be purchased, card tables and chairs borrowed. The housecleaning had to be done.

"When in the world are you going to get all those things done?" asked Leonard.

"Oh, I've got it all figured out," said Anne. "I'll get it all in."

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"Not a thing," she told him.

"What are you going to do tonight?"

"Clean."

Leonard was silent.

"Why?" asked Anne.

"I thought we were going out." There was a trace of mischievousness in Leonard's voice. "I thought you had 'vowed.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Anne. "I completely forgot about Vincent Lucas."

"Well," Leonard comforted her, "I think we can arrange it somehow. I'll help with some of the work."

Anne pondered. "No," she concluded. "I can't make it. There's altogether too much for me to do to go." Anne spoke regretfully, but she was not brokenhearted; it was only a minor tragedy.

Anne's plans apparently did not work out as nicely as she had expected, for early the next afternoon Leonard, at the office, received a telephone call from her.

"Dear," she said, "can you get to the store? The only thing I've got for the baby is this fuzzy bunny, and I don't see how I'm going to get down again. Couldn't you try your hand at picking out something real nice?"

Leonard detected a trace of weariness in Anne's voice and, although he did not fancy the errand, agreed.

Shortly after calling Leonard, Anne was on her way to Betsy's. She had become so familiar with every turn, every house, every landmark that no longer did the journey seem endless. She wore her boots as protection against stones in the road; she calculated the time to make bus connections.

As usual, the door stuck when she first pushed, then flew open. Anne heard Betsy before she saw her: a smothered gasp from the bedroom. Anne stepped quickly to the door.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nuthin'. Nuthin at all." Betsy managed a grin, but the mark of tears remained around her eyes.

Anne saw two dresses on the bed, a spool of thread, scissors. "Hum-m, dress trouble," she observed. "I should have guessed."

"Uh-huh," Betsy admitted. "I wasn't going to bother you—truly, Anne—but I've had just an awful time."

Anne picked up the more colorful of the two dresses. It had a bodice of gold metal

Out in Illinois, Dick Oglesby, recovered from bullet wounds, was running for governor on the Union ticket and saying that in 1858 at Urbana in a walk together with Lincoln, Lincoln told him: "Remember, Dick, to keep close to the people—they are always right and will mislead no one."

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(Continued from Page 169)

a deep-blue skirt. "With this, you not to howl," she exclaimed.

is lovely, isn't it? But I've had the nedest time trying to get it to fit right. other one"—Betsy held it up disdain—"jeepers, isn't it horrid! But it does ne smock fits just like a flour sack and I let the skirt out a couple more feet, if I ed to. But who'd want to wear a *thing* hat?"

ast what's wrong with the other one?" asked.

h, I could slash it to pieces, I get so It ain't a maternity dress, but I can st wear it. See, it's shirred in the waist it's big enough, except at the very top of kirt where I begin to bump out. Even ash is made right, so it ties in front and cover me up. But my gosh! The way em hikes up in front is fit to kill."

'hat's nothing serious," said Anne. e had Betsy put on the dress.

Look at the way bodice overlaps kirt," Anne said. 'll rip it apart, the jacket but- over, then baste kirt back on and e hem. Nothing "

Gosh, Anne," Betsy, watching ly, "yououghtn't other; you've got nuch to do."

Phooey, we'll get ished this after- . If not, I'll take me tonight and on it. I'm not tonight," she

etsy went to the t and came out ring a bathrobe of d's. "Do you v how I got that s?"

How?"

Fred brought it me. I saw it at Charming Lady, Fred bought it me without me lly asking. I love dress. You know, ne, Fred's been ty decent lately. een thinking be I don't have a ttogroucharound I been, wishing I dead, like I used I'm beginning to t a baby now. I ss it's pretty much fault Fred ain't been better'n he has, and brighten up I think we'll get along. We'll in mixing with people again. And imag- you're the one with every reason to be enough to kill me, and to think instead 've been doing all this—it's truly, truly ll!"

E sky became dark, but Betsy's spirits wed. Anne switched on a light and moved se. She did not succeed in finishing the ss, yet she did get the buttons moved over, skirt and bodice basted, the hem pinned, i she could finish the rest at home.

"I can hardly wait for the shower, Anne!" tsy exclaimed as Anne was about to leave. hope the baby decides he can wait."

"Oh, we'll just paddle his little butt if he nes tomorrow and postpone the shower for week or two. So long, kiddo."

Anne, not knowing the time she would ve Betsy's, had not told Leonard to call. e raised her collar against the wind, rue- ly thought of the damage she had done to r schedule. She was so preoccupied with r thoughts she did not notice that the auto- obile approaching her was slowing until the iver sounded his horn. It was Leonard.

"My gosh!" Anne exclaimed. "I didn't now you would call."

"I thought I might bump into you."

Leonard was in excellent spirits. That afternoon he had hurried to Tronheim's and there discovered the Stork Shoppe. He had the preconceived idea that a dress would be a most appropriate gift. There were fine handmade dresses on display, and he purchased the best. The clerk handed it to him in a small envelope, and Leonard became disturbed at the unimpressiveness of his gift.

When he and Anne reached home, he showed her a larger package. "It's a bunting," he explained, using the word for the first time. He unwrapped the package. "Look. You drop the baby in this end, stick its arms in these sleeves, yank this cap over his head, zip it up, and you've got him! He can thrash around all he wants to, but it won't do him any good."

Anne was surprised at the interest Leonard had taken in the shopping. "It's lovely," she said.

"It's the very best they had."

Anne exhibited more enthusiasm over the dress than Leonard had anticipated. She held it up with her spread hand slipped inside. "Look at those little armholes!" she exclaimed. "It's the tiniest and sweetest little thing I've seen. You did very well, papa."

That evening Anne launched into a flurry of activity, cleaning up the house. Then she worked on Betsy's dress. It was one o'clock in the morning before she laid it aside, and she was tired and her eyes ached. Anne hesitated at the window for a moment before retiring. She uttered a little cry. The world was white; great flakes of snow were falling. *The first snow!* she thought. *Betsy wanted it.*

WHEN Anne awoke, Leonard was standing at the bedroom doorway. Patches of snow were on his overcoat.

"I won't be home at noon," he said. "The car's snowed in. Not even the busses are running. It doesn't look so good for your shower. If you decide to postpone it or if there is anything I can do, just call me up."

Anne was on her feet instantly. "Postpone the shower, just for a little snow? I never heard of such a thing!" She ran to the window.

"More than a 'little,'" Leonard said. "I could hardly get out to the car, let alone get it going. And it's cold!"

"There goes a bus now," said Anne hopefully.

A number of people were walking in the center of the street, toward town. It was about the heaviest snow Anne could remember having seen, but she would not admit it.

Leonard left, and Anne dressed with unaccustomed speed. If people could get downtown, they could get to the party, all right. She called Marilyn, and her hopes were buoyed at the voice of her friend. Sure, Marilyn would be glad to come over and help that afternoon. Anne vigorously set to work cleaning the bathroom. The morning was well advanced before she finished scrubbing the kitchen floor, and then Anne heard over the radio that the public schools had been closed because of the snow, and she began to worry anew.

Farewell

By Patricia McDonald

Fare you well, my lover;
Keep you well, and free.
And do you meet another,
Be mindful then of me.

Ride you swift, my lover,
Move in sunny ways;
And do you praise another,
Recall you gave me praise.

Bed you soft, my lover;
In scented hayfields lie.
And do you heed another,
Remember: soft my sigh.

Remember, too, my lover,
Should a later lass
Catch your heart: another,
Once, did let you pass.

And should a newer maiden
Careless-loose your tongue
And snare your dreams—ah, say then
"The dark one, she was young."

Then fare you fine, my lover,
Fine and well and free.
And do you leave another,
Oh, then remember me.

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Then we blend the maple sugar with cane and other sugars. This makes the maple flavor uniformly rich and delicious.

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See how the heat curls evenly around food on all sides. "Waterless" principle means vitamins and minerals don't drain down the sink. Low-heat method saves fuel.
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use...
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You've wondered how some people put the snow-white fluffy tenderness in rice. Lady, you don't have to be a Chinese expert or know a deep-dyed secret to do it yourself. You just need a Club Aluminum saucepan and these simple directions:
Rinse rice in cold running water until water is clear. Then put it in your Club Aluminum saucepan. Add, not oceans of H_2O but just twice as much water as rice and a teaspoon of salt per cup of rice. Bring to a boil, then let cook for five minutes with heat very low. Turn off heat, leave on cover, and let stand for 35 minutes.
The "Full Flavor" principle of cooking in Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware is fine for other foods, too, as more than 3,000,000 women have already found.
Get it for more fun, flavor and form in food. Nine different pieces, all with that exclusive hammered "jewelry store" look. And what a "natural" for gifts.
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Tune in "Club Time," ABC Network, Monday mornings.

Anne prepared her lunch with one hand and started the salad with the other. She was anxious for Marilyn to arrive so she could go over to Betsy's. Actually, Marilyn was tardy not at all, but Anne was so impatient that this seemed to be the case.

Marilyn took off her snow pants, produced a skirt from a paper sack in her pocket. She stepped into her skirt, rolled up the sleeves of her blouse, said philosophically, "Let's get busy."

Anne outlined the thousand tasks and sat down at the telephone to call a cab. Marilyn was slicing apples when Anne returned to the kitchen.

"I can't get a cab for more'n an *hour!*" said Anne.

Marilyn was thoughtful. "Honey," she said at length, "I don't really think you ought to have the party tonight. I heard over the radio the roads are all blocked and drifted."

Anne sat and sulked while Marilyn continued working. When the cab did arrive, the driver, a talkative fellow, whistled as Anne told him her destination.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"No. I can get there and back if anyone can. Heard they had an emergency call for the plow somewhere out there this morning; it's probably open."

Eventually he deposited her at Betsy's, by the mailbox. Anne hesitated for a minute, looking for a path to the house. Someone had left the house hours before, but only the ruffle of a path remained. There seemed no way of getting to the house but plunging straight ahead through the drifts.

Only now did she fully realize the terrible obstacle of deep fluffy snow. Anne measured the distance between herself and the house, took a deep breath, plowed ahead. She finally reached the porch. The front door was ajar, open a couple of inches. Anne paused to get her breath, then entered.

> **People are always only too ready to inform the victims of the minor tragedies of life that they ought to be thankful that they are so small.**
>
> —RICHARD KING: Folded Hands (Hodder & Stoughton).

"Hey, Bet!" she called. "Here's Santa."

The house was cold. The fire was out. Anne rushed through the house looking for Betsy, calling. But Betsy was gone.

It was obvious that Betsy had gone to the hospital to have her baby. Anne hesitated for a moment, then made a long, panting detour to the driveway. On the road, she hurried to Mrs. Smedley's and was thankful to find there a shoveled path to the door. She knocked.

Mrs. Smedley was a worn woman of fifty, with staring eyes but an expressive mouth.

"Is Betsy here?" Anne asked.

Mrs. Smedley stared at her. "Oh, Mrs. Halper," she exclaimed. "Oh, dear! Come in."

"No one was at her house," said Anne.

"Mrs. Halper's at the hospital. I came home this noon from Silvie's—she's my daughter—and I was worried sick about the snow. No sooner had I got in the house when Mrs. Sedenka called. Mrs. Halper had been here while I was away."

"Do you mean she waded through all that snow?"

"She must have. She tried to get to Mrs. Sedenka's to use their phone—you see, she was going to have a baby—and it certainly is a lucky thing that Bill Hicks came along just about then. He found her in a snowdrift. They carried her into Mrs. Sedenka's, and in a little while they got her to the hospital."

Anne was alarmed. "Where is Mrs. Sedenka's?"

"That house across the road and up on the bank." Mrs. Smedley pointed through the window.

Anne looked. Sedenka's was perhaps a hundred yards distant. It seemed incredible that Betsy, in her weakened condition, could have walked that far through the snow.

"She couldn't have!" Anne exclaimed "How is she?"

"Oh, dear, I'm worried about her, I have to admit!"

Anne saw she was getting nowhere. S brusquely took leave of Mrs. Smedley.

A familiar taxicab squirmed at the side the road, unable to negotiate a small ri The driver, the man who had brought An waved to her. Had circumstances been most anything else, Anne would have razz him mercilessly. But she was thankful to fi him. Without hesitation she went to the and pushed with all her might. The whe spun. The driver spoke to his car as he wou to a horse, and slowly the car pulled forwa free. Anne climbed in.

"Take me to Saint John's Hospital," s told him.

Marilyn fitted easily into Anne's apa ment and into the work Anne had outlin for her. She carefully dished out the salad lettuce leaves and placed the dishes in t refrigerator; she emptied the drawer of s verware, cleaned the drawer, polished t silverware and returned it; she washed all t dishes. Then she relaxed in a chair and look at the clock; it was four-thirty. The te phone rang.

It was a strange voice, thick and choke "Marilyn," it said, "the party's off. Ther a list in the table—call everybody. C Leonard and tell him to come home. I coming home." The voice trailed off, and t receiver clicked before Marilyn had a char to reply.

Marilyn sighed resignedly, wondered ju what had occurred to change Anne's min She called Leonard. "Anne seemed aw broken up about it," she warned him. S found the list in the tab drawer, and it was fi thirty before she finish her telephoning.

Leonard came in. Th chatted for a little, a then Anne arrived. H step on the stairs befo she opened the door w slow and lifeless. Leona had never seen her look beaten.

"Betsy's dead," Anne gasped. "She lay the snow so long. The baby's dead. Th operated to try to save it. It wasn't no us

Marilyn cried with her. Leonard had agonizing feeling that he should do sor thing, but he was at a loss to know wha might be. Marilyn had her arm arou Anne. She became more coherent and tal tive.

"I saw her when she was conscious, a I'm sure she knew me. Fred was there. didn't think he'd take it like he did. musta cared a lot more for her than thought. The baby was a girl. There j ain't anything fair about it. Betsy's had st a hell, but just yesterday she said she a Fred were getting along better. Everyth was going to be all right, then this had happen!"

That evening Leonard borrowed a sho and dug his car out of the snow. They dro to Fred's. It was more than a sympathy vi

"Fred," said Anne, "I have that dr Betsy liked so much. I wonder—do y want her to wear it?"

Fred did not comprehend. He was sitti on a kitchen chair by the stove. He look stunned and worried. Oddly enough it curred to Leonard for the first time that Fr was only about eighteen or nineteen ye old.

"I think Betsy would have wanted i Anne continued. "It's a nice dress. It loo lovely on her."

Fred nodded approval but did not spe Anne took the baby dress from a small sack her purse and displayed it.

"We were going to give it to her at t shower," she explained. "Do you want it the baby?"

Fred made a pretense of examining "Sure, Anne. You take care of it. I do know nothing about those things."

On their way back Anne said, "It seems awful and strange. It don't seem like it w me who used to come along here. It was j yesterday, but it seems like a million ye

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ago. It seems like there ought to be some thing I could do about it. And I can't get it through my head that there just isn't anything else."

"You did your share for Betsy. You did more than anyone."

The next morning Anne set up the ironing board and carefully pressed Betsy's and the baby's dresses. She placed them in a suit box, and with the box under her arm left for the Chambers Mortuary.

Seeing Betsy in the hospital had been unnerving. The baby had been taken from her, and Anne had talked to her, but Betsy was beyond answering. Anne had witnessed the dissolution: the faltering and weakening breathing, the strange aimless movements of the hands, the staring eyes. It was not the dying she had witnessed so many times in the movies; it was more horrible: the loss of co-ordination, the dying of one organ at a time, and finally the unspectacular stillness that came at an uncertain moment, and then the nurse firmly ushering Anne out of the room.

But the haunting picture of Betsy dying moved away. The acutely painful hurt became less painful but greater. Anne marshaled the smaller facts that made up the whole of her relationship with Betsy.

Betsy's locker at the high school had been close to Anne's, and one day Anne had borrowed some notebook paper from her; that is how the relationship started. It was rare for Betsy to show any independence; she tagged after Anne, letting Anne make the decisions and not complaining. She was the kind of adjunct whose presence is frequently forgotten but whose absence is immediately felt.

So immersed had Anne been in thoughts of Betsy that it had been a shock for her to receive, on the very day of Betsy's funeral, a cheery telephone call from Irene Frame. Irene demanded to know where Anne had been keeping herself, what she and Leonard were doing, and why didn't they come over. Of course Irene knew nothing of Betsy, and Anne had told her that she would call her back. Anne felt that she would never call Irene. She was thinking of the funeral, of the pitifully small number who had turned out. There were so many things to think of about Betsy.

But she remembered also that Leonard had said that she had done more than anyone else for Betsy, and she knew that it was true—and she was profoundly thankful that it was true.

Betsy's death caused some comment at Emerson High School, but it was forgotten shortly.

A much greater event was approaching—the Emerson-Decatur football game. Around that game a situation had developed that reached the pulpit, the press and the police court—a situation that caused the deepest concern in the hearts of all loyal Emerson High students.

Emerson High's team had had a most successful gridiron season, and the final game, the great Emerson-Decatur contest, must not be lost.

Several days before the game Brick Brown had, unfortunately, broken a date with Marybelle Crabb, pleading that the coach had sat down on him hard for breaking training rules. But Brick was seen that very evening with Beatrice Stone. Speed Cook, one of the students who had seen Beatrice and Brick together, had unintentionally mentioned the matter to Beatrice's steady boy friend, Irish Liskovosky, and Irish and Beatrice had a fight. The tension was augmented because Speed was riding on the running board of Brick's car and Brick was driving. Brick drove through a mud puddle, and Speed was drenched. The two came to hot words and then blows.

Speed and Irish Liskovosky collaborated on a plan that was perhaps a bit warped by the outraged feelings of the two. The plan consisted of placing a bottle of whisky in Brick Brown's locker, leaving the locker doors ajar, placing a broken liquor bottle on the floor in the middle of the hall, and beat-

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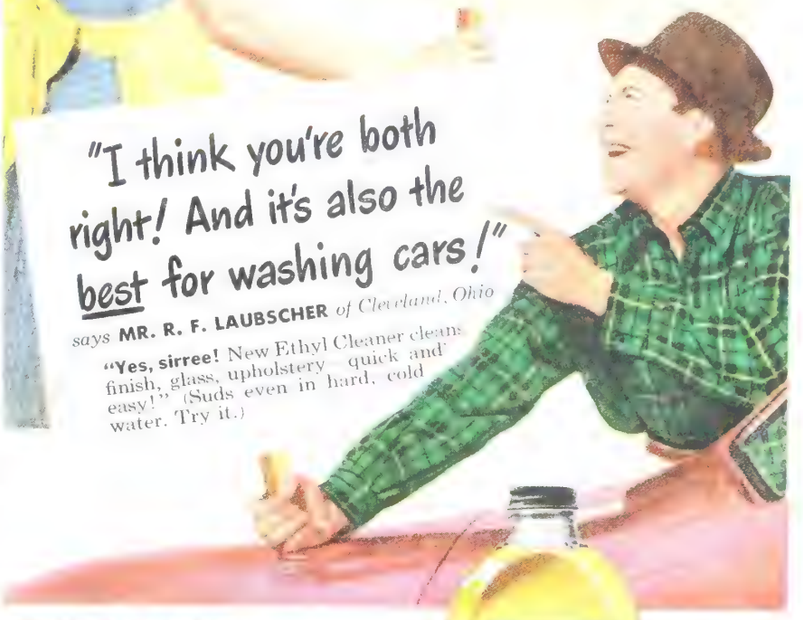

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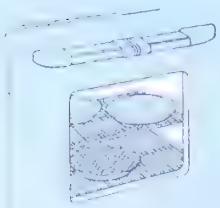

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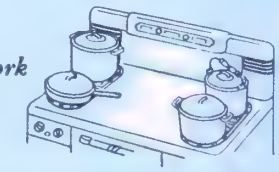

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EVERY ... RANGE

ing it. The plan was to do this about four-thirty.

The initial stages of the plan worked nicely. Only when it came to leaving the broken liquor bottle, did they meet trouble. They had the bottle, but had neglected to break it. Irish hurled the bottle, and they fled.

Miss Cushman, working late, heard the crash and stepped to her door. She recognized the boys.

The upshot of this affair was that Frederick Hopkins, principal of Emerson High School, expelled Brick, Irish and Speed. All were first-line gridmen. With the great Emerson-Decatur game but a few days off, imagine, if you can, the howling consternation at Emerson High School. Petitions were circulated among the students, angry meetings were held, Frederick Hopkins found it necessary to hire a police guard to protect his house. The affair reached the front page of the Westrom Record.

Anne and Leonard were visiting Dean and Irene Frame. Anne and Irene were in the living room, the men in the basement.

"What's keeping them, anyhow?" asked Anne. Leonard and Dean had left the card game when Irene had gone to the kitchen to get the coffee started.

"Oh, you get Dean started talking about those machines of his and he never knows when to quit."

"Well, you've gotta humor them," Anne opined.

"I know, but the other night Dean got to messing around with those machines and blew out a fuse. Still," Irene conceded, "he built a mighty cute birdhouse. He set it up on a pole, and put tin around the pole so the cat next door can't get to it."

"Sometimes I think men have more brains than we give them credit for," said Anne. "Leonard built me a shelf for my vacuum cleaner. Did you know he got me a vacuum cleaner?"

"No!"

"He did. One of those bullet-shaped things you kick along the floor. It's swell."

There was a shuffle of feet on the cellar steps, the sound of masculine voices.

"Hey!" Anne shouted. "We looked at your cards, and Rosie and I are going to take you two for a cleaning."

"You ought to see the setup Dean has down there," said Leonard. "A jigsaw and a sander and a lathe."

They played cards, but presently Anne heard a noise, glanced out the window. "Is that company?" she asked.

"No," said Irene. "Mr. Hopkins lives across the street. There's been a lot of fuss going on over there the last several nights."

"Hopkins, the principal of Emerson?" asked Anne.

"I guess so."

"Did you read about it?" asked Dean. "He expelled three of their best football players, and they have a game coming up."

Anne glanced up from her cards. "Expelled? Why?"

"I saw something about it," said Leonard. "Liquor on the school premises, wasn't it?"

"I guess so," said Irene.

Dean went to the window. "There's a sign. Brick, Speed, Irish. Come and look." They crowded around the window.

Cars were lined up for the better part of the block. Aside from some horn honking, most of the noise had subsided, for three squad cars had arrived. The police had, however, permitted two members of the student body, a boy and a girl, on the porch to ring the doorbell.

The two couples left the window and sat down at the card table. "When did they begin letting kids out after dark?" asked Anne. "Hey—who snitched my joker?"

"That means she has the joker," said Leonard, who had the joker himself.

In the meantime, the crowd had discovered that Mr. Hopkins was not at home and the procession was moving away, scattering, and soon there was quiet.

"I'm glad that racket's over," said Anne. "Say, who dealt this phooey hand?"

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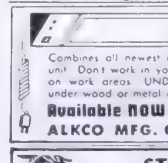

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MRS. CHRISTIANSEN'S HARVEST

(Continued from Page 72)

were a quarter of a mile away over a rough rocky road.

Now Selma got up before it was light and went down alone to the fields, carrying two pails. Somewhere a dog barked, and once a heron flew up and frightened her nearly out of her wits. But she went on till she reached the familiar fields and could fill her pails and bring them back. The road back was much longer and the pails seemed determined to pull her down to earth, but the road back was filled with hope and somehow her frail shoulders supported their burden. By the end of the week she had made a tiny plot of earth, a garden.

The day came when she could plant her seeds. "Poppies and Marigolds" it said on the envelope. How she wondered what poppies and marigolds would turn out to be! What color? What shape? She sat for a moment with the package in her hands, hardly breathing, her blue eyes black with excitement. The time for sowing the magic had come.

But for some reason her father got up early on that morning, and, pushing open the door, was startled to see the tiny figure bent down over the rocks in an attitude like prayer. His voice boomed out, harsh with surprise:

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, father," she said, her voice full of pleading, "I'm making a little garden. I've been carrying earth from the field ——"

Did he hesitate for one second, seeing his youngest gaze up at him with all the vulnerable human hope in the world? If he did, no one would ever know. His voice was iron.

"You'll have to take the earth back. We haven't time for such things here," and then, as the blue eyes filled with tears she was too proud to shed, he added, "Give me those," and took the magic out of her hands.

They were a family of few words. Selma carried the heavy pails down the rocky road again, one by one, with every one pulling her down into despair, her stomach a knot of misery and anger. Her mother tried to comfort her, but she did not even cry, just pushed away, her heart burning with the determination to grow up quickly and escape.

Whether it was from sweating in the dark cold mornings or from a brain fever, no one knew, but she came down with a fever almost at once. She lay for weeks on a mattress by the stove, too ill even to slap at the flies that crawled over her face. And when her brothers brought her wild flowers she turned her face away. But she kept herself alive with two words which she never spoke aloud: "poppies" and "marigolds."

And when, years later, she was working for an old lady in an American village by the sea—for she did escape—and when Jan Christiansen asked her to marry him, her first question was, "Can I have a garden, Jan?" And only when he had said "Yes," and laughed with the pleasure of giving her whatever she wanted, did she answer that she would be his wife.

It was strange now that so many years after all that childish bitterness was past, it should come back and haunt her, so much so that she associated it with the pain in her back. *I never thought of all that till I began to have this pain,* she told herself. It seemed like a premonition. *And if I should die,* she thought with a pang, *what will happen to my flowers?*

"Well, well, Selma"—it was Jan, pushing open the door—"sitting still for once?" But the voice was gentle and kind, so kind and gentle that for once the strong firm figure leaned against him for comfort.

"Help me up, Jan." She smiled a little grimly. "I can't seem to get up by myself."

"It's time you gave it up, Selma," Jan said gravely, and she knew it was true.

The doctor insisted that she be taken to the hospital. "As long as she lies there where she can look out, she'll worry herself to death about those flowers. She's tired out, Jan."

So once more, for the second time in her life, Selma Christiansen lay in bed after sunrise, and all day long. She was such a quiet patient, her face so clear and brown and quiet, that the nurses loved her. They came in now and then just to take a look at her, and to hear her talk about the great bunches of flowers which Jan brought in to her every day.

Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand. —WILLIAM PENN.

"The larkspur is pretty," she would say, "that pale-blue kind. See the dark spot the stamens make—they call that 'the bee'—pretty things," she would say. She had had so little time in all the years to look at her flowers the way people did who could afford to buy them. Now she slept and woke and looked and then slept again.

They did not tell her that it was cancer and that she hadn't long to live. But they told Jan it was a mercy she suffered so little. "She must have an iron will to have held out so long."

"We're a strong-willed people," Jan answered with pride, "we Finns."

And when he came to her every evening on his way back from work, she always greeted him with a smile she had saved up all day. And once she said to him:

"It's the harvest, Jan—it's the harvest of that little plot of earth my father wouldn't let me have." For she had told him the story only now since she had been in the hospital. "Now I have it at last. But wouldn't he be shocked, though, to see such luxury all around me? And wouldn't he think it a sin?"

She smiled again, a mischievous smile, and then laid a strong brown hand in Jan's, as if they were making a pact together against death, that other kind of death, the death of the heart. Beside that, this physical death seemed little to bear. Her heart would lift the weight of it without breaking as it had lifted the heavy pails of earth long ago.

IN THE GROOVE

(Continued from Page 75)

"a poor sugar season" this year. Same old excuse. And all on account of this miserable month. No, sir, I'm not having any—I'm going to skip March from now on.

One cheering thought. One sweet consolation in all this—and I haven't spoken of the worst aspects of this month—is that we can still eat. And, in that way, mitigate to some extent the troubles that beset us. I don't know of *any* month when the ability to eat doesn't help to assuage the pangs of existence in some small way at least. But it does seem to me that when it's dreariest outside, it's *cheeriest* inside, especially when

Right in the groove. This is no time for dalliance with a cold soup and a salad. No time for a waffle and a bit of iced fruit. This is the season for the hottest, heartiest, most filling and ample sort of dish you can think up.

And, right in the groove, as they say in the circles in which I move, is the sort of provender I am about to tell you about at this point.

Take it piece by piece. To start off with you may look on the cheese when it isn't just cheese, but a sort of glorified dream dish

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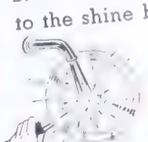

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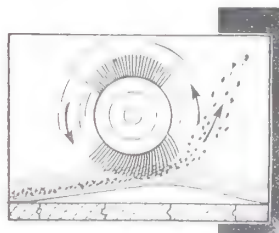

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and bound to bring you close to guest and greeter. It's a self-server, too, and you should have an unlimited output. And it must be as tangy as March weather and as comforting as a fire on the hearth and slippers by the chair. Do you get it?

ANCHOVY CHEESE

To 1 pound cottage cheese add 4 drained anchovies, shredded fine, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley (it has to be, so don't say a word), 2 tablespoons minced chives or onion, and 1 teaspoon poppy seeds. If no poppy seeds are in the bank, forget them. Mix well and season to taste with a little salt and plenty of black pepper. The anchovies help salt the mixture, but you taste it before you make up your mind. Heap the cheese in the center of a serving dish. Surround with Melba toast. Have plenty of butter spreaders so everyone can spread his own toast. (One spreader to a person is plenty; more are only temptatious.)

Next on the agenda. The main reason for this supper has now to be introduced into the conversation. Men love this dish—or are credited with so doing, and probably they do. I guess most everyone gets along pretty comfortably with it, and right at this time of the year it's a welcome addition to your repertory, but it would never do on the Fourth of July. So don't file it away, in your mind, for any but cold-weather eating. And it's only a good old-time beef stew, swaggering around under the more or less familiar name of goulash. Gone Hungarian on you, that's all. But here's the receipt—so go ahead.

BEEF GOULASH WITH NOODLES

Have 4 pounds beef cut as you do for any stew. A goulash is a stew with a slight disguise. Season the pieces with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour. Brown the beef on all sides in hot shortening or salad oil. Add 2 cloves garlic, minced, 2 cups chopped onions and 5 tablespoons paprika. (Five is right. Sounds desperate, but it's O.K.) Add 1 quart water, ¼ cup tomato paste (back on the market now); cover tightly and simmer about 2 hours, or until the meat is very tender. Lift out the meat, skim off all the fat. Add a can of beef broth to the gravy if there doesn't seem to be enough. (And there seldom is, for the gravy is the best part.) Cook 1½ packages wide noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with boiling water. (This gets rid of the blanket of starch, as you know.) Add the noodles to the beef and gravy, mix well. Put in a casserole. Serve when it's ready, or keep it hot in a moderate oven, 350° F., for a few minutes. (Or until you can drag them to the table.)

High style. On the up-and-up is the lovely salad that goes with our supper. Very high style and all that sort of thing, you know. One of the nice things about this whole supper is that almost everything can be gotten ready the day before, and certain sure you can polish off what you've left until the morning of The Day. Only the coffee and the hot French bread have to come along at the last, and what are *they* in a girl's life? Just what they are, that's all. Hot coffee and hot French bread!

As to the salad, it's different—in a nice way, of course—from most other salads, and putting it together to look as orderly and formal as you find it in the picture is just fun. Maybe you'll dream up an even handsomer plan. I wouldn't know. But this is ours:

ASPARAGUS TIPS AND CELERY HEARTS VINAIGRET

Cook 2 cartons frozen asparagus according to the directions on the pack Drain and chill. Remove the outer st from 4 bunches celery. Cook the ce hearts (getting rid of the bridal bouq on the tops) in consommé or bouillon til just tender. Chill the celery heart the consommé and drain well. Split celery hearts in half, lengthwise. Mari the split celery stalks and the aspara tips overnight in French dressing. Arra the whole array on salad greens. Gar the asparagus with finely chopped or gr hard-cooked eggs. Sprinkle the ce hearts with freshly ground pepper from pepper mill. Radishes look well with salad, but if they aren't about, d worry. Some little hothouse toma neatly stuffed, are pretty elegant.

Such a delicious thing. If there's dessert I like better than most others, ex ice cream (and I want *coffee* ice cream that), it is coffee jelly—made right, mo well and truly, and carrying along wit rich, clear, tempting flavor a rich cus or a highly flav whipped cream. S very cold—serve l custard and cr if you're so min If your guests a bit like me, the be no complaints.

SPICED COFFEE JEL

Add 3 whole cl and 1½ sticks cin mon to 6 cups strong hot cof Simmer 10 minu Strain throug cheesecloth—do one too. Add 1 sugar and 3 ta spoons (3 envelo unflavored gel softened in ½ cold water. Stir til the gelatin is solved. Chill u the jelly begin set. Stir in 1 ta spoon minced served ginger an cup toasted, sliv Brazil nuts. D add the nuts w they're hot. J slow up the wh thing, so let th cool off first. C the jelly until very firm, break it into crystals with a ver fork, and serve in a bowl with a tard sauce. Flavor your custard with nilla. But now that you can have whip cream, what's wrong with that?

SNOB

At Cambridge University during the seventeenth century it was decided to admit some of the common people as students. When they registered they were required to indicate their social position with the Latin phrase *sine nobilitas*. This phrase was abbreviated on the records to *sine nob.*, then to *s. nob.*, and finally to *snob*. At Cambridge today the term "snob" is still commonly used to distinguish between the student permitted to wear a gown, and called a gownsman; and a commoner, ordinarily called a townsman. Since these commoners took great delight in rubbing elbows with the students of higher social status, the term gradually came to have the signification of affectation of learning and social position one does not merit or deserve.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

Specialty of the house. Every kitc should sport a "specialty." Make it a s a hot bread, a sauce or dessert; let it known that, whatever it is, it will proba be on hand whenever there are guests. H more than one specialty if you wish, whatever you do, make your specialty to your reputation.

I knew a woman, many years ago, made the most divine lemon-meringue p They became her as an ermine wrap beco a young beauty at the opera. It was a lu day for anyone who was invited to house, because he or she *knew* that specialty was bound to show up.

So, whether it's angel cake or mas potatoes, get yourself a reputation for m ing one dish perfectly and serving it with fail when guests are there. That will be y specialty, and by your works shall you known. So here's a hint. Why not hav very special cake that *isn't* a cake for y pet notion? Try the orange crumbles. T may make you famous.

ORANGE CRUMBLES

Cook ½ cup pitted dates, cut fine, w ½ cup orange juice (stirring occasiona to form a thick, smooth paste. C slightly, add 1 tablespoon grated ora

(Continued on Page 178)

Make good cooks experts—cooking more fun!
Utensils with TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOMS

TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOM

The greatest utensil improvement in years—easily identified by the ridge. Cooks better, wears longer, better balanced because weight is in the bottom. Heat resistant, easy to clean, with a brilliant lasting finish. Bakelite handles protect against heat.

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Reed & Barton
STERLING SILVER

(Continued from Page 176)

peel. Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add gradually ½ cup sugar. Cream together as you'd do for cakes. Beat in 1 egg. Sift together 1 cup cake flour, ¼ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon baking powder and a little salt. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with ¼ cup orange juice. Beat until smooth after each addition. Spread out in a greased shallow pan. (I mean a jelly-roll kind of pan.) Spread the date paste in a thin layer over the cake batter. Cover with ¾ cup crushed corn flakes. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 25 minutes. Cut in squares while hot. Keep them quite small.

From time to time I'll take up this spe cialty business and we'll see what we sha see—whatever that means.

One last word. But not of advice. Leav that to the wise and prudent, which I ar not and cannot be. But—it will be wonde ful to see the rose trees and sweet almon in bud. And what a pull with the apple tre a few hours of sunshine have. *And* if we g three feet of snow before the week is ove remember that snow isn't like stone. Sno endureth for a day—but stone may last million years.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

not?" I have had to meet and reply to it often, and the answer I have found is convincing enough to return a resolute "I won't" on every occasion.

The girl that I am going to marry and I, like everyone in love, are finding it hard to wait. It would not be difficult to slip away for a night, and through a careful use of birth control the danger could be at least minimized. We are so much in love that we might be tempted to take the risk. But we won't, because we have ourselves to live with for the rest of our lives.

In many youthful groups sexual experience is a highly glamorous thing, enhancing the prestige of the guilty, and those who have dared it are lionized and emulated by their friends. The movies have hinted at it, large segments of literature seem to condone it, prosperous industries derive their incomes from tempting us to it. The loosening of the apron strings, the apparent safeguard offered by birth control, make it seem, for a deed so strenuously tabooed, fantastically easy to get away with.

So it is up to us. If we fashion and adhere to an intelligent moral code of our own, if we realize that happiness is possible only through doing what we ourselves believe in, we will grow up in self-respect and in the quiet joy which that feeling brings. The answer is not in the power of the older generation; our parents have done for us what they can. The answer is in ourselves.

Sincerely,
P. Y. B.

How About That!

Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Editors: In regard to left-handed people writing "upside down," my 3½-year-old daughter started drawing and "writing" over a year ago. I purposely would place her paper at an angle just the opposite of the way I write, thinking that in this way I could prevent the "upside down writing." At other times I let her place the paper to suit herself.

The result is this: She writes *upside down*, just like every other southpaw I ever saw! Sincerely,
MRS. E. W. CHERRY.

Crime and Hypnotism

New York City.

Dear Sir: I would like to direct your attention to some misinformation conveyed by What Do You Know About Hypnotism? which appeared in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

1. "The hypnotized individual will not do anything contrary to his moral code. . . . TRUE."

The subject is highly debatable, but most experimental evidence leads to the opposite conclusion. Wells, for example, in Experiments in the Hypnotic Production of Crime, concludes, "This investigation has been devoted to the problem of whether a hypnotized subject who is of noncriminal character can be made to commit real crime. The answer, on the basis of the actual experimental achievement of this result, is most emphatically in the affirmative."

2. "A person can be hypnotized without his knowledge. . . . FALSE."

This is another questionable conclusion. Persons who have been hypnotized at one time often go under at other times when sleep suggestions are made to near-by subjects.

3. "Actual tests prove that the mentally deranged are difficult or impossible to hypnotize."

This is a misleading oversimplification. Wohlberg's book, Hypnoanalysis, treats of the cure of a hebephrenic dementia praecox case with hypnosis. G. W. Williams (A Study of Three Psychotic Groups to a Test of Suggestibility, Journal of General Psychology, 7, 302–309, 1932) found a 54 per cent positive response in paranoiacs. If the author intends the neuroses to be included under this heading, it should be pointed out that clinical experience shows hysterics to be among the most easily hypnotizable of all groups.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT W. MARKS.

50% Live on Less Than $2000 a Year

Coatesville, Pennsylvania.

Editor: I am one of your ardent readers and subscribers and read every one of your How America Lives. However, I find that I could live in luxury on any of the salaries of the families listed. Don't you think the people of America would like to know how people manage to build a home

Norma and Joseph Flowers

raise two children, can over 300 quarts of fruit and vegetables, and live very happily on only $2368.60 a year with no extra income? And meet doctor's bills and medical expenses for a semisick wife and mother every week? And when have you printed a story of colored people? You know you do have a lot of colored readers and admirers. Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH AND NORMA FLOWERS.

See August, 1942, for story of a colored family. ED.

More and Better

Hawthorne, California.

Dear Editors: Due to your tremendous price increase, I deliberated two months before finally deciding to renew my subscription.

I had been purchasing from the newsstands your popular rivals—ones who have also increased prices with you. If any of you rate my quarter—you get it! At least I cannot cover the JOURNAL in an evening. There is just more to it—and generally of better quality. Sincerely yours,
MRS. DAN F. HAYS.

Due to paper shortage, JOURNAL circulation will be held to around 4,750,000—we're glad you got your copy. ED.

Let's have the cheer of colorful meals

But there's more than cheery color to Green Giant Brand peas. There's a one-and-only tenderness and flavor.

glass swan holds pale gold mayonnaise
red of lobster is sharpened by wedges of
on. And in this interestingly patterned dish
he fresh green of Green Giant Brand peas
put a touch of summer on the meal

At one brief moment in the pea vine's green growing, its tender pods hold peas of perfect flavor. A few hours earlier, the flavor sweetness is undeveloped. A few hours later, it is gone. Science and a tenderometer have found a way to chart that moment of peak flavor for our very special peas (pioneered by the famous breed S-537). That is when we gather them—that is why we get them into the cans within three hours from the vine. "*Picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*" isn't easy to do. But you can tell it's there in the tender, delicate eating you get in Green Giant Brand peas.

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Green Giant Peas

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unclouded by sombre skies
or heavy rains...for those
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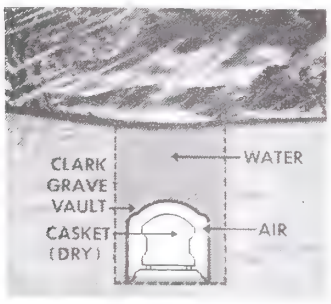

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CLARK GRAVE VAULTS

THE FINEST TRIBUTE . . . THE MOST TRUSTED PROTECTION

THERE IS A WAY OUT

(Continued from Page 45)

other facts that cannot be measured by any economic rule. How, for instance, can we measure the bitter discouragement and oppressive worry that strikes bring to countless homes, or estimate the impact on the hearts of children of the empty Christmas stockings that resulted from the strikes of last December?

Put in these terms—and they are justifiable—it makes one wonder how such conditions were ever permitted to develop in America, or, having developed, why they have been permitted to continue.

Whole communities have been made to suffer. Food has been kept from those who needed it. Many have been injured—even members of the public who have had no connection with or responsibility for the difficulties that have arisen, and no influence that could have aided in their solution. The Government now and again has found it necessary to restrict vital services—the railroads, for instance—because of this recurrent strife. And millions of dollars in cash, in products and in services have been lost to us—to *all* of us, strikers, nonstrikers and employers alike—because of these unnecessary struggles; lost, too, in a way that can never be made up, for time—time lost from the job, time that should have been given to constructive work, time that, properly used, could so greatly have benefited mankind—is *one* thing that can *never* be made up.

There is, unfortunately, a somewhat widespread idea that these feuds and brawls that arise between labor and management are the affairs of no one else. Those who hold this belief seem to imagine that the public has no more right to enter the contest than the occupants of the stands have to take part in a football game. And it must be admitted that where the public interest is not affected, that is true. But when, as seems to be happening with more and more frequency of late, strikes are able to interfere with the rights and the convenience of hundreds of thousands of "disinterested" people, or are able to interrupt the vital activities of great cities or even of the nation, it is time to point out that no government is worthy of the name unless it sees to it that the public welfare, whenever it is seriously involved, takes precedence over the desires of any lesser group.

The night before the première of his great opera, Don Giovanni, Mozart went to a party and had to be sent home to write out the overture, so that it could be copied and played the next evening. He sat up all night, with his wife telling him stories to keep him awake. The overture was finished, but it was played at sight, with the ink still wet upon the pages.

—SIGMUND SPAETH: Stories Behind the World's Great Music (Whittlesey House).

HERE and there some extremist will say that any such view is ultraconservative—even reactionary. But Woodrow Wilson, whose liberalism is proof against attack, made this point clear in reference to a situation that was somewhat similar to several that have arisen recently.

"The difficulty," he said in 1916, "about situations like that we have passed through is this: that the main partner is left out of the reckoning. These men were dealing with one another as if the only thing to settle was between themselves; whereas, the real thing to settle was what rights had the hundred million people of the United States. The business of government is to see that no other organization is as strong as itself; to see that nobody or group of men, no matter what their private interests, may come into competition with the authority of society."

And the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, another liberal of unimpeachable record, made an even stronger statement of the same kind. "I have no doubt," he wrote, "that when the power either of capital or labor is asserted in such a way as to attack the life of the community, those who seek their private interest at such cost are public enemies and should be dealt with as such."

On the other hand, it seems fair to say that we should not be too harsh with those who follow what they assume to be their interests beyond limits that society has not yet u equivocally set. To a very considerable d gree, the fault lies with society for permitti striking tugboat men and truckmen in Ne York, striking employees of the power plar of Pittsburgh, striking merchant sailo coal miners and others to interfere so great with the rights and the convenience of t public and the nation.

Even labor itself has begun to see t dangers that are inherent in the prese situation, and though most labor lead object strenuously to the proposal I ha made, some favor it.

"THE simple truth is," says The Wh Collar Unionist, of Pittsburgh, "that t only fair way of deciding a dispute is to su mit it to the judicature of a fair and i partial tribunal. . . . However, labor shou not be denied its constitutional right strike unless a court of competent lab judges—who will not be bound by unic management or political pressure—can established where the union and manag ment may air their differences and t scales of justice will be balanced in favor the righteous group.

"True, boards of competent labor judg will not be infallible. Mistakes of judgme will occur now and then. . . . But in t long run, they will yield a larger measure justice to both capital and labor than t present irrational method of hurling brick tear gas and bullets at one another. A aroused public opini that will insist upon t establishment of a lab court to handle all lab disputes, with special f cilities for getting at the facts, will go a lo way toward meeting t growing epidemic of strik with all their fright wastefulness, their v lence and bloodshed, a their threat to the orde processes of law and go ernment."

And The International Teamster, the official ma azine of the International Brotherhood of Teamste in pointing out that "strikes are a natio menace," goes on to say that "they must curtailed or the nation will sink into cha and organized labor will perish."

Such viewpoints, of course, can hardly said to be typical among those who repres labor. The excessive powers and privileg that have come into labor's hands in rece years will be no more willingly released th were those that were formerly held by ca ital. It is even contended by some that su authority as I propose for our courts wou interfere with fundamental rights that a vital to labor's welfare—the right to strik for instance. But that right is so frequent referred to without any understanding of true meaning that it may serve some usef purpose to examine it.

As we now conduct our affairs in the Unit States, labor is the sole judge of whether not it has reason to call a strike. But it axiomatic that no one has the unquestion right to be the sole judge of his actions they may result in injury to others. Furthe more, no right is absolute, and this right strike cannot be held to exceed the co munity's—or even the individual's—right the necessities of life.

I realize that in certain instances strik may be justifiable, just as war may be. B strikes, which, in principle, should be t very last resort, are, in the hands of certa labor leaders, frequently the first. And seems clear to me that *no* strike, in and itself, can possibly be considered a desirab thing. After all, a strike is nothing but a r version to force, the whole unreasonab idea being to beat sweet reason into t heads of employers who, on grounds th may be good, bad or indifferent, believe,

pretend to believe, that the claims made by the strikers are excessive. Now and again, perhaps, some employer will grant just claims only when faced by overwhelming force in this form, but such tough and unimaginative characters are rare. And when we realize that strikes are very often "settled" for no better reason than that one side or the other is the more powerful, it seems reasonable to me to look about for some means of handling labor's problems that will result less frequently either in the desire or the need to strike.

It is well to point out, too, that my proposal would not eliminate the *right* to strike. This right, however, were our courts given the proper authority, would become nothing more than an academic abstraction, for the right to strike is of value only when some proper end of importance can be attained in no other way, and labor, were it given this infinitely better method of attaining its just ends, would be without the *necessity* for strikes.

There is also the matter of injunctions, to the use of which, in labor disputes, much objection has been made. It must be admitted that in the somewhat distant past, injunctions were frequently and sometimes unfairly issued as restraints on labor. It was because of this that the Norris-LaGuardia Act was enacted, practically eliminating the use of injunctions in labor disputes, even in emergencies. Had it not been that the Government, at the time of the recent coal strike, was, at least technically, operating the mines, there is a definite possibility that Judge Goldsborough, under the provisions of the Norris-LaGuardia Act, could not have issued any restraining order whatever, and certainly he could not have done so without hearings that would have been immensely prolonged and time-consuming.

WERE our courts to be given the responsibilities I suggest, therefore, it would be necessary, in the interests of justice, to modify the provisions of the Norris-LaGuardia Act. It is my belief that the act must be redrafted and that it must permit more promptness in the issuance of injunctions *when the public interest is seriously involved.*

It is natural, also, to ask what would occur were a union to refuse to be governed by a decision of such a court, but the answer is reasonably simple. The court's decisions, except as they would be subject to possible reversal upon appeal, would have the weight of law, and would consequently be enforced by the constituted authority.

It is an odd fact that some labor leaders, and even some employers, who have expressed their objections to the suggestion I have made, have aimed their criticisms primarily at the courts themselves, overlooking the fact that the decisions of any proper court must be based upon the law as Congress spreads it upon our statute books. On that account it is not the *courts* that anyone need fear; for when, as now and again happens, they fall into error, higher courts are happily prone to right the wrong. But if labor continues to demand an unfairly privileged position in our society, as it has been doing with much force of late, the public, in the absence of an impartial court before which labor may state its case, is likely ultimately to demand of Congress such laws as will eliminate not merely labor's unfair privileges, but some of its just rights as well.

Even the courts, of course, will not instantly solve every problem that may arise in the field of labor relations, for we are confronted with the necessity of developing a smoothly working economic and industrial system on the gigantic scale our immense affairs call for. And at the same time we must adequately protect the rights and freedom of the individual, whether he be employee, employer or disinterested member of society. But were the courts to be properly authorized to operate in this field, they would at once begin to restrain the arbitrary and antisocial forces that are so frequently at work. In the past, employers sometimes held what amounted to arbitrary power. Of late, we have somewhat hurriedly transferred such power to organized labor. And any thoughtful

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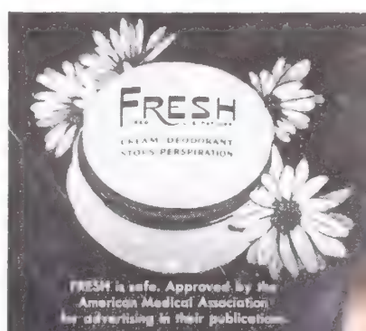
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person must realize that too much power, in whatever hands, endangers society itself, as well as its individual members.

It is here, I believe, that the crux of the matter is to be found. Wherever there is arbitrary power, injustice is certain to develop. And if the American people wish, as I believe they do, to bring essential and even-handed justice to labor, it is vital that they bring it as well to management and to the public. Nor does that complicate the problem; for if justice be real, it will be just to all who are concerned.

It seems strange to me that in our search for a proper solution to our labor problems we have not long since turned to our courts. They have been wonderfully successful in solving the problems that have to do with all our other relationships, and not having used them to improve our labor relations in the past is no reason for failing to do so now.

No other method has been suggested that would more surely protect the interests of everyone involved. No other would more adequately guard the fundamental principles upon which our political, social and economic structures have been reared. And how can either labor or management more greatly improve their standing in the eyes of the people of America than by aiding in the protection of the system that has given them such unparalleled opportunities? Or how can they better serve their own great interests than by accepting their responsibilities, making their claims and defending their rights before an impartial Federal court whose only reason for existence would be to maintain justice in a field that, up to now, has so frequently lacked it?

VISITORS WELCOME

(Continued from Page 78)

or bother. Or if a mother or a sister lingers for a cup of tea, there will be no feeling that dinner will be late because of her. In fact, it's a delightful place to visit with family or friends while keeping on with the day's business.

Early-morning breakfast would be perfect here for the young businesswoman and her husband. Enough time will be saved for the cook to have a chance to glance through the morning paper with her husband and start the day pleasantly.

Perfectly organized cabinets and equipment make the work go smoothly. The snack corner saves thousands of steps. Tray meals are easy, and the lounge is convenient and comfortable. The folding luggage racks provide a good steady place for the trays, which would please any husband. Men don't like balancing things on their knees. A rack at the right of the lounge provides space where the trays and stands may be tucked away quickly when not in use.

For a snack after the movies or a foursome of bridge, there are two extra trays with racks, and plenty of room for four to sit companionably on the lounge. A handy linoleum-covered service tray fits conveniently into slotted strips on the wall over the service counter by the range.

Many breakfast nooks or dinettes are hard to get into and out of; they often accommodate at best only two people, and are full of corners to clean. With this comfortable lounge, there is no problem. The trays can be lifted away, and the space is open for the mop or broom. The seat cushion can be wiped off with a damp cloth, since it is covered with a new fabric which has a plastic film, applied on cotton. This makes it washable, wipable, noncrushable and stainproof. The lounge is roomy enough for relaxation. I don't know why, but cooking is always hard on the feet. A convenient place where the cook can drop down and relax is a most marvelous thing.

The cabinets themselves are of wood with a baked-on enamel finish, which gives much the same clean and easy-to-clean effect as metal. They are custom-built and were designed with women's needs in mind. Colors are specified by the customer. (I love cabinets that add color, if they are easy to clean!) Moreover, the cabinets also have

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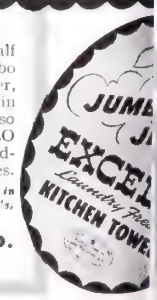

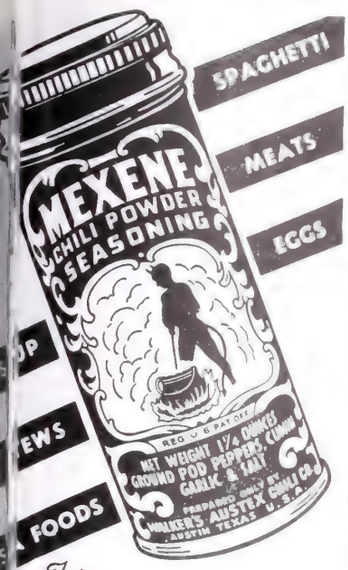

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Locust, Dept. 713-C, St. Louis 3, Mo.

plastic handle, be had with brown or cream any color you wish.

Especially good features are the three large galvanized vegetable drawers on slides, which are smoothly loaded and unloaded. And I like the strong stainless-steel plate which pulls from the counter for the food chopper to bite on. Nothing will eat up a wooden counter faster than a hungry food chopper. The storage for soap and scouring supplies pulls open like an old-fashioned flour bin, and makes the supplies available with no stooping. Under the sink are the concealed garbage can and wastebasket and the empty milk bottles.

A pull-out towel rack at the left of the sink is handy. Too many housewives have to hang the towels in unsightly places. The drawer at the left of the sink is fitted to hold knives in place without dulling their edges. And I think the carrousel unit in the corner near the range is what every woman wants, for it is large enough to take roasters and large salad bowls and there is a place for the rolling pin, that stepchild of most kitchens.

The upper cabinets have step-up shelves for spices. Also there is a place provided for wax paper and paper towels, inside the cabinet door at the right of the sink.

The cleaning closet has tall storage space for brooms, mops and vacuum cleaner, and additional shelf space for wax, cleaners, extra paper towels and such. In many kitchens I have known the vacuum cleaner had to live in the front-hall closet, and the broom and dust mop hid in the cellarway, lying in wait for an unwary person. I would put a good tall cabinet at the top of my list for any kitchen as a temper saver.

> A smile speaks the universal language. "If I value myself on anything," says Hawthorne, "it is on having a smile that children love. They are such prompt little beings, too: they require so little prelude: hearts are won in two minutes, at that frank period, and so long as you are true to them they will be true to you. They use no argument, no bribery. They have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt, but it is not for these they love the giver. Take the wealth of the world and lavish it with counterfeited affection. I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty-handed love. The gorgeous toys will dazzle them an hour; then their instincts will revert to their natural friends."

For the woman who comes in late from a club meeting and wants to start dinner before changing her dress, there is nothing sticking out anywhere to snag her nylons or stub her open-toed sandals. Wastebasket, garbage can and those inevitable bottles that must go back are all out of sight.

The warm spring sun comes into the kitchen all day long, for there are plenty of wide windows. At night there is lots of light, dramatic lighting to spotlight the important working areas in the kitchen. Here no one would feel like slopping around in an old pair of her husband's slacks. It's a kitchen to dress up to! And to slip into a soft pink, green or blue brunch coat to match the kitchen, step over to the make-up mirror on the back of the door of the cabinet at the right of the dining-room door and powder your nose when a friendly step is heard on the gravel walk outside.

Although French prints are seldom seen in kitchens, I thoroughly approve of this Laurencin. It is delicate and charming. These prints are not too expensive, this one being $7.50, and a wedding present. Why not hang it where it can be enjoyed the most!

Lovely for the morning, but maybe even lovelier at night, with a moon like a crushed pear riding over the budding apple trees and the drifting scent of hyacinths coming in from the border, I think this kitchen might be the happiest, friendliest place in the world.

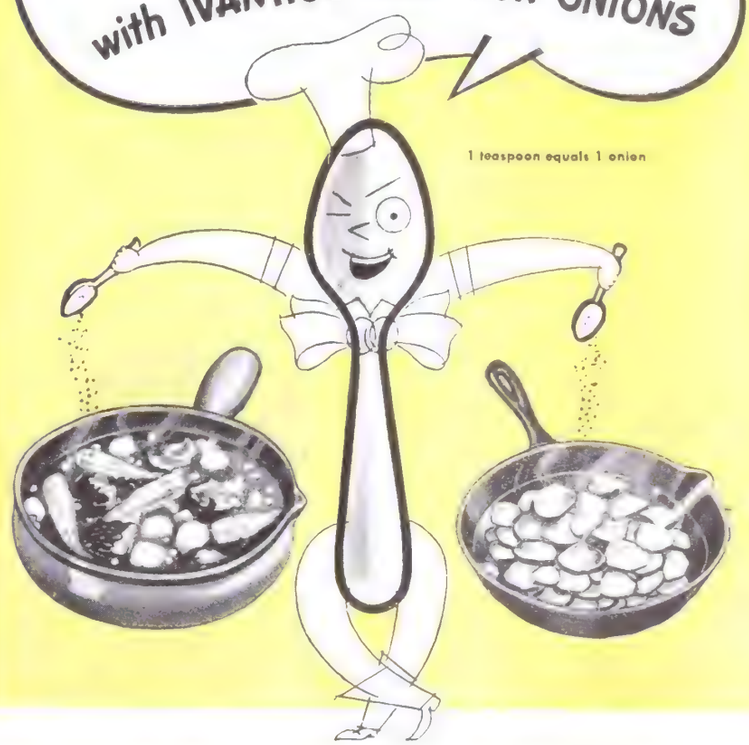
THE END

Have you discovered this grand new way to cook with onions?

Homemakers and food authorities agree that Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions are a marvelous discovery. They're so handy and pleasant to use. *No peeling—no waste—no cooking odors.* Each jar contains 12 fresh onions, grated and superdried. So concentrated that 1 teaspoon equals 1 onion. Recipes on the jar. Ask your grocer for Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions today. Send us his name if he has not yet stocked them. The Tupman Thurlow Co., Inc., 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Mr. T. Spoon says—

It's EASY to add PURE ONIONS to favorite dishes with IVANHOE TEASPOON ONIONS



TASTIER STEWS—Just before thickening the gravy, add 2 to 4 teaspoons of Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions to the liquid. The flavor is wonderful.

HAMBURGER, CHOPS, STEAKS—When cooked to desired brownness, sprinkle top of meat with 1 to 2 teaspoons of Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions. So delicious—and you don't scent up your house with onion odor.

FINER HOME FRIED POTATOES—Fry potatoes to light brown, stir in 1 to 2 teaspoons of Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions, continue frying to desired brownness.

MASHED POTATOES—Add 1 to 2 teaspoons of Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions with the hot milk. Gives them extra goodness. Use Ivanhoe Teaspoon Onions whenever the recipe calls for onions. 1 teaspoon equals 1 onion.

P. S. You'll love Ivanhoe Potato Redi-Salad and Ivanhoe Macaroni Redi-Salad, too. They taste like the home-made kind. Just open and serve.

SPEEDY! THRIFTY! HEARTY!
this delicious
7 minute
macaroni-and-cheese

• For this elegant-looking, good-eating main dish, get 2 boxes of Kraft Dinner. Kraft Dinner's magic ingredients—the special macaroni and the golden Kraft Grated—will give you delicious macaroni-and-cheese in 7 minutes' cooking time! Just follow directions on the box.

Pack the hot, fluffy-light Kraft Dinner into 6 well-greased custard cups. Unmold, serve with hot, well-seasoned tomato sauce, and garnish with pimiento strips. There's just one of *many* speedy, thrifty, delicious main dishes you can make with Kraft Dinner! Stock your pantry!

KRAFT DINNER
FOR Delicious MACARONI-AND-CHEESE
ONLY 7

QUICK AND EASY *for Two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

CAN your husband cook? If so, you're in luck. Young JOURNAL staff members whose husbands like to cook as a hobby say that cooking for two is great sport. They warn that you may come in for a bit more dishwashing than usual the nights your master chef is presiding; that the carrot scraping and less interesting routine details may be your lot; and if he has his heart set on brewing a stew with every seasoning on the shelf, you may have to wait for your dinner. But the results and the fun you have are well worth it.

One young husband became so fascinated with a new cookbook one evening that he left his armchair and rolled out a batch of homemade noodles at ten o'clock draped them over the radiators to dry sat up till midnight to cut them.

Though it's dangerous to curb a man's enthusiasm for contriving complicated dishes like curries, ragouts and so on, maybe you can maneuver these sessions with the stew pan or rolling pin to week ends and plan week-night meals on the simple and speedy side that will still give him a chance to do his stuff, with your very helpful obbligato. Here are some hints.

He-Man's Bill of Fare

Marinated Steak
Pan *or* French Fried Potatoes
À La Carte Salad French Bread
Apple Crisp *or* Apple Pie
Coffee

You don't have steak dinners frequently. When you do, it's an occasion. Even a man who cooks only occasionally likes to show off his talents on a steak or a special salad of his own creation. And here's a meal beamed to a man's tastes, whether he decides to don a butcher's apron and perform, or not. It's a good choice for guest night, too, as it's easy and quantities can be doubled just as well as not.

You can always buy an apple pie for dessert at a bakery if you're really pressed for time, but Apple Crisp is like a quick deep-dish apple pie without the trouble of rolling out piecrust. Make it first thing when you get home. While it's baking, the steak will have time to marinate—unless you bought your steak the evening before and put it to soak overnight. "A good steak," you'll say, "doesn't need any coddling"—but once you've both tried one this way I think you'll consider it worth the make-up.

Thinly sliced raw potatoes make good pan fries and you may not always have cooked potatoes on hand. If you can buy quick-frozen French fries or the potato stick packages, this is a quicker choice.

Here's the recipe for the Apple Crisp you can get it into the oven to bake w you inventory the refrigerator for the s or make the marinade for the steak.

APPLE CRISP

Peel, core and slice 3–4 apples. Put shallow baking dish with ¼ cup wat apples are somewhat dry. At this tim year they aren't always at their juicy b Also add 1 tablespoon lemon juice un apples are quite sour. In a bowl, m tablespoons flour, ½ cup brown sugar ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add ¼ cup bu or margarine and cut it into dry ingr ents with 2 knives or pastry blender u crumbly. Sprinkle over the apples. B in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about minutes, or until apples are tender. Se 2–3. Double if you're having guests.

MARINADE FOR STEAK

For a small steak for two, put ½ spoon salt into a bowl, mash 1 clove g in the salt. Add 1 tablespoon salad o tablespoon Worcestershire sauce an tablespoons red-wine vinegar. Add a dash of Tabasco sauce—mix well—, over the steak, turn it and let stand ready to drain and broil. You shoul need any additional seasoning. This originally was meant for outdoor-bro steak, but it works like a charm ind too. If your kitchen doesn't provi broiler, have you investigated the plu type table broilers?

Rummaging in the refrigerator may produce all the ingredients for the follo salad but all's well that blends well, bits of this and that combined with gr and a good dressing will produce a salad; you can bet on it.

À LA CARTE SALAD

Slice ½ large Bermuda onion. Sepa in rings. Crumble about 2 tablesp blue cheese. Quarter a tomato, and if have any one of the following, add 1 hard-cooked egg, ⅓ cup cooked pea Lima beans, ¼ cup diced cucumber, slice crisp bacon, crumbled. It's all cording to what you have. Break greens into bowl. Add the extras and together with French dressing.

Sunday-Night Supper

Oyster Pan Roast, New Orleans St
Toast California Coleslaw
Coffee

If scalloped oysters were a dish mother often served with a big bowl of slaw on Sunday nights, you sort of thi oysters as a Sunday-night dish. I know

alloped oysters are out for you if you don't ve an oven. But you can have an oyster roast—an epicurean specialty of sea-food taurants from coast to coast. You needn't timid about trying it at home. It's a ick and easy for sure feasible on a hot te or just in a chafing dish. If your sband is in the mood for a little skillet , give him the recipe. You make the ad—he'll like to eat it, but it isn't the kind usually performs on.

CALIFORNIA COLESLAW

Shred 1 cup cabbage. Section ½ grapefruit, or section a whole one and save part for Monday breakfast. Slice ½ small avocado. Dice ½ apple. Leave the skin on. Sprinkle the fruit and cabbage with the juice you can squeeze out of the grapefruit shell. Season ½ cup thick sour cream with 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and salt to taste. Mix into the fruit and cabbage. Serve in crisp lettuce cups.

OYSTER PAN ROAST, NEW ORLEANS STYLE

Oysters bought on Saturday will keep well in the refrigerator until Sunday if you put the container up where the milk is. You'll need 1 pint. Mix ¼ cup chili sauce with ¼ cup cream and have the salt and pepper shaker and Worcestershire and Tabasco sauce bottles handy. This dish takes so little time to cook that it's best to wait until the table's set, coffee and salad are already made. Overcooking is the ruin of any oyster dish. Drain the oysters. Put 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in frying pan or chafing-dish pan. Let it melt over low heat. Pour in the oysters and cook gently about 2 minutes, just until they begin to plump up a little. Add the chili sauce and cream. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and some pepper, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of Tabasco sauce. Stir together. Cook gently (the emphasis is on low heat all the way through if the oysters are to stay tender and juicy) just until the sauce is well heated through—several minutes. Serve at once on hot toast. Because of its ingredients, this version of a pan roast is almost like a hot oyster cocktail, which may give your chef of the evening an idea—he'll add a bit of horse-radish. The classic pan roast, of course, is made by cooking the oysters in the butter or margarine with only salt, pepper and a little cream added—but I think you'll like the addition of the snappy seasonings.

Half-and-Half

Bitoques (Russian Meat Balls)
Quick Mashed Potatoes
Green Vegetable *or* Salad Bowl
Rye Bread Jelly Peaches
Coffee

If you're doing this solo it can be easily managed, as the main dish is the only star. If there are two of you in the kitchen, so much the quicker. The salad or green vegetable plus the quick mashed potato and dessert take very little of your time.

BITOQUES (Russian Meat Balls)

Have ½ pound lean beef ground fine. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Soak 2 tablespoons fine dry bread crumbs (you can buy them in a package) in 6 tablespoons cream. Add ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, a dash or grind of pepper and last, but not least, a pinch of cloves and 1 of nutmeg. It's the seasoning touch that gives this dish such a good flavor. Mix very thoroughly with spoon or your hands. Shape into little balls half as big as a golf ball. Fry on all sides in ½ tablespoon hot shortening or salad oil. Remove meat from pan and make a sauce from drippings—to 1 tablespoon fat add 1 tablespoon flour. Add 1 teaspoon meat paste or a bouillon cube and ¾ cup hot water. Stir over low heat until thickened. Add ⅓ cup sour cream. Put meat balls back in pan and simmer in sauce about 10 minutes.

Have you tried mashed potatoes that come in packages? We have sampled several brands, but one we know, in powder form, can be prepared in jig time and the resulting mashed potatoes are as fluffy and white as you can make from scratch and without the armwork of mashing. They are really just what a quick-and-easy cook would order, and if your husband wants mashed potatoes seven times a week, it's just your dish. Follow the directions on the package. And you'll be surprised and delighted.

JELLY PEACHES

Add the juice of 1 lemon and ⅓ cup jelly or jam to ⅓ cup syrup from canned peaches. Bring to boil. Stir until blended. Pour over canned peaches and chill a few minutes. Serve with cream, if you wish.

Broiling—His Hobby

Broiled Mackerel—Anchovy Butter
Pickled Beets
Spinach with Scallions—Lemonaise
Rolls Fruit Compote
Coffee

If a man cooks at all, he gives no quarter to a woman when it comes to broiling meats and fish. Though there's really no trick to broiling, men seem to make a rite of the procedure. And they do it so well, why not let them? In fact, I learned the following way of broiling any fish on a preheated sizzling-hot platter, as well as anointing mackerel in particular with anchovy butter, from a man who took his broiling seriously. And it certainly gives good results!

BROILED MACKEREL—ANCHOVY BUTTER

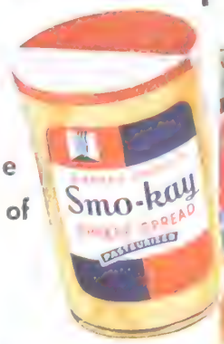
Select a small mackerel just right for two. Have the fishman split and bone it for you. Place skin side down on a well-greased heatproof platter or shallow pan that has been first preheated to the sputter-and-sizzle stage. Brush the flesh side of the fish with melted butter or margarine or salad oil. Sprinkle lightly, not generously, with salt and pepper. Broil about 8 minutes, or until nicely browned. Do not turn it. Spread with anchovy butter (½–¾ teaspoon anchovy paste mixed with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine). Serve garnished with lemon wedges and, if you like them, pickled beets. You can buy them now in jars.

Unfortunately, someone has to wash and peel a bunch of scallions and wash the spinach unless you can buy it washed and packed in transparent bags, or the quick-frozen variety. This laundry job will probably be yours.

SPINACH WITH SCALLIONS

Add salt to 1 pound washed spinach. Cook in just the water that clings to the leaves without adding additional water. The packaged fresh or the quick-frozen spinach will of course require added water. Cook just until wilted—when it's still chewy-tender and a lovely green. In another pot cook 1 bunch scallions, washed and peeled—leave a good bit of the green on—and tied with string, about 5 minutes in salted water to cover. In fact, if spinach and scallions are cooked simultaneously, they will both be cooked and can be drained at the same time. *For the lemonaise:* heat just a few minutes ⅓ cup mayonnaise mixed with the juice of a lemon. Drape the scallions over servings of spinach. Pour the sauce over all.

Now...a NEW favorite among Kraft Cheese Spreads



"SMO-KAY is Okay!" You'll agree when you taste the tantalizing blend of hickory smoke and cheddar flavors

For fast sandwiches that are hearty good eating . . . for fancy snacks, too . . . there's nothing to equal the famous Kraft Cheese Spreads. *Eight* of 'em now: For zestful flavor—the new Smo-kay, golden Old English, racy Roka, mellow-ripe Kraft Limburger Spreads. The creamy-rich kinds are Kraft Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Pineapple and Relish Spreads.

Keep an *assortment* of your folks' favorite Kraft Spreads *ready* for eating fun all the time.

Copr. 1947 by Kraft Foods Company

BACK AGAIN—golden Old English Spread in the half-pound packages. Also get Philadelphia Brand—the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh.* And rich, deliciously mild Velveeta that always melts perfectly. It's the cheese food that's digestible as milk.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

Of course you want a window like this!

Picture Windows welcome daylight into your home . . . add the beauty of outdoor views to indoor living. And when Picture Windows are glazed with *Thermopane**, winter cold and summer heat are kept outside.

This original "windowpane that insulates" has improved indoor living in small homes and large ones . . . in all climates, from Iceland to Mexico. That's why so many people are counting on *Thermopane* to add the joy of large windows to their homes.

Because of *Thermopane's* popularity, orders are scheduled many months ahead—so place your order as soon as your plans are completed. *Thermopane* is made in 55 standard sizes which can be shipped in advance of non-standard sizes. Your architect will advise which to choose. And your nearest Libbey·Owens·Ford distributor can give you the latest news about delivery dates. Send 10c for your copies of our 32-page book "Planning Ahead with Glass" and our *Thermopane* booklet. Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, 637 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio.

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L O F LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
a Great Name in GLASS

REPORT To the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"Curiouser and curiouser," Alice would surely have said of the new transparent mirrors. These amazing glasses are real mirrors on one side, and cannot be seen through, but from the other side they're like windows, and can be seen through with startling clarity! If you had one set into your front door, for example, you could look straight through it and observe your caller while he straightened his tie or tweaked his mustache in what he unsuspectingly believed to be a convenient mirror. They should prove to be useful, too, for panels between kitchens and dining rooms or playrooms.

•

One of the rumored joys of the future: nylons in slot machines, in railroad stations or hotel powder rooms!

•

IT'S A PARTY

To any child, and most adults, ice cream makes a party. A new little white ice-cream freezer, which may, if you wish, be used right on the dining-room table, freezes everybody's favorite dessert in about ninety seconds. Ninety seconds is, of course, the actual freezing time—the period during which the creamy mixture is rolled over the ice-cube-and-salt-filled drum. The whole operation, from the first pouring of cream into a mixing bowl, right up to the raising of the first spoonful to our lips, took us about twenty minutes for approximately a pint of ice cream, here in the Workshop, and we used three trays of ice cubes in the drum. Which is fine fast freezing, and the ice cream was fine too. French vanilla! But the freezer makes only a pint at a time and isn't easy on anyone's budget.

•

THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE

If it is, *please* remember *not* to use water to put it out. Every member of every family ought to know that water will only spread flames caused by fat, grease or electricity. Try instead to smother them with a cover, soda or earth. Every home ought to be equipped with a fire extinguisher, a good one, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. No other kind is worth buying. It's dreadful to realize that more than 10,000 people die, more than $500,000,000 worth of property is lost each year in the United States because of fires—90 per cent of them caused by carelessness. Yes, there are several things you can do about it, to protect your own home and loved ones. Above all, teach your children to be wary of fire-making possibilities, and set them a good example. Never let your house be guilty of closets stuffed with paper boxes, old magazines, oil-soaked dusters, or similar invitations to disaster. Stay in the kitchen while the broiler is on—fat catches fire so quickly, and when it does, it leaps! Watch your electric iron. Keep your chimneys clean, and see that fireplaces are all safe before you go up to bed. Be sure that kitchen curtains cannot blow near any open flame.

•

And speaking of blowing curtains, many of the new paper draperies are flameproofed. These paper draperies provide a lot of freshness and brightness for kitchens or summer cottages for little more than the proverbial song.

•

SNOW-WHITE

Perhaps you've stained one of your favorite ecru lace tablecloths badly, as we did, or perhaps you have an aged one that's looking a little tired. We gave ours new life by boiling it in dye remover, then dunking it in laundry bleach, then washing it in mild suds. And now we have a snowy *white* lace tablecloth that looks brand-new.

•

Save the drippings when you defrost your refrigerator; they provide the "distilled" water that you ought to use in your new steam iron.

•

BOOTS, BOOTS

Just about now, your overshoes are probably pretty badly soiled both outside and in, so that there's danger of their linings' staining your stockings. What to do? Just toss them in the washing machine! We gave ours a five-minute whirl in suds, let them travel on through the rinsing and damp-drying cycle. Then they dried overnight with their tops turned well down so that the air could get in, and the next day we wore them proudly. Warning—not for those fur-topped velvety ones.

For safety's sake: little rubber tips, shaped like pointed thimbles, for protecting the points of scissors, knitting needles, ice picks, or any sharp tools. Isn't it too bad someone doesn't invent a similar gadget for sharp tongues?

COLD, ISN'T IT?

We're not talking about the weather, but about any bottle that's been cooling its heels in one of the new insulated "party bags." These attractive zipper bags, covered with a silv'ry plastic waterproof finish, have a spun-glass insulating interlining, which keeps bottles chilly for several hours. Of course the bottles must be very cold when you put them in. There are also hand-span-tall insulated "mittens" for tall glasses, to help keep the heat of one's fingers from melting the ice cubes. By the same token, they keep fingers from getting stiff and wet and chilly.

Good news: During the first ten months of 1946, 1,763,505 vacuum cleaners found their way from their factories to your dealers. That's thousands more than the last full year of prewar production. Keep your chin up—yours may be next.

PROTECTION FROM SNOW AND WET

March, it seems to us, is the sloggiest month underfoot, so we're glad to tell you that a waterproofing compound, first developed for the Army Quartermaster Corps, is now available for civilians who get their feet wet. It comes in a tube for home use, and makes leather shoes (or gloves or luggage) impervious to the ravages of rain and snow. Mothers of bobby-soxers, who can't or won't wear rubbers over their beloved moccasins and saddle shoes, take note. We Workshop women, who *always* wear our galoshes, have found it a very good plan to treat the shoes we wear under them with this dressing, for snow is likely to seep in and stain one's pet pumps. It also does a good job of bringing back some of the lost essential oils to dried-out hardened shoes and gloves unfortunate enough to have been caught in a blizzard.

If you're as nearsighted as I am, you'll be interested in a new kitchen wall clock, with great big plain numerals that shift each minute and keep you right up with the time. The plastic case is slanted so that it's easier to read from below.

SO EARLY MONDAY MORNING

Newest member of the community of those fine useful citizens, automatic washing machines, is one that prides itself on its low cost as compared with most of its contemporaries, and its simplicity of design—only thirty moving parts. This machine can be used in a home which has no water heater, simply by pouring in hot water from a kettle. All rinsing is done with cold water, since the construction of the machine's action is such that its makers claim that 92 per cent of the soap is pressed out after the washing action, without the use of a single drop of rinse water. After the pressure soap removal, the remaining soap is forced up and out by a powerful stream of water which carries the suds and scum out of the top of the machine's inner sphere, away from any likelihood of settling back onto the washed clothes. The machine will wash a full load of five double sheets, or just a handful of baby clothes; the mechanical action is the same with a few gallons of water and a spoonful of soap as with a full measure. . . . Bleaching, bluing and starching can be done in the machine, and the automatic cycle begun at any point. Thus you may use the machine to damp dry a piece which you might prefer to wash by hand. Of course, like its fellows, this machine cleans itself and shuts itself off when its work is done.

Did you know that synthetic-rubber gloves don't disintegrate in turpentine or grease as the real-McCoy rubber ones are likely to do?

FUDGE 'N' LOLLIPOPS

Probably the two top-favorite sweets of the very young are fudge and lollipops, and happily you may make them at home without sugar. A new lollipop kit comes equipped with a bottle of sweetening, as well as the coloring, flavoring and sticks for a great many red, green and yellow pops. It's fun for children old enough to make them themselves. As for fudge, a good packaged mix needs only water to emerge as a panful of rich black squares, or a bit more water to make frosting.

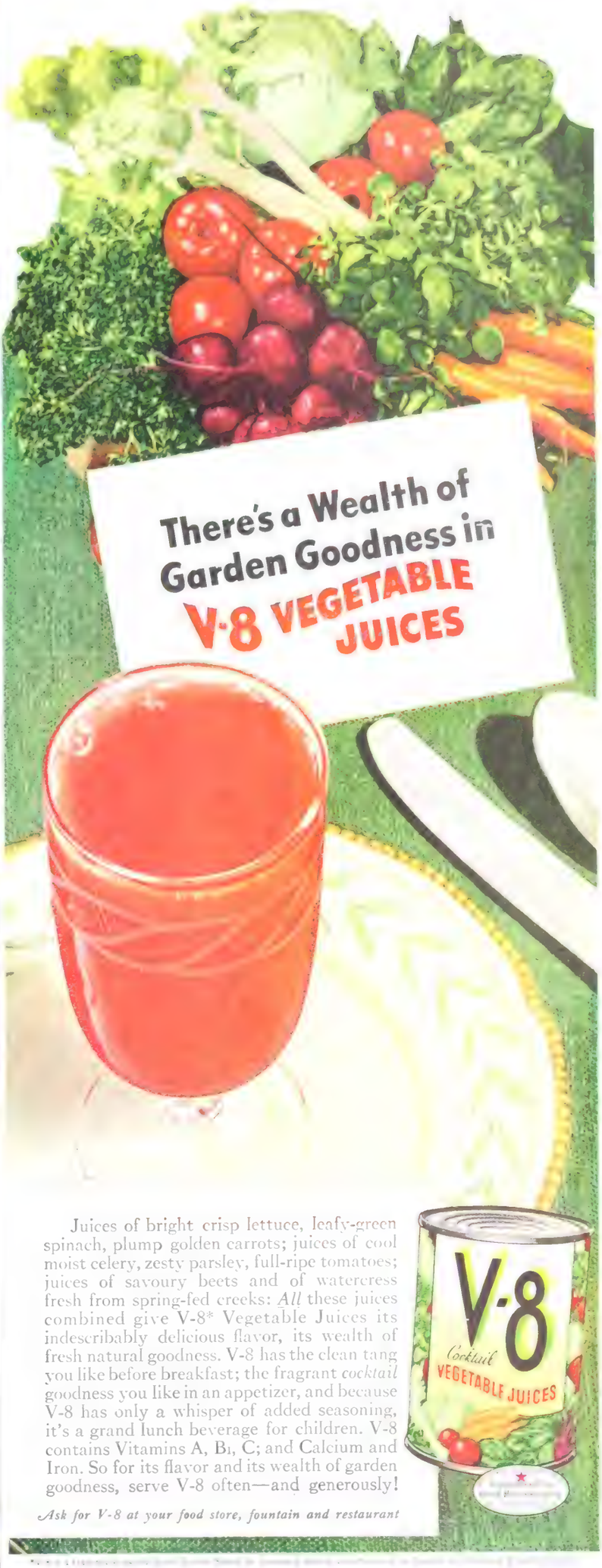
Bathing beauties: new ruffly shower curtains of plastic film in flowery pastel prints. The ruffling is welded, then welded to the shower curtain, so it's there to stay.

FOR DOUGH TO GROW

Do you have an electric roaster? Here in the Workshop, we've found that ours provides a fine, evenly warm, draft-free nook where yeast dough may rise, with the control set at the lowest point at which the oven will operate. Turned out a delectable batch of risingküchen!

FEET ON THE GROUND

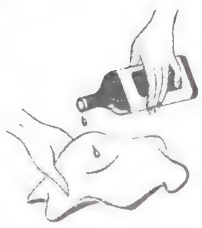
One of the most dangerous moments in the life of a housewife is that period of dizzy teetering (all too often on a rickety chair!) while she hangs curtains. Now along comes a new device which makes it possible to hang or take down curtains while remaining safely with both feet where they ought to be, firmly on the floor! The curtain raiser can be installed at any window with a screw driver; loosening its two knobs causes the rod to drop to eye level. Then, using the knobs as handles, the rod may be raised to any height, even right up to the ceiling if you want to make your windows look taller.


There's a Wealth of Garden Goodness in
V-8 VEGETABLE JUICES
Juices of bright crisp lettuce, leafy-green spinach, plump golden carrots; juices of cool moist celery, zesty parsley, full-ripe tomatoes; juices of savoury beets and of watercress fresh from spring-fed creeks: All these juices combined give V-8* Vegetable Juices its indescribably delicious flavor, its wealth of fresh natural goodness. V-8 has the clean tang you like before breakfast; the fragrant cocktail goodness you like in an appetizer, and because V-8 has only a whisper of added seasoning, it's a grand lunch beverage for children. V-8 contains Vitamins A, B1, C; and Calcium and Iron. So for its flavor and its wealth of garden goodness, serve V-8 often—and generously!
Ask for V-8 at your food store, fountain and restaurant
V-8
Cocktail
VEGETABLE JUICES

5 Short-Cuts to Furniture Shine-Ups!

1. SAVE STEPS by keeping your polish, cloths, brushes in a special cleaning basket. And carry it from room to room!

2. CUT DOWN ON POLISHINGS by doing one super job at intervals. Apply O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish *sparingly* and let it clean, polish, and nourish the wood, all at once. Many women let this rich polish "feed" into the wood a few minutes before polishing. Makes the gleam last even longer!



3. FOR QUICKER DUSTING, add a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to a dampened cloth. It keeps dust from scattering—gives extra sparkle with no extra effort!

4. PIN A PAPER BAG to your apron for collecting stubs and litter. And put dirty ash-trays in your cleaning basket!

5. WATER MARKS, SMUDGES, and small scratches often respond to an extra rub with O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish. More homemakers use this polish than any other brand, because it's really *all purpose!*

Genuine O-Cedar
ALL-PURPOSE POLISH
CLEANS – POLISHES – PROTECTS

IF YOU PREFER A CREAM POLISH, say O-Cedar, too. Quick—easy—no rubbing—to make refrigerators, venetian blinds, woodwork, and other surfaces gleam! O-Cedar Corp'n., Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Canada.

O-CEDAR—"THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

DATE GIRL

(Continued from Page 59)

the house and into the noise and bustle of the business section. The streets were gray and rimed, the buildings streaked with the winter's dirt. He had a cup of coffee and a cruller in the Coffeepot around from Si & Flo's, and when he came out it was as if he couldn't breathe. The college bus came along just then, and even though he had no class until ten, Johnny caught the bus.

It was spring all around the college. There was no mistaking that. You could see it in the haze that was faint about the bare trees, in the hint of green on the lawns; and it was in the way the kids walked as they went to catch their nine-o'clock classes. Bareheaded as usual, but differently. The lads in bags and pull-overs; the girls in skirts and roll-sleeve pastel sweaters, or dungarees and colored shirts.

Johnny sat on the bench about Founders' Fountain and saw the college for the first time. He felt the warmth of the late March sun. He saw the kids, not so much younger than he, but removed from him in time and every other way, and that was when revolt stirred in him.

The soft weathered walls of the buildings; the quiescent tentacles of the creeper vines; the sound of the bell from the tower of First Building. They all joined to feed a sense of loss.

He looked at the boys and girls clattering up the steps of Aldis and Brown, of Bulkyn and of Broker Hall. There were a few of the G. I. men and women among them, but it was the youngsters Johnny saw. The kids they considered witless, unknowing burners of time. The kids who groused about them as spoilsports and grinds.

Tenderness has no deeper source than the heart of a woman, devotion no purer shrine, sacrifices no more saintlike abnegation.

SAINT FOIX.

Johnny didn't think of that then. He was conscious of the college, of its personality; and for once he thought as the kids thought. He knew what they meant by the things they tried to say. It wasn't just what you learned. It was the whole thing. The fun of it—the four years of a unique world. A world you lost when you took your cap and gown. That you lost but ever after had with you. And there was in him this sense of loss that it had never been his.

He wanted it. He'd have had it if it hadn't been for the blasted Nazis and their blasted war. Something he'd dreamed about when he was a kid in Claremont and a hero was some fellow at college.

It all came back to him and he wanted that part of his life. He wanted it terribly. And that was when Penny stopped and spoke to him.

She came up the walk cuddling two books. She had on a yellow skirt and pull-over and there was a ribbon trying to hold back the shimmering waves of her red-gold hair. There was a gold locket on a thin chain about her neck, and her eyes were green and silky-lashed.

It wasn't that she was so young and so pretty—so almost magazine-picture pretty. It was that she represented, as Johnny looked at her, all the pretty girls who ever went to college; all the pretty girls a fellow mooned about when he was a frosh or soph or junior or even a senior.

He'd seen her before. He'd seen her in Lit 2 and he'd seen her downtown in cars with other kids. She was so unmistakably Midwest. Myra had been with him once when they'd spied Penny with a crowd and Myra's red lips had curved. "The perfect Date Girl," she had said without rancor and Johnny had nodded, smiling agreement.

But now he looked at her and he envied the kids she ran with. The kids so little younger than he and yet so far removed. She was not much more than eighteen. And he was not only twenty-four, but older than six years of any sort could make him older than she was.

She wasn't a real person to him then. She was a symbol of all he had missed; of all he wanted now. He knew he couldn't have it. Nothing could give it all back to him, but he thirsted for a taste. Just to know it; to have it to remember. He knew it was silly. He even knew it was the spring and that it would pass.

He didn't look up. He saw her slim legs, the swirl of her skirt. Then she said, "Hello," and Johnny had to look up. She stood before him, holding the books to her firm breast. Her lashes blinked and her green eyes were straight and friendly. "This isn't Thursday, is it?"

"Wednesday," Johnny said in his deep voice.

Her smile sent shimmers of light dancing over her creamy face. "I know. But I see you only on Thursdays. Isn't it funny how you expect things to be the same and get confused when they change?" Her voice was clear and young and breathless. Full of wonder at life and enjoyment of it too. Johnny had to smile.

"Blame the weather. It brought me out like a snake from winter quarters."

Her nose wrinkled. She blinked at the sun. "Grand, isn't it?" She hugged the books tighter, lifting her face to the sky. She was like the day itself. Lovely and young; not touched by cares or even thought. She sat down beside him.

Johnny said, "Have you got a class?"

"I was going over to the library." She said, "Hi, Slug," to a lad who was sprinting up the walk. He said "Yay, Penny," without stopping.

The bell from First ceased its clanging. The doors of the buildings looked blankly and benignly out at the campus as if bovinely ruminating upon their full interiors. Penny closed her eyes and leaned against the stone back of the bench.

Johnny took out his pipe and lighted it. He felt at once guilty and defiant. This was wasting time, and yet he wanted to hold on to this feeling of well-being, of unhurriedness. This was what it would have been like, he thought, if there had been no war. In those days when his father was still alive and it had been understood he was to go to college. Now it was different. The family broken up. Mother in the East with his older sister Ethel and her family, and he here because when he'd thought of a university he hadn't been able to think of any but Midwest.

He turned to find Penny's eyes wide upon him. There was nothing in her gaze but friendly interest. "You're not so frightening."

Johnny laughed, surprised. "Am I supposed to be?"

"Sort of. All your crowd. The Exclusives, we call you."

Johnny chuckled. "Hardly that. We're just pretty busy."

Her curling hair shook. "You're never around campus after classes."

"Part of being busy," Johnny said lightly. "Is it fun?"

"Golly, yes." She looked at him with the first doubt in her eyes. "You're laughing at me, aren't you?"

Johnny said sincerely, "No. I don't know anything about it. I take my classes and I go to work. I wouldn't know if it's fun."

"It is," Penny said, her lips parted, and Johnny looked at her as maybe her father did. Indulgently, appreciatively. She said, "You ought to try it sometime."

"Maybe I will," Johnny grinned. "I'd need a guide. Would you be available?"

Penny nodded and Johnny's grin deepened, because he'd never seen her when there weren't at least two lads in attendance.

He said, "I may take you up on that," not meaning a word of it.

(Continued on Page 191)

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Easy Recipe

NEW PEACH UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Plump, colorful California-grown peaches give new glamour to an old favorite!

- 9 canned cling peach halves
- ¼ cup soft butter or margarine
- ½ cup brown sugar (packed)
- Maraschino cherries
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅔ cup milk
- Whipped cream

Drain peaches. Spread softened butter in bottom of deep, square 9" pan. Pack brown sugar evenly on top of butter. Arrange peaches cup side down on sugar mixture. Lay cherries in uniform pattern between peach halves.

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming thoroughly. Blend in well beaten eggs and flavoring. Stir in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Pour batter carefully over fruit. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 1 hour. Loosen sides of cake with spatula and turn out of pan immediately, allowing pan to rest over cake a few seconds so that syrup will drain. Serve warm or cold with whipped cream. Serves 9.

Peachy Quick Tricks

Jiffy Salad: mix a pint of cott cheese with ½ cup of thick comm cial sour cream and ½ cup fi chopped water cress. Salt to ta Place cheese on four salad pl with a drained, chilled canned pe half on either side ... two to a s ing. Garnish with water cress, s with French dressing.

Fruit cocktail tips: add to ch gelatin for an easy, delicious des ... or heap high and handsom avocado halves...or pour over terday's cake to add a glamo touch. And, of course, what c be better than fruit cocktail r from the can as a meal starte dessert. Keep plenty on hand!

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They're wonderful so many ways!

California Cling Peaches

Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail

(Continued from Page 188)

...y got up. "I live at South Dorm."
...iled, nodding. Then she called, "Hey,
... wait." She said, "So long," and went
... g down the walk to where the blond
... th the crew cut waited
... mally that would have been all there
... it, because Johnny wasn't particularly
... ted. Penny Ames was a swell kid and
... y one, but she was a kid and he was
... eyond all that. But the spring weather
... around and the Greek sprang the word
... ys later that he was closing the restau-
... r a week beginning Sunday, and that
... in Si & Flo's the talk went flat for
... y.

...re'd been the usual palaver. About the
...he world was in and the mess Fall City
... s were in, not to mention county and
... matters. Someone said something
... their being pretty young and Ed
...am snorted, "Pitt was Prime Minister
...gland at my age."

...ra said, "I think, anyhow, just for the
...ce, we should shove an oar in. What do
...ink, Johnny?"

... y looked at him, waiting as they al-
...lid for what Johnny had to say on the
... t, but tonight he failed them. He said,
...n't think. Maybe I've got spring fever.
...s you'd better count me out of this
...ar. Excuse, please."

... grinned, but he got up and went out.
... damp in the noisy, traffic-filled street,
...e spring was all about and suddenly
...s tired of the going. Of the steady,
... tonous grind.
... 'ork and the
... and plans for
...g out the old
... who milked the
...s; who made
... cs a paying,
...ss profession. It
... the spring.
...y knew that.
...en knew it was
... of him; senti-
...al. But he
...ht, *I'll wallow if*
... *t to.*

...ra came from
... the blue-and-
... neon sign. She
...ed back her
... black hair. "What gives, Johnny?"
...nny shrugged. "I said it. Must be
...g fever."
...r blue eyes questioned.
...nny said, "No sulphur and molasses.
...ave to let it take its course. Nick is
...g down for a week. Saint Athanasius
...ving a birthday. I think I'll loaf."
...ya nodded. "Best thing if you're stale.
... calling up the D.A. We thought we'd
...wn and ask him some pertinent ques-
... Would you lend your quietly forceful
...nce?"
...nny hesitated.
...ra said, "Okay. I used to be like that
...t candy. I'd buy me a dime's worth of
...chocolate babies, licorice and stuff and
...od and sick. That cured me till the next
... You loaf. Be seeing you."

...e went back inside and people stepped
...of her way. Johnny looked after her,
...ing, *She's a swell guy. She's someone.*
...e wasn't any doubt of that. She'd go
...s; count.

...vagrant puff of spring that had no right
...rnold Street touched his cheek. Johnny's
...rs curled; his feet moved.

...m the top of Arnold he could see the
...s winking on College Hill. He didn't
... the bus. He walked. When he got to
...gates he could hear the sound of singing
... he walked that way until he came to
...e the columns of Chapel were a nebu-
... white blur. The seniors were having an
...romptu sing on the steps, hidden by the
... mass of onlookers.

...ere, farther up the wide walk, little
...ps leaned against the railings, laughing
... talking. Johnny stopped beside one of
... big elms. He lighted his pipe and a
...ly awakened moth fluttered in the ruddy
... of the flame.

The distant music blending, made a nostalgic background for the lighthearted gab of the kids. Johnny stood, relaxing, surprised to realize how tense he had been for months past. *I need this,* he thought. *I need a breather. Myra is right. I'll be okay when it's over.* Because there was serious stuff ahead and this was weakness.

A couple of lads, skylarking, pushed each other about. One of them bumped into Johnny. The boy said, "Sorry," and Johnny said, "That's all right."

THE lad looked at him in the vague light of the campus lamp that came past the dark boles of the trees. He said, "Oh, hello, Mason," and when Johnny said, "Who is it?" the boy said, "Smith. We take old Carter together."

Johnny said, "Sure. How are you?" He felt a feeling of warmth, though he didn't know the boy by name and couldn't distinguish his face.

Smith said, "Good sing, isn't it?" and went back to the group of fellows and girls up ahead.

Johnny struck another match. The seniors were embarked upon Midwest Above the Plains, and Johnny listened, giving way to a welling of sentiment that he knew he should be laughing at.

From the group above one of the figures detached itself; came toward him. He saw the flare and sway of a skirt, the glimmer of slim legs. Penny Ames planted herself before him, a little breathless, her hands on her hips. "So you've come to see how the other half lives."

Johnny laughed. He'd felt a stir of pleasure when he recognized her. She made it complete. Midwest's Date Girl. She drew herself up on the smoothness of the railing and Johnny could smell the faint perfume of her hair.

She said youthfully, enthusiastically, "Isn't it super? It can't last though. We'll have foul weather again."

"Certain to," Johnny agreed.

The voices swelled, faded. A clear tenor took up the thread and the chorus came in again, strong yet softened by distance. Johnny drew at his pipe, careful lest it bubble. He didn't want her to go away. She was part of it. Part of this moment of sentiment that had him in its spell.

One of the girls called to Penny. The group drifted to them. In a moment they were all about. Johnny smiled beside Penny as she sat enthroned.

The sing broke up suddenly. Voices were louder and figures floated past until the steps of Chapel were bare and visible.

Penny said, "We're going over to the Poodle." She didn't wait for him to speak. She slipped from the rail and caught his hand. The others moved with them, laughing, talking.

The Poodle was jammed. It was brighter than Si & Flo's and practically all the crowd was young—purely Midwest. The booth they sat in was meant for six. There were ten of them in and about it. Sodas, pop, great gobs of ice cream. Johnny ordered plain chocolate. It tasted better than the ice cream they ate at the Greek's.

The talk went on. Johnny didn't say much more than he did at Si & Flo's. But he didn't have to wonder what the gang would think and say if they could have heard. It was such infantile stuff. Wisecracks, puns. Puerile statements received with laughter. You didn't have to think—there was nothing to think about. Johnny found himself grinning; giving his quiet chuckle when someone threw a crack at him. It was restful, relaxing, this descent into childishness.

He walked Penny back to South Dorm. Two of the other girls were ahead with some

(Continued on Page 193)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Reprieve

By Alma Roberts Giordan

Living dead I was who went
Loving none, nor trying;
Since a child looked long on me,
I have done with dying.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Spout is built-in rather than attached, no rivets, no hard-to-reach crevices where flavor-destroying scum can accumulate — it's as easy to clean as a cup.

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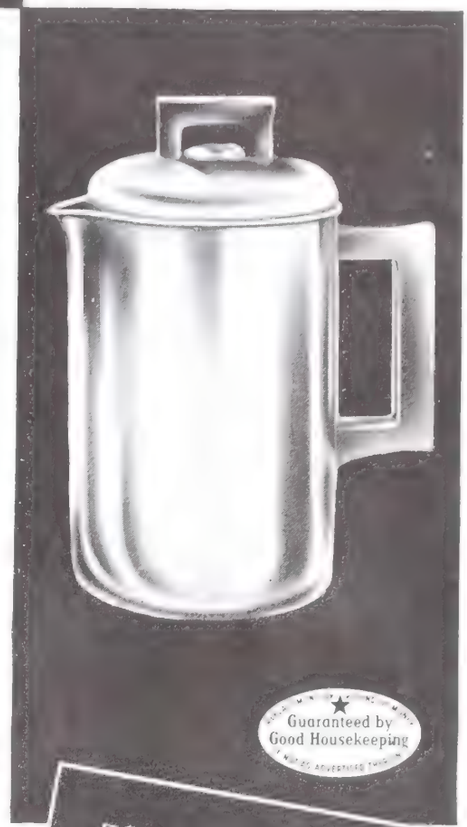

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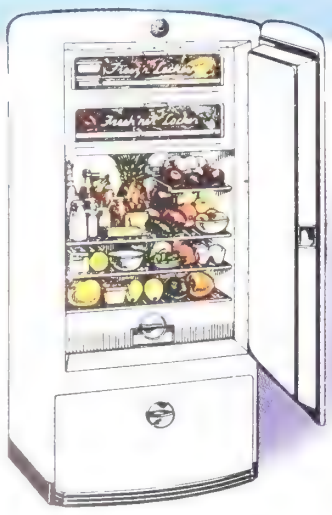

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GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

GREENVILLE MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 191)

ie boys. Johnny smoked his pipe, his ls in his pockets.

enny said with a sidelong glance through dark. "What are you thinking about?"

Nothing," Johnny said truthfully.

You aren't making plans for remaking world?"

Not at the moment. I'm enjoying my overy of the afterdark life of Midwest."

enny said quickly, almost like a child, e do other things than lark around pus and sop up sodas."

Like what?"

Oh, golly." She laughed. "Depends on weather and what happens into our ls. Why not?"

ie sat down in the shadow of the tall ico and swept her skirt aside in a gesture nvitation.

ohnny let his big frame down onto the beneath hers. "It was fun, anyhow."

It's grand fun," Penny said and Johnny n't say, "That's the trouble with it," igh the thought sprang into his mind.

ny said, "You should try it more often. u were quite human tonight. Everyone ight so."

ohnny lifted his face. "I didn't hear a d."

We use the sign language. But we aren't wful either, are we?"

Super," Johnny said and Penny laughed, ost crooning.

Then you will come again?"

Maybe I will. I've no work next week. u might slide in a little time to show me re—if you're not too y."

Penny said, "I'd love You're my lion. It's ather in my cap to e an Exclusive in ." Her glinting hair ayed. "I bet the e's buzzing right v."

ohnny laughed. ass the grains of ."

Penny said, "A mod- man. Honest. You k at your mirror with objective eye. The nsensus, feminine, hich is all that nts, is that you're one quarter Rex Har- on and the rest Gable."

"F'evven's sake," Johnny found himself oting.

The bell tolled, vibrating from First close . Penny said, "Eleven on the dot and at's in for us." She said, "Monday at ree. Keep your fingers crossed about the ather." Her face bent and her lips touched Softly, fully, and then she was gone into e dim light of South.

Johnny didn't move. The pressure of her s lingered. It made him smile. It had en the merest nothing. Like a child's kiss. e was sure it was the gesture she made in rting to all her dates.

He walked around the campus before he ade his way down the hill and through the sidential district to Mrs. Sullivan's. He d no inclination to go to the grill, though e booth wouldn't be empty. He had no esire, either, to look at a book, though there as a volume of Trevelyan he had brought ome to get some light on seventeenth- entury England. He still felt as he had with l those kids around him. Relaxed and in- olent and concerned with nothing but feel- ng that way.

THAT was Friday, and he thought that per- aps by Monday he would be over it. The eather might change and that would surely ash it all out. And most probably Penny ouldn't show up.

But the weather held and Mrs. Sullivan's melled mustier than ever and the Greek's made the campus seem like the Elysian fields. The mood was still with him when he took his classes on Monday and he did not go back to town in between. He had a bite at the Poodle with two of the kids who had been with them the night of the sing. It was pleasant. It was the way it would have been had he been four years younger and there had been no war.

Penny wasn't at South when he got there that afternoon. Johnny grinned wryly to himself. He waited five minutes. He was just walking away when he heard the squeal of brakes. He turned and Penny waved There were five boys and girls in the car They made room for Johnny, all talking

Penny shouted in his ear, "We're going out to Doctor Dunbar's. Weenie roast."

DOCTOR DUNBAR was lean and gray. His wife was short and plump and rosy. Johnny never found out the why of the gathering But it was fun. Inconsequential, pure fun The garden was still sere, the trees bare But the sun was golden and the fire in the barbecue pit, even if it smoked, cooked the wieners. They had supper at five and it was almost dark at six. Damp enough to drive them indoors where they sang and drank sodas and Doctor Dunbar grinned happily and Mrs. Dunbar hurried in and out as if she loved waiting on them. It was, Johnny decided when he got back to Mrs. Sullivan's, a very pleasant evening though certainly when he was over his spring fever he would know it for a wasted one.

He went with Penny and her crowd to the movies the next night. It was a third-run house on the far side of town. The picture was pretty sad, but a lot of Midwest was there, come evidently not to see the picture but to talk to it. The hero's motives were loudly commented on. The heroine was given excellent advice. Johnny wondered, when he wasn't laughing, why the manager didn't throw them all out.

People who have never married have not really lived. (People who have married and had no children have only half lived. People who have had one child only are a long way from the crown of human life.) Old age with nothing to look back upon, nothing to lean upon, is poor stuff as compared with the old age that renews its youth and life and interests in its children and grandchildren. Ask a few lonely old people going out with the tide.

—From Last Leaves, by Stephen Leacock (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

He saw Myra in Broker Hall at the end of the week as classes were changing. She came toward him, big and vivid. Her smile was full. "Hi, Johnny. How's the spring fever—or is that what it was?"

Johnny didn't avoid the question. He said slowly, "That or a mess of sentiment. The feel of college." He gestured. "It *is* college."

Myra's blue eyes were steady. "Sentiment," she agreed. Her shoulders lifted ever so slightly. "It's all experience, and at least you've got an attractive bit of fluff to demonstrate for you." She put her arm in his as they walked down the hall. "Big stuff, Johnny. We've an invite from Governor Creed. A week from tomorrow. Lunch at the statehouse and we sit in on the session afterward. Six of us. You're in. Okay?"

"Swell," Johnny said. That was Myra's doing, he knew, and he was grateful.

Myra nodded. "A lot of noble palaver with the invite, but it boils down to their knowing we're around and that we mean business. If not now, in a couple of years. Be seeing you at the grill, Johnny."

"Right," Johnny said. He turned in at the lecture room, thinking, *She's decent. Understanding too. Time I got back to normal*

The next afternoon Penny drove up in a borrowed car and they went into the hills to look for arbutus. She had a picnic basket, and after they'd failed to find any of the waxy blooms they sat on a sun-warmed rock and ate.

Penny ran her fingers through her hair and looked up at the hazy sky. "Radio man says rain tomorrow. I knew it couldn't last. But it'll come again. Really spring."

Johnny said, "It's been fun." He felt her eyes on him. When he looked she smiled.

"You sound like no more."

"I start at the Greek's again tomorrow."

Penny said lightly, "Been nice knowing you. But you did enjoy the nursery."

"A lot." Johnny looked at her. She was such a kid. "What are you planning to do, Penny? I mean—when Midwest is over for you."

(Continued on Page 195)

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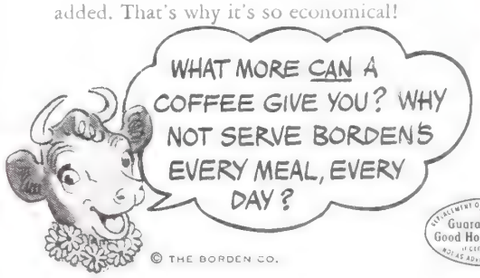

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Postman, Postman, Two would suit me better
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 141)

Penny bit at a blade of grass. She seemed ut to speak, but she just shook her head said at last, "That's too far away."

ohnny thought, *Fun.* It was all right for kids. But it wasn't all right for him or of his gang and the thousands like them. t was clouding up when Penny dropped on Arnold and drove away, her hair lift-, one hand upraised. He watched the car n the bend and he was conscious of noth- but the pleasure he had had; a faint re- t that the spring weather was gone. But t was all.

The Greek reopened the next day. It was ill and overcast and Johnny thought, *I've to get down to cases. Slog at it.* He'd had taste of what it would have been like. A te he would never forget.

He was at Si & Flo's that evening. The was steady and intelligent, and Myra at side was warm and down-to-earth. He w he was where he belonged, but he nd himself wondering what Penny and gang were doing this chill evening.

He walked Myra over to the Y, where she med. In the reception hall she turned to . "Got it out of your system, Johnny?"

'All out," Johnny said.

Myra nodded. "I'm glad. There isn't room sentiment. Not for our part of this gen- tion."

"I know," Johnny said soberly.

He hadn't said he'd call Penny. He didn't her in his swift passage of the campus. e cold continued; the wet. It was on esday that he got thoroughly drenched his way from the U. to the Greek's. He ought nothing of it; it was something that d happened before, and even the sore oat he woke up with the next morning s only a nuisance. He gargled and sucked a couple of lozenges and by afternoon it s pretty well gone.

UT it was there, stronger than ever, when woke Wednesday, and it stuck with him day. That night at the grill he felt logy d hot and his throat hurt every time he allowed. But they were making plans for turday and no one seemed to notice.

He felt far too ill to get up the next morn-. He tried, but he just couldn't. For a g time he lay in bed, scared. He knew it s dumb; he knew it was weak, but he uldn't help it. He wanted to yell for his ther, just as he had that day in the Bulge en all hell had broken loose and shrapnel d caught him in the thigh so that he uldn't move, but lay looking at the blood at seeped through the bandage he'd clapped on and been afraid he'd die there alone. He'd been scared right back to babyhood and he was scared now.

He was ashamed, but he couldn't help it. He managed to drag himself up. He caught one of the Sullivan kids on his way downstairs. He got over what he wanted and staggered back to bed, but it was half an hour before Mrs. Sullivan, wispy-haired, gin-breathed, came up to see if Johnny really needed a doctor.

The doctor came just before noon. He said it was tonsillitis. Just learning what it was made Johnny feel better. When the medico said doubtfully, "Got someone to take care of you?" Johnny said, "I'll be okay."

THE doctor nodded. "Stay in bed until your temperature is normal. You'll have to have those tonsils out someday, but you take your medicine and you'll be better soon." He said, "I'll drop the prescription and have it sent over. Just take it easy."

Johnny paid the doctor. The room was chill and dampish when he was alone. He pulled the covers up closer. Little Normy wailed down the hall and Johnny thought irritably, *That's a foul brat.*

He slept until the medicine came. He took the dose the label ordered. Mrs. Sullivan was no help. He was glad when she shambled away. She made him feel even more alone and lonely.

He was too sick to be hungry. He slept away the afternoon and the night, waking only to peer at his watch to see if it was time for his medicine. In the morning his throat was a lot easier, but he felt as sick as ever. Mrs. Sullivan's coffee was cold and overage and Johnny didn't touch the soggy toast, but he ate the soup she brought him belatedly at one he'd asked her to open a can for him. It hurt only a little when he swallowed. She brought the thermometer that he'd asked her to buy and he saw when he took his temperature that the fever hadn't gone yet.

It was dark when Myra came. A wave of relief swept over Johnny when he heard her voice downstairs; heard her contemptuous reply to Mrs. Sullivan's, "You goin' up t'him?" . . . "I'm going up to him," Myra said and Johnny almost chuckled. He knew Mrs. Sullivan would improve the shining moment by slipping out for a drink.

Myra came in, big and handsome, smelling of the damp March night. She stripped off her gloves and shrugged out of her coat, looking down at Johnny. "What's got you?"

"Tonsillitis," Johnny croaked.

Myra didn't sit down. "Anything I can do?"

"Not a thing. Glad you came. Couldn't find a way to let you know."

"The Greek said you hadn't shown. We're going uptonight bybus. It will give us a chance to see a few things before we meet the governor." A frown puckered her forehead. "You can't make it,can you?"

"Afraid not," Johnny whispered.

Myra said, "We really need you. You've got a way of getting people to talk." She shrugged. "Oh, well, what can't be, can't be. If you're not at the Greek's Sunday I'll come around and give you the low-down." She nodded. "Anything you want?"

"Nothing." He hoped she wouldn't see the disappointment in his face. It was silly of him to have thought e wouldn't go if he

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couldn't. It was weak; sentimental. There wasn't a single reason why she shouldn't, but just the same he couldn't help feeling like that. It was being sick, of course.

Myra gathered her coat. "I've got to pick up my bag. We're meeting at the bus in an hour. You're sure there's nothing you want?"

Johnny shook his head, not trusting his voice. He managed a grin as Myra turned at the door. He heard her go down the stairs and he thought against the feeling in him. *She's right. You can't be weak about anything. That's for the kids, not for us.*

He shifted, trying to get comfortable, trying to lick the loneliness that held him. When he heard the door downstairs he knew it wasn't Mrs. Sullivan because he knew the sound she made. And he knew in some way he could not identify that it wasn't Myra coming back.

He sat up, listening, shaking his head at the thought that came into it; at the way his throat tightened. It couldn't be. But downstairs a pulsing voice called, "Anyone alive here?" and Johnny croaked, "Up here."

Footsteps came quickly on the uncarpeted stairs. Johnny's eyes stung. He brushed his hand angrily across them. He turned his face to the door and Penny came in, the single light gilding her tawny hair, her eyes wide and shocked.

"F'evven's sake, Johnny Mason."

"I've been sick," Johnny said and felt his voice break.

She looked so concerned; so terribly concerned. "Isn't there anyone taking care of you?"

"I'm all right," Johnny said shakily.

"I bet." She sounded angry. She pulled the tweed hat from her head. She shucked the reversible and threw it on a chair with the hat. "You've had [illegible]"

"Yesterday. It's just tonsillitis. How did you —"

"You weren't in [illegible] You didn't call. W[illegible] dropped down to that Greek place. He said he *guessed* you were sick." She came to the bed and put her cool hand on Johnny's forehead. She picked up the thermometer from the table, shook it and shoved it under Johnny's tongue. He grinned up at her, though he didn't feel at all like grinning. He felt like crying. Penny didn't smile. She said, "*Just* tonsillitis. Those bedclothes look as if they hadn't been changed since the year one and you don't look much less grimy. Don't touch that thermometer."

She went out into the hall. She came back with sheets over one arm, holding a basin of soap and water in her hands. She put the basin on the table, the sheets on the chair. She took the thermometer from Johnny's lips and frowned at it. She looked so pretty that Johnny just wanted to lie there and look at her. And what she was doing—the way she was doing it—made a warmth about his heart.

PENNY said, "Just a degree." She shook the thermometer and laid it aside. She said, "Take off your top; and where do you keep your clean pajamas?"

Johnny said, "Hey, you can't ——"

"I can wash your face and chest and back. And I'm going to. Turn, Dick Whittington."

She was thorough about it, but when she had finished and Johnny slipped into the clean pajama jacket he felt different. Clean and comfortable and deeply stirred. He even helped a bit as Penny none too expertly changed the sheets.

He lay back with a sigh and Penny said, "What have you eaten today?" Johnny started to make up something, but Penny's green eyes, nothing like a child's now, were not to be denied. She said, "I think it's shameful." She said, "Don't go away," but it didn't sound light.

When she came back she had a pot of tea and real dry toast and a gob of butter that would have made Mrs. Sullivan shriek in anguish. She poured the tea and added milk and gave Johnny the cup and saucer, setti the plate on his lap and buttering the fi piece of toast for him. The hot tea was plea ant against his throat.

Little Normy began to wail and Pen lifted her head. Johnny said, "That's t youngest. There's four of them."

"Isn't his mother here?"

"Out." Penny moved to the door a Johnny said, "He's an awful little brat."

Penny disappeared. The wailing stopp suddenly. Penny came back and picked the basin. "It's disgraceful," she said a her slim legs twinkled.

Johnny finished the toast and tea. He p the plate and cup and saucer on the tab and turned his eyes to the door. Penny can in holding a very clean baby in her arm His cheeks shone; his hair was brushed acro his square head.

SHE said, "Did you say awful? He's da ling." She sat down with Normy in h arms and Johnny stared.

"He doesn't look the same," he admitte "It—it's you, Penny."

Normy closed his eyes and went to slee in Penny's arms. Johnny watched her. S wasn't just a pretty kid. She was beautif and ageless.

He said, "Penny ——"

She raised a pink finger to her lips. S got up and went out with Normy, and whe she came back she drew the chair closer t the bed and looked at Johnny with dee quiet eyes. "You weren't going to call m were you?"

Johnny swallowed. It didn't hurt eve with the lump that was in his throat.

Penny asked, "Why?" and he turned his eyes t her and told her. He wa sure he hadn't made clear, but Penny onl nodded.

"There's nothing wron with having fun. There always time even if you' places to go. You're th sort who will get there with out hurrying." She folde her skirts about her knees and Johnny sa the color come into her smooth cheeks. S said, "You'll get there, but you won't b happy just bulling ahead. You're like my dad This Myra Stock; could she help you?"

Johnny shook his head. He saw it clearl Myra was much like him. Myra was amb tious too. Myra was going places all righ but she wouldn't ever dally for fun or sto to wait if whoever started with her lagge or fell by the roadside. Looking at Penny seeing the color deepen in her cheeks and he eyes drop away, at last he knew there neve could have been anything between hi and Myra.

Penny's eyes came to meet his, slow bu steady. "Maybe I'm jealous, but I don' think so. I admire women like Myra Stock but I wouldn't ever want to be like her. I isn't in me. I'd be too lonely that way. want what my mother has. To find my ma and help him. To admire him and—and lov him and find my success in his. You—yo think that's weak?"

"No," Johnny said, his voice deepening "I think that's natural and splendid, Penny I know that's the sort of woman I want."

Penny stood up. He saw her young body tense, her throat swell. She said almos stiffly, "You—you could easy be that ma for me. If I ——"

Johnny's hand went out, his heart turning over. "Penny ——"

She sank to her knees, both hands holding his. Her voice came shakily, "I know I'm pretty young. And I've got two years to g yet, but ——"

Johnny's free hand touched her shinin hair. It glimmered before his smarting eyes He said roughly, "I can wait. I won't be a lawyer for some time yet, and I wouldn' want an ignoramus for a wife anyhow."

He saw her face lift, shining. Then he lips were against his and he knew, as his arm went about her shoulders, that she'd neve kissed any date like that before. Never.

THE EN

> The denunciation of the young is a necessary part of the hygiene of older people, and greatly assists the circulation of their blood.
>
> —EDGAR [illegible]
> Horizon Press & Company

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OUTSIDE THE GATES

(Continued from Page 14)

the high jumper, tall, lithe, handsome Nelson, who could swim like a duck and bat a ball almost farther than you could see picked up a piece of frozen horse dung. He felt its smoothness in his mittened hand; felt, too, the sharpness of the small stone embedded in its iciness. Swinging on one foot, he let it go in the direction of the new kid

It struck the new kid on the temple. Julia Armson saw it coming and ceased exploding. The new kid, though, didn't see it coming, and when it struck him he turned a countenance of such surprise and pain, such an expression of incredulity illuminated his face, that Nelson Poole could only think of old Jessie how old Jessie lay suffering on her straw with her broken leg, looking up pitifully at him and his father, at the revolver in his father's unsteady hand. Nelson felt the cold air sucked down his throat and he shook.

Quietly the new kid sank down in the snow. The girls at the top of the hill fled screaming toward home, their sleds banging after them. The other kids dispersed, down the alley, past the steaming pipes of the creamery, or catching a ride on the passing sleigh of the American Railway Express, vanished as quickly as ghosts. Old Julia stormed into her house, to the telephone.

Stillness was on the hill now. And the small figure moved. With weariness he rose and, taking off his mitten, felt the warm blood on his forehead, in his hair. He retrieved his shiny new sled, and slipping the rope over his arm, he trudged up the hill, turned the corner and went home.

In the early evening, when it was dark and still, old Julia's lamp glowing through her window, Nelson Poole returned to the hillside, and lighting a match, he bent over the spot where the new kid had fallen. He saw the small crimson spot in the snow. Could see, too, the imprint of the new kid's belt buckle. Here where his arm had swung out, perhaps in a quick shock of pain, or there a few steps farther, where he had stopped, for the snow was stained again.

Going home, Nelson Poole tried to whistle. But his throat was too full, and his heart beat queerly. So he picked up speed until he was running, and he ran all the rest of the way home.

THE next day was the new kid's first day at school. He came with his mother, carrying in his hand a shiny black leather bag containing his pencil box, his paints and a ruler. And he had a bandage over his eye. When they passed into the schoolyard, his mother waved to the kids and said "Hello." And so he hadn't told her he'd been hit, else she wouldn't have smiled and spoken, would she?

They put him in the sixth grade, but after recess Miss Davis, the principal, came in with him, and she had Miss Gray with her. And they talked with Miss Peters, who kept one hand twisting the pug in her hair, and the kids heard them say he was too advanced for the sixth and was ready for decimals and grammar. He stood quietly while they were discussing him, looking down at the floor, though once he raised his eyes and they came to rest on Nelson Poole, who glared at him and banged the top of his desk down as he stored his geography.

They gave him a desk opposite Nelson Poole, on the side so his bandage showed. He put his things away neatly, and then sat back and folded his hands. When he turned again toward Nelson Poole, the latter made horrible faces and turned his back to him, resting his wagging head on his hand, the better to express his contempt.

During the afternoon recess the new kid sat by himself on the big stone baluster at the foot of the schoolhouse steps. The swings were going and a snowman was being built, but no one asked him to join in the fun. Only Josie Strand stopped by him once to touch his bandage, and when Nelson Poole saw her doing this, he made up to her for her kindness

(Continued on Page 199)

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(Continued from Page 36)

tying one of her long braids to the iron
e of the swing, and when she cried, he
ck his tongue out in the direction of the
tary figure at the foot of the steps. As
ugh he were responsible for her pain.

And so the days passed and the isolation
the new kid grew complete. There had
ays been new kids at school, of course,
l always somehow each had broken down
barriers and had become one of the gang.
t this new kid was different. He didn't
.. That is, he didn't try any of the well-
own, well-used tactics. Such as getting
a good fight, tormenting the girls or
sing the teacher. Any one of these would
ve won their admiration. Thawed their
dain. Melted their fierce contempt. In-
ad, finding there was a line over which he
ist not step, he stayed behind it and looked

That infuriated them all the more, for
y had been expecting a break in the dike
his reserve, and it was irritating having
n stand around, always at a distance.

He was smart enough. Smarter than most
y kid they ever had known. And he could
aw. When the drawing teacher came, and
ey had to sketch little Benny McPherson
his sled, the drawing teacher, when she
ked up the new kid's work, looked hard at
n, and then took his drawing up to Miss
ters, who began twisting her hair worse
an she had ever done before. They passed
s drawing around the room, sent it up to the
ghth grade, even over to the high school.
And the drawing
acher called on the
w kid's mother, and
ey laughed a great
al, like old friends,
d ate a whole loaf of
sh Swedish bread.
ne new kid's mother
owed her other things
had drawn, and the
awing teacher went
ght over to St. Paul
nd bought the new kid
me paints and a good
ush, and spent every
nday afternoon with
m.

Spring came, and the
ternoon sun during
ne study hour made
ne schoolroom dozy.
he kids diddled and dawdled behind their
ooks, thinking already of their marbles and
amming up the running gutters in the
reet. Except the new kid. He was always
usy with his pencil. And it was during one
f those drowsy afternoons that Nelson
oole saw what the new kid had been doing.
le had been making a sketch of him. Of
Nelson Poole!

Silently and with the stealth of a tiger he
eached behind the new kid while Miss
'eters was writing tomorrow's problems on
ne blackboard, snatched the paper from be-
eath the new kid's pencil, stuffed it all
rumpled into his pocket. Then he asked to
eave the room, and didn't come back.

He had planned to lay in wait for the new
id as he went home, beat him for daring to
ommit such an outrage. But when he had
one down four blocks, where he hid behind
he budding lilacs in the vacant lot next to
Kuhn's barn, he pulled out the sketch and
ooked at it.

He looked at it for a long time. Smoothed
ut the wrinkles, and the more he looked at
t, the sorrier he was he had crumpled it.
Really, it was excellent. Why, it even had the
iny mole alongside his ear which he didn't
hink anyone had observed except himself
hrough the broken mirror into which he
was continually peering for evidences of a
ong-expected beard.

Then he did a strange thing. He didn't
wait to pommel the new kid. Instead he
went downtown. To Sorenson's Book & Sta-
tionery Store. For a dollar and eighty cents
he contracted to have the sketch ironed out
and cheaply framed. When he called for it a
week later he took it home and hid it in his
bureau drawer, the one he kept locked, where
his diary rested and the little notes Josie
Strand had written him. Sometimes he
would look at it before he went to bed. A few
times when he woke up in the night and
couldn't go back to sleep, he took it out
again. It was the first picture he had of him-
self, and it pleased him.

Now he began looking at the new kid
differently. And he saw him differently. Saw
his brown eyes, open and frank. Not plead-
ing. Not asking. But giving something
bright and cheerful. And his full, round
cheek. The way he smiled, shyly though, but
lighting his face until it was as attractive as
well, Josie Strand was a girl and she *was*
pretty!

He took to studying the new kid closer.
Sometimes in the study hour, putting his
hands up to cup his eyes, he would peek
through his fingers at the small boy across
the aisle. Days when the new kid was ab-
sent, on account of illness and they were
frequent he felt deprived of something, and
it was then at recess he would be noisier than
ever. Yet once he spent half the recess period
quizzing Josie Strand, who took the new
kid's lessons home to him when he was sick.

"He don't look sick at all," she had an-
swered, "but he's in bed and his mother
says he has to rest in bed every so often.
They got a cuckoo clock in the kitchen. I
couldn't keep my eyes off it. And he's got a
chicken that was born crippled. The awfulest
thing you ever saw. All scrawny and it limps,
and has hardly any feathers. And that
chicken comes right
into the house. You
should see it hop along.
And sometimes it's on
his bed and puts its
head under its wing and
goes to sleep. But the
cuckoo clock is some-
thing really wonderful."

Soon it was time to
rebuild the clubhouse
in the ravine. Spring
that year was a dry
one, and even deep
down in the ravine it
dried out quickly. The
crocuses were up. Even
the violets were ahead
of time, and the chick-
ens, freed from their
coops at the top of
the hill, came down picking and scratch-
ing for bugs and worms in the rich ground
under the rotted leaves. The air was fresh
as it must have been in Kentucky those
distant springs when Daniel Boone felt the
long winter was over and there was a whole
fresh wilderness to explore. The kids were in
the same spirit, so they started rebuilding
the clubhouse and talked of Indians and
feuds, and climbed trees, the better to scout
this virgin country, though they saw only
the spire of the Catholic church.

The footfalls of Snappy Johnson, who was
both deaf and dumb, and who had come to
dump his winter's sack of empty tin cans,
stirred their blood, too, and they called him
the last of the Mohicans. And they am-
bushed him. He rewarded their imaginations
by making horrible noises and fierce gri-
maces, and stole away. Just as a redskin
would.

And the new kid, being a boy too, found
the ravine also. Only he stayed at the top of
the hill where the path came up from below.
He had his dog with him. The kids laughed
when they first saw his dog, and threw rocks
in his direction. For the dog was a peculiar
mongrel, having the head, body, coat and
tail of a collie, but his legs were those of a
dachshund—bowed and short. He barked
and cocked his head at the kids below, won-
dering why he and his small master didn't
join them. He didn't understand about invi-
tations. Finally he resigned himself to sitting
beside his owner, pushing his nose into his
lap, cocking his head only when some greedy
hen became too noisy.

The new kid saw them build a fire and the
smoke curl out of the shack. Heard them
driving the nails and dragging the old mat-
ting which they hung over the door. He

(Continued on Page 201)

A reader sends a list of questions which (he states) his four-year-old daughter expected him to answer. Here they are:

Where is far away? What do autocrats look like? Where do flies live? How much is a lot? How do we get mad? What makes the wind? When was last night? Does the rain sleep? What makes the talk come out of my mouth? Who took care of me when mummy was a little girl? What do mosquitoes eat? Do my bones make my eyes wink? Why can't mother rabbits cook? What is behind my eyes? Why do things hurt? How high is up? —Evening Mail.

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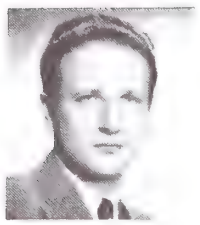


Count Igor Cassini
America's foremost society reporter
names lovely Henryetta as
"Beauty Bride of the Month"

Home comes Tech. Sgt. "Bud" Heyburn from air service abroad . . . to wed his blonde-satin beauty! "Smooth 'n' mine!" says Bud. "Yours 'n' *Woodbury's!*" teases Henryetta. Yes, for kiss-smooth skin, it's Woodbury Facial Soap. *Extra-mild!*

Looking at something pretty, Henryetta? "Oh, *you!*" she laughs. "Can't help liking the smoothness a Woodbury Facial Cocktail gives. I start with plenty of Woodbury's mild creamy lather . . . then rinse, warm and cool. My daily beauty-must!"

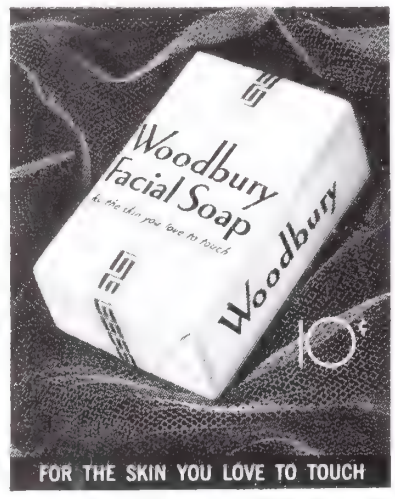
His bundle of charm! Alexander Heyburn, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., kisses his brand-new beautiful bride. She was Henryetta Gage, Woodbury deb of Nashville, Tenn. She entrusts her lovel honey-blonde skin only to extra-mild Woodbury Facial Soap

"My Wedded Wife—"

SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB!

Gather, girls! Another gorgeous Woodbury deb is ready to toss her bridal bouquet. "But *every* gal in the land ought to grab at Woodbury," says Henryetta, "for sparkle and smoothness that mow down men!"

Riding and polo run in the Heyburn family. But the bride is shying! Come on, Henryetta, *this* horse is gentle. "Says who?" asks she. "I'll tell you what's *always* gentle—Woodbury!"



More than mild! Woodbury Facial Soap contains a rich beauty-cream ingredient prescribed for *extra mildness*. True beauty soap, made for the skin alone!

"Looks lovely—on me!" says Henryetta. Yes, flowers "go with" a petal skin like hers! So, girls, take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail before every glamour date. Look smooth, *romantic!*

(Continued from Page 199)

ched them barricade themselves against ever-imminent attack, and he smelled potatoes which were burning to a crisp he rock oven inside the shanty.

o the Saturday afternoon passed, the first mise of the long happy summer ahead. by four-thirty it was chilly. The new kid his dog got up and looked for a while n the other direction. At the river where ple were painting their boats or monkey- with the lazy engines of their launches. n when the kids in the ravine thought to c up again, the boy and his dog had ppeared.

lger Bros. Stock Company came for a k's performance, and when they left, the s went in for drama themselves. They ed up a stage in Anderson's barn and, cting the choicest scenes from the reper- e of the versatile Alger Bros., fashioned a ma amply replete with gunshots and the odiest of murders. When the new kid put appearance, hanging around outside the n door, Nelson Poole and some of the ers were for chasing him away, but Josie and argued that he, being handy with nts, could do their make-ups. Accepting logic, but still nettled, they took their oyance out on his dog, and cuffed and ked the poor animal until the creature ld stand it no longer. Finally he snarled d made a lunge for Nelson Poole.

The commotion was horrible and then inie Bernstein, who was to be the villain the play, did a ange thing. A ter- ying thing! He be- n to moan and soon was twitching. hen he fell to the ound, and foam me to his lips and s eyes turned up- rd and his face be- me gray, almost ack. The girls were ruck dumb with ght. Beulah Bas- on began to vomit the sight. and the ds looked at one nother and were ared pea green.

Then the new kid ehaved equally as rangely. Taking out is handkerchief, he ent over the stricken Heinie, and gently put in his loathsome mouth, careful lest it cover is agitated tongue. Then he strove to hold he tossing arms, calling at the same time to osie Strand to bring some water. He bathed he tormented face and laid his wet cool hand n Heinie's brow. It was but a few more inutes until Heinie was sitting up, looking heepish, dusting off his clothes. The new id helped him to his feet. Then, taking Heinie's arm and calling to his dog, the new id took Heinie home.

The kids talked of this event for weeks. n whispers. But they felt no admiration for he new kid. In the rawness of their young ives they were unconsciously ashamed of heir own inadequacies and fears. The new id had in some unfathomable way belittled hem and for a few minutes robbed them of heir egos which they had so jealously ourished.

ALL except Nelson Poole. Something moved within him. As though there were a growth that made his blood flow warmer, and when- ever he ran across the new kid, he felt a wave of kindness overpower his thoughts, and he had an intense longing at times to talk with him. Once in the cloakroom he touched him, but when the new kid in response turned questioningly, he became his old self again, and pushed him against the clothes peg and strode away.

For Nelson Poole had never seen affliction or suffering before—not even when he hit the new kid with a frozen piece of horse dung—until Heinie fell to the ground. At first it had sickened him whenever he recalled it. Then resentment set in. To see a boy like Heinie, big and strong—to see Heinie in that revolting condition was something almost beyond bearing. He talked to his mother about it, and she said "fits" were something that couldn't be cured. They had to be borne like the other crosses of life. And God pity the bearer! Nelson had clenched his fists and told himself something was wrong. If not with God, then with something. Certainly not with a fine kid like Heinie Bernstein. And he brooded over it and thought about it. And somehow inexplicably he always thought of the new kid too. He vowed he would, if he could, do something someday for people like Heinie Bernstein. Perhaps make a million dollars and send them to Vienna to the great doctors.

Doctors? They ought to find something to help poor Heinie.

THEN one morning old skinflint Stranberg, tighter than bark to a tree, went into the Daily Gazette and planked down two bits. "I want to advertise," he said. "I want me a small boy. A young'n what can crawl in Bean's old limekiln. The outside ain't worth a whoop. But inside I figure nigh two hundred good bricks have tumbled down. I'll pay sich a brat one whole shiny dollar to fetch 'em and tote 'em to my smithy. Big money for just three blocks of totin'!"

Skinny Sargent's father read the ad. He laughed when he read it out loud to Skinny. "Old Stranberg's aiming to bust some kid's back. Lucky for you, son, your dad's a grocer. Here's your allowance for the month." And he tossed Skinny a fresh crisp dollar bill. Old man Sargent liked doing things in the grand style. "And you needn't tote no bricks either." Skinny Sargent's father knew how to laugh.

Skinny put his head together with Nelson Poole. With Heinie Bernstein. They pooled their allowances. Two dollars and ten cents among them. Now with another dollar—no, only ninety cents more—and off they'd go next Sunday on the electric urban to St. Paul: fifty cents apiece round trip, fifty cents apiece for the bleachers, and, they'd watch the Saints lick the Millers. The grand windup of the American Association. The pennant!

They got hold of the new kid. "Now lissen here," they said, "you've been wanting to join our club. Simply nuts, ain't you, for all them privileges of the shack? Down in the ravine. Well, the initiation is one dollar. But that includes your dog. Though your maw's got to fork over a loaf of Swedish bread whenever our respected president, Mr. Poole here, requests the same. See?"

The small boy nodded gleefully. Even his dog pricked an ear. You see, dogs know.

Heinie Bernstein hiked up his suspenders. "Now this old man Stranberg ——"

And so it was the shining face of the new kid came before the old skinflint. The old man hired him on the spot. Kinda small, but just about fitting the old limekiln. "Come round next Saturday. But you gotta fetch 'em all in one day. I start shoein' horses Monday. Got a barrow? Well, I got a nice one. Just takes the smallest kind of pushing."

The new kid was there all right come six-thirty Saturday morning. The wheelbarrow looked mighty big, and the bricks in the limekiln—why, a body could hardly turn about! But membership in the club in the ravine! The new kid looked at his dog. A dog can smile, you know.

So the new kid tugged and tugged and tugged, first inside Bean's old limekiln, then toting the bricks in a wheelbarrow that Snappy Johnson would have turned his nose up at. The other kids watched him through the knothole in Allison's fence. They went swimming and came back again,

(Continued on Page 203)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wake

By Charline Martin Moore

The windy shadows of the night
are tossed,
And all the love I knew for you is
lost.
You spoke of all the joyous,
laughing years;
You never mentioned later, lonely
tears.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The color that made the world take notice

Trans-World from Dorothy Gray

Trans-World Lipstick and Nail Polish

All over the world, fashion designers took to this lipstick color. Bianchini did a fabric shade for it. A collection of clothes by the world's finest designers grew around it . . . breath-takers so beautiful they'll lift you high as the T.W.A. plane that brings them to you.

Watch the papers . . . scan the skies . . . for this great Dorothy Gray Trans-World fashion flight.

Trans-World fabric by Bianchini

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

The next time you visit your Beauty Shop, Drug or Department Store, we hope you will become familiar with the Breck Preparations—Shampoos, Hair Lotions, Hair Creams, and Specialty Preparations. Instead of depending on an all purpose shampoo for the different hair and scalp conditions there are available three Breck Special Shampoos. The reason for this is very simple. Hair tends to be either dry, oily or normal. Breck pH8 Lather Oil Shampoo is used on dry hair. Breck Lacene Shampoo is used on oily hair. Breck Regular Shampoo is used when more normal hair and scalp conditions exist. Today the Breck Preparations are used in many homes by every member of the family. The Breck Preparations offer you a complete line of preparations for the care of the hair—produced for those who want the best—gentle enough in their action to be used on little children.

Breck Preparations are available in Beauty Shops, Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada

JOHN H. BRECK INC. • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
CANADIAN ADDRESS 47 CLARENCE STREET • OTTAWA

(Continued from Page 201)

atched him, toting the bricks, out of s old lot, down Linden, down Laurel, to old man Stranberg's smithy.

must have been around three in the noon when Heinie Bernstein said, "Say, ." And the kids got their heads together behind the fence. Beside the knothole. new kid's going to really finish the What say we make his initiation a little r? Let's each fetch back a few of them s to the limekiln while he's wheelin' 'em vay."

d so by four o'clock, when the new kid d the job would be over, he was puzzled d bricks still in the kiln. He looked at g. The cur wagged his tail. "We want there club privileges," he seemed to

the new kid plodded on, though by this his hands were blistered, and at the r of Linden the last four trips he flung lf upon the grass, and when he raised ead his small face was like a blazing fur-

But he kept going.

five-thirty the job was really done. The kid must have made a round dozen extra

Over Patchin's berry bushes the kids watched him k on old man nberg's door. They the old miser give new kid his dollar. by gad; the old flint patted the new head—and got a glass of water.

ne sun was just set- above the Poor- e Bluff when the kid turned Fre- s corner. The other were waiting down he old pump. Wait- mostly for the dol- And when the new saw them waiting, broke into a run.

le'd run nearly a k when he gave a And then he fell. lay there now. A e bundle on the and. One suspender his breeches loose. ie Strand screamed. Nelson Poole was first to reach him. e new kid had his s open. And he was ling. Only there was ittle blood coming of his nose. A lit- blood, too, at one ner of his mouth. His dollar bill was tched in his blistered hand. "Here's my lar," he said. "I'm a member now, ain't ' And then he closed his eyes. And Nelson ole thought he never saw anything so autiful. That is, the look on the new kid's e. It reminded him sort of in a flash of picture of Sir Galahad that hung in the ool hall above the piano.

E picked the new kid up and he carried n home. There was a fierceness in his hold though he never wanted to let go. The d's mother was in the back yard weeding r garden, and when she saw them carrying n in, she ran toward them. The lame icken came, too, hobbling on its twisted . The other chickens cackled at the excite- ent, but hurried flapping the other way, to e henhouse.

They laid the new kid on his bed, and he ened his eyes and smiled at Nelson Poole. I'm really a club member now, ain't I?" hen he didn't say anything more. Maybe was because his breath came so hard. And seemed so tired.

Nelson Poole went into the kitchen and sat own by the table. He traced the pattern on e linoleum. He looked at the cuckoo clock. was as Josie Strand said. Only she hadn't entioned the little man with his umbrella oming out of the tiny house below the ther- ometer. Funny little man!

The new kid's mother came out with his shoes. She had taken them off and was dusting them. She set them on the floor and in silence went back into the front room. Nelson saw the shoelaces, dangling untied now, and he thought how the new kid had tied them that morning, when he started off to tote the bricks. The next moment the boy was bursting through the screen door. There at the foot of the steps, perched on its crippled leg, stood the chicken, preening its woebegone head. The dog lay under the tree, his nose on his paws. Quiet. Watching the house. And Nelson Poole.

THAT night at the supper table Nelson Poole heard the telephone ring. When his mother had answered it and come back and sat down, and had asked if the meat was done enough, she said it was Josie Strand's mother who had called. And the new kid had just died.

"The doctor said it was his heart," she said. "Seems he was born with a bad heart. He should never have carried all those bricks. Pity, too, because he was quite a little artist. Who knows but someday ——"

But Nelson Poole didn't hear any more. He wouldn't have heard any more had he been still at the table. Instead he was going down Second Street. Fast. Down the hill. He bumped into Rat Doyle coming tipsy out of Hanson's saloon, and Rat staggered off.

Across the bridge the boy went. Over to the other side of the river where the old mill stood and where they had been burning the sawdust. The dull fire made shadows and was reflected in the dark water. And the hills huddled behind, their treetops pointing into the night. It was quiet except for the gasp of steam now and then from the mill's old outlet. But the fire made no noise. It was burning deep down in the sawdust. Only glowing red when the wind fanned it.

And the boy thought. And his thoughts were those that smite every boy when the shell around his hard young heart has been broken, and the first pains of approaching manhood are his. Perhaps he thought of the shanty in the ravine and the lone boy and his dog on the hill. Perhaps he thought of the sketch locked in his bureau drawer. Or of the man with his umbrella, on the clock in the new kid's kitchen. Perhaps he thought of something he had seen in the snow by the light of old Julia's lamp.

Maybe that's why many years later, when a great clinic tried to induce Dr. Nelson Poole to join their staff, he wrote a polite letter and said no, he'd stay where he was. Where he is now.

Maybe that's why Mrs. Lang, who takes in washing and has something terrible in her throat, calls him "God's good man," and wipes her eyes when she says it. Or why the Catholic priest never forgets him at Mass, though he doesn't go to any church. Or why the young kids wave and holler "How goes it, doc?" as he rambles down the street in his old car, or why tiny Mrs. Abercromie, who thought she could never have a baby, calls her little boy Nelson. Or why Josie Strand Poole has never had anything but love in her heart, or why her face grows more and more each year to look like—well, like someone who used to watch a little man with an umbrella come out of a small house in a cuckoo clock. Maybe that's why.

Maybe.

THE END

When Dr. William Osler lived in Baltimore and taught at Johns Hopkins University, Doctor Walsh tells of a visit to the wards with him in 1891. Stopping by the bedside of an old woman whose case he wanted to show, "Mother," he said, "I would like you to tell Doctor Walsh something of your past life. When were you first in the hospital?"

"At twenty-seven."

"What was the matter?"

"I had sarcoma of the right knee."

"What did they do to you?"

"They cut off the right leg at the hip."

"Did you get entirely well?"

"Yes, entirely well."

"When were you in again?"

"At forty-two."

"What was the matter?"

"I had cancer of the left breast."

"What did they do for it?"

"They cut off the left breast and the left arm."

"Did you get entirely well?"

"Yes, entirely well."

"What are you in the hospital for now?"

"For rheumatism; and doctor," she said, with tears in her voice, and catching his hand, "I hope you will make me well in a hurry, because I have to go home to take care of my grandchildren."

From A Way of Life, by SIR WILLIAM OSLER. (The Remington-Putnam Book Co.)

I hate discomforts of a COLD,
I'm glad when they are gone.
So I take Alka-Seltzer
As long as they hang on.
I keep an EXTRA package
For just such times as these.
And then I'm "Johnny On-the-Spot"
As soon's I start to sneeze.

If you do catch cold here is something you can do quickly for fast relief from that headache-y, feverish, ache-all-over feeling: try the Alka-Seltzer A-B-C Cold Comfort Treatment!

A —*Alka-Seltzer. Start taking as directed.*

B —*Be careful; dress warmly; avoid drafts; eat wisely.*

C —*Comfort that raw, raspy throat which so often accompanies a cold by gargling with Alka-Seltzer.*

Get the large-size package of Alka-Seltzer from your drug store—better still, "Buy 2 packages instead of one!"—that's the wise thing to do. Then, you will be *doubly* prepared to relieve the discomfort of the cold. Remember Alka-Seltzer also for those other commonplace ailments: sour, upset stomach, muscular aches and pains and that occasional headache which can often spoil your day's work or fun. And—

Don't Forget: "When your tablets get down to 4, that's the time to buy some more—TWO MORE PACKAGES!"

A PRODUCT OF MILES LABORATORIES, INC., MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS

Serve a friendly first course!
Tomato cocktail
Cottage cheese and chives
Smoky cheese spread
Ritz Crackers
Help yourself" appetizers in the living room leave you free for fun with your friends! With plenty of golden-good Ritz as the "come-on," guests get the idea fast! For, one bite of crunchy-crisp Ritz and they can't help reaching for more! The rich, nut-like tang quickens the flavor of cheese . . . tones up the taste of tomato juice. No other cracker is such good company — whenever, however you serve it — for
NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ — BUT RITZ!
NABISCO
RITZ
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NAtional
BIScuit
COmpany

NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Irma S. Rombauer

Mrs. Rombauer is the author of the widely known—and read—cookbook, The Joy of Cooking. Its title expresses her feeling about food. Her latest book, A Cookbook for Girls and Boys, is now in the bookshops.

TWO women who had been employed for a long time in my friend's household were hanging out a window watching the return of her son from a military school. He had left a tousled, stocky, lumbering boy. He returned a tall, sleek, well-groomed youth. "My!" said one woman to the other. "Ain't it too bad! Junior don't ressemble hisself no more!"

My contribution to Never a Dull Meal leans toward the practical, for even in March the market, like Junior, may not "ressemble itself no more."

★ ★ ★ **SUNDAY** ★ ★ ★

Dinner

Mushroom Broth
*Breast of Veal with Oyster Stuffing
Browned Potatoes
Asparagus with Drawn Butter and Parsley
Lettuce and Pearl Onions,
French Dressing
*Cream Tart with Apricot Filling
Coffee

Supper

*Bread-and-Cheese Dish
*Hot Slaw with Apple
*Pecan Slices
Tea

Breast of Veal With Oyster Stuffing: Have the butcher prepare a breast of veal for stuffing. Drain ½ to 1 pint oysters, reserving the liquor. Chop the oysters or leave them whole. Add them to any standard bread dressing which has been moistened with the oyster liquor in place of any other liquid. Season it with salt, pepper and, if you like, an herb tarragon, basil or chives, and so on.

Cream Tart With Apricot Filling: The following recipe, which serves from eight to ten people, is delicate and delicious. The cake batter and the meringue are baked at the same time. Cream ¼ cup shortening. Add gradually ½ cup sifted sugar. Cream until light and fluffy. Beat in, one at a time, 4 egg yolks, beating well after each addition. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sift together 1 cup cake flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add the sifted ingredients to the first mixture alternately with 5 tablespoons of cream. Beat until smooth. Spread in two greased 9-inch slip-bottom layer pans. Cover it with the following meringue: Whip until stiff 4 egg whites and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup sifted sugar, a tablespoon at a time. Beat constantly. When all the sugar has been added, continue to beat for several minutes. Fold in 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sp the meringue lightly over the cake batt both pans. Stud one meringue with ⅓ blanched and shredded almonds, placin shreds very close together. Bake the la in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., fo minutes. Increase the heat to 350° F. bake the cake 30 minutes longer. Ren from the oven. Allow to cool in the p Shortly before serving the cake place layer, meringue side down, on a cake pl Spread with the following cream filling serving 4 tablespoonsful for the top. Wh cup heavy cream. Fold in ¾ cup pur apricots. Place the almond-studded la meringue side up, on the cream filling. In center on top place the reserved filling.

Bread-and-Cheese Dish: For ye this simple dish has been my stand-by. white bread into ½-inch slices and spr lightly with butter or margarine. Cut tw the slices twice across, making 8 triangu pieces. Cut the remaining bread into cub There should be about 4 cups of diced, b tered bread. Place layers of diced bread a greased baking dish. Sprinkle the lay with 1 cup grated cheese. Combine and be 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ t spoon paprika, a few grains of cayenne, a ½ teaspoon dry mustard (optional). Po these ingredients over the bread and chee Place the triangles of bread upright arou the edge to form a crown. Bake the di in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minut Serve it at once—serves four.

Hot Slaw With Apple: Place in saucepan 3 cups shredded cabbage. Add tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons water, tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon caraway seed 1 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons butter margarine. Cook these ingredients ov quick heat until they boil. Reduce the he and add 1 large apple, peeled and grate Heat the slaw for 1 minute longer.

Pecan Slices: This recipe has long bee one of the most popular in The Joy of Cook ing. Combine 1 cup flour with ½ cup butt or margarine and work with a spoon unt

th and well blended. Spread this mix- in a 9" x 12" pan. Bake it in a moderate , 350° F., for 12 minutes. Spread with following mixture: Beat 2 eggs, add cups brown sugar gradually, beating Add ½ cup grated coconut and 1 cup ped pecan meats. Add 2 tablespoons , ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ tea- n salt mixed together. Flavor with 1 poon vanilla. Bake again in a moderate , 350° F., for 25 minutes. When it is spread it with 1½ cups confectioners' r thinned to a spreading consistency lemon juice. Cut the cake into ob- s—about 48 one-by-two-inch bars.

★ ★ MONDAY ★ ★ ★

Lunch

Cottage Cheese on Lettuce with Mayonnaise
Hot Biscuits and Grape Jelly
Tea or Coffee

Dinner

*Veal-and-Spinach Casserole
*Risotto
Tossed Salad with Herb Dressing
*Chocolate-Date Torte with Rich Pudding Sauce
Coffee

Veal-and-Spinach Casserole: Herman ith cooked and served this fine dish when visited him in his Connecticut home. Its ccess depends largely upon how well you ok spinach. His, as I remember it, was de- iously creamed and flavored delicately th grated onion and lemon rind. While you e preparing the spinach, cook enough to ake Wednesday's cream of spinach soup. ve the spinach water for this purpose too. ace in a casserole a one-inch layer or more creamed spinach, and over this slices of ast veal (or lamb, and so on). If you have avy, pour a little of it over the meat. over the top with bread crumbs, dot ghtly with butter or margarine, sprinkle ith grated cheese and bake in a hot oven, 25° F., until the top is brown. Garnish ith parsley.

Risotto: This way of preparing rice gives he dish a distinctive and piquant quality. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, auté in it, for 1 minute, ½ cup washed and rained rice. Heat to the boiling point 2 ups stock (you may use stock made with he bones of the veal roast, celery leaves, egetable liquor, and so on). Pour it over he rice and add ¼ cup grated cheese, a few rains of cayenne, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, a inch of saffron (optional but traditional), nd salt to taste. Steam the rice in a double oiler for 1 hour. Stir it several times during the steaming. Serves four. Minced garlic may be added to the stock.

Chocolate-Date Torte: Sprinkle 2 tablespoons flour over ¾ cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped nut meats and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Toss them lightly until they are coated with the flour. Sift 2 cups sugar. Melt over hot water 3½ squares unsweetened chocolate, add 1 cup milk and 1 cup of the sifted sugar. Cook and stir the mixture until it is smooth. Beat until light 4 egg yolks. Add gradually the second cup of sifted sugar. Beat until these ingredients are well blended. Stir in the hot chocolate mixture. Sift 1¼ cups cake flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt Fold these ingredients into the batter with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix gradually until they are well blended. Fold in the floured dates, and so on. Whip 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold them lightly into the batter. Bake the cake in an ungreased 9-inch tube pan in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 50 minutes. Allow the cake to cool in the pan. Do not invert it. *Note:* Without the dates, nut meats and additional flour, this makes a very good chocolate sponge-cake. The orange rind may be omitted, but it makes the cake taste as if it were flavored with curaçao, so use it by all means if you care for that flavor.

★ ★ ★ TUESDAY ★ ★ ★

Lunch

Cream of Tomato Soup
Romaine Salad
Cheese and Crackers
Tea or Coffee

Dinner

Baked Ham Slices
*Sweet Potatoes and Apples
Brussels Sprouts
Chef's Salad
*Vanilla Soufflé
(with Candied Ginger)
Coffee

Sweet Potatoes and Apples: Cook 6 medium-sized sweet potatoes until nearly done in boiling, salted water to cover. Peel and cut into ¼ inch slices. Grease a baking dish and place in it alternate layers of sweet potatoes and pared and thinly sliced apples. Sprinkle the layers with brown sugar and dot with butter or margarine. Pour over them ½ cup water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. If the apples are not tart, sprinkle them with lemon juice.

Vanilla Soufflé: Sift ½ cup flour with ¼ cup sugar and stir in ½ cup cold milk. Scald 2 cups milk. Stir in the flour mixture with a wire whisk. Cook and stir these ingredients over low heat until they thicken. Remove from the range. Stir in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 5 well-beaten egg yolks. Mix well. Cool batter and add ½ cup chopped nut meats (optional) and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until stiff 5 egg whites and ¼ teaspoon salt. Fold lightly into the batter. Bake the pudding in an ungreased 9-inch baking dish in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 1 hour. For a change in flavor use ¼ cup ginger sirup in place of the sugar, and in place of the vanilla ¼ cup chopped preserved or candied ginger. Serve the pudding with cream. Or, if you have not used ginger, with strawberry or other fruit sauce. Serves eight. For a smaller serving use 2 eggs and half of the other ingredients.

★ ★ ★ WEDNESDAY ★ ★ ★

Lunch

Grapefruit and Celery Salad
*Luncheon Bread
Preserves
Coffee

Dinner

Cream of Spinach Soup
Broiled Steak
*Pan-Broiled Potatoes
Cauliflower with Brown Butter
*Grandmother's Sour-Cream Apple Cake
Coffee

Luncheon Bread: The French call this "*Pain Mollet des Ardennes.*" It excels any bread I know how to make, and I am glad to pass on this recipe, given me by Bertrande de Lecluse. The result, I am sure, will delight you. Beat 3 eggs with 3 tablespoons sugar. Add ½ cup soft butter or margarine, 2 cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Dissolve 2 cakes fresh yeast in 3 tablespoons lukewarm milk. Add these ingredients to the batter. Beat well for three minutes. Place in a greased bread pan or a 9-inch tube pan. Let it rise in a warm place until it has doubled in bulk (about 2½ hours). Bake the bread in a hot oven, 450° F., for about 20 minutes. Serve it piping hot. Pull it apart at table with two forks.

Pan-Broiled Potatoes: These are good, quickly made, something like a potato pancake. Wash, grate on a medium grater, skin and all, 3 medium-sized potatoes. Spread them in a well-greased skillet to the depth of about ¼ inch. Cook, covered, over medium to slow heat until the bottom is brown. Turn and brown the other side. Season with salt and serve piping hot. Serves four. Grated onion may be added.

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2 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons flour
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1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 cups flaked salmon or tuna
1 cup finely rolled crackers
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
Melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour. Gradually add Carnation Milk and seasonings. Cook until very thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Stir in parsley, salmon or tuna, crackers and lemon rind. Shape into individual loaves and place in greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. May be served with tomato sauce. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives. Serves 4 to 6.
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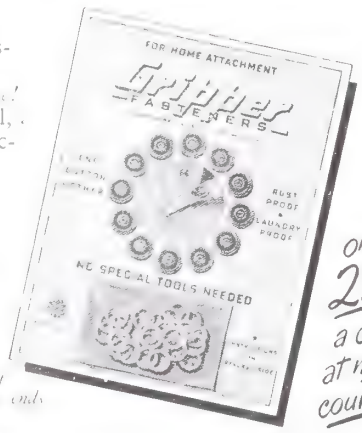

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Grandmother's Sour-Cream Apple Cake: Pare, core and slice 5 cups tart apples. Melt in a skillet ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add the apples and cook them, covered, over very low heat, stirring them from time to time until they are tender. Mix together ½ cup sour cream, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar (scant unless apples are very tart), 2 tablespoons flour, 8 egg yolks and ½ cup blanched, shredded almonds (optional). Pour over the apples. Stir all together over low heat until they thicken. Remove from the heat. Cool. Beat until stiff, but not dry, 8 egg whites and ½ teaspoon salt. Fold them lightly into the apple mixture. Spread the soufflé to the depth of one inch in a large pan or ovenproof dish. Sprinkle the top with a mixture of 3 tablespoons sugar, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup dry bread crumbs and ¼ cup blanched, shredded almonds. Bake the cake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., until firm—about 45 minutes. It may be served hot, but it is best very cold with whipped cream flavored with vanilla. Serves twelve or more.

★ ★ ★ **THURSDAY** ★ ★ ★

Lunch

Biscuit Roll Filled with Creamed Ham and Tomato Sauce
Lettuce with French Dressing
*Butterscotch Brownies
Tea *or* Coffee

Dinner

*Emergency Soup
Broiled Chicken
Potatoes in Their Jackets With Sour Cream and Herbs
Braised Celery
Orange Whip
Coffee

Butterscotch Brownies: Easily made and so good that they deserve attention. Melt ¼ cup shortening and stir into it until dissolved 1 cup brown sugar. Cool slightly and beat in 1 egg and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift ½ cup flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt and add to first mixture. Add ½ cup finely chopped nut meats. Pour the batter into a greased 8 x 8″ pan lined with wax paper. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 30 minutes. Cut into bars. Makes 32 one-by-two-inch bars.

Emergency Soup: An excellent result with little effort. Run through a strainer or food mill a can of condensed vegetable soup. Add 1 can condensed consommé or strong stock and ½ to ¾ cup water. Heat and serve. Serves four.

★ ★ ★ **FRIDAY** ★ ★ ★

Lunch

*Creole Kidney Stew
Hot Biscuits
Fruit
Tea

Dinner

Chicken Broth
Baked Fish—Butter Sauce
Baked Tomatoes Filled With Mashed Potatoes
Cucumber Salad
*Banana Cake
Coffee

Creole Kidney Stew: Remove fat and outer membrane from 2 medium-sized beef kidneys. Simmer in salted water over low heat about 20 minutes. Drain and cut into ½-inch slices. Sprinkle with ¼ cup flour. Sauté slowly until light brown 2 slices bacon, minced. Add 2 tablespoons fat. Brown the kidney slices in the fat with ½ cup chopped onions and ¼ cup coarsely chopped celery. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes, then heat and add 1 can tomatoes (2½ cups), 1 green pepper, seeded and shredded, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon red pepper and ¼ teaspoon curry powder (optional). Cover the pan, simmer the stew for about 15 minutes. Stir

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…tly. Serve with rice or noodles or on … Serves four.

…ana Cake: Cream ½ cup short… add gradually 1½ cups sifted sugar, …at until light and creamy. Beat in one …ne 2 eggs. Sift together 2¼ cups cake …½ teaspoon baking powder, ¾ tea… soda and ½ teaspoon salt. To 1 cup … mashed bananas add 1 teaspoon … and ¼ cup sour milk. Add the sifted …ients to the first mixture alternately … anana mixture. Beat after each addi… until smooth. Bake in two greased …ch layer-cake pans in a moderate …350° F., for about 30 minutes. Remove …ans and cool. Place 2 sliced bananas …n the layers and spread the cake with …hite icing, or sprinkle with powdered …

★ **SATURDAY** ★ ★ ★

Lunch

*Economy Soufflé with Leftover Gravy *or* Mushroom Sauce
Grapefruit-and-Orange Salad on Lettuce with French Dressing
Toast
Tea *or* Coffee

Dinner

*Sauerbraten
*Potato Dumplings
Broccoli
Pineapple Ice
*Molasses Bars
Coffee

…onomy Soufflé: Cooked leftovers …be utilized to make a very good soufflé. … 1 cup white sauce (using 3 tablespoons …). When the sauce is smooth and boil… stir in 1 cup minced cooked leftover …ables and meat or fish. (If you do not … enough leftover food, substitute 1 … carrot, grated, finely minced parsley or …n to make in all 1 cupful.) When these …dients are hot but not boiling, stir in …aten egg yolks. Cook and stir the mix… over low heat for 1 minute to permit the …s to thicken slightly. Season with salt, …ika, nutmeg (optional), a pinch of curry, … a pinch of any dried herb. Cool. Then … in the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. … in an ungreased 7-inch baking dish in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 30 minutes or until firm. Serves four.

Sauerbraten: You may not like Sauerbraten at all, but if you do you are apt to like it very well indeed. Have the butcher lard a 3-pound piece of beef (chuck, rump or round). Rub with garlic (optional), salt and pepper. Place in a bowl. Heat, but do not boil, equal parts of mild vinegar and water, ½ cup sliced onions, 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns and ¼ cup sugar. Pour this, while hot, over the beef so that it is more than half covered. Place a lid over the bowl and put it in the refrigerator. Leave the meat there for a week or ten days, turning it once a day. Drain it, saving the vinegar, and cook the meat like pot roast. Use the vinegar mixture in place of stock. When the meat is tender, remove it from the pot. Thicken the stock with flour. Add 1 cup sweet or sour cream. I like the gravy "straight." Some cooks add raisins, catchup and gingersnaps, but I have never had the courage to do so. Serve the roast with potato dumplings. Serves six.

Potato Dumplings: Boil in their jackets until tender 6 medium-sized potatoes. Chill them thoroughly for 12 hours or more. Peel and grate or rice them. Add 2 eggs, 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ cup flour. Beat the batter with a fork until it is fluffy. Roll it lightly into balls 1 inch in diameter and drop them into gently boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Drain well. Melt ½ cup butter or margarine and stir in ¼ cup dry bread crumbs. Or prepare ½ cup croutons. Pour them over the dumplings. Many cooks prefer to put the croutons in the balls. Put 1 crouton into the center of each 1-inch ball. If you wish to make large balls, roll several croutons into each ball.

Molasses Bars: Cream ⅓ cup shortening. Add gradually ⅓ cup sifted powdered sugar. Beat until very light and creamy. Beat in 1 egg, ⅓ cup molasses, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon soda. Add ⅞ cup flour gradually to the first mixture. Beat after each addition until it is smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 1 cup broken nut meats. Bake in a greased 8 x 8″ pan in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 15 minutes. Cut into bars before it is cold. Roll them in powdered sugar. THE END

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ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Naturally, no good Mother shirks any job vital to baby's health and happiness. But, I wonder if we all make use of the marvelous, modern, time-savers that allow us leisure to enjoy our children more?

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MARY LOUISE BARRETT

Don't restrict your child from normal activities in the hopes that you can prevent heart disease. Do guard against infection of any kind.

TO KEEP A STURDY HEART

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

HEART disease is recognized today as the greatest of all threats to the health of American children. Yet no other disease or condition of childhood is more widely misunderstood than "heart trouble." Many mothers needlessly restrict wholesome activity for normal children in the mistaken belief that they are thus warding off heart disease. Others fail to heed known danger signals, and consequently allow damage to hearts which might have been kept sturdy and strong. In the case of heart disease, proper knowledge brings rich rewards in safety for the child, and freedom from anxiety for the mother.

The most common form of heart disease in children is rheumatic fever, named for the painful inflammation of the joints that is a usual, though not invariable, symptom. The precise cause of rheumatic fever is not known, but a number of associated causes are recognized by doctors in connection with its onset and recurrence.

Beginning most often in children of five or six up to twelve years of age, then less frequently through adolescence, rheumatic fever commonly follows, by a few days or a few weeks, a severe infection of the respiratory tract, such as scarlet fever, or a streptococcal infection of the throat or tonsils. The exact relationship between rheumatic fever and these predisposing infections has never been determined, but doctors are sure enough that there *is* a relationship to make these rules important for mothers:

Guard against infection—any infection! Especially if others in the family have had rheumatic fever (the disease is not inheritable, but there is evidence that susceptibility is higher in some families than in others); or if the child is unusually thin or nervous or subject to frequent colds, every precaution should be taken to prevent chilling and exposure and to build up the general health. During the late-winter and early-spring months, when the weather is raw and damp, it is especially desirable to watch this. See that the child gets well-balanced meals and plenty of rest. But unless the child has already had rheumatic fever, there is no need to restrict physical activity; overexertion cannot harm a normal heart.

If the tonsils become chronically infected, they are a threat to health and should be removed. However, an occasional sore throat or tonsillitis is not alarming. Healthy tonsils are a safeguard against infection, rather than the contrary; they should be let alone unl the doctor becomes convinced that infecti is continuing.

The early symptoms of rheumatic fe may be either mild or severe, and the on of disease may be either gradual or sudd Common among the earliest signs are p appetite, pallor, loss of weight, anemia, repeated nosebleeds and persistent slight fev As the disease progresses, the child is like to complain of pains in the arms and le and especially in joints, such as the kne ankles and elbows. Small "rheumatic no ules," pea-sized lumps under the skin, may felt in the area of the knees, elbows, wris or neck. Occasionally, chorea (St. Vitu dance)—uncontrolled, spasmodic twitchir of the face and limbs—occurs with the oth symptoms of rheumatic fever.

While none of these signs is positivel indicative of rheumatic fever, the doct should be consulted as soon as any of the appears. Mother should take particular ca

(Continued on Page 210)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

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Like a different kind of peanut butter? *You'll like famous Peanut Crunch peanut butter, the blended combination of crispy, tasty peanut bits and smooth, delicious peanut butter.*

(Continued from Page 208)

to question the child closely about the nature and frequency of pains in the joints and the limbs, so that she may help the doctor establish the diagnosis. If he decides that rheumatic fever is a possibility and orders the child kept in bed, these instructions must be followed rigidly. In the acute stages of the infection the heart becomes involved, and every effort must be made to prevent heart damage from too much exertion when the infection is present.

When the disease is at its height, there is severe and often painful inflammation of the pericardium, a saclike membrane around the heart. Depending on the intensity and duration of the infection, the harm may be slight or great. The child may recover completely and lead a normal life, or the damage may be lasting and the child require watchful care for years afterward. The most favorable results are likely when the heart has been spared all unnecessary work during the period of infection and throughout convalescence, for as long as the doctor thinks it wise. When the youngster feels better and is getting well, it will take all mother's resourcefulness to keep him happy and occupied in bed, for that is where he must stay. Schools, libraries, visiting-nurse services and other agencies are usually helpful in planning useful and interesting occupations for shut-in children, and mothers shouldn't hesitate to call on them for suggestions.

Statistics of rheumatic fever show that it is likely to recur—and repeated attacks are more and more apt to leave the heart impaired. So preventive measures are vitally important for children who have already had the disease. Fatigue and excitement, exposure to cold, dampness and crowds should be avoided as far as possible; the doctor's advice should be sought when there is any sign of infection. What is needed for these children is a well-balanced, regulated life.

Even the child with a heart impairm however, must not be coddled. Within specified limits of permissible activity should lead a full, normal life with o children; the danger of overemphasizing physical handicap and hurting the c emotionally is as great as the dange carelessness resulting in further heart d age. To stay in the middle ground betv these two hazards requires all the wisdo understanding parents and doctors wor together, but the fact that it can be ar being done is proved every day by the m growing children and young adults who leading happy, useful lives in spite of h weakness caused by early rheumatic fe

The same kind of watchful care is nee for the very few children who were born faulty heart structures and must avoid o exertion, though the number of these c is not nearly so great as is commonly posed. No steps should ever be take interfere with the normal youngster's ac life except on explicit instructions fro physician who is familiar with the case has examined the child's heart. Someti mothers are terrified to learn that t children have "enlarged hearts" or "h murmurs," but these phrases do not ne sarily have any meaning as far as gen health is concerned. The range of h sizes is wide, and irregular heart sounds o occur in perfectly normal children; ther no cause for alarm or action unless the do says there is some heart disorder presen

The scientific miracle of heart surg today offers hope for many babies born w serious heart flaws; the "blue babies," wh hearts cannot pump enough oxygen-carry blood to all parts of the body, are someti dramatic examples. But heart surgery is the few cases that can be helped in this w For the many, the best hope for a norm happy childhood lies in well-informed, a parents and wise medical advice.

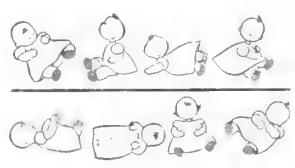
I want him to fulfill the best in him . . .

"I dream, my son, that you will grow up accomplished, strong and wise. But even more important, I fervently hope that you will know true happiness . . . the happiness which comes with developing fully every asset you possess."

SINCE I KNOW THAT SOUND PHYSICAL ASSETS will contribute materially to my son's happiness, I promise to give him the special help he needs now to build a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back, straight legs, sound teeth . . .

BY DEVELOPING THESE ASSETS FULLY FROM BIRTH, your child will have greater confidence all through life. Give him the Vitamin D he needs regularly *every day* to build strong, sound bones and teeth. Physicians will assure you of the need for this important factor to help develop a fine, full framework. Start your baby on the Vitamin D source preferred by many other mothers—Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Give it *every day*.

NO TWO ALIKE—Some babies sit up at 7 months, others not until 8 months or more. In some, the first tooth comes through at 6 months, in others at 9 months. But remember, it does not matter how fast your baby grows so long as he develops soundly. Give him the Squibb Cod Liver Oil he needs daily to help build a strong back, sound teeth.



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THE VISITORS

(Continued from Page 37)

It all came back now, with almost painful clarity. The four of them had had so much fun together. Sam Fenton had been a big, rather awkward, serious young man, with, nevertheless, a quiet sense of humor. And Beth had been very domestic. She was the one who would tuck a last-minute surprise of apple tarts into the picnic basket. She'd worn her red-gold braids in a coronet about her head; and her short crisp cotton dresses had made her seem very dainty and young. Because Sam was so big, and Beth so small, he'd had always a kind of protective air toward her—though he wasn't really any older than the rest of them.

Thinking about it now, Linda found it hard to realize how close the four of them had been in those days. Why, they'd shared everything together—holidays, vacations, and problems too! When Bill wanted to change his job he consulted Sam. And she and Beth had talked endlessly about the babies—Diana and Sammy, Jr., who were almost the same age. In a way they'd formed a kind of bulwark against the world and all its possibilities for loneliness and boredom and inertia.

They'd thought, of course, that their companionship would go on forever. But then Sam was transferred to the Denver office, and the Fentons moved away. They'd missed each other dreadfully at first, and written long letters back and forth. But gradually the letters had become shorter and turned into Christmas cards with messages attached. By now those years with the Fent seemed like part of a lost dream.

But even dreams, it seemed, could en obligations. It would be impossibly crud greet the Fentons, after all these years, w the news that they were breaking up. stead they'd have to put on an act, creat neat little replica of all the beautiful e nings they'd had together six years ago.

Bill got back early. Linda recognized mood. She saw that he had decided on armed truce, with every debatable subj carefully skirted.

"I'll go up and wash," Bill said.

(Continued on Page 212)

"You're living in a fool's paradise!"

Welch's

For PURE *Enjoyment*

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(Continued from Page 240)

Linda nodded. "We're going to have broiled chicken, out on the grill," she told him.

"Good idea." He walked over to the window and inspected the sky. Already there was a lavender quality, mixed with the blue. "I'll have to rustle up some wood. I think there's some in the cellar."

"I'm sure of it," Linda said. "I went down and looked."

Bill ignored the implied criticism, which stemmed from the oft-mentioned fact that lately he'd been neglecting his share of the household routine. At the moment they were skating on very thin ice, steeling themselves against a vast, inherent bitterness—all because of the Fentons.

Linda sprinkled chopped egg on the anchovy hors d'oeuvres. Then she went upstairs to dress. Bill was knotting his tie. When he did that he jerked his chin up in a way that was as familiar to her by now as anything in life.

She said, "I wonder if the Fentons have changed."

"They're probably wondering the same thing about us."

She really looked at Bill then. His shoulders were just as powerful, his waist just as slim. "You haven't a bit," she said. "Have I?"

He stared at her briefly, and then turned away. She saw that he looked hurt and unhappy. And why shouldn't he? She felt that way too—but it had been a foolish question, and dangerous. She walked over to the mirror to see for herself. But did you ever know those things about yourself? At thirty-two she was still slender, and she had a nice summer tan. She had brown hair and blue eyes—a combination which Bill used to say was very intriguing.

"I can't remember how I wore my hair in those days," she said. "Beth did hers in braids around her head. Do you suppose she still does?"

"We'll soon know," Bill said. He shrug into his brown sports coat and went do stairs to get out the ice.

Linda hurried. She used lavishly the fume Bill had given her as an Easter p ent—and to gloss over one of their w fights. She thought, *It's going to be a jeetly ghastly evening. If only we can get to do all the talking.* She decided on a str seersucker dress, brown and orange, fortunately cool.

The Fentons arrived in a taxi. Linda them through the kitchen window. She s "Here they are!" She made her voice h and welcoming. Just as the taxi rolled she and Bill dashed out the front door, ing, "Well, well, how grand to see you!"

She kissed Beth and then Sam. The men shook hands and clapped each other the back. They all four said, "You have changed a bit! It's been such a long time

Linda said, "That telegram this morn was the most wonderful surprise!"

"I hope you didn't have any other plan Beth said in her high, rather breathless lit voice.

"Gracious, no!" Linda protested quick trying not to remember that her only pl had been to see that lawyer in New York

Beth said admiringly, "Linda, you do look one day older."

"Neither do you," Linda agreed at on But secretly she thought that Beth did lo somewhat different. She had a feather c now, instead of the coronet of braids; an her once girlish figure had a thinner, te spare look. But otherwise she was th same—sweet, and clinging, and childish enthusiastic.

They went straight out to the garde and Beth looked around her with unfeigne admiration. "You were planning this th year we left," she exclaimed. "I remembe now—the low stone wall, and the flower and the grill to cook on. But where did yo get those wonderful benches?"

(Continued on Page 244)

"Whoa, Mom! Can't you take it?"

BABY: Shame, mom! You said you'd like to have a baby—cozy life—but now that we've changed places, you...

MOM: D'you blame me, Lamb? These straps! That wriggling around! If I'm uncomfortable, how does your tender skin stand it?

BABY: Stand it? Mommy, I'm miserable! And now you know too why babies need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Honey, I'll *get* 'em—quick! Then what do I do?

BABY: Just this, Mom. After my bath, protect my skin all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. And don't forget to use it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

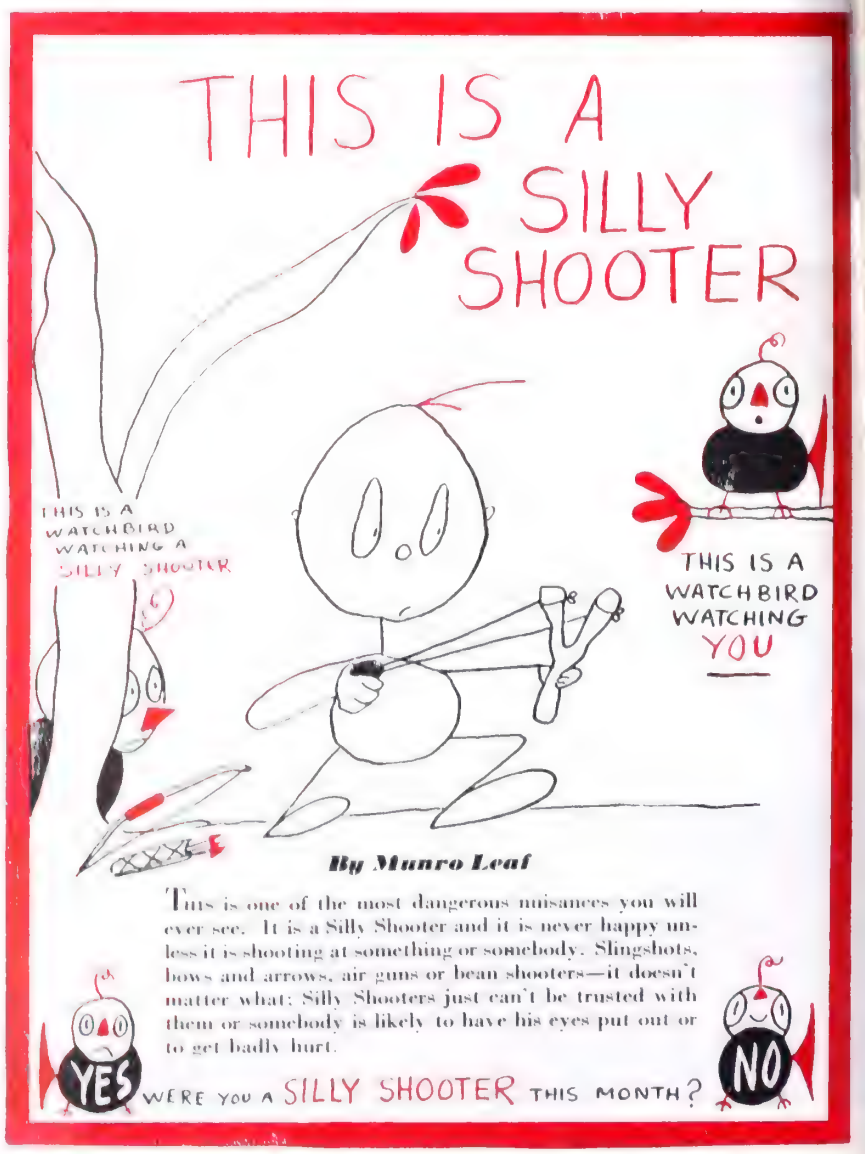
Other times, I'll thank you for soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder, to help keep chafes and prickles away!

MOM: I haven't been a careful mother, have I? Watch me *reform!*

BABY: Watch *me* reform too! With Johnson's to take care of my skin, I won't have half as many howls coming!

Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson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BABY: You can't see *germs* either. But you can crack down on 'em . . . keep 'em from spreadin' through your house.

YOU: Well, Wise Guy, how's that done?

BABY: By tacklin' 'em with a *real germ-killer*—"Lysol," the hospital disinfectant—*every* time you clean! Germs live in house dust . . . *See?*

YOU: But if sickness is brought in from outside?

BABY: Then you gotta follow doctor's orders . . . and better be ready with things he'll likely call for. 'Specially "Lysol," to disinfect whatever the patient touches. *That's* the hospital way!

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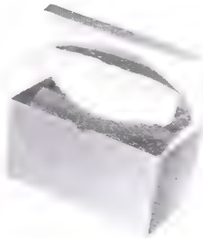

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And in her own sweet way
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(Continued from Page 212)

"Bill made those himself, a couple of years ago," Linda said.

She looked at Bill then, and she saw that he was grinning from ear to ear. No one could possibly have guessed that it was a Cheshire-cat sort of grin.

Characteristically, Sam Fenton sank at once into a roomy chair under the shadiest maple tree. But Linda decided that Sam had changed, too, in a way. He had more assurance; he wasn't awkward and tentative, the way he had been in the old days. And his kind, humorous brown eyes had a new sort of discernment. She thought, *Probably he was always headed in that direction. He really is a grand guy!* She fought down a rising panic then, a kind of echo of future miseries that simply mustn't be faced right now.

Beth said, "Where's Diana?"

"At camp."

"So is Sammy, Jr.; but Joey is with his grandmother. He's only five, you know."

"Of course. I loved those pictures you sent of them."

Sam smiled his slow, rather wonderful smile. "What happened to that pup you had? A black-and-white setter, wasn't it?"

"She got distemper," Bill said. "That was several years ago."

Linda went into the kitchen after the anchovy hors d'oeuvres. She stood in front of the stove for a minute, trying to get her bearings, thinking, *This will last only a few hours. The best system is not to think at all.*

Bill came in after the olives. The Cheshire-cat grin had vanished abruptly. His face had once more that guarded, rebellious look. "How am I doing?" he asked. "Putting on a pretty good show?"

LINDA wanted to fling back some biting, angry retort. It had become almost instinctive to meet his antagonism with an equal measure of bitterness. But there was only a screen door between them and the back porch; if they were going to have a fight, they would have to postpone it. She said icily, "Shall I bring the chickens out now, or wait?"

Bill stared at her a moment in silence. Finally he said heavily, "It doesn't much matter. I'll take them along now, if you like."

"Chickens!" Beth exclaimed happily.

"On the grill, no less," Sam added, smiling. "Bill always was an ambitious fellow!"

The anchovy hors d'oeuvres were passed around. Bill started the fire, nursing it along by adding one twig at a time.

"You have to get a good bed of coals," he explained, "without too much flame. Otherwise you sear the skin without cooking the meat properly."

"Remember the picnics we used to have?" Beth asked. "Bill always made the fires then too. No one else was allowed to touch them."

Beth had curled up on a cushion on the grass—little-girl fashion, with her feet tucked under her. She was wearing a dainty summer dress, a kind Linda remembered so well. This one was apple green, with a design of white flowers, and a touch of lace on the short sleeves. But somehow the dress hung limp against her wiry body. And her face, in the fading light, had a too-sharp, anxious look.

Linda brought out the salad and the sandwiches. The hydrangeas were in full bloom; with the coming of dusk their scent hung heavy in the air.

Beth said, "This garden is really a gem. What are your plans, you two? Are you taking a vacation this summer?"

Linda hesitated, waiting for Bill to answer that one. When he didn't, she said in a rush, "Bill has a new business of his own now. It's going along splendidly, but he can't get away."

Bill and Sam started to discuss the business, their low voices rumbling pleasantly. Their faces were relaxed in the firelight—Sam's broad, with a hint of heaviness around the jawline, Bill's thinner, almost lean, with a more intense and sensitive structure.

Between talking to Beth, Linda heard snatches of their conversation. And it continued to be about the business, that forerunner of many of their quarrels. Bill's new venture was precarious, and he'd given up a safe, promising position to start it. But whenever she'd pointed that out, they'd begun to wrangle. Bill refused to realize that she had a lot at stake too.

LINDA fought down the familiar resentment, the need to remonstrate and argue with him, even now, when it was all over. She tried to turn her attention to Beth. Beth Fenton had always been a talker. And she had a way of rattling along that made it hard to concentrate. Now she was playing the game of "Remember when ——"

"Remember when we all went sailing at the shore, and got caught in a storm? I've never been so frightened in my life!"

"And then we took refuge in a strange boathouse, and Sam had a pocketful of peanuts to keep us from starving!" Linda laughed, and tried to play the game too. But somehow it seemed to fall flat. You could recall events, and even details. But the important parts—the thoughts and sensations and feelings—had become hopelessly submerged in the present.

Bill threw more wood on the fire. The conversation became more general. They talked about Denver and Saybrook, and about mutual friends, many of whom they'd lost track of. "How about Reid Dunning? Whatever happened to him?" Nobody knew, it seemed. Nobody really cared.

A tiny crescent of moon appeared behind some trees. But it was still hot enough to stay out in the garden.

Beth leaned forward so that her face was etched by the firelight. "Isn't this fun, Sam?" she exclaimed. "Isn't it just like old times, the way I said it would be?"

The remark was natural enough—especially for Beth, who was given to clichés. But something was wrong. Beth's voice, perhaps. It was too high, and overeager—almost as though she was pleading with Sam. Linda felt uneasy. She wondered if the Fentons had guessed the truth about herself and Bill, in spite of all their efforts to cover up.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Gayer Hour Will Come

By Meryle Moore Simpson

A gayer hour than this will come again.
  Spring will invite me to her April tea
And after drinking cups of pale champagne
  My heart will throb with magnanimity.
When rubbing elbows with the violets,
  Who still would grieve for one who chose to go?
Or, after watching clouds turn somersets,
  Who would remember winter and the snow?

I will put on my yellow party dress;
  I will skip lightly in my brand-new shoes;
And on that day I know no one will guess
  How difficult I found it, once, to lose.

I will walk slowly home, and on my cuff
I will write boldly, "April is enough!"

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Sam's answer was strained, too, and lacking in conviction. "It sure is!" he exclaimed heartily. "You'd certainly never believe that we'd been away so long."

"Never in the world," Beth echoed eagerly.

Bill nodded uneasily.

"I'm afraid we'll have to be running along," Sam said. "We're catching a nine-o'clock train in the morning."

Beth seemed disappointed. She said, "I'd love to see the house. Could you show it to me, Linda?"

"Of course."

They went upstairs, but Beth wasn't, after all, very interested in the house. Instead she sat at Linda's dressing table, combing her hair, adding powder and lipstick and a faint touch of eye shadow because her lashes were reddish too.

"Eye shadow!" Linda exclaimed. "That's something new, isn't it?"

"Not really," Beth said slowly. "I've been using it for several years."

Then she turned around, and it was almost as though a mask had slipped from her face. Linda glanced hastily away. It wasn't good to see that look on anyone's face—that pinched, almost abject defenselessness.

"Linda, I have to tell you something," Beth said. "I might as well, that is. You'll know pretty soon, anyhow."

Linda wanted to protest. She wanted to say, "Whatever it is, don't tell me. We're not that kind of friends any more. We're strangers, really, playing a sort of game!" But she didn't know how to phrase it. And she realized guiltily that Beth was a creature of loyalties; Beth had bridged the years more wholeheartedly than any of them. It wouldn't do to turn away now. So instead she stood looking down at the top of Bill's bureau—noting the pipe with its sprinkling of ashes, the discarded necktie and the automobile license, which shouldn't be left around that way.

Finally she said uneasily, "If you're sure you want to, Beth."

"I'm afraid I have to!" Beth exclaimed. "Linda, Sam is divorcing me. He's fallen in love with someone else. He doesn't even know I exist any more."

The words fell like flat pebbles into the silence. Linda could almost feel them, echoing over and over in the silent room: "He doesn't know I exist. He doesn't know I exist." But that simply couldn't be, when you thought of Sam, so protective and adoring six years ago! Beth was making it up; or else she had become one of those stuffy, jealous females ——

Linda said awkwardly, "Are you sure, Beth? You may be imagining things."

Beth's laugh was on edge, half hysterical. "I wish I were!" she said. "You see, this girl is a lot younger. She's modern too. She wears blue jeans rolled up above her knees, and long straight hair. But in the city she's sleek enough. She's even got a career in advertising. She's got everything. Sam is like a man possessed. He's mad about her."

"But does he have to marry her?"

"He thinks so." And then Beth said humbly, "I told him, Linda, that I wouldn't object to . . . anything, as long as he didn't leave me."

Linda sat down on the bed. She couldn't take this in yet. There was irony in the fact that the Fentons were breaking up too—just when she and Bill were. But it wasn't, on the whole, too surprising. Ten years was supposed to be a sort of milestone in marriage, and none of them had been able to reach it. It was as simple as that—but with a difference. Because Bill hadn't fallen in love with anyone else; she had never had to face that.

She looked up. She said inadequately, "I'm so sorry, Beth. If there's anything I can do ——"

"But there is!" Beth said in a rush. Her breathless little voice was suddenly eager, her brown eyes almost too bright and hopeful. "That's why I persuaded Sam to stop off here," she explained. "We're on our way to New York to arrange a transfer of Sam's trust fund there. And I thought if we saw you

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and Bill, and had some good times together, the way we used to —— Don't you see, Linda? Sam may change. Remembering how he felt then, and how wonderful it was before ——"

"Why, of course!" Linda said. But she couldn't match the hope in Beth's eyes. She couldn't, in fact, understand any of it. Sam had always been such a big, dependable, sterling sort of guy. Unconsciously they'd all looked up to him as the stabilizing member of the group. And to think that it was Sam who had gone off the deep end! Realizing that, Linda felt a little sick. Bill had at least left her her pride. He knew she was alive. He cared enough about her to hurl angry, taunting remarks. But what was it Beth had said? "Sam doesn't even know I exist."

She had to answer that look in Beth's eyes. "If it's simply an infatuation," she said uncertainly, "re-creating the past might help a lot."

"That's just what I thought!" Beth exclaimed. "You and Bill haven't changed a bit. And I could see that Sam was happy being here. He's always been crazy about you."

Linda felt uneasy and worried too. In Beth's present state of mind, it might be very unwise to let her know how wrong she was about their marriage. She wondered, too, how she could ever explain it convincingly. She would say, "Bill and I are simply incompatible. We don't agree about a lot of things. We have one quarrel after another." But would Beth understand anything so elusive and insubstantial, when she was faced with Sam's faithlessness?

Linda did try, though. She said halfheartedly, "Bill and I have our disagreements, too, you know."

"But that's different," Beth protested passionately. "You still love each other. Anyone with half an eye can see that."

LINDA didn't answer. She felt shivery, almost sick. Beth was going to hate her when she learned the truth. And the worst part was that right now she couldn't make it seem real to herself. Something about her perspective had shifted; something else had begun to dissolve.

Beth sat down on the bed abruptly, and covered her face with her hands. And what she said then was dreadful to hear. She said in a whisper, "Linda, I'm afraid Sam got bored with me years ago. He began meeting other people; and you know I've always talked too much and rattled on. I can't seem to stop. But after a while Sam didn't listen any more." She looked up, and her eyes were still dry. She said, "If it hadn't been this girl, it might have been someone else."

LINDA forced a smile. She gave Beth's thin shoulders a quick, hard squeeze. She said too heartily, "I happen to know that you're just inventing all that—making it up out of whole cloth." But in her heart she wasn't at all sure. Because, in spite of her sweetness, Beth was a flat, uninspiring little thing. Sam seemed to have progressed miles beyond her. In an effort to deny that, Linda said earnestly, "Let me know if there's anything at all that Bill and I can do."

Beth said slowly, "The only hope would be if Sam and I could stay on in Saybrook for a while. I'll speak to him about it tonight."

Linda didn't try to face the implications of that. Just now Beth's problems had almost overshadowed her own.

They could hear the men talking in the downstairs hall. Finally Bill called up the stair well, "We don't want to rush those girlish confidences, but the taxi is outside, waiting."

Beth turned back to the mirror for a hasty repair job. And then they hurried downstairs.

The farewells were exuberant replicas of their greetings: "It's been simply wonderful!" . . . "Just like old times!" . . . "You haven't changed a bit!" . . . "We've loved every minute of it!"

Sam helped Beth into the taxi—smiling that grave, confident smile of his. Beth waved from the window—you could see her gay, defiant little patch of handkerchief fluttering pointlessly all the way down the drive.

Bill turned at once and went out to the garden to put out the fire and gather up the debris. Linda followed more slowly. She felt tired and strained, shaken by what had happened. She watched in silence while Bill threw a pitcher of water on the flames.

(Continued on Page 218)

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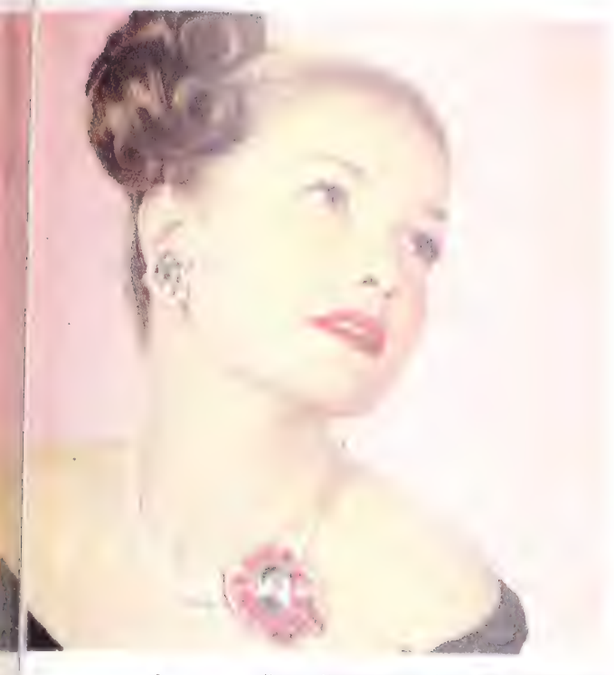

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(Continued from Page 216)

Finally she said, "I think it went off all right, don't you?"

Bill straightened up. "At least it's over," he said heavily.

Linda sat on the arm of one of the chairs. She said quietly, "Bill, you aren't in love with anyone else, are you?"

That made him angry. "What do you think?" he retorted.

She thought in surprise, *His very bitterness is a form of love. It shows that at least he's aware of me.*

"Just what caused that particular outburst?" Bill asked caustically.

She knew he was upset, and that he was laying the foundations for one of their fierce, endless quarrels. But tonight she couldn't meet it with the familiar, rising antagonism. Some of her resentment seemed to have evaporated, or to have merged, somehow, with an unexpected gratitude. Bill still cared enough about her to lash out that way. He wasn't entirely indifferent. Not yet.

She said slowly, "Sam and Beth are getting a divorce. Sam has fallen in love with someone else—a younger girl, with a career in advertising."

"Sam?" Bill was frankly astonished. And then he laughed. "You mean all four of us were putting on an act?"

Linda smiled wanly. "We never would have dreamed of it six years ago, would we?"

Bill ran his hand through his thick, dark hair. "Linda, do you have to put us through that kind of slop?" But he sounded utterly miserable. His voice was heavy, and deeply depressed.

After a while she said, "Anyway, I'm glad that it isn't because you fell in love with another girl. I couldn't have stood that."

"I can't see that there's much difference in the over-all picture."

"Oh, but there is," she protested. "This way you've left me my pride, Bill. And my ego, whatever that is. I mean having it mutual and all."

"Mutual incompatibility," Bill said ironically.

"That's right," Linda said. "But it isn't nearly as bad as being discarded for someone else."

Bill didn't answer. He was standing close to the fire, with his hands in his pockets. The flames weren't altogether out, but the water had left them debilitated. In the silence they could hear the hissing steam, and an occasional sharp crack.

"I never would have thought it of Sam," Bill said. "He doesn't seem the type."

"Sam has changed. Beth thinks he's been bored with her for a long time. She's dreadfully unhappy." Linda's voice broke slightly—whether because of Beth's troubles or her own, she didn't know.

Bill turned sharply. "Don't let it get you," he said. "Beth will manage, and so will you. You have all those fine friends, for one thing. The Aikens, and the Winthrops ——"

Here was one of their familiar arguments. Bill resented those friends; he thought them cheap and insincere. But tonight Linda half agreed with him. She said, "I'm not sure they'd be loyal to me, Bill."

"I'm quite certain they wouldn't," he said curtly.

Linda didn't answer. The darkness confused her—and the faint, familiar outline of Bill's face in the dying flames. Vaguely she tried to recall the most pressing of their disagreements.

She said, on a tangent, "I'd much rather have you playing golf late than dating some girl you were crazy about."

He said abruptly, "Don't worry. There isn't anyone around here who interests me that much."

Unconsciously his voice had softened, though. She hadn't met his initial antagonism, she hadn't even wanted to. So there had been nothing for it to feed on. Linda considered this uneasily. Perhaps there was a very narrow margin between loving and hating.

And then she heard the telephone. Ringing, at this time of night, it had a curious, blatant urgency. "I'll go," she said. As she

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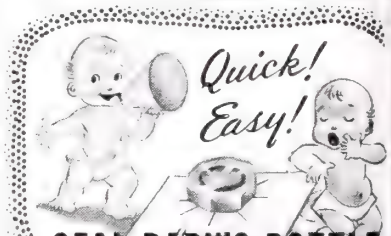

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Linda's eyes left the garden she saw Bill pick up the pitcher of water and douse the last of the flames.

She hurried into the hall and picked up the receiver. She recognized Beth's voice at once, though it was blurred with tears. "Hello, is that you, Linda?"

"Yes—why, yes, Beth."

"Linda, it isn't any use. I talked to Sam in the taxi about staying on at Saybrook. And Linda, he wants to hurry to New York because that girl is going to be there. He even admitted it to me. He's down in the lobby now, phoning her."

"Oh, Beth, no!"

"I don't think I could bear to go to New York now." Beth's voice was rising dangerously. "I'd know all the time that Sam was meeting her on the sly. I simply couldn't stand that."

"No, of course not," Linda said helplessly.

"This may be too much to ask, but I was wondering if I could stay with you and Bill for a few days. To get my bearings before I have to face the people at home and Reno and all. I need something—I'm afraid I'll go all to pieces otherwise!"

Linda hesitated. She said, "Just a moment, Beth. I'll ask Bill."

She hurried out to the garden. Bill was stacking the plates on a tray.

She said, "Bill, that was Beth. She doesn't want to go to New York, because that girl of Sam's is going to be there. She wants to stay with us for a while. What on earth shall I tell her?"

> I once heard a dignified clergyman say pomposously, "We owe the Jews more than we can ever repay." To which I felt inclined to answer, "I hope, sir, that in your case it is only a temporary embarrassment."
>
> —WILLIAM RALPH INGE:
> Lay Thoughts of a Dean (Putnam & Co.).

Bill shoved the tray to one side, and reached in his pocket for a cigarette. "What do you think?" he asked at last.

"She's—I don't know what to think," Linda said. "Beth's almost beside herself. She feels we can help her get her bearings somehow."

Bill lit a match. But then he held it so long that it burned his fingers before he let it drop to the ground. "You'll be taking most of the rap," he said. "Spending all day trying to cheer her up."

"It won't be easy for either of us," she admitted.

"If you're willing, Linda," Bill told her, "I am."

Linda went back to the phone, reassured Beth, and arranged to drive around to the hotel for her in the morning. When that was over she returned to the garden. Bill had forgotten the tray. He was sitting in the farthest chair in the dark, and he looked lonely.

Linda said, "She was dreadfully grateful. We'll have to try and keep her mind off things."

Bill lighted another cigarette, and the match made an island of light. All she could see of him was his very firm chin, and that he'd loosened his tie and collar. Bill always loosened his tie after the company had left.

He said, "The Aikens and the Winthrops may not be as bad as I think."

"They are, though," Linda said. "They're fun, but they're not the kind of friends you can count on."

"Very few are," he said. "You have a streak of loyalty yourself, Linda, so you're apt to forget that."

"So have you," she said.

It was very quiet after that. The scent of the hydrangeas was still heavy in the garden, but it was cooler now.

Linda said, "It's cooler. Maybe we're going to have a shower." She said that because she couldn't say any of the things in her heart.

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Till she found out the brand
That most mothers demand . . .
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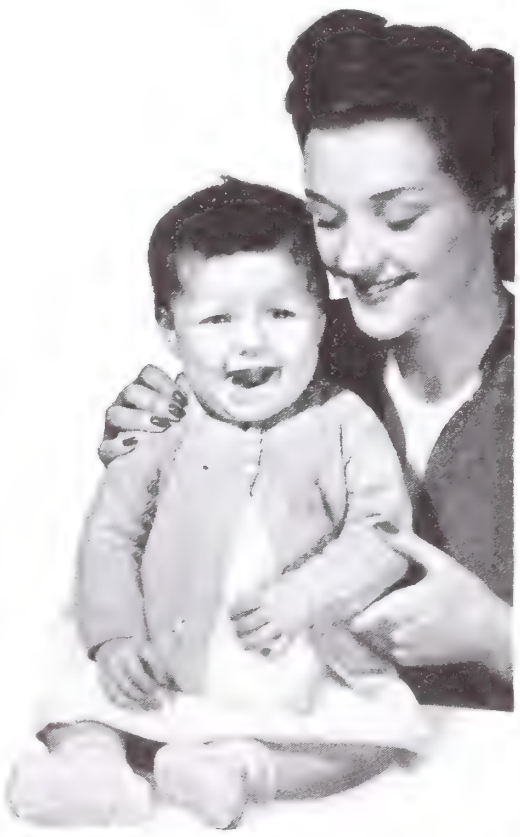
"only the best is good enough for my baby!"



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GOOD WOOL IS THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD KNITTING

The crescent moon had vanished, but the sky was thick with stars.

Bill said, "Right now, I wonder why we ever fight."

"So do I."

"Maybe we won't any more," he said.

She felt as though it was hard to breathe. She felt as she had in those first early years of their marriage, when nothing was ever wrong between them.

She said, "For one thing, we still love each other."

"That's right. We still love each other, come hell or high water. And that's something."

"That's everything," she said. THE END

READ YOUR CHARACTER BY THE STARS

(Continued from Page 77)

most of the others we have listed as well while popular everywhere, are even more popular in the biggest places than in the smaller cities and towns.

Why? Perhaps because they are sophisticated personalities themselves, or because they play citified roles; or generally appear in stories of a type most liked in cities. Whatever the explanation, the fact is clear; and the appearance of those three names on a list of only eight makes it almost certain that the author of the list is a city dweller.

As for the assumption that the list was made up by a person who prides herself on keeping up with the world, Rex Harrison's name was the clue. Most adult movie-goers are loyal to their established favorites; they are not likely to rate a newcomer among their top favorites until they have seen him—or her—in at least three or four pictures. While Rex Harrison is an established "cinema" star in England, he had never starred in an American-made film until Anna and the King of Siam, which ran for weeks at New York City's Music Hall.

So the individual who made our list is the type of person, first, who sees the new pictures people are talking about, and then makes a point of remembering the names of the new players.

Finally, the combination is revealing; Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones, for instance, would suggest one kind of person; Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman somebody else again.

So the more stars you name, the easier it is to "guess" you.

Incidentally, the number you name is itself a clue. *The younger you are, the more stars you are likely to name!*

Just for fun, let's look at another list:

Lionel Barrymore
Bette Davis
Greer Garson
Fredric March
Margaret O'Brien
Walter Pidgeon
Barbara Stanwyck

Can you visualize the author this time? Again it's a woman, about ten years older than our first hypothetical movie-goer. She's less sophisticated; while she, too, is intelligent and discriminating, she makes less of a point of keeping abreast of smart table talk. She's on the serious side; she's almost certainly a housewife; and as for her home, she may live in a suburb, but probably not in one of the big cities.

Want to Make a Guessing Game of It?

The next time you have six or eight people together, get them all to write down the names of their favorite stars, then see if you can guess who wrote which list. Better make sure it's a pretty mixed group, including husbands as well as wives, and some youngsters too.

Of course, this is really a game for an expert; to be sure you're right, you need detailed knowledge of the "popularity pattern" of the individual stars, as well as insight into the general differences, and considerable familiarity with movies. But there are a few good clues; they may be enough.

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Mom wore Rand Dress Shields before I was born! says they keep her dainty and fresh always!

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BLESSED RELIEF FROM

loss of sleep

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head cold MISERIES

Why torture yourself with that "suffocating" feeling due to head colds? A few drops of Mistol Drops with Ephedrine help clear out your nose . . help you to breathe easier and therefore sleep better.

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Backaches, sacro-iliac or lumbago pains all benefit from the comforting heat produced by Allcock's Porous Plaster. Gives relief, supports muscles 25c . . . buy one now.

ALLCOCK'S Porous Plasters

Sex: If more than a third of the stars named are women, the maker of the list is a woman.

If most of the stars named usually play in dramatic roles or stories of love, romance and emotional problems, the maker of the list is a woman.

If there are more than one or two players who are primarily comedians, the maker of the list is a man.

If most of the stars play in action pictures—war, aviation, gangster films—the maker of the list is a man.

If all but one or two of the players named are men, the author of the list is a man.

Age: The longer a star has been on the screen, the more likely to be popular among older movie-goers. Few people over thirty will name more than one star who has not been on the screen at least five years.

In contrast, if there are four or five names of very new players, the list was probably made by someone under twenty. (Names you don't recognize are almost a guaranty that a youngster made the list!)

Watch for "self-identification"—the age of the characters whom the stars generally portray is one of the best indicators. But don't base your guess on any one star—look over the entire list, and then see what kind of story comes into your mind.

And a couple of special hints: Most young boys' lists will include only action and comedy stars. Any feminine names that appear will be those of singing and dancing stars.

A mature woman's list, in contrast, will include stars who appear in stories of romance, sentiment, dramas and sophisticated comedies, with perhaps a character actor or two as well.

> **Money is the supreme test of domestic management.**
>
> —GAMALIEL BRADFORD
> Wives (Harper & Brothers).

City dweller or villager: The general rules here are harder to formulate—the only real guide is a knowledge of the following of each individual star on the list. But a few hints:

The person who lives in a city is more likely to name new players, foreign stars, sophisticated urbane personalities, and stars of sophisticated urbane stories.

Oddly enough, most musical-comedy stars, except the very newest, are relatively more popular in small towns.

Income: Here, too, the general rules are elusive. However, again it helps to think about the kind of stories the players usually appear in.

Stars who play in the kind of story where money is taken for granted are usually most popular with the upper-income groups.

In addition, the upper-income groups look for pictures based on best sellers, and stars generally acclaimed for acting ability.

The lower-income groups are particularly attracted by comedians and action stars.

Some Favorites of Boys in Their Teens

Abbott and Costello	Jack Benny
Betty Grable	Errol Flynn
Danny Kaye	John Wayne
Bob Hope	

Stars Especially Popular With Teen-age Girls

June Allyson	Margaret O'Brien
Dana Andrews	Sonny Tufts
Judy Garland	John Hodiak

They Agree on These

Van Johnson	Alan Ladd
Betty Hutton	Bing Crosby

When the whole family sets out for the movies, do your high-school son and daugh-

When baby's upset because of "Childhood Constipation"

...give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your baby isn't his cheerful self...when he's cross and upset just because of "Childhood Constipation"... here's the wise thing to do:

Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Why it's right for children

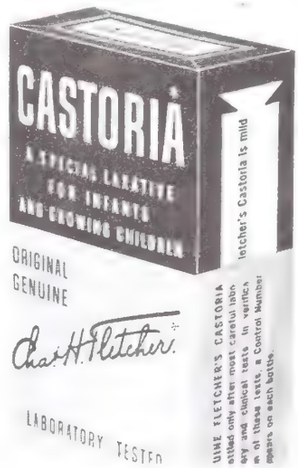
Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Fletcher's Castoria *at your drug store today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.*

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The original and genuine



Pour and compare!

You'll prefer this orange juice with the

Tree-Ripe Flavor!

Unless you've tasted REAL GOLD, you don't know how downright *delicious* orange juice in cans can be. We invite you to pour and compare with juice from *anywhere*. Only the finest California Valencias are used for REAL GOLD. These are the sweetest oranges grown — richest of all in precious Vitamin C. Buy several cans of REAL GOLD today. Enjoy all the golden color and luscious tree-ripe flavor of freshly squeezed orange juice. So saving in time and money, too!

OTHER MONEY SAVERS! Try Real Gold Pure Lemon Juice, and Real Gold Orange Base.

FREE! "Uses For Juices" a colorful booklet with many exciting new juice recipes. Just write: Southern California Citrus Foods, Redlands, Calif.

PACKED FOR YOU BY THE GROWERS THEMSELVES

ter squabble about what picture to see? No wonder! Father and son agree on Bob Hope, Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper; mother and daughter on Greer Garson and Margaret O'Brien.

A Few of the Stars First Spotted by Teen-age Girls

Jennifer Jones	Robert Taylor
Frank Sinatra	Dennis Morgan
Lizabeth Scott	

If Your Husband is Past Thirty

Spencer Tracy	Gary Cooper
Clark Gable	Humphrey Bogart

He's likely to suggest taking you to the movies any time there's a picture starring any of these players. Chances are you won't object—some of them are your favorites too. When there's a Bing Crosby–Bob Hope picture, better call off your bridge date—father will want to go to the movies! Among his other likely favorites: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Barry Fitzgerald, Edward G. Robinson.

If You're a Young Career Woman

Bergman	Milland
Cotten	McGuire
Fontaine	Peck

You'll find many of your favorite stars above. Most of these stars are most popular in cities, among women, among people under thirty.

If You're Past Thirty-five, a Housewife

Lionel Barrymore	Fredric March
Bette Davis	Walter Pidgeon
Greer Garson	Barbara Stanwyck

Your list of favorites will look more like that above.

Gentlemen Prefer

Dorothy Lamour	Ann Sheridan
Veronica Lake	Jane Russell

Most feminine screen stars are more popular among women movie-goers than among men. A few of the exceptions (actresses more popular among men than among women) are named above. Others are: Betty Grable, Betty Hutton, Judy Canova, Virginia Mayo, Maria Montez.

Young Man's Idol

James Stewart

James Stewart's picturemaking was interrupted when he went into the Air Forces, but his popularity continued. His most enthusiastic followers are found among young men between eighteen and thirty. Other special favorites: Henry Fonda, John Garfield, Cary Grant. THE END

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

You may think you're immune to propaganda—but you're not if you put any faith in that widely accepted line about "carefree childhood." Children can match adults problem for problem. And to a child, his troubles aren't little ones either—they're just as important to him as yours are to you. What's more, sometimes a child's troubles can go quite deep. He can feel as frustrated as a present-day apartment seeker; he can feel guilty and suffer all the tortures of mind of an unhardened criminal. He's in the process of learning right from wrong, but when it comes to deciding which is worse, scribbling in his picture book or tearing up his father's insurance policy, he hasn't had enough experience to know the difference. So, even though you tell him (as you should) that something he has done is not a good idea, you should, at the same time, reassure him that he's not a dyed-in-the-wool gangster, or a juvenile delinquent—or even a bad boy.

"I've come to give myself up—I threw the spitball at Miss Hogan."

Gather 'round, mothers! Here's a great idea in baby feeding...

it's CLAPP'S "MEAL-IN-A-DISH"!

Just think of it, mothers . . .

. . . here in ONE dish is a wonderful *balanced* combination of meat and carefully selected vegetables. All pressure-cooked and strained . . ready to serve as a nourishing meal for your baby.

That's Clapp's famous "Meal-in-a-Dish"! And Clapp's has five different kinds.

Take Clapp's Vegetables-with-Beef, for instance...There's *beef*—specially lean and tender, and a whole *garden assortment of vegetables*... red-ripe tomatoes, carrots, celery, potatoes, cabbage—and even rice and barley.

Remember, there are five "Meal-in-a-Dish" treats brought you by Clapp's . . .

1. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Liver (*Liver Soup*),
2. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Beef,
3. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Lamb,
4. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Bacon,
5. Clapp's Vegetables-with-Chicken (*Chicken Soup*).

They're all wonderful in flavor, wonderful in nourishment...made as only Clapp's can make baby foods, as Clapp's has made baby foods for two generations of babies to thrive on.

Get your baby a week's supply of Clapp's "Meal-in-a-Dish" treats at your grocer's today.

Specially featured at your grocer's this month
BUY A WEEK'S SUPPLY TODAY!

Start your baby on
CLAPP'S BABY FOODS
the first baby foods

CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS ★ JUNIOR FOODS ★ BABY CEREALS

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS

There was a young woman named Hyde
Whose hands were her joy and her pride
But something was wrong!
Dishes took her so long
She was practically fit to be tied!

OH! OH! Mrs. Hyde used a mild bar soap that was easy on her hands—but what slow-poke suds!

There was a young woman named Pruett
Whose hands were a sight—and she knew it!
"Doing dishes," she said
"With strong soap makes them red."
How strange of Miss Pruett to do it!

OH! OH! Miss Pruett used her regular washday soap for dishes! Granulated for speed—but so strong it was hard on hands.

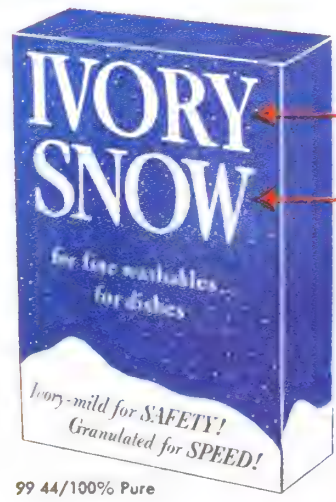
Now here is a lady named Whist
Her dishwashing has a new twist
Ivory Snow gives it speed
And the mildness hands need
If they ever expect to be kissed!

AH! Ivory Snow is the only soap that's both Ivory-mild for snow-white hands—and in granulated "snowdrops" for speedy suds! Tops in safety! Convenient! Leaves dishes sparkling clean—lovely hands smooth and white! No finer soap made!

NO OTHER SOAP LIKE IT!

This one soap gives both

Kindness to Hands!
Speed in the Dishpan!



for Mildness!

for Speed!

HEAR KENNY BAKER on Glamour Manor! New high in daytime radio! All-star cast! Fun! Music! Monday through Friday, 12 noon EST.

Framed in their splintering doorway: Jim and Alice Perkins and their youngest, nine-months-old Alice Faye.

Meet a Soft-Coal Miner's Family

OF HARLAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONS TANNELLI, F. P. G.

THE tar-paper roofs of the miners' shacks gleamed like coal in the early-morning rain. Pigs moved squealing among the houses, searching for garbage tossed out the windows the night before. Everything seemed to smell worse in the dampness: the sixty malodorous privies, the pigs, the chickens, the narrow valley stream choked with rotting refuse. At 4 A.M. the kitchen lights began to go on in the sooty white shacks, sixty of them, all identical, huddled in rows by Clover Fork Creek, in the soft-coal region of Harlan County, Kentucky.

In Jim Perkins' four-room shack the naked bulb in the front bedroom had shone all night. Twice a car had bumped to a stop out front and a man with a small black bag hurried in. At 4 A.M., Jim Perkins' first grandchild was born.

Into this four-room shack (arrow) crowd Jim and Alice, their seven children, their daughter-in-law and their first grandchild.

37% of the nation's families live on incomes of $1500 to $3000 a year.

VALLEY OF SOOT AND SHADOWS

So stoically did the young mother bear her pains that none of the six other children sleeping in the house awoke. Except Franklin Delano. "I was lyin' in bed smokin' a cigarette the whole time," he boasted. Frankie, who is 12, has seen and heard enough to be pretty nonchalant about the facts of life.

The new father, Bill, never went to bed at all that night. He looked gaunt and miserable, as any man expecting his first-born generally looks, as he paced by the bedside of his pretty, adored young wife. But Bill's pallor didn't go away the next day, or the next. It will never go away, because Bill, who is just 20, is wasting with tuberculosis. In the next room, curled up in bed with his two baby daughters, Bill's stepfather, Jim Perkins, slept soundly. Jim claims he has had tuberculosis since the first World War. As this is written, he's still mining, although he's crippled with arthritis, too, and his right side aches viciously from an ancient mine injury and his left leg, cracked up in the Army, occasionally buckles under him.

Jim is a soft-coal loader at Yokum Creek Coal Company's Mine No. 2. He's an inch under six feet and he mines a vein of coal thirty-four inches high. That means he picks and shovels all day on his hands and knees, with his arthritic legs often in a pool of water, and the live wire that runs into the mines to power the pit cars, sometimes hanging ten inches above his backside. "It's brutish work," says Jim. "I been crawlin' in those mines for forty-two years now. I'm all broke up."

Alice, Jim's wife, waited until the doctor left that morning before waking her husband to tell him the news. He peeked excitedly at the steamy red baby boy sleeping in his mother's arms, then hustled out to the kitchen to start the coal stove. With his jerky gait, his deeply lined face and almost toothless grin, Jim looks closer to 70 than his 54 years.

One by one, the family began to roll out of bed. With no sink in the house, they all washed in a small pan of water over by the back door, using the same sooty-black towel, then slipped into their places for a hefty breakfast of fried pork, gravy, eggs, stewed fruit and cocoa. Alice waited on her husband and three oldest boys first: Bill, the new father, sickly white from his all-night vigil, but happy and smiling; Oakles Earl, 16; and Frankie, 12. Then she sat down with the rest of the family:

Mary Frances, 7; John Llewellyn, 5; and Bobby Jean, an unsmiling and peaked girl of 2. The second shift ate from the unwashed tin plates and spoons left on the table by the first. The baby, Alice Faye, nine months, with the bald head and prematurely wise little face of a monkey, toddled underfoot. Whenever she fretted she was put at her mother's breast, where she nursed indifferently for a few moments, then wriggled down to the floor.

Shortly before 6 A.M., Jim left the house. Throughout the settlement, the miners emerged, lunch pails swinging, the lights on their caps marking their slow footsteps toward the mine, a thousand feet up the black face of the mountainside. A cable car, hung precariously against the cliffs, carried them up the last five hundred feet to the coal shaft cut horizontally into the rock.

Mary Frances, a pert and bossy seven-year-old, wanted to leave the house with her father to start waiting for the school bus, due at eight. She was running a fever from bad tonsils, but her mother couldn't keep her home. Nobody could [illegible] Mary knew that since there is only one nu[illegible] Evarts, a school of 1400 students, it was ur[illegible] that she would be caught and sent back.

Frankie, on the other hand, had a doze[illegible] cuses, as he does every morning. The soles [illegible] sneakers were ripped. He'd lost his work[illegible] He didn't have money for a hamburger a[illegible] diner for lunch. Frankie has good reas[illegible] loathe school. He's a big, husky youngste[illegible] his twelve years, with an aggressiveness to r[illegible] his mop of flaming red hair, and he feels misc[illegible] in a classroom of six and seven year olds. Fr[illegible] started school back in 1941 and so far has re[illegible] only the second grade. His brother Oakles E[illegible] or Pood, as they call him—reached third gra[illegible] fourteen and then gave up.

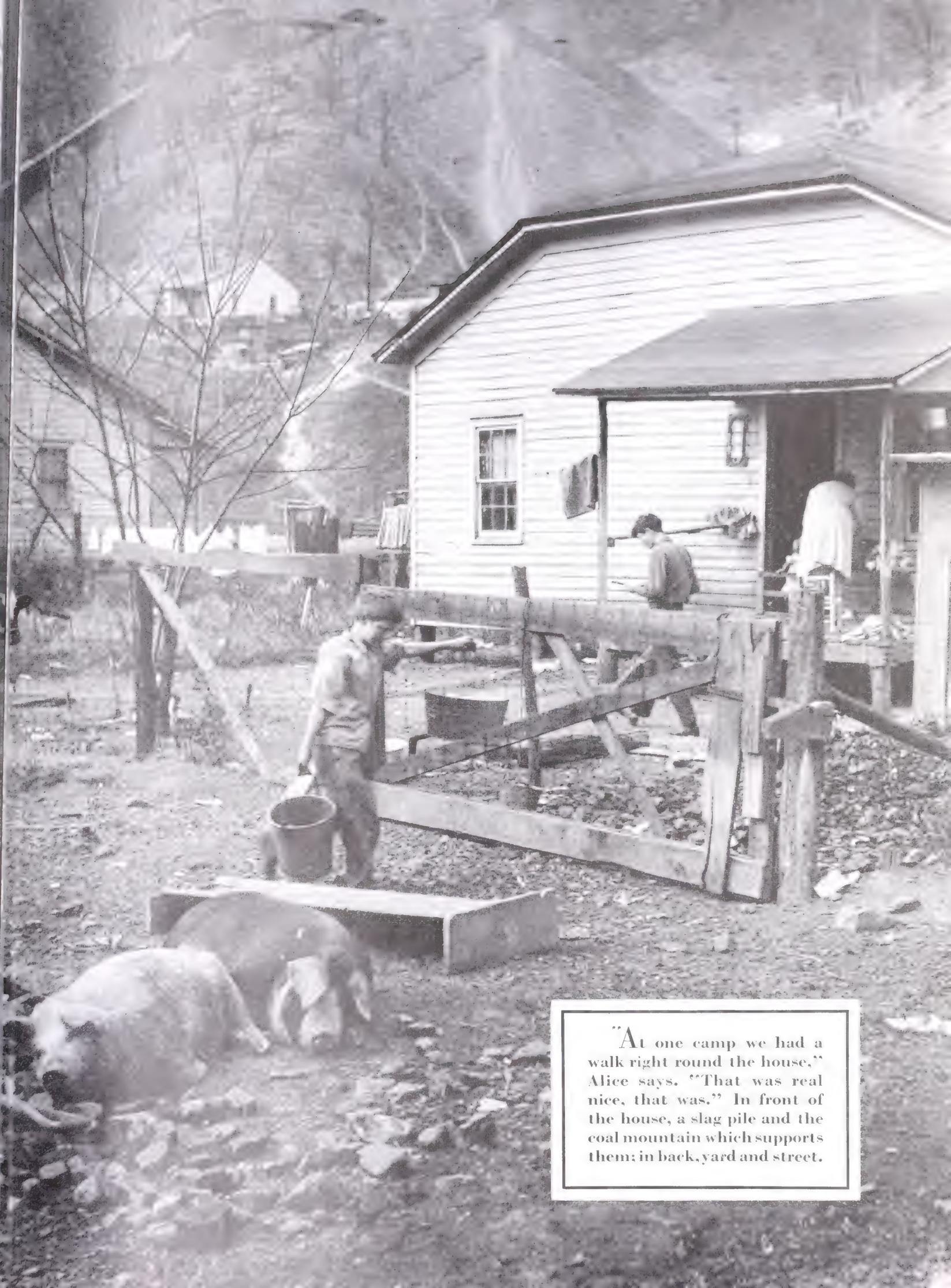
"I jest cain't larn," announces Pood, whos[illegible] marks were A's in art and citizenship, bu[illegible] in reading and writing.

The truth of the matter is that neither boy[illegible] ever gone to school more than two days[illegible] of five, and sometimes never appears [illegible] weeks at a time. By some mir[illegible] Pood picked up enough to follow [illegible] complicated instructions for ma[illegible] model planes, and this is all[illegible] cares about. Frankie, his tea[illegible] says, would be an average [illegible] dent if he would just com[illegible] school. When he does co[illegible] he frequently falls asleep[illegible] class. Frankie likes to gam[illegible] and smoke with his frie[illegible] until midnight, and regula[illegible] gets up at six. Pood, a qu[illegible] dark-eyed, good-looking b[illegible] spends his time making pla[illegible] and sweeping up at the comp[illegible] store.

No truancy officer or teacher h[illegible] ever called at the Perkinses' to [illegible] why the boys weren't in school, [illegible] though they are compelled by law to [illegible] tend until their sixteenth birthday. There [illegible] 19,000 children in Harlan County, of whom 1[illegible] 000 are enrolled in school, and two truan[illegible] officers to handle this situation.

Mary Frances is in the first grade and promis[illegible] to be a good student. Ever since the day [illegible] spanking across her teacher's knees taught h[illegible] not to chatter during lessons, she has been [illegible] model of good behavior. Corporal punishment [illegible] allowed in Kentucky schools. Between classes th[illegible] teachers stand with wooden sticks in their hand[illegible] monitoring the pupils through the halls.

"I'd jest as soon put the kids in jail as take 'em to a city," Jim says. "Here they can do jest as they like." In the picture above (front row, left to right): baby Alice Faye, Alice, Mary Frances, Bobby Jean, Johnny, Frankie; (rear) Jim, Pood. Picture left, Frankie, 12, "smokin' and jest playin'," Alice Faye, in doorway. At right, Bobby Jean, two, digging with young Johnny.



"At one camp we had a walk right round the house," Alice says. "That was real nice, that was." In front of the house, a slag pile and the coal mountain which supports them; in back, yard and street.

Alice mops daily, fighting greasy coal dust; launders the curtains monthly; the boys tote water.

"I'd like a washin' machine better'n 'bout anything in the world," Alice says. She washes daily.

Alice had all her babies at home; deliveri
$20 each, with no prenatal care. She lo

It is doubtful whether any of the Perkinses' children are spanked at home. Alice says she's the one who handles punishments. She moves lackadaisically about the house with sad dark eyes and shoulders sagging with fatigue. It is not surprising, therefore, that discipline of any kind is lacking in this household.

Jim says he would like to see his kids educated, but the problem of getting them to school defeats him. He quit after the third grade himself. Alice stuck through the fifth. Their knowledge of the three R's is so elementary that they are no help at all with homework. The only reading matter in the house is a Sears, Roebuck catalogue and the kids' comics.

The most educated Perkins is the daughter-in-law, Mildred, who was raised in Cincinnati and went through the first year of high. She was a slender, pretty girl who wore rouge and lipstick, and flowers in her hair. She met Bill while he was visiting his grandmother in her city. Ever since he was discharged from the Army in October, 1945, with a total-disability pay of $138 a month, they had been living in Cincinnati. Three months before the baby was due, they moved in with the eight Perkinses in their four-room shack.

The reason for the move was that Mildred didn't want to go to a hospital to have her baby. She was in a ward once for appendicitis, and found it a strange and terrifying place where Bill was allowed to see her only an hour a day. "And then they take your baby away from you and put it down the hall," she explained solemnly.

The Perkinses have the same distrust of hospitals as Mildred. Although Jim pays $1.50 a month hospitalization for the whole family, Frankie is the only one who has ever been inside Harlan Hospital. Pood accidentally chopped off the end of his brother's finger with an ax one day, and they sent Frankie over to get it properly sewed up. In this privately owned, sixty-bed hospital, no venereal-disease or tuberculosis patients are accepted except in the final dying stages. Jim says he is suffering from advanced tuberculosis of the left lung, but even if he wanted to g to a hospital (which he doesn't, with eight people to support), there is no place in Kentucky for him to go. The waiting list at the state's one sanatorium at Louisville has recently become so astronomical that the state has now drawn up plans for five new tuberculosis hospitals.

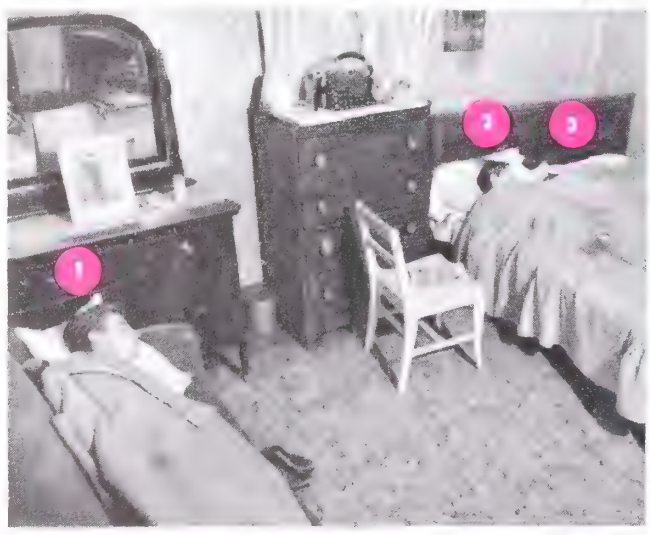
Mildred knew that she would probably not se to Harlan Hospital to have her baby. No mer a miner's family is admitted there without th pany doctor's O.K., and Dr. Walter H. Step practicing physician at Yokum, says that he no maternity cases unless complications ind difficult delivery. There are only twelve beds maternity floor, and one delivery room. started taking in all the miners' wives, with th rate the way it is around here, the whole place overflow in a week," explained one of the Hospital staff.

Alice Perkins had all her babies at home, del by the coal-company doctor for $20 apiece never had any prenatal care. "I jest didn't pay attention to it," she says of her nine pregn (one infant was stillborn and another died after birth). She did, however, stay in bed for t days after each delivery while her sister or m from Cincinnati took over the household.

Doctor Stepchuck, who attended the Perk daughter-in-law, Mildred, estimates that of th miners' children he delivered last year, about the mothers had prenatal care. Mildred had a W mann test, her internal measurements taken

Eleven in Three Rooms

"The kids jest love to git in bed with me," Jim says fondly. He turns in at 8 or 9 o'clo Frances, Pood and Frankie rarely go to bed before midnight. Jim rises at 4; eve up by 6 A.M. By numbers: 1—Bill, on couch; 2—Mildred with (3) new baby; 4—A



alcium, phosphorus, iron and [illegible] the whole pregnancy. Stephine [illegible] atory facilities for testing the Rh factor. l infection among the home-delivered moth- e—the doctor recalls only one case in the , and she was delivered by a midwife.

people are hardy here," he says. "They're ed against their own germs. And then, every ne county gets smallpox, typhoid and diph- nots in school. Venereal disease is bad. So is osis. But they're giving the school kids sts now."

county-wide campaign revealed that two in undred school children in Harlan County ive tuberculosis. Alice doesn't know whether dren were tested or not, or which ones had ions. It is probable that more than two have TB in this household. Although husky, lren are pale, with frequent runny noses and coughs.

eems totally unconcerned with the possible usness of his disease. All the children, at one another, have slept with him. "They jest get in bed with their dad," he says fondly, igh laugh between a whinny and a wheeze. He ely about the house. Bill, on the other hand, Cain if any of the children uses his drinking le carefully destroys each cigarette butt.

of the children in the camp start smoking as they can hold a cigarette. Frankie boasts began at the age of two. Five-year-old Perkins inhales expertly. Alice gave up es herself some years ago, and took to chew- acco. As we sat talking on the sagging front- hammock, she held the baby at her breast t tobacco juice into the bright-red zinnias she l for a spot of color in the eternal black soot surroundings.

's lovely, gentle smile reveals a fine set of lays. She went to a dentist some twenty go—the only Perkins who has ever endured a drill. Most of Jim's teeth are now missing and t blackened with decay. "His teeth hurt him awhile back," recalls Alice, "but he just until the pain went away." Bill brought a rush home from the Army, but gave it up he found Mary Frances using it.

ough she has never owned a toothbrush, spends hours brushing and braiding her ful hip-length brown hair. She tries to keep use looking nice, too, in spite of the greasy coal dust which coats the place inside and out. She got Bill to paper the unplastered walls of her bedroom with pink roses—he hung two of the rolls upside down, but the general effect is cheerful. In this room is a bright new blue rep sofa and chair, bought on time for $219. The blue gauze curtains at the window are laundered regularly every month. On the double bed where she and Jim and the two babies sleep is a heavy blue chenille bedspread which cost $25. It was a heavenly, dazzling white when the salesman brought it to the door, but after the boys had lugged it out to the washtub in the back yard and Alice scrubbed it by hand several times, she gave up the struggle and had it dyed dark blue.

She does all her cooking on a secondhand coal stove, bought for $69 six years ago. It furnishes all the heat in wintertime except for the tiny double fireplace which opens on two of the bedrooms. There are no doors whatsoever between the four rooms, and with no insulation or even plaster on the walls, the cold air circulates freely. It gets so cold that water freezes right in the glasses, says Bill, who complains bitterly of the winters. He and Mildred and the new baby plan to return to Cincinnati soon, where he hopes to get a job at a packing-box factory to eke out his $138-a-month disability pay.

The last time Jim was over in Cincinnati, at a union convention, he was offered a job there in a

lice Faye at head, (6) Bonnie Jean Jim, at foot; 8—Frankie and (9) -Johnny with (11) Mary Frances.

brewery. He turned it down. "I'd jest as soon put the kids in jail as take 'em to the city. Why, they cain't even run on the streets there. You have to put 'em on a leash and lead 'em like a doag. Here they kin do jest as they like, kin rattle off to a show or go anywhar they want."

Actually, there is little at Yokum for the kids to do. With no playground, they fool dangerously around an abandoned mine shaft or flock over to the poolrooms or movies at Evarts, a five-minute bus ride away. There is a small empty shack at Yokum which is used for Sunday-school and union meetings, but parties and dances are forbidden, according to Jim. "Too much fightin'."

Saturdays and Sundays (Jim rarely works on week ends), the Perkinses sit on the battered boards of their front porch and gaze across a railroad track at the shacks for colored miners on the other side. On both sides of the valley rise the denuded and bleak Black Mountains, with immense dump piles of slate cascading down from the mines.

"A miner," says Jim, "is a man settin' between two hills with nothin' to see but a tramcar goin' up and down, and no entertainment or nothin'."

In the Perkinses' tiny back yard are a coal pile for the stove, an unused chicken coop and a rickety, one-seat privy. Hundreds of flies swarm from it into the house. When the babies nap, clusters of four or five flies settle on their faces. Garbage is tossed out the windows at Yokum. When the privies overflow, a new hole is dug and a few spadefuls of dirt flung over the old one. Twenty or thirty feet from the privies, the wells are driven for the camp's water five pumps supply the three hundred pers live there.

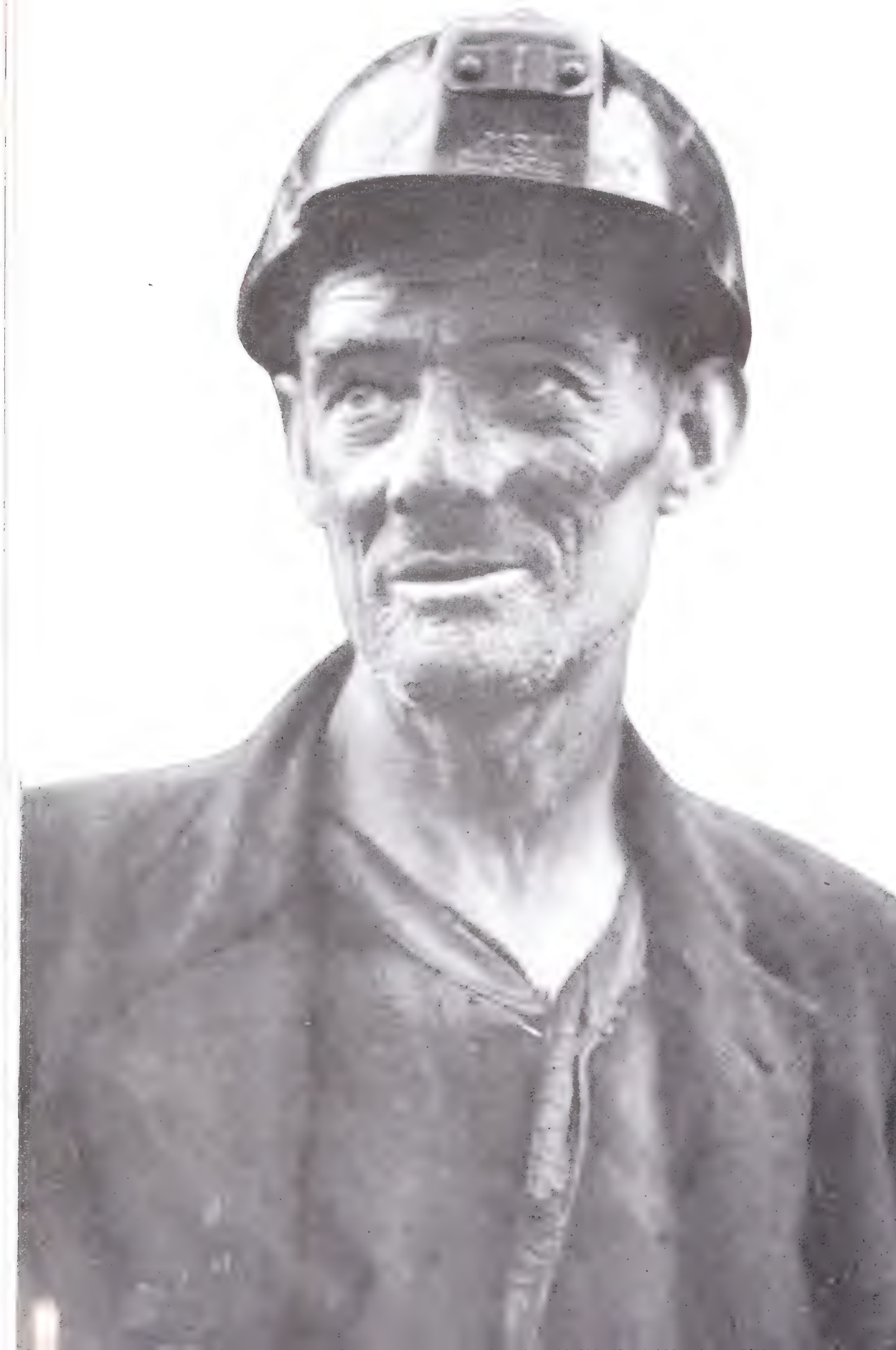
Two persons bathe regularly at the Perkin baby, Alice Faye, and Jim, who climbs black-f filthy every night into a tin washtub. The built a bathhouse with showers for the r Jim avoids it. He's afraid he'll get athlete's

Alice makes an effort to see that the re family bathes Saturday night, but heating t water on the coal stove is a tedious proc lugging it from a pump two hundred feet even more tiresome.

On washdays, she builds a fire in the back heat the water. During the recent shortage, able to get a box of soap only every two months, but somehow, with bleaching flu knuckles, she was able to get some of the greasy coal dirt out.

The Perkinses pay $9 a month rent fo shack, which was built in 1918. Their lease sa any improvements they make become the p of the company. The operator of Yokum Co pany, a former doctor, says that if he put u better houses for his miners they would so like the old ones. If they had running wate would leave the faucets on all day. "In t twenty years they've finally learned to keep t out of the kitchen, but it will be another gen or two before the children can educate their p Miners go where the best coal is—not where are better houses."

ALICE, who suffered from pellagra last su realizes that this comes from "not eatin' right company store, where they buy most of thei carries oranges and a few fresh green vegetabl cabbage and lettuce. The store manager say miners won't eat lamb, veal or any kind of f fish, so he sells only beef and pork. A typical at the Perkinses' consists of fried meat, ple gravy, or beans, mashed potatoes, canned co store cake. Two quarts of milk a day at 24 c quart serves this family of ten. Cold-storag cost them sixty-five cents a dozen. With no ice keep things cold, Alice has to buy in small am every day in the week, which is expensive sometimes shops for food in Evarts, where the are larger and cheaper, but Alice practically leaves the house these days. She used to atte Church of God almost every night before Alice was born, and there is no reason why she could



"I like a mine

im has a close relationship with his children. lness keeps him home a lot; he has arthritis.

Jim prefers a washtub to company showers; says the new bathhouse gives the men athlete's foot.

"A miner is a man settin' between two hills with nothin' to see but a tramcar goin' up and down."

ow, with Mildred in the house to mind the babies, it she feels half sick most of the time, and lacks the nergy and heart even to visit among her neighbors. Jim suffers a good deal with his arthritis, but octor Stepchuck, who takes care of the whole mily medically for $4 a month, says there is no use eating him as long as he keeps on working all bent p in a damp mine. When it gets too bad, he gives im vitamin shots. In the Perkinses' kitchen cup-oard are some dysentery medicine, prescribed by tepchuck, and something they keep unlabeled in an ld salad-dressing bottle "for welts." The welts, they xplain, occasionally break out on the children and ay come from the water supply. These are the only edicines in the house.

Jim, who was born in a coal camp a few miles cross the mountains in Virginia, went into the ines when he was twelve. He has kept pretty much n the move, seeking better wages and also because e was known as a union sympathizer during the ears the United Mine Workers were infiltrating into Harlan County in the face of some of the bitterest pposition in union history.

He was 35 when he met Alice, a miner's widow f 21 with her son Bill, a year old. Jim was hoofing it down a railway track over in Letcher County, Kentucky, when he spied her and stopped to ask about work at the mine. Her father, also a miner, liked Jim's turn, helped him get a job and then invited him to board at his house. Three weeks later, Jim and Alice were married. She can't recall what she wore at the justice-of-the-peace ceremony, but remembers Jim was all dandied up in a white shirt.

THEY moved into a four-room shack much like the one they live in now, and continued to live in similar shacks at seven different mines during the nineteen years of their marriage. The Lynch camp, owned by U. S. Steel, was the best, Alice remembers, with a sidewalk running all around the house so you never had to step in the mud. Benita, a notoriously bad camp, was the worst—the water hip-high in the front yard and the only way into the house over a wooden plank stretched to the railway embankment.

Jim liked mining, when he felt fit. Shoveling coal in the black bowels of a mountain may be drudgery, but it also offers variety; a man is his own boss, his own time clock. The temperature of the Yokum mine is 50°, winter and summer, which—if you are doing hard manual labor—is pretty ideal. The hazards of mining are something else again. In the past eight years, three of Jim's coworkers have been killed at this one mine, which usually employs fewer than 200 men.

The company estimates that the average miner there makes about $60 a week. Jim's pay is not typical, as he is sick so much. In 1945, when he was on strike one month and laid up with flu and arthritis another three, he averaged $38 a week for the thirty-six weeks he worked. He loads about ten tons a day at 73 cents a ton, whereas an exceptionally husky loader, say company officials, can handle twenty to twenty-five tons a day and make up to $90 a week.

There is a saying in Harlan County that miners are shrewd about everything but money. Until recent years, they have never had much cash to handle. At Yokum, the miners' rent, food, clothes, furniture, light, all kinds of insurance—even their dry cleaning—is deducted from their pay envelopes by the company. That is, if they live at the camp and use the company store. Half of Yokum's miners live outside the company property.

"Miners don't know what to do with money," explained an official at Yokum. "Most of 'em shoot it on bootleg liquor at six dollars a pint. We tried to get

Jim Says

Harlan County mines are top mines, cut directly into the seam, or vein, of coal. At left, Jim travels to his work area in an empty mine car. As a loader, his task is to load the coal another miner has mined. He is also responsible for "timbering" (second from right), the placement of wood timbers to support the mine roof. Here the seam is 34 inches high; Jim is 5 feet, 11 inches. Jim's pay depends largely on the amount of coal he loads (he gets 73 cents a ton), and his relaxation periods (at right) are thus taken on his own time. "I like a mine," Jim says. "The temperature is jest right the year around." Here it's an even 50 degrees, summer and winter, and ventilated by motor-driven fan.

them to buy War Bonds, but they'd turn right around and cash them in and the whole thing got to be too much of a nuisance. If I were a miner," he went on, "I'd work like blazes for ten years and make enough to buy a little farm. But I'd say only about a third of our miners save anything."

Jim has never been able to salt anything away, not even in his salad days in the early twenties when he was earning big money up at the Lynch mines. He has no idea where his money goes today. Mildred complains that entirely too much is spent on "plain foolishness." Whenever the kids want money for ice cream or a show, they wheedle until they get it. Franklin Delano charges his mother a dime every time he steps a few yards over to the commissary.

In 1945, the Perkinses charged $636 worth of food and dry goods at this company store, and spent another $600 cash in Evarts. Which means they spent, roughly, $100 a month for food, clothes and recreation for the eight Perkinses. Since he was out of work four months with the strike and sickness, Jim had a tough time that year. He collected $9.33-a-week sick benefits for three months, which helped, and the other miners pitched in $23. But to tide him over he was forced to sell his cow and calf and chickens, a dining table, and an ice-cream cooler Alice used as an icebox. *(Continued on Page 260)*

The Hard Price of Soft Coal

By Joan Younger

COAL is the lifeblood of the industrial world. Its production is vital to our economy, to our way of life. It gives off the energy that runs the plants that bring us our light to see with, our gas to cook with. It fires our furnaces and makes our steel. It powers our trains and fuels our boats. Yet never in its history has our dependency on coal resulted in even average living conditions for the men who pick and shovel it from the bowels of the earth. Today, the growing use of oil and gas and the prospect of atomic energy threaten future prosperity of the coal industry from the outside; from within, rumbling charges from the miners that they are enslaved mingle with cries of the mine operators that they are making no profits. The controversy, and the battle over who is responsible for the miners' low level of living, their high rate of accident and death, rages furiously, threatening to engulf us all in its intensity. We do not know the word of peace. We do know that there is a need to clear away the sound and fury and look at the cause of battle. We are inclined to believe it lies in the men involved and their environment, and only by working with every man and all men will there be surcease. To this end we have collected three points of view on the conditions surrounding one mine—and one mine only. We do not claim this mine is typical; we know conditions are better in some and worse in others. The mine is Yokum No. 2, Harlan County, Kentucky; the views are those of its 175 miners and their union, the United Mine Workers of America, AFL; the county health, sanitation, medical, educational and civic authorities; and the mine's operator, Dr. P. O. Lewis, whose wife owns a half share in the 900 acres on which Yokum No. 2 stands, and who leases that land to the Yokum Creek Coal Company, of which Doctor Lewis is the major stockholder and operator.

I. HOUSING CONDITIONS

The Yokum No. 2 camp is Draper's Camp: 300–400 people crowded into 60 four-roo.i frame-and-tar-paper shacks, each with its privy. There is no insulation; fireplace and stove heating only; no basement, only pile foundations; no doors between any of the rooms;' no garbage collection or sewage disposal—which means the privy is simply moved over a couple of feet when necessary, that pigs are encouraged to eat the garbage, or that garbage is dumped into the camp stream. There is no running water, no reservoir, no water pressure, only five wells for the camp—which means no toilets, no bathtubs, no water pressure with which to defeat a fire or water a lawn, if one existed. No garages; only a bumpy, littered road to the highway a mile away. Rent, including repairs and water, is $2.25 a room ($9 a shack) monthly, electricity is $2 more monthly. No repair or upkeep is guaranteed by the owner, but painting, roof and porch repairs are done every other year by the landlord, the Yokum Creek Coal Company. Any improvements become the owner's property: the leases are invalid if an employee's work stops permanently at Yokum's mines for any reason. Estimates of what the shacks originally cost to build, in 1918, vary between $250 and $700.

What the miners say about housing:

"You're licked before you begin living in a mining camp—and the miner who leaves and builds or rents someplace else is the first man to get laid off when things are slow. If you put up wallpaper, water drips through the roof and peels it off; dig a hole for the garbage, and pretty soon your yard is all holes. Put a geranium in the window, where the pigs won't get it, and it freezes in the winter. And suppose you decide to get out: you can't buy land near a mine; it's all taken by the operators. And where are you going to get money for the down payment? It's only in the last few years we've made any kind of money at all, and the rise in prices eats that up fast, 'specially if you've got four or five kids like most of us have. Miners in these parts were treated like cattle until about ten years ago, when the union moved in—you can't expect us suddenly to know all about living like free men, especially when all we've got is technical freedom. The operators still run this state—and that means us too. They couldn't stomach a tax on coal—even though there should have been one a long time ago, and it should have gone into the welfare of the miners. Now the union's getting a welfare fund through a tax all its own and the operators are yelling. What's the answer to it all? Well, the welfare fund will help, and we're trying to get a Federal housing project to help too."

What the operators say about housing:

"The operators can't be held responsible for housing any more. Take garbage collections: that's a matter of public welfare—and *nobody* had any garbage collections here until the city of Harlan started collecting twice a week a couple of years ago. As for sewage disposal, there isn't a plant in the county. Sure, the miners ought to have better housing conditions, but if we put in running water or toilets they'd ruin them in ninety days. Besides, we couldn't get the labor or materials, and it wouldn't be profitable. We don't make any money on these houses. We'd like to get away from company ownership ourselves—and if the miners got some sense and moved out, we could. Of course, real-estate operators charge about $15 monthly for the same house—and miles away. And land isn't cheap, but it can be done and it's being done. Only about half the miners live in company camps here. As for operators running the state—the miners blame us for everything. Sure, we protect our interests. But like that road: I couldn't get a road in there because I was a Democrat when the right people were Republicans. Maybe we'll get one next spring. But with the pay the miners are getting these days it seems like they ought to be making their own way now—we don't owe any special favors to them any more than does any other employer."

County health and sanitation authorities:

"We've been operating here only since 1942, after Selective Service doctors found the health of the draftees from this area wasn't good. The city people don't interest themselves in conditions in the mining camps; the miners are used to them, and so are the operators. So that leaves us. And there's no law about garbage collecting or sewage disposal, and when we tried to get the pigs and hogs penned up, the city of Evarts, a mining city down there, voted four to one against the idea. The sanitation department's budget comes out of the health department's budget, and that's only $26,000 this year. We can just afford two sanitation men and a secretary. We can't do too much inspection; so we wait for complaints and, of course, check the water supplies and get the kids inoculated against typhoid—attack trouble at the result even if we can't get at the cause. Could the county afford to do more about sanitation and housing? I guess it could—the land was evaluated last year at $25,000,000, and that's just land. But the county doesn't think of the miners as citizens exactly; they don't pay land taxes, or have bank accounts, though they pay the poll tax and vote. The county got worried about VD when they got scared; maybe they'll get scared sometime that the miners' welfare may affect their own welfare."

II. EDUCATION CONDITIONS

There are 19,000 to 20,000 children in Harlan County, and 15,000 enrolled in the schools. Estimates on how many are complete truants vary from one out of five to one out of ten. Truancy is punishable by fine, but there are only two truant officers, and before any teacher submits the name of an absentee to the truancy department she is required to visit the pupil's home three times and fill out a form. Compulsory education begins at seven years of age and ends on the sixteenth birthday. Most children stop on their birthday. There are 432 teachers in the county (roughly 1 to every 35 pupils); pay is better than in most hill communities, but lower than that of a miner. Base pay is $120 monthly for nine months, plus 50 cents monthly bonus for each hour of college credit, plus $2 monthly bonus for each year of teaching experience. Many of the lower grades are taught in double classes in old buildings; Evarts grade and high school (which services Yokum No. 2) is a new building (built by the PWA in 1937) and houses 1400 students. More than half the teachers stay there only one year. There is a six-hour school day; no lunchroom, no playground but a gymnasium, inadequate toilet facilities. Corporal punishment is permitted, and is frequently used, under the state law. There is a free school bus. Textbooks are free except in high school. There is a $2 annual school tax on county residents.

What the miners say about education:

"Education is better down here than it used to be now the company schools are going out. But the teachers still aren't much good. They haven't any sympathy for what a miner's kid is up against. They won't visit our homes if the kid plays hooky, they get tough with him if he's dirty or tired. They tell the kids they shouldn't go to the movies all the time, or play cards, or smoke so much—but what are they going to do? No playground, no baseball field for miles. The kids get tired of school young and start slipping and pretty soon they're in town playing pool. We can't get 'em interested or help them with their schoolwork—most of them know more about book learning than we do as it is. Seems like there ought to be some way for the school to interest them more. It's just kind of a place where they are supposed to go and sit quiet until they're old enough to go to work, the way things are now. How many miners' kids go to college? Well, I suppose some do; but I just haven't heard of any. Mostly they drop out when they're sixteen, or before."

What the operators say about education:

"Public education is pretty good down here now. Won't do the parents any good, of course, but maybe they'll learn something from the children. The main thing most of these miners need to learn is how to eat and manage their money, but what good would any education do them? Tell them how to eat and five minutes after you've left they're eating and drinking any old thing, and spending their money on bootleg and furniture. They're crazy about fancy furniture down here, but don't ask me why. And they hate budgets. They're independent mountain people, most of them, and don't like to *(Continued on Page 252)*

MY WASH-DAY'S WORLDS EASIER!

NOW I'M USING THIS REMARKABLE NEW STARCH

"NO COOKING.. NO BOILING.. I GET PERFECTLY SMOOTH STARCH IN SECONDS!"
"AND NO LUMPS TO STICK TO MY IRON AND SPOT OR RUMPLE THE CLOTHES!"
"NO IRONING AIDS NEEDED! THERE'S A SPECIAL INGREDIENT IN CAMEO THAT MAKES IRONING FAR FASTER.. MY IRON FAIRLY FLIES!"
"DOESN'T THIS DRESS LOOK FRESH AS NEW? I STARCHED IT MYSELF.. AND YOU'D THINK IT HAD BEEN DRY CLEANED!"
"MY HUSBAND'S A CHANGED MAN.. NOW HIS COLLARS DON'T CHAFE HIS NECK ANY MORE! IT'S EASY TO STARCH THINGS JUST RIGHT WITH THIS WONDERFUL CAMEO STARCH!"
CAMEO
Starching Powder
NO COOKING · MIX IN A JIFFY
CAMEO

Cameo ... trade mark ... A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois, registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

Giving Housework the Brush-off

BY JUDY BARI

This brush shaped like a question mark really gets at every curve of your glass coffee maker (or your narrow-necked teapot). If you use a percolator, have a long Slim Jim brush that pokes way down into its spout to clear lurking grounds that may hide there stubbornly.

A small brush like th bristled nailbrush will w stubborn patches of so back of garters or finge gloves better than any c hand rubbing. Use it for straps of bras and slips hemlines and inside n

★ ★ ★

A new kind of brush, part of a soap-saving attachment to be slipped over a mixer faucet. Water courses through the small glass container filled with soap scraps. Many housewives feel that a good utility brush washes dishes better and faster than a cloth or mop.

Wool suits and coats, e dark ones, may need fewer the cleaner's if you mak your vacuum cleaner's b tachment to draw out dee dust particles from the their fabrics occasionall good for handbags' in

k again, those handsome British b shes with an affinity for fine t eds. No smart woman needs to be r inded that good-quality brushes f hats, shoes and clothes help to keep t n young and beautiful. Because l shes tend to gather and hold dust, t y are equally helpful in keeping f es at the top of their form. The b brushes you can buy are, of c rse, the best buy in the long run. your home's brushes are well c sen, each will do several jobs.

★

narrow medium-soft brush, with a g handle for ease in operation, is thing to rout clinging dust out of indentations of carved furniture ornate silver. Such a brush as this, forked Venetian-blind brush, a ered radiator brush with a long ndle, and a carefully selected soft ush for lamp shades and upholstery, e behind-the-scenes accessories of best-dressed living rooms. For eticulous bedroom grooming, there a special brush for bedsprings.

★

broken glass or ash tray seems to be n inevitable part of every party, erefore it's wise to keep a smart ttle picker-upper, like this brush at clips to its own half-size dustpan, andy for such emergencies. For eavier duty, you'll need a wall brush nd floor brush, long-handled. These hould be plump and fluffy, of natral bristles, since they hold dust etter than the synthetic ones. Synhetic bristles are fine for "water" obs; they shed moisture like a duck.

★

Dust kittens love to gather behind ornices and drapery headings. Here's where the soft-brush attachment of your vacuum cleaner, on its ongest wand, will do a fine job, aided y the suction of the cleaner. . . . All brushes should be washed frequently in warm water and soap, well rinsed and shaken. Matted or crushed brushes may be combed, while wet, with a coarse comb. All brushes should be hung with bristles free when they're not in use.

"I get so darn mad!"

"I'm fed up with 'wash day fairy tales.' How any grown woman can believe some of them is more than I can understand!"

Lady, we don't blame you. But please don't point at Fels-Naptha Soap.

Every word we say about Fels-Naptha has been said before . . . *by women who use it.* As a matter of fact there are many Fels-Naptha users who make stronger claims for this fine laundry soap than we do.

We say Fels-Naptha is better because it gives you *two* great cleaners—gentle, active naptha and good mild soap. We say it makes all kinds of washing quicker and easier; that it makes linens and delicate garments so fragrantly clean they're a joy to behold.

If you try Fels-Naptha Soap, we believe you will never even read another 'wash day fairy tale.'

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Flavor! Nutrition!
Econom-e-e!
Blue Bonnet Margarine
gives "ALL 3"

Flavor—
delicious flavor!
Fresh, delicate,
country-sweet. And
BLUE BONNET keeps
its fresh, sweet
flavor even half-melted
on piping-hot foods.

LENTEN TREAT!

Fish broiled to perfection with Blue Bonnet melting over it's delicate, golden brown tops . . . garden peas . . . grilled tomato. And Blue Bonnet, of course, to spread on your bread. Its fresh, country-sweet flavor is a real delight.

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A PRODUCT OF THE MAKERS OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Top it Off

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

"TOP with buttered crumbs" is so often the final benison to ovei casserole dishes that I got to thinking about it—seriously. Yo create a sumptuous dish out of last Sunday's chicken that i really inspired in its seasoning, yet when you get to the top— buttered crumbs again! Good—but prosaic. Appearance of a dis counts high with the family. It may be an old stand-by—well liked no matter how oft repeated. But give it a new topper now and then and the dish is even more appreciated. This goes for simple every- day desserts too. A change of make-up gives yesterday's dessert new freshness. It *is* new.

VARIETY TOPS FOR CASSEROLES

Have you ever tried crushing salted pretzels or cheese crackers, buttering them and using instead of ordinary buttered cracker crumbs?

Look in your cupboard! Do you have any potato chips? They are a crunchy something, just right for tops, particularly if you crush them coarsely and mix with grated cheese. You don't need butter or margarine.

Large cubes of buttered garlic bread add good looks and flavor to a casserole of scalloped tomatoes. Cut French bread in thick slices. Melt butter or margarine. Let a clove of garlic stand in the fat. Brush slices of French bread with the garlic spread. Arrange on tomatoes and bake. It really is something.

Did you have a roast chicken Sunday? Combine a casserole of the leftover scraps of chicken and gravy—you can stretch it with canned chicken soup. Drop spoon- fuls of poultry stuffing on top in lieu of buttered crumbs. Bake until bubbly. M-m-m-m!

Maybe you chose to make chop suey out of the leftover chicken in- stead of the above. Rather than serve the suey on or with Chinese fried noodles (you can buy them in a can or package), put the chicken mixture in a casserole. Sprinkle the noodles over the top as you would buttered crumbs. Save your butter or margarine for a dish in which it's really needed. Bake until hot.

Baked beans belong with brown bread just as much as Boston does with Massachusetts. If you've had baked beans and brown bread for one meal, put the beans in a casse- role with a little water. Slice brown bread. Dip in melted butter or margarine. Arrange over the top. Bake.

Give your cereal shelf a once-over for really ready-made casserole tops. Our favorites are corn flakes and crumbled shredded-wheat bis- cuits tossed with melted butter or margarine.

If your biscuit recipe calls for ¾ cup milk—and I'm pretty sure it does—try substituting 1 teaspoon meat paste dissolved in ¼ cup water for ¼ cup milk in the recipe. Com- bine as usual and the biscuits are just right for the roof of a meat pie.

Mask fish casseroles with a layer of seasoned sour cream. Run under the broiler until tinged with brown. A sour-cream blanket improves many a dish—particularly if it's fish.

DESSERT MAKE-UP

Frost stale cake squares with a meringue. Bake until tinged with brown. Serve with custard sauce. The meringue softens the cake and makes its reappearance more ex- citing.

Even a custard can be Alaskaed. Turn out leftover individual cus- tards on greased baking sheet. Frost with meringue. Bake until light brown. Cool. Serve with garnishes of jelly.

Did you have prunes for break- fast? Pit some, stuff with cream cheese flavored with grated orange rind. Dip in fritter batter. Fry in deep fat. Serve with hot puréed apricots. If prunes are not very ample, use two put together with filling for one large prune.

Top a lamb or beef stew made with the last of the roast and gravy with saucy mashed potatoes. Bake in a moderate oven and you have shepherd's pie. A pinch of dried dill in the mashed potatoes is tops for flavor with lamb.

Chicken-and-biscuit casserole! Cut out the biscuits with the doughnut cutter. Arrange on casserole. Serve with stuffed olives tucked into the biscuit rings. Sunday night dresser for an old-fashioned favorite dish.

Many good things can be baked under a pastry cover. Meat chicken and fish pie combinations are endless. This is a shrimp pie. Make your flakiest pastry if you want your pie bird to sing, your family to praise.

A casserole of creamed eggs and spinach with pin-wheel biscuits on the upper deck. Assemble casserole. Roll out biscuit dough. Spread with deviled ham. Roll up and slice. Arrange pin wheels on top of casserole. Bake until biscuits are browned.

"Easiest-made cookies ever put in your oven!"

So easy you'll be glad to make them whenever the children ask. Or if company's coming and you want to whip up a batch to go with the coffee. Wonderful, moist, crumbly cookies and you'll love them with the *mellower* flavor of Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses—the *finer* table molasses that gives a smoother, more delicate flavor to all your baking.

COOKIES

GRANDMA'S PEANUT BUTTER-MOLASSES COOKIES

½ cup each, peanut butter and shortening
½ cup each, sugar and Grandma's Molasses
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons milk
peanuts

Cream shortening and peanut butter. Add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add molasses and vanilla, mixing well. Add egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients together. Add to molasses mixture. Add milk. Mix well. Drop on greased cookie sheet. Flatten with bottom of glass dipped in sugar. Decorate with peanut halves. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 10 minutes. Yield: about 50 cookies.

There's just one trick to remember when you make these cookies—and you'll find it easy. Use Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses . . . for only *this* molasses has the *finer* flavor and *delicate* sweetness (1 cup equals a cup of sugar in sweetness) that successful baking demands. And Grandma's is the only nationally sold brand that does not contain sulphur dioxide—you'll like it better for cooking and table use, too.

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CHEF EXTRAORDINAIRE

By Alice Osborne

ROBERT has been living with us for almost thirteen years now. He is our only son; our only child. It has troubled us no end, knowing that he was to be our only child. With both hands and aching hearts we have tried to push him from us, surrender him to himself, and not indulge the selfish love for him of which we were possessed. I do not know how we are succeeding. We all seem to have great fun together. And at times the more we push him aside, the more he tends to crowd into our happiness.

Once a week I know that the three of us are as close as Robert can possibly draw us together. Once a week he prepares dinner and invites dad and me to the feast. This is called the Dinner of Delicious Delectables. The tradition began about three years ago. Robert instituted it, perhaps with an unconscious feeling that he could wend his way a little closer to our hearts through our stomachs.

It was I who unwittingly named the feast and provided the incentive for it. One evening I had served a dessert concocted a bit rashly from the icebox leftovers. That dessert brought a turning point in the schedule of our home life and happiness.

"What is this, mother?" Robert asked after a second helping.

"Oh, that's a delicious delectable," I told him seriously.

"Gee, how did you make it? You must have found a new recipe."

"No. I just thought it up out of my own head."

This seemed to have struck him as the great inspiration he was waiting for. A week or so later, when I had forgotten all about the delicious delectable dessert, Robert reminded me. "Mother, when are we going to have some more of that dessert made up out of your head?"

"Oh, that was just a hurried-up dessert. I've forgotten how I made it now."

He brooded another week or so on the injustice of stale-recipe cooking. Then he announced his plan at breakfast one morning:

"Mother, will you and dad be my dinner guests tonight?"

We were a bit alarmed about the state of his budget and the propriety of his idea. I asked if I had to dress and would his allowance permit of such extravagance.

"I'm going to feed you on the house budget. I'm going to cook dinner. But you have got to stay out of the kitchen."

We accepted that first invitation. And we have been victims, or honored guests—you can name it—once a week ever since.

OUR first meal consisted of soup. Three courses of it. 1—Cream of tomato soup from a can. 2—A kind of cabbage-and-rice soup with wieners floating about in it (I had never served wieners). 3—A chocolate-pudding soup, cream-whipped-to-butter mixed in.

The menus through the years have varied. At times they have seemed to improve. And again there have been meals when we were frankly puzzled over the state of gastronomic health we might incur. But we have never failed to feed on the rich contentment of being served in this special way. No greater freedom than this has Robert asked of us. And I must confess that during the summer months, when he is off at camp, his dad and I find it too dreary to eat at home on this one evening. We find a restaurant and try to order delicious delectables.

We have protected this one special privilege that he enjoys as if it were a religious ceremony in our home. For the sacredness of loyalty to one another is our fundamental basis for accord, not only at home, but in all associations. However, there have been occasions when a stout defense was needed in our hearts to maintain his position as *chef extraordinaire*.

"You and dad take a walk."

The first time he gave this unorthodox command, we sat rather stupefied and unwilling to believe it necessary. After all, we had retired to the living room and had given him assurance that we would not snoop.

"You'll smell the cooking and guess what it is."

Reluctantly we left our comfortable seats. It was a pretty gripping experience for me, to be out on the street in this most apparent aimless meandering at an hour when any home-loving mother is indoors serving her loved ones with a proper diet at a proper hour. Dad did more bravely than I did, I am afraid. He talked largely of the weather, its benefits; the need for a coat of paint on the Rollins' house. I wanted to clutch his arm and ask, "What shall we say if anyone asks what we are doing out at this hour?"

HERE ARE A COUPLE OF ROBERT'S MENUS

Ham Steak Stewed in Milk
Buttered Peas
Raw Sliced Potatoes with Salt, Pepper and Vinegar
Glass of Sweetened Orange Juice with Whipped Cream

Grated Cheese
Canned Tomatoes (uncooked)
Hard-cooked Eggs with Lettuce and Mayonnaise, Liberally Garnished with Salted Peanuts
Cinnamon Stew (his own brand of custard) and Cake

I'm over all that now. I find it no more unorthodox to stroll up and down the block at dinnertime than at any other time. In fact, it is more enjoyable when all the street is quiet, and dad and I are living an experience that I regret other parents are not sharing.

The hour of serving is also another regulation we had to become unregulated about. Robert uses no recipes. He reads no ladies' magazines. I imagine that he schemes up his menus at odd times during the week. And now and then his windmills seem to throw him. For we seem to get a scent of one thing switched suddenly to another, mixed now and then with that acrid burned fatality which means another hour or so of waiting. We have come to appreciate the meaning of fasting; of mouth-watering promise and street-carnival appeasement diet. But there is something about the hours of waiting that makes our evening newspaper more exciting and our games of chess all too brief.

One of his specialties is a bowl of carefully selected, well-washed, small, sweet turnips. These we peel and eat as fruit—at the beginning of the meal.

Robert now bakes a fruitcake that is richer than an old English pudding and as consistent as a Waldorf specialty. I would never think of borrowing one of his ideas. He never makes apologies. One rule of etiquette is sufficient to get us over any embarrassment. Robert begins to eat first, then we take up spoon or fork or fingers as the dish demands. He eats his own cooking with gusto. And we do likewise, from an honesty of hunger. He shops all through the week and has a pantry shelf filled with his own needs. His allowance supplements the day's budget if necessary. This is his own idea of sacrifice, or independence—I don't know which.

Guests must fit into the schedule as formally as we do. I shall never forget my nervousness and sense of futility when Robert had his first guests to serve. Dad brought them home unannounced. A business associate and his wife.

"The boy cooks dinner every Thursday for us," dad told them with all the confidence of a parent announcing a genius in the family. "We may have to wait a bit, but it will be worth it."

My heart thumped in an agony of indecision. I popped my head into the kitchen to announce the unexpected guests. "Shall I take over, son? You can have the kitchen tomorrow night."

"Nope. I'll fix them up. Just you keep out of here."

THERE was nothing for me to do but return to my guests and try to smile and answer as best I could in the conversation while we waited for Robert's meal. A sense of suffocation would come over me. I had one ear on the kitchen, both nostrils distended, and a sick loss of appetite that made me want to suggest some magnificent lie: "We have a special diet for Thursday nights." I grew angry with dad and myself over the compromise our indulgence toward Robert had led us into. I fancied the kind of reflection we were unwittingly inflicting on him. A sissy with an apron on. A mother making a girl out of her son in order to tie him to her selfish, indulgent heart.

I learned that evening that a child has important lessons to teach a parent. Robert switched his menu. He served the kind of meal that he supposed I would have served. There was cold ham in the icebox. He made a plain lettuce salad, boiled potatoes, and opened a can of peas. For dessert he sent dad out for ice cream. And for conversation he held his own with his philosophy of cooking.

"This is not the kind of meal I would have served mother and dad. But we have a special understanding about my cooking. It might not agree with everybody."

It was our guests who were disappointed. And they made their disappointment plain to Robert. They have been back many times since—and always on Thursday evening. And Robert no longer betrays them by switching menus. Nor do I sit with icy hands and suffocate over the imagined scent of red pepper mixed with cinnamon. They are in on the understanding. Because they have no son of their own.

Perhaps that is why I have written this article: knowing that there are mothers who never have sons, and if they had, they would accept an invitation to rare dinners with them. Perhaps I am trying to justify the foolish guilt I had at times in not being in all ways an orthodox mother. Also, I have a need to tell of the unfailing diet of gratification this unorthodoxy has fed us.

Robert's dinners have taught us that we do not live by bread alone, nor by fussy, regulated menus. But as well by Delicious Delectables. And as well by being served as by serving.

There is, of course, a catch to the evening's invitation: Dad and I get to wash the dishes, pots, pans, egg beater, kitchen wall—whatever has come under the spell of assisting Robert. As for Robert, he stretches out on the divan in the manner of his dad after a hard day's work, and sleeps off his gastronomic burden.

I would like to head off the psychologists who stand on the side line, sleeves rolled up, ready to label every human experience that extracts a spiritual awareness out of our regimented culture.

I think boys may like to cook as well as they like to eat. The difference is that in cooking and serving a meal they serve a sentiment not altogether sensuous, and thereby learn of the spiritual intangibles which a meal is only a symbol of.

You've never bought coffee packed under a *higher* vacuum!

thanks to the new Airtight Snap-on Cap!

SHE: Pappy, you're faking! Bad cold, my eye! Any man that can drink 3 cups of coffee . . . !

HE: Bud id dastes zo dard *good!* Whad's in id?

SHE: It's not what's in it—but what it's *in*, this time, chum! That flavor is because of the new coffee jar it comes in. Has a flexible cap. And a terrifically high vacuum!

HE: Means it's fresher goffee, huh?

SHE: Yes, and this jar *keeps* coffee fresher! That snap-on cap REseals, airtight. Keeps air out, fragrance in. Easy as pie to open, too. I just pry it up. To reseal, I just purress 'er down.

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SHE: Nope. Our coffee doesn't cost any more this way than in any other vacuum container.

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TO UNSEAL: Pry cap up firmly in several places with bowl-tip of a sturdy kitchen tablespoon.

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LET'S BE REALISTIC ABOUT DIVORCE

(Continued from Page 39)

the ones who hear the "real" as distinguished from the good or the official reasons. Regardless of the particular details in any divorce, certain refrains or themes are repeated over and over again as relentlessly as a Greek chorus:

"He doesn't understand me." . . . "I can't stand the monotony." . . . "The children always come first." . . . "She finds fault with everything I do." . . . "She won't let me be free." . . . "He is jealous and suspicious." . . . "He won't even give me an allowance." . . . "She can't cook—she can't even keep the house clean." . . . "He treats me like a child." . . . "He expects to be waited on hand and foot." . . . "She esents my friends." . . . "She bores me." . . . "He can't hold a job." . . . "She refuses to have a child." . . . "He takes no responsibility for the children." . . . "He cares more about his mother than he does about me." . . . "Sex relations are degrading." . . . "He [she] doesn't care anything about *me*." . . . "He [she] *doesn't really love me*." And so on and on and on.

There is no man or woman who hasn't thought or said—in moments of anger or hurt feelings—one or many of these same things about wife or husband. All marriages have such moments. One difference between marriages that fail and those that do not lies in the *importance attached to the partner's shortcomings*, and what these shortcomings seem to mean.

"What shortcomings mean" brings us close to the heart of our problem. In general, marriages fail when either husband or wife finds too great a difference between what was hoped for in marriage, and what is realized. If that difference, or distance, between hope and accomplishment is not changed or accepted, the marriage may be said to have failed even without the finality of a divorce.

Some years ago Lord Halifax was traveling to Bath, and shared a railway compartment with two prim-looking, middle-aged women. Shortly before reaching Bath the train passed through a tunnel, and Lord Halifax noisily kissed his own hand several times. As the train drew into the station he rose, took off his hat, and in his most gallant manner asked, "To which of you two charming ladies am I indebted for the delightful incident in the tunnel?" He then beat a hasty retreat, leaving the two women glaring at each other.

Let's take a few familiar examples. Girls who marry to get away from home, to become independent, are often the wives who say bitterly, "He treats me like a child." . . . "I can't stand the monotony."

Men who marry primarily to be taken care of and made comfortable may complain, "She can't cook—she can't even keep the house clean" or "The children always come first." Their wives may feel resentful because "He expects to be waited on hand and foot." . . . "He takes no responsibility for the children."

In each case the shortcomings of the husband or wife are felt most keenly at the exact points where personal hopes or needs are greatest.

It would seem sensible and logical to avoid disillusionment in marriage by marrying the person who has the traits one needs or admires. A man who wants a good housekeeper should find and marry a good housekeeper. The woman who wants freedom and independence should find a man who will give it to her. But the problem is not so simple. What a person *thinks* he wants and what he *really wants more* may be poles apart. The man who needs a good housekeeper may think he wants an attractive hostess, someone to entertain well and to interest him. He marries her—and lo and behold, she fails because "she can't cook—or even keep the house clean," or because "she doesn't want a child." The qualities that first appealed or attracted are not valued in the long pull of day-after-day living together because different qualities are what he took for granted and *really* expected in a wife. Two people who hoped to find love found disillusionment instead.

Both husband and wife feel caught or b trayed in such a relationship; neither "understood" or feels "valued" and "loved If the marriage breaks up, it is because of t tensions and aloneness that result, not b cause either wants to fail or does not try, r because he is cruel or she is unfaithful. T more high-minded and idealistic the partne are, the greater the loneliness and tensio may become.

What is a Real Marriage?

The key to understanding both t strength and weakness of marriage lies in t word "relationship." Modern marriage *not* an institution; it is a person-to-pers relationship which makes new kinds of d mands on both husband and wife. One bas change that has gradually taken place in t last century is revealed in the fact that ge ting married is no longer the obvious necessary means of getting housed, fe clothed, mended, cared for or supporte Hotels, clubs, restaurants, laundries ar jobs for women have taken over many the functions that used to be the duty, the achievement, or the pride of the hom

Men and women get married today prim rily for love and companionship, to hav someone to whom to "belong." Even wome who marry so that they "won't have t work" (outside the home) bring to ma riage the daydreams an "ideal lover" as we as a clear-cut pictur of the "good pro vider." Just as me bring to marriage a authentic and origina version of "the drear girl" who is apt to b in 1947 a remarkabl blend of the Petty gir a Conover model an mamma.

The crucial test o marriage comes in th first five years whe the *idealized* John o Mary is competing fo survival with the *rea* John or Mary eac happened to marry. I the real John and Mary become *known an accepted, if* they find the satisfactions, emo tional support and loyalty that men an women need from each other, the marriage i real—and the marriage survives.

The real waste or tragedy of our increasin divorces lies in the fact that so many poten tially sound and fine relationships do no survive the testing period. They *could*—but they do not, for reasons which are often be yond the control of individual men and women. Our society is in transition. As a people we are still unrealistic and in conflict about how to educate our boys and girls for marriage and parenthood—or for what kind of marriage and parenthood.

The crux of the matter lies in our need for greater emotional and social maturity. We live in an age when marriage requires more stamina, more knowledge and more char acter than ever before. We also live in an age when ideals of easy and comfortable living, doing the least possible work, avoiding pain and sweat and tears, not being bored, not being tied down, not being interfered with, not growing old, not losing freedom, play too large a part in our goal.

It is no wonder that the strains and conflicts of our age are revealed in a high proportion of broken marriages during the first five years, more divorces in the cities than in the country, and a disproportionate number of divorces among men and women who are most gifted, most educated and most creative.

How Can We be Realistic About Divorce?

The surest way to be realistic about divorce is to be more realistic about marriage. And that includes being honest—which is

(Continued on Page 242)

"Ford's out Front from a Woman's Angle"

1. **"I don't know** synthetic enamel from a box of my children's paints . . . but if synthetic enamel is what it takes to make that beautiful, shiny Ford finish, I'm all for it!

2. **"My husband says** the brakes are self-centering and hydraulic—whatever that means! All I know is they're so easy that I can taxi the children all day without tiring out!

3. **"Peter, he's my teen-age son,** tells me that 'Ford is the only car in its price class with a choice of a 100-horsepower V-8 engine or a brilliant new Six.' He says no matter which engine people pick, they're out front with Ford!

4. **"The interior** of our Ford is strictly *my* department! It's tailored with the dreamiest broadcloth. Such a perfect fit! Mary Jane says women help design Ford interiors. There's certainly a woman's touch there!

5. **"Do you like** lovely silver, beautifully simple and chaste looking? That's what I always think of when I touch those smart Ford door handles and window openers.

6. **"Now here's another thing** women like and that's a blissfully comfortable ride—one that isn't bumpity-bump even on some of our completely forgotten roads."

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"Show me a beautiful woman
and you will see a beautiful complexion"
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brings you an entirely new way
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LIQUID
CREME CLEANSER
Wax free. Smooth as satin. A joy to use because it's so quick . . . so dainty. And so little works such wonders.
1.50 . . . *plus tax*

LIQUID
AMBER CLEANSER
Clear, golden, so thorough, so refreshing. For all types of skin. Wonderful for adolescent and sensitive skin.
1.50 . . . *plus tax*

FRANCES DENNEY

(Continued from Page 240)

inherent in being realistic—about sex, about what marriage really requires, about parenthood and about homemaking.

If we want to spare the war-born generation the unnecessary heartaches, sorrow, frustrations and damage which failure in marriage brings, we must learn how to communicate the wisdom and truth about modern marriage which is really ours to share. We must learn how to say in our lives, in our plays and movies, in our stories, in our teaching, in our schools and churches:

Marriage is not an escape or a refuge. Marriage does not guarantee security, being cared for or being loved. *Marriage guarantees nothing except experience.*

Marriage offers certain opportunities to men and women. Marriage offers an opportunity to know and love another human being different from the self, to know companionship and friendship. Nothing is more important in living.

MARRIAGE offers an opportunity to *learn* how to meet the sex needs of another person—and to learn to have one's own needs satisfied. Sex adjustment is not easy, not automatic, *not* the only important part of marriage. Being sexually attracted to someone else after marriage does not necessarily mean that the first love was not "real" or "true." Sex adjustment takes time and can get better and more satisfying as years pass. Changing marriage partners may mean that one has not yet grown up emotionally and sexually.

Marriage offers an opportunity to share in the love and care of children. Marriage is for husbands and wives, yes, but it is also for children. Without children—or without believing that children are important—marriage is incomplete and unfulfilled. Children take time, trouble and more patience than we easily have. They interfere with freedom, good times and luxury. But children are the *real* purpose and reason behind marriage. If we do not put the proper value on parenthood, we are not emotionally or socially ready for marriage.

Marriage is a relationship that cannot survive selfishness, impatience, domineering, inequality and lack of respect. Marriage is a relationship that thrives on acceptance, equality, sharing, giving, helping, doing one's part, learning together, and humor.

Marriage requires skills and competence which must be learned. Skills about good housekeeping, cooking nutritious meals, caring for children, spending money wisely, being good company—skills which must be developed by both husbands and wives, working together.

Marriage is becoming more important and more challenging as our world becomes smaller, less safe, and the future less certain. Becoming ready for marriage *can* use all one's skills, abilities and knowledge. Making a success of marriage can use all that one is and all that one can become.

Let's be realistic about divorce. Let's recognize that many breakdowns of modern marriage are really a sign that marriage is coming of age in a democracy. Let's get on with the basic business of growing up emotionally, socially and spiritually, so that our high ideals of democratic marriage, of marriage of true equality, can be realized.

Marriages are getting better. It is our education and our preparation for marriage that are failing.

Americans believe in the family and in marriage. There is no question about "where we want to go." We know that the welfare of our nation depends on the integrity and strength of our homes. Our goal is to have sound, happy, stable and democratic marriages. If we become more clear and more realistic about reasons why so many marriages are falling short, there is no doubt that we can learn how to do better. We can work to change some of the social conditions which threaten family life today. We can learn how to help our boys and girls grow up better prepared for the satisfactions, companionship, responsibilities and equality of modern marriage.

THE END

When headache brings upset stomach and jumpy nerves, all at the same time, take Bromo-Seltzer for quick help. Because Bromo-Seltzer is famous for fighting ordinary headaches these *three* ways:

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OUR SCHOOLS ARE IN DANGER

(Continued from Page 17)

more instead of less education, one wonders why all the teachers didn't just quit the profession.

But there is more to the discontent of schoolteachers than these things. A teacher, naturally anonymous, recently wrote in the Saturday Review of Literature:

"In all the years I have never complained of my modest salary. But what keeps men and women out of the schools? I will tell you. Teaching is not a profession. We teachers have nothing to do with school policy or educational practice. We are robots, told what to do and what not to do. In thirty years of teaching no one has ever asked my opinion about any school program.

"We are overladen with things that have nothing to do with education." (He spoke of school collections for "drives," home-room activities of many kinds, all added to the teaching load.) "Many of us university graduates have principals over us who have never been to college. If a teacher gets a black mark from such a principal, for whatever cause, at the employment office of the state university, he is *through*. . . .

"Too many principalships, superintendencies, supervisorships come off the assembly line of politics. Not enough come from successful teaching."

Now, this is not an isolated opinion from a grouser. I have heard the same criticism over and over from teachers. They come out of teachers' colleges or normal schools, full of ideas and enthusiasm, regarding themselves as called to a high and noble profession, only to find that they are employed as mere hacks. With accumulated and day-to-day experience of faults in the teaching system, aware of the lack of any thought-out disciplinary system, each class being left to the more or less arbitrary ideas of the individual teacher, they never get a chance to discuss and contribute to reform of the established routine. Under such conditions they become either dull hacks or embittered radicals. If, as is continually accused, subversive radicalism is rampant among teaching faculties, is it remarkable? Rewarded by neither income nor public esteem, overburdened with classes of a size no teacher can competently handle, treated as mere lackeys of school boards and politically appointed dictators, harassed by economic cares and frustrated in all their own most creative ideas, what wonder if educated men and women, charged with the most important function of society, begin to doubt whether the American democratic system is really anything but a whited sepulcher?

Agreeable people are those who agree with you. —RICHARD ARMOUR.

Radical subversive movements seldom come from or are led by organized workers. They come from frustrated intelligentsia, who are not allowed to be either dignified or intelligent, who furnish the brains and leadership for masses in turbulent times. This has been true of every single radical revolution in history. If our young people are having reflected on their impressionable minds the bitter frustrations of their teachers, the only way to improve the situation is to alleviate those frustrations. And though teachers need and should have more money, that is not everything, and not perhaps even the main trouble. They need sympathy and understanding from parents; they need public esteem; and they need outlets for constructive criticism and creative ideas. There are no better citizens in this country than public-school teachers, and none would be more patriotic and devoted to American democracy, if we would but give them the means to live in dignity and work in cooperative freedom. THE END

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SILEX Coffee Maker

March meals should be robust, since everybody here at Stillmeadow is hungry—especially Windy's daughter and grandson, after a day of chasing the spring wind around the yard.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

BLANKETS on the line are a good sight to see with the wind of March billowing them like sails on a blue sky-sea. I can hardly wait for the first day that is warm enough to get them out, give them a bath in spring air, blow away the winter from them. Limp pillows, too, will fluff out; and when your head goes down on them at night, there is the freshness of the wind still in them.

Carried away by the excitement of sun and wind, I usually find myself washing bedspreads, rugs and curtains. This is fun; but it is no fun to end the day with a back that feels like a broken zigzag rule. The answer is to avoid bending, stooping and lifting. I use Don's old red wagon, put the washbasket in it, and wheel the whole thing merrily across the yard, trailed, of course, by seven or eight cockers and one chatty Siamese.

This is a fine time to dye things too. Jill and I did an old white chenille bedspread in soft gray last winter, and this gave us the idea of renovating a pile of ancient white bath towels which had traveled to school with the children and looked it. It is possible to change the color scheme in the whole bathroom with a fresh colorful batch of towels and washcloths.

Then, like most people who live in an old house, we have no two beds the same size. Antique beds are so variable. And our sheets vary accordingly in length and width. No matter how often we clean out the linen shelves, it is always possible to reach in and grab one pair of three-quarter sheets for the oversize spool bed. So this week we dyed sets of sheets and pillowslips to match the color scheme of the room they should be used in. Cloud-blue for my room, sunny yellow for the maple room, copper for the green room, and so on.

We put a pair of sheets and a pair of pillowslips in the automatic washer, let the water run in until it stopped, poured in the dye dissolved in enough hot water to mak clear, smooth color, and let the washer r With the biggest sheets, I found that one not come out perfectly, being a little streak but we still liked the result.

The amount of dye to use depends on h you wish the color. Half a package of c dinal red made two big sheets and two sl a soft crushed-strawberry color. Eight pa ages did the chenille spread.

People often talk about how dull hou keeping is, but it seems to me that, on contrary, it is a constant adventure. I something new is always turning up. Do over a piece of old furniture is exciting; venting a new dish is fun; painting a roo accessories in bright gay colors gives a to the whole place.

March meals should be robust. For t is the time we clean up the yard and get t garden ready for plowing. Everybody hungry. One of our favorites is Hungari Stuffed Cabbage. There are many ways make this, but the very best is with sau kraut.

I mix ⅓ cup raw rice, ¾ pound grou hamburger, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 crush clove of garlic, 1 beaten egg, 2 teaspoo salt, fresh-ground pepper to taste (we lo it) and a pinch of mixed herbs. Then I ta a medium-large cabbage and cut out t core and put the head in a large kettle rapidly boiling water and cook just until t outer leaves are ready to come off witho breaking. You can tell by the look, for t cabbage begins to change color slight Then I lift out the cabbage with a pair tongs, keeping the leaves undamaged, a take off ten or twelve leaves.

I chop the cabbage heart and mix it wi 1 pound sauerkraut. Half of this mixtu goes in the bottom of the Dutch oven, deep kettle, and on this I put the stuff leaves; I lay a spoonful of the meat mixtu

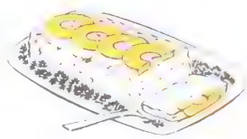
(Continued on Page 246)

It's all done with... Pineapple

Dishes like these *aren't* "done with mirrors"—though there's something pretty magic about their sun-mellowed flavor, their feast-for-the-eye look. That's Dole's own secret, and yours to share when you serve quick-and-easy pineapple successes from the kitchen of Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist. For a morning send-off—or an any-time thirst-satisfier—Dole sends pineapple *juice*, too . . . tropic refreshment, Hawaii to you.

DOLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE • DOLE SLICED PINEAPPLE • DOLE PINEAPPLE CHUNKS
DOLE PINEAPPLE TIDBITS • DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE

Upside-Down Meat Loaf. Same principle as your pet ups-a-down cake! Line the bottom of pan with Dole Pineapple Slices, and cover with whatever meat loaf mixture you prefer. (Pictured: a mixture using ground smoked ham). Bake, then turn upside down.



Heavenly Hash. Fit for the gods, or a festive gathering! Fold one part whipped cream and one part Dole Crushed into two parts boiled rice. Garnish with candied cherries and more Crushed Pineapple. Simple? Sure!

Chunks-in-a-ring. Here's a dish that looks like a masterpiece, yet takes only a minute to make. Heap cottage cheese on lettuce as illustrated. Then fill the center with flavorsome Dole Pineapple Chunks.

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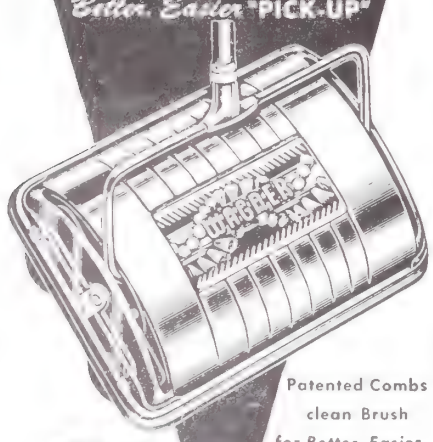

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(Continued from Page 244)

on each leaf, and roll up the leaf and fold the ends under like a well-wrapped bundle.

Over the bundles goes the rest of the sauerkraut and chopped cabbage, and then I pour 2 cups tomato juice over, or enough canned tomatoes to almost cover the cabbage, add more salt and pepper and 3 tablespoons fat, cover and cook very slowly for at least 45 minutes.

This dish is better the second time it is warmed up, if there is any left—but with us, there never is!

Hot crisp corn-bread sticks are the right thing with it, a green salad with a geranium leaf from the window box chopped in it, and a light dessert. For myself, I prefer an extra helping of the stuffed cabbage. But frozen strawberries piled on spongecake suit the young folks, if they happen to be home for a week end.

I always remember in March that this was the month I made my debut as a concert pianist. I don't remember just how old I was, but I had pencil braids just about right for pulling.

I WAS playing one part of a two-piano piece. No matter how much we practiced, I never was able to come out even with my partner. Sometimes I finished half a page ahead, at other times I loped in long after Peggy had stopped, rested her hands on the bench and watched me. The tune sounded a little odd, even to me, for the composer had definitely planned to have some kind of unity between the two artists. My theory was that if we played loud enough, things would turn out all right.

Recitals were held in the biggest parlor available, and extra creaking chairs from the undertaker were set up. They were made with green-carpeting seats and backs and smelled very strong and musty. Every time a mother breathed hard with anxiety, her chair creaked loudly.

Dizzy with excitement and terror, Peggy and I took our number at a clip faster than a railroad train. Neither of us paid the slightest attention to the other; we set our teeth and tore through the runs and chords. We were, it developed, each so much afraid of being the one to finish last that we recked not of time or tide. The result was that we brought up with a last crashing chord, at exactly the same instant, a feat we had never even approximated before. My mother wiped her face with her lace-edged handkerchief and sank back weak with relief. Peggy and I retired behind the brown velvet portieres and looked at each other with glazed eyes.

My mother was a very patient woman. True, she had only one child, but that child was I, and I had energy enough for ten. I was full of projects. Most of them were about as quiet as storming the Bastille. They involved much transporting of furniture, popping of airguns, taking everything out of the attic, hammering and sawing, and always eating whatever there was in the icebox. When everything else failed, I always started a play, and callers were apt to find not a stick of furniture in the living room because it was a stage.

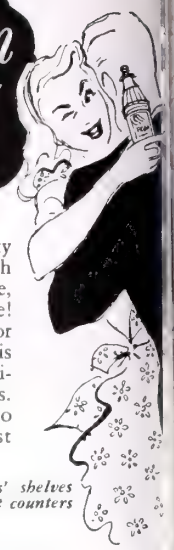
Then I was always bringing animals home—kittens, puppies, rabbits. I had pails of fish from the shallow water of the lake. I yearned for something outstanding like a seal, but in Wisconsin one couldn't pick up seals. Guinea pigs were fine too. Fortunately, mamma's heart was big enough to have room for anything that breathed, except snakes, and I didn't "cotton to" snakes either.

I always hoped my rabbits would have a family, but they never did. A friend of mine, however, had better luck when she was a child. Someone gave Ida two baby bunnies, and she built them a hutch in the back yard. The rest of the summer, Ida was no trouble at all; in fact, she was hardly ever to be seen. But at length her mother began to wonder why the family bills included tons and tons of greens and carrots and cabbage. She called Ida, who came in carrying a hammer.

"Ida," she said, "how many rabbits have you?"

"Only fifty-two," said Ida.

your man can't say NO!



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NEW! RECIPE FOR BEAN RAREBIT

1 cup cooked, mashed navy beans
2 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon salt
½ cup hot milk 1 cup grated cheese
2 teaspoons Frank's Red Hot Sauce

Melt butter in pan, add beans. Stir over fire 5 minutes. Add other ingredients. Cook until cheese melts, stirring constantly. Serve on toast. Serves 6.

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KVP Household PAPERS

In March, when the mud finally begins to dry up, it is wonderful to go into the woods and look for the first green things growing. The skunk cabbages send up glossy dark emerald leaves in the swampy land. They look like pointed cornucopias, and they are one of the most vital-appearing plants I know. They seem to be a special defiance to winter, an assertion of spring as clear as a trumpet tone.

From now on each day is a voyage of discovery. The first white tender bell of the bloodroot, the first point of asparagus and the rosy nub of beginning rhubarb—these and a thousand others make the song of spring. And sometimes the crocus will be out with a lacy background of snow.

Another long hard New England winter is over when the March sun blows across a bluer sky. And pussy willows open their soft furry buds. Spring will come, but winter has taken its toll. Clover and Sister and Silver have left us, and heartbreak was our most intimate companion.

My friends sometimes tell me that if you have only one dog and lose it, it is so much worse, but when you have a kennel full it isn't so hard. But they do not know, for every cocker is the one dog in our hearts, and for every one, we know we shall not look upon his like again.

Now we begin to feel, as spring comes again, that they are still with us. It must be so, for we often feel that Rip is here, and he has been gone for more years than I can count. And I often hear Clover's gay high bark on a moonlight night. And Jill, who is far more sensible than I am, says quite casually that Sister was helping her when she was out painting the kennel. Sister simply loved her own bed in the kennel, and always leaped in and bounced wildly in it, then turned and presented a smiling bright gaze to show us that this was her property and very nice, unless she was planning to spend the night in the house. In her later years, Sister snored like a buzz bomb and was not encouraged to sleep in my bed, but she always gave me the impression that I made her nervous anyway, being a jouncy sleeper.

The end of winter and the coming of spring, these affirm every year that immortality is real, a fundamental. I do not believe that those we love are ever lost to us; their presence shines over the dark frozen terrain of death like the spring moon on the still-frozen swamp and meadow.

Honey, with the wind blowing all the way from the far North to lift her golden ears, moves across the spongy lawn, lifting her paws delicately. She lifts her nose and sniffs appreciatively, and turns her dark eyes to me as if to say, "The air smells wonderful today! Spring is coming!"

And the March wind blows. THE END

A TALKING BROWN THRASHER

Marie V. Beals, for years librarian of the National Audubon Society, told us the amazing story of Jerry, her talking brown thrasher.

Jerry came to her almost naked and half dead, a nestling that had fallen to the ground. On a diet of wireworms, meal worms, moistened whole-wheat bread and bits of cherries, he grew and gained his feathers.

One day when he was hopping about, Mrs. Beals called, "What are you doing?" Suddenly Jerry called back, "What are you doing?" Soon, except during the molting season, Jerry talked each day. And in the morning he would fly to Mrs. Beals' bedroom and call; "Lazy bones! How do you do? Wake up!"

So far as I know, the only brown thrasher on record to mimic human words and use them as though in conversation is Jerry.

—*Edwin Way Teale.*

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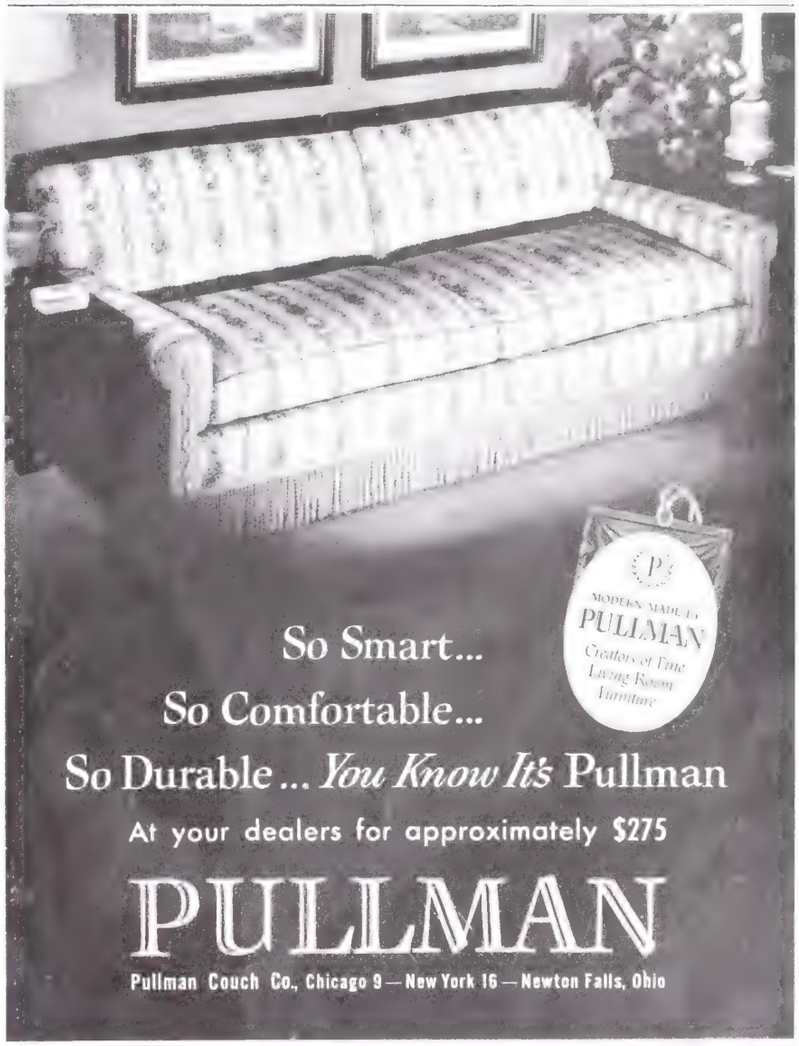

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Commercial Pie

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

For an early-spring formal dinner: a special green-turtle soup, chicken or squab casserole with mushrooms, glazed carrot balls, green salad. Dessert: bananas baked in honey.

It looks almost too good to eat, but that won't stop your guests. It's plate-size slices of rye, spread with different hors d'oeuvres and cut into any wedge you wish. It's wonderful.

IN March, spring may be just around the corner, but she's definitely hiding out and the weather doesn't tempt one very far from the fireside; so it's the perfect season for an evening of good talk, "the game," bridge, whatever—and first the mellowing influence of a more or less formal, bang-up dinner.

This time we'll take it for granted that you've been there on the spot during the crucial hours—no coming in or going out just before or after the meal—and while careful planning is necessary, it's not so tricky; you'll be ready, unhurried and serene when the doorbell rings. And we needn't plan our menu with an eye to food that can be prepared, almost completely, far [illegible] time.

First, Appetizer Pin Wheels, a sure-fire number. Plate-size slices of rye bread spread with several hors-d'oeuvre mixtures, brought in whole and cut into wedges. Very fancy. They look too good to eat, but that won't stop anyone.

Soup this time, Boula au Gratin, a most special combination of green-turtle consommé, purée of split peas and other things. Tell you later.

For the main dish—and this really is a pièce de résistance—Poulet Champignon à l'Orange. This dish has a history in my life. Some years ago—nine, to be exact—my husband and *(Continued on Page 250)*

Ilka Chase

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CAROLINA RICE

Extra Long Grain

(Continued from Page 248)

I were motoring from Paris to Verdun. We arrived at the inn in Verdun too late for dinner, but the chef agreed to prepare us a special meal, and what a meal it was! The main course was the before-mentioned *poulet*, served by a young waiter who hovered anxiously, eager to practice his halting English on us. After his first mushroom my husband looked at me in astonishment. "Delicious!" he exclaimed. "What has been done to these mushrooms?" "Ah," from the waiter, "that is the secret of our chef!" I tasted my first bite and looked up. "He's rubbed the mushrooms with orange peel, and I think there's some grated orange peel in the sauce." "Ah, madame has surprised so easily the secret of our chef!" The waiter tried to look crestfallen, but I'm sure he thought it was fun and so did I, for my husband was frightfully impressed by my knowledge.

Enough of stories. Let's get on to the vegetables, which will be string beans and glazed carrot balls. Mixed green salad, served separately or with the chicken, and we'll give it an extra fillip by adding the chicken livers to the French dressing.

Hot bread we must have, either French bread, heated at the last minute, or my easy homemade bread, hot from the oven. But come on, why not my easy homemade? It's such a cinch, and people are *so* impressed. Why, I don't know, but they are.

Dessert next, and not a grain of sugar will we use. I don't dare. When I *think* of those stuffed oranges last summer! But bake bananas in honey to a pink gold color, serve them with a sauce of whipped cream and dates and there'll be no need for sugar.

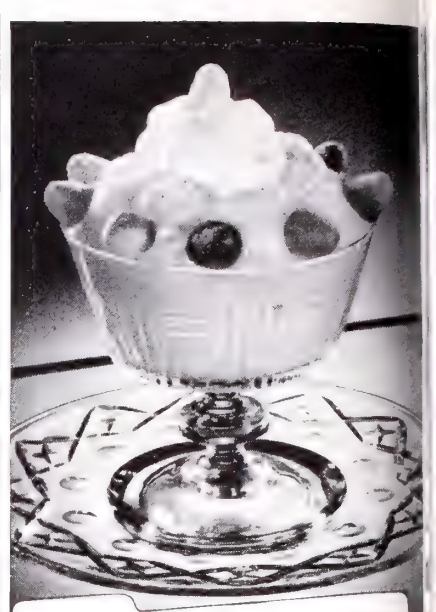
APPETIZER PIN WHEELS

Buy a big round loaf of rye bread, slice off the bottom crust and then cut 3 even slices about ½ inch thick. The slices will be disks about the size of a smallish dinner plate. Stack the slices, wrap in a cloth which has been dampened and wrung very dry and store in refrigerator while you proceed to the next 5 steps:

(1) Season a very small jar or can of black caviar with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons grated onion. (2) To 6 ounces cream cheese, worked smooth with a little cream or top milk, add ½ cup chopped nuts and 5 tablespoons chopped chives. (3) Grind about ½ pound lean cooked ham five times through the finest blade of the meat chopper. You'll need a well-packed cup of ham after it's ground. Mix into a smooth paste with 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon Bahamian mustard—more if other prepared mustard is used—1 teaspoon catchup, and paprika and cayenne pepper to taste. Add salt if your ham is too mild. (4) Add to a small can of liver *pâté*, or a piece of liverwurst, a pinch of *orégano* and enough Worcestershire sauce to make it pretty sharp. (5) Put the yolks of 4 hard-cooked eggs through a sieve and work very smooth with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, a little mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, a few grains sugar, and salt, pepper and curry powder to taste. The mixture should be the consistency of cake icing. Put it into a pastry tube and onto the ice.

Now remove crusts from bread disks, spread thickly with butter or margarine and proceed as follows. In the center of each bread round make a two-inch disk of caviar. Around that put a band of cream-cheese stuff, next a band of ham and last a band of *pâté*. The bands should be even in width and should cover the bread to the very edge. Put the mixtures on quite thick, but be neat about it. At the extreme outside edge make a scalloped border of shrimp, very tiny ones or medium, but fairly uniform in size. Now decorate with the egg-yolk mixture. Pipe in a line of yellow where the different colors meet—the seams—and put a good dot in each shrimp. Store in refrigerator or other cold place until ready. Garnish with water cress. Cut in wedges for serving.

There you are, and if this sounds complicated I assure you it isn't as much trouble as making a platter of assorted hors d'oeuvres. More fun too. When my hand is in I always make a few extra and store them in the freezing unit against future dinner parties.



Vanilla Pudding that's My-T-Fine

Easy recipe for Vanilla Party Pudding: Prepare My-T-Fine Vanilla Pudding according to simple directions on the package. Arrange six or more tiny colored gumdrops spoke-fashion around edge of pudding, top with spoonful of marshmallow whip and bright-colored gumdrop. You'll love it!

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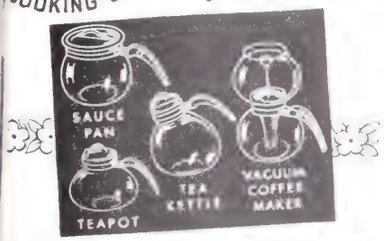

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BOULA AU GRATIN

Wash 1 pound split peas and soak overnight in 5 cups cold water. Cover and cook gently until peas are tender and mushy. Stir frequently; and it's a good idea to use an asbestos mat under them, for they're inclined to stick. Pass through a sieve to make a thick purée. Or you may use canned pea soup. Add 2 cans good green-turtle consommé (the cans are usually 12 ounces, which make about 3 cups), 3 teaspoons gourmet powder, or bouillon powder if you can't get gourmet, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 good pinch mace, 1 grated clove garlic and ½ cup cream or top milk. Thin the soup further with ½ cup consommé or milk (or, if you prefer, ½ cup sherry). Add salt to taste.

Whip a small amount of cream, allowing about 1½ tablespoons to each cup soup, and add to it ½ cup grated cheese. Parmesan is best, but any good strong cheese can be substituted.

Shortly before serving, put the hot soup into cups that will stand oven heat. Place a generous spoonful of whipped cream and cheese on top, sprinkle with paprika and set under broiler until golden brown. The soup can be made the day before, but the browning should be done shortly before serving.

POULET CHAMPIGNON À L'ORANGE

This dish can be prepared with squab chickens, broilers or young roasters. Quantity required and cooking time will depend on the size of your birds; but whatever the size, the casserole will stand a fairly long waiting period on an electric hot plate or in a barely turned-on oven. I'll give instructions for two roasters—decrease cooking time if smaller chickens are used.

Happiness is a form of courage.
—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

After the chickens have been washed and dried, cut off the necks and put them to boil with the gizzards. Rub the cavities with orange peel and salt and the outsides with salt, pepper and a little butter or margarine. Put some shortening or salad oil in an iron skillet on top of the range and brown the birds to a delicate golden brown. Remove from heat, then put 1 onion, a little coarsely chopped celery, 1 good sprig sweet basil or 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and 1 big tablespoon butter or margarine into each chicken and sew up cavity. Tie the legs down securely. I tie the ends of the legs together, then pass the string around the tail a couple of times and knot. If you do this, the legs won't pop up at an unbecoming angle. Put three strips of bacon in the bottom of a large casserole, add a good lump of butter or margarine and heat in a hot oven. When the fat starts to bubble add the chickens, breasts up, turn the oven low—about 325° F. for mine—and put the lid of the casserole on tight. If the lid doesn't fit tightly, cover the chickens with greased paper before you put it on.

Wipe at least 1 pound large mushrooms with wet cheesecloth. More mushrooms won't do a bit of harm—if they aren't too out-of-this-world expensive. Remove the stems and scrape and chop them—the stems. Score several pieces of orange peel with the point of a sharp knife and rub each mushroom cap thoroughly with the peel. Grate 2 tablespoons orange peel and sprinkle a little on the underneath side of each cap. Melt some butter or margarine in a pan, add the mushroom caps and sauté a few minutes, then pour in ½ cup orange juice, let it come to a boil and set aside.

When the chickens have cooked 15 minutes, take them out of the oven, remove thread and let butter and juice in cavities drain into casserole. Add mushroom stems, 1 teaspoon grated orange peel, 2 cups broth from necks and gizzards, 2 envelopes beef bouillon powder and last the orange juice and mushroom caps. (At this time ½ cup port may be added if you like.) Now taste and add more salt and pepper if needed. The orange taste must be faint, not dominant, but it must be there. Oranges differ greatly in flavor and you

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Meatless wonder for Lent...
Chateau Cheese Chops!

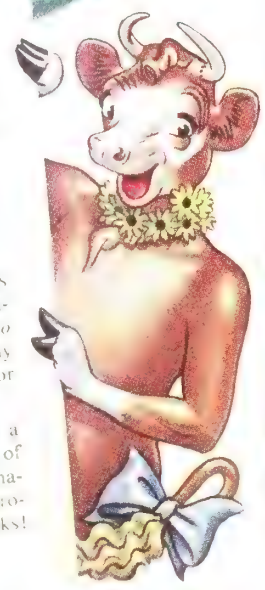
Chateau Cheese Chops!

Wonderful! How Borden's Chateau perks up a meatless meal!

½-lb. pkg. Chateau, diced
4 tablespoons butter, softened
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley or chives
2 eggs, beaten
1½ cups cracker crumbs (about 20 crackers) or 1 cup fine, dry bread crumbs

...e all ingredients—making sure your cheese is Borden's ... (You see, other cheese foods don't give you Cha... zip zesty Cheddar cheese flavor.) Shape mixture to ... meat ... Pan-fry over low heat till lightly ... on both sides. Serve with horse-radish sauce or ... ice (Makes 6 chops.)

These hearty cheese chops made with Chateau have a ... " zip that comes from Borden's special blending of ... d mellow mild American Cheddar cheeses. Cha... s slices melts to perfection. Add a whole-pro... ment to sandwiches, sauces, omelets, snacks! ... ½-lb. package or 2-lb. loaf.



Celery stuffed with Heaven!

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may want to add a little more juice or grated rind, but don't overdo it. Garlic? Optional, but I think 1 grated clove garlic improves the flavor of the sauce. Put the lid back on and continue cooking until chickens are tender. Thicken the sauce with cornstarch to the consistency of very thin gravy and keep the chickens hot but not cooking until you are ready to serve them.

STRING BEANS

Cut string beans into long slender strips and cook in boiling salted water to which a little baking soda has been added. Don't overcook. Brown 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or margarine to a dark golden brown, blend in 1 rounded teaspoon flour and add ¾ cup beef consommé, stirring constantly until it boils. Drain beans and pour sauce over them.

GLAZED CARROT BALLS

Boil large carrots in salted water until almost done. Cool and cut into balls with smallest ball cutter. Into a skillet or pan put the juice of ½ large lemon, 2½ tablespoons sugar and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Boil 3 minutes, add carrots and cook until most of the liquid is gone. Shake the pan and stir occasionally, so that each carrot ball is nicely glazed.

To serve, arrange the two vegetables attractively in a serving dish—preferably one that will stand oven heat, so that last-minute taking up of the vegetables can be avoided.

Honor exists but for the honorable. —COMTESSE DIANE.

BREAD

Here's my easy home-made-bread recipe, second time. I used it last March, but I do want you all to have it. Scald, don't boil, 2⅔ cups milk and ¼ pound butter or margarine. Cool to lukewarm and add 2 beaten eggs and 2 cakes yeast dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water. Sift together 8 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons salt and 1½ tablespoons sugar. Add liquids to flour and beat like anything for 5 minutes with a wooden spoon. Of course if you have a bread mixer, use it by all means.

Cover mixing bowl with a cloth and set in a warm place to rise. When dough is double in bulk, about 2 hours, transfer to well-greased pans. This recipe makes 2 long or 3 medium loaves. There's no kneading involved. Simply grease your hands, gouge out some dough, stretch it a little and smack it into the pan. Cover the pans with cloth and again let the dough rise to double its bulk. Bake for from 50 minutes to 1 hour at 375° F. If you can't arrange your schedule so that bread is done shortly before serving time, reheat at last minute.

Or—buy a loaf of French bread, cut in thick slices almost through bottom crust and heat before serving.

SALAD

Sauté chicken livers a few minutes in a little butter or margarine, press through sieve and add to French dressing, basic recipe. Get as fine an assortment of salad greens as you can and include a little chopped finochio if you can find it. Italian grocers usually have it. Rub the salad bowl with garlic, but be sure to remove any tiny slivers of garlic that may break off the clove. Toss the salad thoroughly, so that each leaf is coated with dressing.

HONEY BANANAS

Select fine large bananas. Peel, sprinkle with a few drops lemon juice and arrange without crowding, in a shallow baking pan. Pour over them 1 cup honey and ... tablespoons water and bake in a 400° F. oven until the bananas are tender and slightly puffed—about ½ hour. Baste frequently and carefully, so that each banana is well coated with honey. These may be chilled or served warm or hot. My choice is warm.

Whip ½ pint cream and fold in 15 or more dates, cut into pieces, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. (If you like, 2 or 3 tablespoons cognac may be added). To serve, don't cover the bananas with the cream mixture but alternate the two in some attractive pattern.

Service. This meal can be managed without a helper, but it's obvious that a helper would help. Someone who could cook the beans, glaze the carrots and brown the soup while you're enjoying the Appetizer Pin Wheels—and table clearing between courses and dishwashing are worth consideration. Even an inexperienced helper, whom you've told what to do and when, of course, would be a great asset. But there aren't enough helpers to go around these days and you may have to swing it alone. If so, I'd advise having everything ready hot in the serving dishes, before the guests arrive.

With warming oven and electric hot plate this can be managed easily, if planning and timing have been worked out carefully. And, too, remember that food can be kept hot in earthenware dishes on *top* of the range, if you turn burners low and cover them with two asbestos mats. The browning of the soup is the one essentially eleventh-hour job, but that takes only two or three minutes if the soup is already hot. Have the cups of soup waiting in a low oven and, just before serving time, add the cream and cheese and broil. But don't add the cream until you're ready to broil or it will flatten out like a wet pancake.

However you manage the actual serving of this meal, I do think the birds should be brought to the dining room to be carved, not mangled in the kitchen. And suppose it's squab chickens you have cooked: six or eight plump little birds, nested snugly in the casserole, are a sight that shouldn't be missed. After all, gastronomic pleasure is partly visual—something we should never forget. And in this meal there is plenty of both kinds of gastronomic pleasure. THE END

THE HARD PRICE OF SOFT COAL

(Continued from Page 233)

be told what to do. But don't get the idea they're dumb; they're not. They don't know enough arithmetic to put in your finger, but they know how much is coming in their pay check and they wouldn't let you get away with a penny. As for the kids' playing hooky, that's no concern of mine. I don't hire any kids under seventeen—that's the legal age to work. It's up to the parents to send a child to school and the teachers to see that he gets there. My kids? Oh, they went away to school."

County education authorities:

"We're proud of our schools. Pupils from Evarts win lots of the state scholarships. Why, there's more special talent in this school than in any county school in the country. We won the band championship a few years back. Three out of four of the seniors go on to college. It's true that not too many get into the senior class, but there's nothing we can do about that. The law says they can stop at sixteen. Truancy is difficult for the teachers, too; they work a pretty hard day—and they don't want to go wandering around the county in the evenings. We've got a PTA, but it isn't very active; mothers around here have large families—the birth rate is way above average—and plenty to do. As for spankings, well, if you were around here long you'd see that sometimes we give too few, not too many. Some of these kids just don't seem to know what school is for; not that they're dumb, they're smart, but they get a feeling of defeat at home and they get belligerent about it at school. We're trying to arrange some kind of luncheon program so the kids wouldn't eat any old place, but I don't think we'll ask for Federal subsidy; the kids

(Continued on Page 254)

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with Hot Buttered Sweetose*

MADE BY STALEY'S

A new patented syrup – made from Corn

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The Modern Chest Rub

MODERN CHEST RUB MINIT-RUB

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from Page 252)

have enough money and not enough good things to spend it on as it is."

III. HEALTH CONDITIONS

The County Health Commission estimates that 4 out of every 10 persons in Harlan County have or have had a venereal disease. State statistics show that 3 out of every 100 births are stillborn: 7 or 8 babies out of every 100 born alive die before they are a year old. The prevalence of tuberculosis has not been calculated, but physicians say that the number of known cases has doubled within the past five years and county health-patch and X-ray tests of 3000 school children found 2 out of every 100 with active TB.

The five-year-old Federally-started VD program is active; persons named as VD contacts must report for tests and treatment or face arrest. The TB situation is bad: there are no facilities in the county for handling TB patients; the only sanatorium in the state—at Louisville—has a long waiting list. This means scores of active tuberculars are at large. The cornerstones for five state sanatoriums have been laid: the nearest to Harlan will be at London, Kentucky. Typhoid cases are rare. Children are inoculated in the schools for smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria and whooping cough. All teachers must pass a physical which includes a VD examination and a TB examination. Malnutrition diseases are believed common. Cancer is considered the state's leading cause of death, after heart ailments, but there is no cancer clinic in Harlan. There is no maternal or pregnancy education.

What the miners say about health:

"What kind of health do you expect of people who live in places like these? In the summer, the garbage rots fast in the creeks and leaves room for the kids to swim. In the winter it's so cold in these shacks that every drop of water freezes overnight. The health department is fine—what there is of it. There's not too much we miners can do; we try to follow the rules on active TB-ers, but it's a losing battle to boil every plate when you have to fetch and carry all the water and keep the stove going. And you can't keep anyone quarantined around here—you got six or seven people in one house with four rooms and no doors. People talk about catching cold from sitting in a draft—we live in one. Seems like most of the kids have colds most of the time, or they're breaking out with something worse. The Red Cross came around during the war and tried to tell us how we should eat—but we eat what we can get mostly, and how you going to do anything else?"

What the operators say about health:

"Miners are a healthy crew—they're immunized against their own environment. TB isn't as frequent around here as people say. You never find a tubercular miner—that's nonsense. As for the kids, look at their rosy cheeks. They're outdoors in all sorts of weather, and that's more than you can say for city kids. We don't have trouble with illness around here. All this absenteeism is due to drinking mostly and too much money to spend, and not enough to spend it on. A man gets $200 ahead and he can't spend it on a car or an icebox, so what does he do? Blows it on a two-day holiday."

County Health Commission:

"The first public interest in Harlan County health was in 1940, when the Selective Service found TB and VD widespread among the selectees. The first health commissioner—Dr. S. L. Andeliman—came in 1942 and wheedled enough space under the county-courthouse stairs to put in an X-ray machine for free TB examinations. It was the first X ray for the county, but there are about ten around here now. The Federal Government tried to get a trailer going through the mining camps for examinations, but there was opposition. Mining camps are private property, after all, whether they should be or not, and the companies have to pay compensation on silicosis—that's from coal dust and it weakens the respiratory tract—so

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A HAND CREAM

THAT HELPS KEEP

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Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands *look* red, feel *rough!*

Luxor HAND CREAM

there was some feeling about X-raying in general. Still is, but we're moving along, even if we can't hospitalize the active tuberculars yet. It was something to get tests for the teachers; a tubercular teacher can't work here now. And tests for the kids—we figure all told we've tested 10 per cent of the county now and at least told tuberculars what they can do to help themselves and others. We've got VD under control and public interest aroused against TB. We'd like to do something about maternal and child care, and of course malnutrition, but we've only got so much money and so much time and we're doing what we can."

IV. MEDICAL CONDITIONS

There are four hospitals in Harlan County for 75,000 citizens. All are private, three being run by coal companies. The Catholic Church plans to build a new hospital. There is one free clinic for TB examinations, and a fund of $6000 for medical fees for the proved (by the courts) indigent. Harlan Hospital, which services Yokum No. 2, has beds for 60; says it has never turned a patient away, but all patients must be brought in by doctors. There are no beds for tuberculars; no isolation ward; the maternity ward has 12 beds. The Health Department, started in 1942 at the behest of the U. S. Public Health Service, has a budget of $26,000, one third state, one third county, one third Federal money, and supports a staff of 11, including 1 doctor, 4 nurses and 2 sanitation experts. The health commissioner (Doctor Andeliman) is a U. S. Public Health Service employee.

There are also 35 private doctors and 8 dentists in the county. Formerly, miners were serviced by doctors hired by the companies; they have now inherited these doctors and hire them themselves. Payment is made through pay-roll checkoffs of $3 per miner monthly. At Yokum No. 2, the miners are serviced by three doctors, who also service seven other mines, or about 1200 miners and their families. One of the three doctors is Doctor Lewis, who was a company doctor before becoming a coal operator. The three doctors split the medical fund three ways, pay three nurses and operate two offices out of it as well as purchase basic supplies, equipment and medicines. Their taxable income for 1945 (when the doctors' checkoff was $2.50 per miner) is authoritatively es-

ATTENTION, TEENS

SO you're 13 years old. Your hair is brown, your eyes are blue. You know you're friendly—don't other girls tell you their secrets? Yet, inside, you think of yourself as being strictly in the sad-sack department because you've got the shape of a barrel when you really want the contour of H. Lamarr. So then what?

One day it just gets too much for you and you come home crying. Like Lois Sutton, for instance. With her chatter, she wowed 'em; but even her 21-year-old ever-loving brother allowed as how her shape could detour into some curves. So with her very hep mother's approval and help, Lois learned the ABC's of getting and staying this side of the chubby cherub. It took a lot of lettuce and exercise, but today she's able to check in on the scale minus 25 pounds.

If you've got a yen to turn from duckling into swan, read

Growing Pains

By Emily Kimbrough

★ **HOW AMERICA LIVES** ★
In the April JOURNAL

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APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau

timated to have been between $9000 and $11,000 yearly each. The miners also contribute $1.50 apiece to a hospitalization fund, which they also administer. Delivery of a baby is extra and not included in any payments; the doctor's fee is $35 for a home delivery.

The miners say about medical facilities:

"The doctors are making money out of us—but how else are you going to get them to come down here? They're organized now themselves—and last October they sent us an ultimatum saying they wanted a 50-cent raise a month from each miner. We were paying them $2.50 each before then. We gave it to them. We couldn't afford to let them quit on us and leave us with nobody. They didn't answer calls until we said okay, and it was a tough thing to say, but if we tried getting some strange new guy down here how do we know he'd take any interest in us at all? It's bad enough the way things are; you send out a kid to the nearest telephone and then wait. We can't afford to make ourselves guinea pigs for new guys—and maybe some of them no good, like the dope addict we had down here. Doc Lewis hired the men we have at Yokum and we trust him. Now we've got the running of the medical fund in the contract, we're going to stick to what we know and make the best of it. Maybe the International will have some ideas that will help on the subject too. We miners have just begun to take our own welfare in our own hands."

The operators say about medical facilities:

"A coal-company doctor works hard, and I should know; I was one myself and still am, for that matter. How did I get to be an operator? Good business sense. When I came here from Vanderbilt University nessee) twenty-eight years ago I dreamed I'd own that mountain an one. I lived in a little shack and rc Clover Fork on my horse. Saved my and put it into land—coal-producing I don't practice much any more—a surgery, maybe, but I'm not on call. take my cut of the medical fund—the want me to. They know I'm still tal responsibility for their health; they they can count on me in an emergenc reason I don't take regular patients I'm away a good bit—say three or months every year. If the miners are they'll stick to the doctors who are trie true. How many doctors will come here and stick here?"

County health authorities:

"Two groups of people make mon this county: doctors and landowners. the doctors have their own obstacles. money is checked off the miners' pay and now the miners are their bosses, was the company who hired them an like the doctors have two masters. It's to serve the patient when to serve properly you may cut into the profits guy who hired you. Or, say a man gets in the mines; it's the doctor who testifi how great his disability is—and how the insurance company should pay hi the insurance company has to pay off lot of accidents, the price of insurance up and the company pays that. The tors here are caught trying to serve masters, in the worst kind of condition course they don't stick. Young ones co here, make enough money to go buy a tice in a better community and move o they buy coal companies. Conditions are trying on the most public-spirited.

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CREAM OF RICE
SO NUTRITIOUS!
CREAM OF RICE adds three important Vitamins—plus iron—for rich, red blood and better growth!
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CHILDREN LOVE IT! READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!
ONE OF THE QUALITY FOODS OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO.

MY CONSCIENCE A

I DO not know whether consciences in general are male or female, but I am positive that mine is a lady, an outsize creature with a strong voice, one who won't take "no" for an answer. She leads me a merry chase at times.

For instance, when I was looking at a picture magazine last winter, Europe's children stared at me from the pages, stark misery in black and white. Then my fat little John Paul crawled across the floor to me. Standing behind him, arms akimbo, aggressive as usual, was My Conscience.

"Well!" she barked. "Quite a contrast there, wouldn't you say?"

I could only nod dumbly.

"Yes, *your* baby—and *their* babies. You know how a hungry baby can cry too. You always have the bottle for John Paul. But what would you do if you couldn't get the warm milk to put in his mouth?"

I hung my head.

"What are you going to do about it?" she persisted unmercifully. "Just sit there comfortably and watch your baby get fatter?"

"But what can *I* do about it?" I wailed. "I don't have any extra money. I'm only one person and there's millions of them. What good would my puny efforts be?"

My Conscience withdrew without a word, giving me, however, a significant look that spoke volumes. So began my project.

In a short time I found an article in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL giving the names and addresses of many of the foreign-relief agencies. I wrote to several, "May I have the name of a needy family to adopt by mail?"

The Greek War Relief Association in New York assured me that they had many names of individual needy families. I was amazed to find I could sen forty pounds of food and clothing special gift boxes, for the sum of being delivered by their own tr Greece.

My Conscience kept a straig when I asked for and received th of not one, but *fifty* Greek famili church took five and sent generou of food and clothing. Two womer and the local PTA rallied to th other churches, friends and relat sponded to my plea, and I found had given about thirty names.

Since there were no families li having small children, I picked a at random from the list. I sent letter immediately, and asked, i tally if I might have all their sho Within what seemed a short tim an airmail letter back from Gre big lump formed in my throat as "We knew God would not forsake your letter was absolute proof of

Enclosed in this letter were si fully traced feet on thin paper. Th longed to the six members of th tellis family. There is the father, Ge former major in the Greek in crippled, but active in the Greek tance. The family barely manages on his tiny pension. Then Mothe tellis, who thanked God for my exist her prayers were answered. C please send them a few pieces of wear, since theirs would hardly h gether after all these years of me Marina, 22, the English interpre the family, is an archaeology stud the University of Athens; Michel a law student; George is 18, and Christopher is 12.

It was a distinct pleasure to b shoes, knowing that they would

dical conditions used to be a lot worse e and, slow but sure, they're getting ter."

V. MONEY CONDITIONS

Company records for October, 1946, owed that the miners made an average of weekly at Yokum No. 2 (about the same the national average). The 175 miners at kum No. 2 mined 19,000 tons of coal, h no strikes, but a shortage of mine cars, d therefore some layoffs. Few miners bor- ved from the company; none bought War nds through the company.

During that same month, Doctor Lewis eived $333.33 in salary for operating kum No. 2 for the Yokum Creek Coal mpany. (He receives $1000 monthly for erating its three mines.) As a doctor, he ew $262 from the Yokum No. 2 medical nd, although he did no work that month cause he was vacationing in South akota. (From the other miners' medical nds he drew approximately another $1200.) is wife, meanwhile, as half owner of the nd on which Yokum No. 2 stands, drew 50 in royalties, or 5 cents a ton (and about 500 on production at the other two mines which she is part landowner). As chief ockholder in the Yokum Creek Coal Com- ny, Doctor Lewis drew no profits on coal oduction that month: company records owed it cost $2.87 to produce each ton of okum No. 2 coal mined (of this $2.03 went r labor), and net price received at the tipple fter sales commission, but before executive laries were taken out) was $2.93. (Dis- arity between this and current retail prices caused by freight, storage and distribution osts and profits; Yokum sells wholesale and oes not share in these.) A small net profit as made on the company-owned Draper's amp commissary—$90; it represented a gross profit of 10 cents on the dollar, a net of 6 cents. No profits were made on rents: repairs, water-supply costs (two of the five wells were found to be polluted and had to be redrilled) and road upkeep ate up the $540 taken in in rents. Yokum No. 2 is considered a small mine inasmuch as it mines less than 1000 tons daily; its taxable net profit for 1945 was slightly over $7000.

The miners say about money:

"Everybody thinks we make so much money in the mines. Sure, you can make money mining if you're young and healthy, and haven't a lot of kids, and the wife is well, and the company has enough equipment to work you overtime and you haven't been banged up in the mines recently. They say we know how to handle everything but money. I guess we could save a little on food if we took the bus to Harlan—that's seven miles away—and bought at one of the chain stores and lugged enough stuff back for a week. But who's going to do that hard labor? The wife? With all the kids? And what would we save anyhow, with the cost of living the way it is everywhere? It hits us just as hard as it does everyone else. Can you feed and clothe a family of six or seven on $60, $70 a week and save anything? We're not asking the operators any favors when we ask for raises and better conditions and an even break—we just want to live decently. Why don't they open up the land around here and let someone come in that can make a little profit off us in a nice way if they can't do it themselves without ruining us in the bargain?"

The operators say about money:

"Nobody—that goes for the miners too—is making any real profits in the mines these days. Especially the operators. The best

HE GREEKS

By Hylda Mignon Pike

ly. We realized, too, that these prob- were the first they had had in years. I heard the true story of an American ek who scraped together $200 and it to his relatives in Greece, receiving reply: "Thank you so much. We were to buy one pair of shoes with it!"

My Conscience, bless her generous old rt, loved to go to the grocery store me. She pointed out items that were ritious and dehydrated, and would k well. One time I found her standing the cheese counter, looking intently at ve-pound loaf of rich yellow American ese, well paraffined.

"Get that," she ordered. "I'll wager Agritellis family hasn't tasted cheese that for five years!"

"But the price!" I demurred. "I'd itate spending that right now for my n family."

"So what?" she snapped back rudely. Nothing's too good for those folks, and know it. What have you suffered and rificed in this war?"

Completely cowed, I grasped the loaf cheese.

In the second letter from our family was photograph of three tiny dark-eyed bies. Triplets! Michel wrote that they re born in 1942 to a poor Greek work- gman and his wife, "in the time of our eatest hunger." These little waifs are w four, and one of them is sick from lnutrition. Michel pleaded that I do mething for them.

My Conscience patted my shoulder and id, "See here—hungry babies can't ait. It will have to come out of your vn pocket, if necessary, but you must something for those triplets right way." I don't argue with My Con- ience at such times. It isn't worth the fort.

The Greek War Relief Association has food packages in an Athens warehouse which will be delivered immediately anyplace in Greece for $12.75 paid to the New York office (with no profit to the association). These boxes contain thirty-five pounds of the most nourishing kinds of food, including dried milk, and would be just what I would try to send to the triplets. We sent the money immediately. After a week, My Conscience and I breathed easier, knowing that by that time the little triplets and their family had at least a temporary supply of dried milk and other food.

Several letters from Greece came to me recently after I had begun to slow down a bit, as our new baby is due in a few weeks, and we are moving as well. My Conscience silently handed me the letters, and I thought I detected an accusing look.

So amidst packing our belongings, I gathered together two boxes of coats and clothing for a burned-out village and shipped them by freight to New York. My Conscience, of course, was very much in evidence, taking charge in her own positive way, for I had a little struggle about giving up some of the items. Without a word she took them out of my hands and placed them in the boxes.

However, soon I shall be going to the hospital. I am hoping that before I go, I can lure My Conscience aside and let her know, as tactfully and firmly as possible, that I am handing in my resignation as a one-woman relief agency. But I can see her now, sniffing, "That's what *you* think, dearie. I'll hand it right back to you. You'll get some more letters from Greece, and read them to the ladies in the maternity ward—and then you'll be getting them to send boxes when they get home!"

Slave driver!

"Guess where I got my idea for this Easter Buffet?"

...from the gay, festive Daisy Garland pattern of my newest Bucilla linen cotton set. Of course. Nothing but Easter table decorations most expressive table linens.

And what more could a girl ask for than luxurious quality, pure linen handprinted in sparkling daisy yellow, primrose gold or green, blue and a soft shade grey besides.

Daisy Garland is just one of Bucilla's exquisite table linens of cotton and linen, ready to make, or made and ready to use. Bucilla linens are guaranteed to make the lightful pleasure. Ask for Bucilla at the linen counter of your favorite store.

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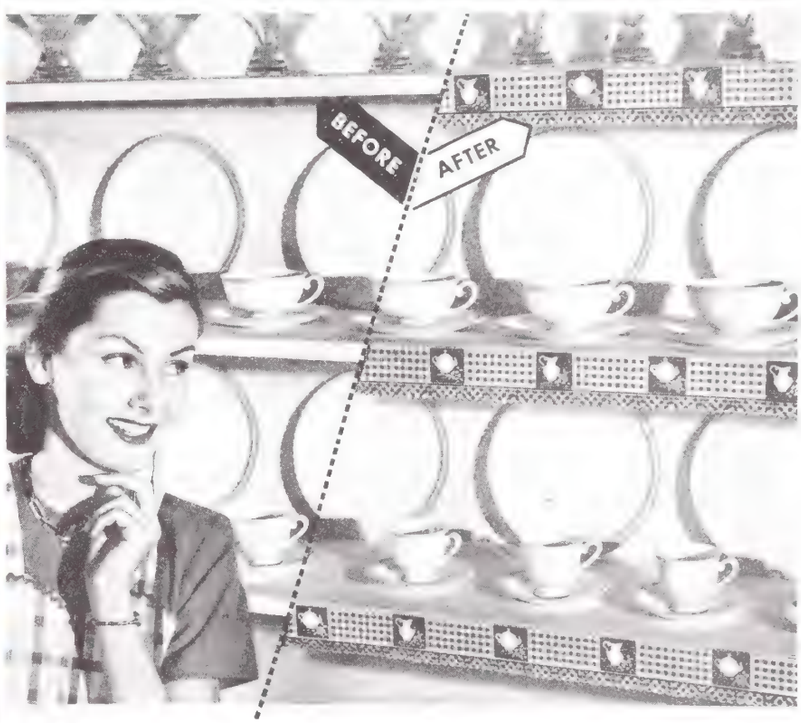

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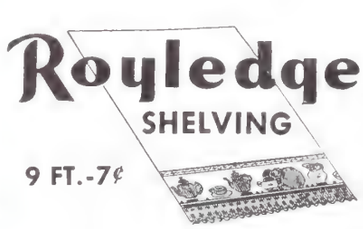

That drab, bare-shelf look vanishes, you put a colorful "smile" on your kitchen instantly—with Royledge. It is edging and paper shelving all-in-one—simply fold down edge. Only Royledge has durable double-edge; such wide choice of colors, patterns. Less than a penny a day to change pattern monthly! Ask for Royledge at 5-and-10, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

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Tired of "monthly" bother? Had enough of old-fashioned belts and pads? Been disappointed in other methods? You will certainly welcome Meds perfected internal protection —invisible in use!

- **Meds have the famous *"Safety-Well"* for your extra protection.**
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Meds are made in two sizes: De Luxe with super absorbency; and Slender—the new, easy-to-insert size that brings you undreamed-of comfort with the REGULAR absorbency most mature women need.

Do send today for your introductory package of these new Slender Meds—so "next time" you, too, can enjoy this wonderful new comfort!

De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency for greater need

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29¢ for 10 in applicators

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Meds are made by [illegible] Products [illegible] of Modess) and [illegible] for [illegible] by the [illegible] American [illegible] Association and in Good Housekeeping.

Martha Steele LHJ-3
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown New Jersey

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the introductory package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing cost.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

money is in the land ownership; coal landowners get 10 cents a ton for each ton of coal mined on their land, rain or shine, good business or bad. Steel companies that operate their own coal mines make out better than mines like mine, that produce for domestic use. A steel plant takes the loss in coal profits out in the price of steel. They can afford better machinery, a better operation all round that way. I made my money on my brains. They thought this mine was worked out back in 1938 when it wasn't producing industrial coal, and I bought it. I bought it because I knew there was good stoker coal here—I knew it because I'd used it and had it tested. Can't remember what I paid for these mines. Bought 'em a little here, a little there. That's brains—and a man has got a right to make a profit on his brains. I get a comfortable living off these mines now, but not much more. I got two race horses, a nice house, a car or two, a swimming pool and three grown kids and some grandchildren. I don't know what the answer is to the mix-up the coal industry is in. Except a depression. A depression would bring wages down and the price of coal down—it's too high, competitively speaking, right now. I don't believe the coal industry is a wasting, sick industry like my superintendent says it is; Yokum No. 2 is good for 40 years' more production and the country is always going to need coal. The Government would think a long time before ruining the coal industry with atomic energy or anything else. What am I worth? I don't know—but there's $1,000,000 tied up in those three mines of mine."

The civic leaders talk about money:

"There's a lot of money in Harlan County, but little of it stays here. It's the second richest county in the state—and one of the ten greatest coal-producing counties in the country. In Kentucky, Jefferson County is the richest county. That's the horse country. And, I swear, the horses see more of the local money than most of the miners do here. Take our Community Chest goal—it was $500,000. And we've got probably six or seven millionaires here—not to mention the absentee landowners who take money out of the county without ever setting foot on the land they own. Lack of civic pride here, I guess, or interest. The Salvation Army does a good job here; but by and large, there aren't many working organizations. Mountain people stick to themselves a lot; and then, too, we're Southern here, you know, and we don't get that whoopdedo feeling about making every little old place the best little place in the U.S.A. like you get up North. We kind of like to live and let live here."

My experience has been that the time to test a true gentleman is to observe him when he is in contact with individuals of a race that is less fortunate than his own.

—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON: Up From Slavery. (Doubleday & Company, Inc.)

VI. SAFETY CONDITIONS

In October, 1946, according to Bureau of Mine statistics, accidents in soft-coal mines killed 75 men. This meant that for every million tons of soft coal mined, 1.3 men died. Fourteen of the men killed were killed in Kentucky, but none were at Yokum No. 2. All told, from January through October, 641 men were killed throughout the nation in soft-coal-mine accidents, and another 786 in hard-coal mines: a total of 1409. The principal cause of accidents was falling mine walls and mine roofs. The number of men injured during 1945 was 47,750 miners—or one out of every eight.

A national safety code was included in coal-mine contracts for the first time in 1945, dealing largely with basic provisions. Each mine is required to have a safety committee composed of three miners, who report to the foreman or superintendent who is responsible for safety conditions; complaints can be carried directly from the miners to the Government now; but it was not until 1940 that Bureau of Mines inspectors were allowed in any mine without the consent of the operator. In 1941, Congress made periodic inspections mandatory; but because there were only 157 inspectors for the country b March 1945, only 2500 of the country's ap proximately 7000 mines had been inspected It is estimated that only 500 to 700 of th 2200 mines in Kentucky were inspected b the state during 1945.

Workmen's compensation is not require for miners by national law; it is required b Kentucky state law. Minimum compensa tion for death is $7500; for total disability $9000. Many veteran-miners now hol Government-life-insurance policies of $10, 000; previously death rates on miners mad private insurance premiums too expensive.

No safety complaints have been mad against Yokum No. 2 recently; its compensa tion-coverage fee—based on its acciden rate—is one of the lowest in Harlan County Three men have been killed there in the pas eight years: two were electrocuted by liv wires; one killed in a hauling operation.

What the miners say about safety:

"A mine's a pretty safe place and a miner just likes to get killed—that's what the operators say. Why, the law just provides minimum protection, and half the mines don't comply with the law. Like live wires: the law says they should either be six feet above car tracks, or guarded adequately. Inside a mine where the coal seam runs thirty-four inches high, you don't drill a special slot for the live wire—you stick it up as far out of the way as it can get. That's about a foot above you when you're on your hands and knees. Got to keep your head down, Fritzy boy. Sure, you get used to it, if you don't get killed. Or take the roofs falling: first you dig out the space, *then* you put the timber prop in to hold it up. A roof doesn't wait until you get the timber if it has a mind to fall. And sometimes the timber isn't too strong—the law says it must be of good quality. What's that? Only an inspector knows. Sure, we could call in the inspectors a lot more times than we do—but we get kind of defeated. Some of these mines haven't been inspected around here in years. And when they are inspected, what happens? The Government *asks* them if they'll make some improvements. Like at Four Mile—the inspectors said it had too much gas in it eleven months before it blew up and killed twenty-one men. What we need is a safety law with teeth in it—but we'll never get it so long as these dollar-crazy operators run this state. We're not the only ones who worry about money—and our worry is to try to get some, not to hang on to a fat bank roll at someone else's expense. And as for compensation: suppose you could never work again and you had to support your family the rest of your life on $9000. Work out a budget for that, will you?"

What the operators say about safety:

"Everybody blames the coal operators for all the accidents in the mines. But the miners have a responsibility too. In the first place, they run the mine safety committee; if they don't think a mine is safe, they can demand a change. Second, a lot of miners make their own accidents. I'm not going to defend Four Mile, but I just want to ask one question; sure that mine was gaseous, but who set off the explosion? A miner who tamped in an explosive; and any miner with any sense knows you don't tamp in an explosive unless you want it to explode on you. Then take the hauling accident we had here: the miner just walked off the top of the coal cars and fell under the wheels. Maybe did it on purpose. Nobody pushed him, that's sure. Nothing hit him. And take these roof accidents—half the time a miner doesn't take the trouble to put up the proper timbers to keep the place from caving in while he's shoveling out the coal. He's in a hurry. Wants to make more money. So he takes some risks. Just like the compensation law: they get good compensation, but they're al-

(Continued on Page 260)

BY THE MAKERS OF STARDUST FASHION-WEAR

CHANCE FOR FAME . . . Pictured is lovely Smith, winner of the last Stardust ty Contest, now a Walter Thornton Pin- irl. Enter our 1947 Contest now, YOU be the lucky winner of $500 first prize or ther awards! Just send recent non-re- able photo, with height, weight, bust, t and hip measurements before May 31, 1947. Decisions of famous ity judges are final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Station F, N. Y.

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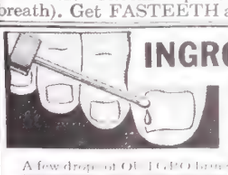
Many wearers of false teeth have suffered eal embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wabbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the **alkaline** (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.



INGROWN NAIL Hurting You?

Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO [illegible] tormenting part of nail [illegible] to loosen and [illegible] comfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

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NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

[illegible] Cards, Stationery, Gift [illegible] ples on approval. If friends don't [illegible] up, return at our expense. BLUEBIRD STUDIOS, Dept. J-23, Fitchburg, Mass.

"I kin raise every vegetable goin'. Used to work on my dad's farm after he quit the mines. How'd you like thet?" he asked Alice. "I don't want any of my kids murdered up in the mines," he continued vehemently.

"I hate the mines," volunteered Pood.

"It's nasty here," said little Mary Frances.

Alice's customary expression of gentle resignation didn't change. She gazed out the back door at the pigs and the rutted dirt road heaped with garbage. The wind was blowing straight from the privies.

"Mebbe," she answered quietly. "I never lived anywhar 'ceptin' near a mine."

THE END

AFTERMATH

(Continued from Page 11)

necessary implements in the utility room, I noticed that the open bowl into which waste is emptied needed flushing, and pressed the lever. To my horror it quickly overflowed and a rapidly growing pool formed on the floor. I rushed for help, found one of the PW's who, rather superfluously, said, "*Kaputt*," and saved the situation.

Slightly shaken by this inauspicious beginning, I approached my patient, who was withdrawn far into his own world of misery. He had a recent amputation, above the knee, oozing matter, and absolutely refused to be touched in any way. Later in the morning, with a little cajoling, he became more cheerful, shaved himself and let me bathe him, though every move seemed agony. I believe they considered him neurotic, which perhaps he was, but he was a type I often met later—men whose wounds were grave, who seemed to have come to the end of their nervous endurance. They stood out in sharp relief from most boys, whose patience and cheerfulness were incredible.

Lunchtime came around 11:30. There were a few boys who had to be fed. One Negro soldier was blind, but he ate with appetite, and I thought the meal was going along pleasantly and conversationally when the radio came out with that old song, "You must have been a beautiful baby, but, baby, look at you now." I felt myself getting scarlet.

In the center division of the ward, with empty beds on either side of him, one of the biggest boys I have ever seen was lying face downward. He was encased up to his armpits and to his toes in a plaster cast, legs wide apart and connected by a piece of wood. All you could see of his body was a huge, bare, muscled pair of shoulders and a blond head, with an unusually handsome, wide-eyed face. I stopped to chat and to do little things for him during the day. He came from Georgia and was a most likable fellow to talk to. We got on the subject of bird shooting in his part of the country.

"Do you like huntin'? You and me ought to get together someday."

Later I was aghast, on suggesting that I get someone to help me turn him, to have him laugh and say, "You can't hurt me. Just pick me up and turn me over." I had never had anything to do with casts, and he must have weighed 200 pounds but, to my surprise, by taking hold of the piece of wood which held his legs apart, making a stupendous effort, and by his doing superhuman things with his arms and shoulders which left him gasping, we did manage it.

He was in the tanks, had been through the campaign since D Day, and was wounded almost at the end of it, deep in German territory. He was dying to talk about the progress of the tanks and details of the battles, and had an illustrated book about his division which he wanted to show me, but I hadn't time to sit and talk. At the end of the afternoon I was really tired and there was some reason to get home which I have now forgotten. But I have not forgotten the disappointment in that boy's face when he said, "Oh, don't run off!" A nurse in the room said kindly, "I'll be around," and I did go—but we had established a mutually sympathetic,

(Continued on Page 263)

BUTTONS WING IN FOR SPRING!

B.G.E. Originales give wings to your imagination and lend enchantment to your new spring clothes! In these seven beauties, splendor is interpreted in lustrous metals; elegance in hand-twisted plastics; gaiety in debonair fruits and floral patterns. Glorious colors in an array of sizes. Designed with originality and crafted with care. See the entire B.G.E. spring button pageant at your favorite fine store.

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B·G·E Originales

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Look what they're wearing in Florida (POOR THINGS!)

The Wrapped-and-Bound Look comes not from Paris, but from shrinkage... an evil that's practically medieval nowadays. Never happens with dresses tagged "Sanforized." No wonder they're the only cotton dresses a smart girl ever buys.

SOME skirts are short—on washing, not on purpose! Such a shrinkage outrage shouldn't happen to *anybody* nowadays. Hey, young lady, write 100 times: "I'll demand a 'Sanforized' label on every—but *every*—cotton dress!"

The Straight-and-Narrow. That's how the dress turned out after washing. Not like our friend inside it—who's *kept* her curves. Which adds up to a sorry way to spend a vacation. Better remember to spend your vacation in dresses tagged "Sanforized"—that fit in the first place, and the second, and the third!

The style will never shrink away if your dress has a "Sanforized" label.

•SANFORIZED•

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(Continued from Page 261)

oken contact. It still bothers me that I 't stay. The next day he was gone.

eutenant B. was one of the pleasantest hardest-working Army nurses, but I s she might have warned me by a glance n she said, "Good morning. Will you se go in and bathe the patient in the bed ween the two windows?"

stood in the door holding a basin, and ed. A mosquito netting hung from the ng, covering the head and shoulders of— od! Could it be a man? When I said to elf firmly, "It *is* a man. Think of him minute as a person—find out his first ne and use it," the panic subsided and I ked across the ward to him.

lis head and face were entirely covered by hite, jersey-knit fabric which looked solid lerneath and followed no familiar con- rs. (The technical name, I think, is a ssure bandage.) The effect was more that in eggplant shape resting on the pillows, top of a body in a sitting position. There s a small opening ere the nose would ve been, and a nar- v slit below it. The es, obviously, were nexistent. Both nds were spread t on the sheet, ndaged like box- g gloves, as were s feet. Everything rrounding him was ean and white, but es were thick on the tting and a sickly, veetish smell was l-pervading. His ms and legs were ke matchsticks, and s body, bandaged bout the waist, was naciated.

His first name was Will. He was twenty ears old. He had een burned by tar. a doctor who hanged the dressings he day before said hat he had cared for he victims of the Cocoanut Grove fire n Boston, but this was worse than any case he saw there.

If you put your ear close to his head, his words could be distinguished, but he was weak and spoke only when necessary. He could drink liquids through a straw when it was inserted in the slit. At the end of three minutes at the side of this man you realized that he was brave, courteous, co-operative and likable.

About this time in the morning, Mrs. Brown appeared. She was a nurse's aide, a jaunty, upholstered little lady. Her talk flowed freely with something of Ed Wynn's lisp and intonation; its content good sense, love for her fellow man, expressed in terms of great sentimentality, and boundless animal spirits. Mrs. Brown had cared for Will on a previous day, and she made the space around his bed like a mother's serene and ordered domain.

As we walked to the mess hall for lunch, we talked about Will. It seemed apparent that he would not live long, but Mrs. Brown's chief concern was that he had not communicated with his mother, whose only son he was, nor did he plan to. This was the reaction of many badly wounded soldiers.

"If it was my son, I'd certainly want to know!" declared Mrs. Brown indignantly and stoutly. "I said to Will, 'Why, land's sakes, what's a mother for? A mother *feels*'"

After lunch she suggested reading aloud, and settled down on the little iron chair by his bed, spreading her starched skirts about her. I could hear her animated, kind voice rising and falling, pronouncing the words with verve and decision.

A little later, Will made a slight motion with a bandaged hand and said, as she bent over him:

"Mrs. Brown, I want to send word to my mother."

MANY planes were arriving from overseas that afternoon. I waited on the steps outside the ward until the khaki-colored ambulances, with big red crosses painted on sides, backs and tops, many driven by Motor Corps women, rolled by and came to a stop. The ward to which I had been assigned was an enormous one, just one long room with a normal capacity of forty or fifty men. Cots had also been arranged in a line down the center aisle.

The boys began to stream in. It was an extraordinary scene of confusion and gaiety, in spite of the somber note of its occasion. Even the boys on stretchers, who would later lie back exhausted, were excited and lighthearted, recognizing friends, calling out greetings as they were carried by: "Hi, Smitty!"... "Hi, boy! Maybe you came on the same plane I did, last week—little blond nurse?" The radio played Rum and Coca-Cola. The ward rang with voices. They all seemed so happy to be home, except one boy who had been run over by a truck and was despondent and in pain. Fresh milk was the biggest treat.

As I bathed a handsome young man from Chicago, he described landing in Newfoundland, where they broke the trip, and the thrill it was to him to see a young girl on the field waving:

"It was just wonderful to see her there—the first one. And what she had on—blue jeans, a sweater and sneakers. She looked nice, and so—so American!"

The simplicity of the relationship with patients was an appealing part of working as a nurse's aide. The men were amazingly considerate and responsive and, in retrospect, their self-mastery appears even more admirable than at the time. Particularly in Ward 5 was this noticeable. The patients often were not sick in the accepted sense of the term. The effects of orthopedic injuries, and their remedies are usually of long duration, and crucial moments, such as when casts are finally removed, are heavy with suspense and possible disappointment. Physical privacy couldn't be, for beds were scarcely separated by the width of small, folding tables. There may have existed between their occupants dislike, indifference or, what is almost worse in moments of emotional stress, deep intimacy. Every man, in varying degree, was a human being in a really tough spot. With no physical screen to veil even a change in mood, you could not help but see him in and out of high spirits, rising to an occasion, or sinking after it was over.

In spite of this, to an extraordinary degree, these people made emotional privacy possible for one another. When it was needed, a man s

For an Old Family Servant

By Joseph Auslander

Once, in a voice that trembled
with emotion,
Speaking of love, you talked of
your old nurse,
The glory of whose long and deep
devotion
Deserves a nobler homage than
this verse.
Let Mary win the poet's April
praise;
I sing of Martha's dear autumnal
beauty,
The good and faithful servant all
her days,
Whose whole life was a selfless
hymn to duty.

You told how, when this grand old
lady died,
As she lay white and quiet in her
coffin,
Your father said—and here you
broke and cried—
"Lift her up, son; she carried
you so often!"
Proudly you bore upon your back
that day
The weight of love that passes not
away.

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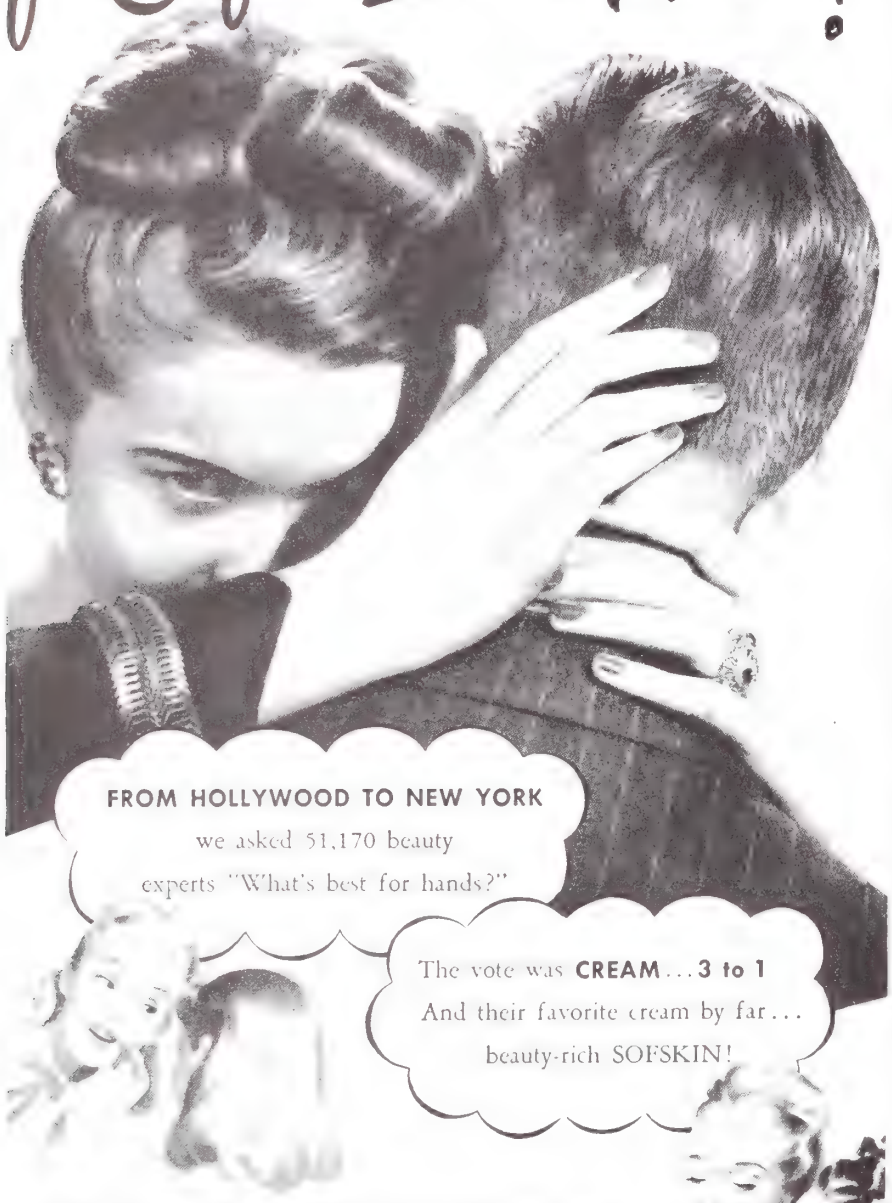

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neighbors seemed tacitly to understand and so to absent themselves from him in spirit that he was almost literally not in the next bed. It was hard to say how they accomplished this—certainly not by lowering their voices or modifying their occupations—but, however they did it, it was deliberately and skillfully done.

Johnny Papasideros, a lightly built, charming boy of twenty, with dark eyes in a mobile, humorous face, occupied the second bed on the left, as you entered the ward. He was nearing the end of his two-months period in a cast reaching to his chest and covering one leg, which was also in traction. He could not turn or change his position, but could raise his shoulders by means of a trapeze hung over his head.

Two beds away from him dwelt Pfc. Land, a kindly sparrow of a man. For weeks his thin leg, pierced at the ankle by a pin, elevated to a forty-degree angle, had also been in traction. The two had a protective feeling about each other. Land's pin was removed, the traction released, but he had pain and a setback a night or two later. Next morning, while bathing Johnny, I missed the usual chat between them. In fact, Land lay still, face averted.

JOHNNY whispered, "Don't talk to him now. He's discouraged. It's awful hard for him. You see—he's old."

The day came when Johnny was carried out of the ward to have his cast removed, a physical ordeal in itself. When they brought him back, his face was radiant and he lay back on the pillows, quietly happy. "There's a swelling up here, but it doesn't hurt," he said, pointing to a large lump high up on his thigh. Two doctors came, felt it, looked at it appraisingly and left, but his beatific smile remained.

On my next day in Ward 5, a week later, Johnny was getting about in a wheel chair, his face still illuminated as if a candle were lighted behind his eyes. He beamed when I congratulated him on the end of two months in one position. "It wasn't long," he said.

The ward came to life that morning in a particularly happy mood. The hour stands out in memory as an example of daily routine transformed into something spontaneous and lighthearted.

Everyone had got out of bed on the right side. Any remark sounded funny and was greeted with giggles, the easy, resilient laughter of youth.

The boy I was bathing looked ruefully at his feet and said, "I got such great big mudmashers!"

"I'm in your way," I apologized to a soldier named Tex who was emptying paper bags and cleaning the tables.

"Well, being as you're helpin', reckon you can stand where you've a mind to," he replied graciously.

Johnny Papasideros, for some reason draped only in a sheet, manipulated his wheel chair down the aisle into a graceful, sweeping waltz. As the music changed to a quick march, he made a perfect landing at his bed, swinging nimbly onto it with the support of arms and one leg, and triumphantly singing the last line of the chorus, "I'm *nuts* about the *good* old U.S.A."

In midafternoon, returning from an errand in another ward, I was immediately struck with a sense of something amiss, though all was quiet and a number of men were taking their usual siestas. I had not far to look—no farther than the second bed on the left, with its overhead wooden frame. Little Papasideros lay there, so still, so flat he scarcely raised the sheet, dark eyes enormous in a face from which the incandescent light had been extinguished. The doctor had been talking to him, I gleaned from Land. It was one of those times when a man was allowed seclusion, unbroken until he himself emerged from it. Half an hour later he was again in his wheel chair, subdued but composed.

"I'm going to be moved from here," he told me, "to a hospital farther south, for more treatment on account of this swelling in my leg."

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Knitting

BARTLETT YARN MILLS, Box R, Harmony, Maine.

It was easy to be enthusiastic about this hospital, where many of the best Army medical brains are gathered, and by evening he himself appeared pleased at the move. I wonder, now, just what it was that the doctor said.

Again a week passed before I returned to Ward 5. Johnny had left, knowing as he did so that the purpose of his journey was an amputation.

I stepped past the four tousled, sleeping figures on the porch, and entered the main body of the ward with its two parallel rows of beds. Some patients were eating breakfast from trays, to the tune of the ever-present radio, others were sound asleep. Sue Dykman, always the earliest nurses' aide on duty, might be in full swing of bathing a patient. As far as the men in Ward 1 were concerned, she was the presiding deity. They called her Aunt Sue, and reacted with spontaneous affection to her touch of genius in dealing with people.

Nothing in our training remotely suggested some of the duties in this ward, and after watching her for a day I felt as if I had lived a decade during those hours. This morning she had started on the sickest patient. As this requires one or two helpers, I faced her across the bed, unable to believe the sickening reality of a fragile boy who lay between us. He was a typical cord-bladder case, or paraplegic, in which Ward 1 specialized. These patients have suffered an injury which has damaged or severed the spinal cord, resulting in paralysis below where the injury occurred.

Every bone in this boy's body seemed visible. A wound where a bullet had entered drained on his side; a long scar on his spine showed the mark of stitches; any motion of his left arm and shoulder was painful, and he was paralyzed from the waist down. The dressings had been removed from his abdomen, revealing a small, round incision from which protruded a length of rubber tubing which drained the contents of his bladder into a bottle attached to the side of the bed. The bladder is irrigated several times a day by pumping in and drawing out an antiseptic solution through the tubing. There is no control over the bowels. A bath towel, pinned around his loins, held in place the dressings on lower spine and hips. The final indignity of what lay beneath these dressings was so frightful that, though it became a common sight, one never became used to it. On each hip and at the base of the spine were bedsores, larger in circumference than both your hands could span, festering open ulcers, and deep, deep. Actually the spinal cord could be clearly seen. These sores seemed to cover every bit of flesh which was not otherwise injured. On a slight frame, wasted almost to a skeleton, this area produced an even more ghastly effect than on a larger, fleshier man.

Statuesque and serene, Sue stood at the bedside, her right hand holding tweezers, selecting, with easy skill, materials from a dressing cart loaded with bottles and sterile supplies.

Nothing written on the wide, unclouded brow or in her quips with a boy of nineteen who lay in the next bed betrayed the urgency of her occupation or her concentration upon it. She gave the impression that here was a situation fully in hand, being dealt with methodically and cheerfully. This was important for the well-being of the other patients, who almost took part in

Tea in the East is not the simple unadorned drink the West knows. In Korea it is served to the guest with raw eggs. The eggs are sucked between sips of tea. In Burma they dote on pickled tea—prepared as a salad by being soaked in oil, with garlic and sometimes dried fish added. Moroccans prefer tea steeped with mint leaves, while the Tibetans add to the brew a big spoonful of yak butter.
—L. SIAN-TEK.

Are you in the know?

If you're higher than your squire, should you—

☐ *Wait for a taller date*
☐ *Come down to earth*
☐ *Play stooper-woman*

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. Come down to earth: avoid towering hats . . . swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with the help of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. Those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . send your confidence soaring!

Could she look trim as a bellhop, by—

☐ *Steaming in a Turkish bath*
☐ *Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging*
☐ *Wearing a girdle*

Now *there's* the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex belts. For Kotex is made with lasting *softness* . . . made to *stay soft while you wear it.* And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.

When he admires your dress, do you say

☐ *"Really? This old sack?"*
☐ *"Are you kidding?"*
☐ *"Thank you"*

Some gals imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Why embarrass a fellow? When he tosses a bouquet your way—sweetly say, "Thank you." Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. It's smooth, too (at certain times) to know the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. Kotex—naturally! Because you get *extra* protection with that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. And remember, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant.*

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- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
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HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

whatever was going on, as screens were rarely used.

Sterile technique had to be carefully followed in these dressings, and it sometimes took upwards of an hour to bathe and dress one man. Each wound had to be kept clean and dry, and as many of them drained copiously, the whole process might have to be repeated several times a day. Fortunately, the actual dressing was not always painful, as few of these men had much, if any, feeling below the waist. They were subject to terrible, burning sensations in legs and feet, but could not feel a touch. The arduous and painful part of the care was moving the dead weight of hips and legs from one position to another. This hurt the man above the paralysis, particularly if there was a head or shoulder injury. A proportion of them had been shot through the lung. Sometimes it took three people to move a man onto one side, and he had usually to be held in this position while the dressing was done. Many had full use of their arms and could help themselves considerably by use of a trapeze hung from a framework above the bed. Often a large body cast was added to other discomforts. This was occasionally put on to withstand the jars involved in traveling and removed on arrival at the general hospital.

These were the men who had top priority on returning planes from overseas, the men who usually did not live to come home in other wars, before the days of sulpha and penicillin. I was told that the prognosis for their recovery was poor, as medical science cannot mend a severed spinal cord. Of course there were varying degrees of injury. Those who live and have enough normal muscle left above the waist will eventually be able to stand and walk, with the aid of extensive braces. Many of the men were very ill, running temperatures of 103 degrees and more; others looked and felt reasonably well.

In the old days of Porfirio Diaz, Mexico knew what dictatorship meant. There is a story—probably legendary, but nevertheless true to the temper and methods of Diaz—that Diaz once went into a town to quiet a revolt. He assembled all the men in the public square and made an address to them explaining his policy. At the close he asked if all agreed with him. All except two men gave the sign of approval. Whereupon Diaz shot the two discontented peons and remarked, "Now we are all of one mind." Bishop F. J. McConnell in Church Management: Quoted in Religion—A Digest.

A wardful of these cases, even seven or eight at one time, was a fearsome, chilling sight. At first they were largely the work of snipers, or other battle casualties, but increasingly, as time went on, they were the results of accidents. We took care of three men, at intervals of a week or more, from the same jeep which "went off a cliff." Sometimes the jeep "dove off a bridge," leaving the impression that these unique-looking vehicles had a malevolent personality all their own.

There were swimming accidents from diving into shallow water; the shooting accidents were distressingly numerous and often had been caused by the victim's best friend.

A LIEUTENANT, returning from Germany, was packing his things with the aid of a "Kraut" servant who kept house for a group of officers. Among the trophies was a pair of German pistols. As he laid one on a bureau and leaned over to pack the other, the servant shot him in the back. The lieutenant had no opinion as to whether it had been an accident. He was hustled to a hospital within half an hour paralyzed from the waist down, and never heard how the situation was dealt with. Of course, one couldn't ask why the pistol was loaded.

I remember only one cord-bladder case who was hurt in a brawl. He was an older man, a tough character, who said he had been thrown out of a second-story window, but that "the other guy is worse off." He is still furious as on the day it happened. We hoped "the other guy" might be brought in, so that we could hear both sides.

One day five of these patients were carried in together. Some were exhausted, but one boy of nineteen, with a broad, snub-nosed face, called in an excited, happy voice, as h was borne down the aisle, "Anyone her from South Dakota?" He could hardly wai to telephone home. Later he told me, "The had to send for my father. He was workin in the field. He broke down at first, so I go to talk to the whole family while we waite for him."

A boy who had completed his junior yea in college arrived in the same sad plight. H surmised much of what was in store for him and was already searching for a philosophy In this connection he remembered the work of Spengler, and the first item on his progran the first hour he arrived was to start readin this author.

IT was hard to tell how much realizatior these patients had of their desperate situa tion. The older men, the more educated, on felt, were fully cognizant of it; but th nineteen-year-old with whom Sue chatted or my first morning talked constantly of his future. Quite possibly he had not long tc live, but he felt the world was his oyster because the Army had made available such a range of free education.

The nurse was notified if patients were to be evacuated, but there was no way of knowing when they would come in. Nothing therefore, cushioned the impact of solemnity and drama when the double doors of the porch opened on new arrivals. The careful entrance was made at any hour of day or night—a tense moment for tired men placed on the floor in litters, apprehensive of the slightest jar as, one by one, they were transferred to beds.

The new arrival was offered something to eat or drink and allowed to rest. Then the Wacs or nurses' aides went to work on him in earnest. The quickest way was for two people to tackle a patient—one bathing, one doing the dressings. Often he arrived very dirty. You literally untied him like a package, taking off layers of dressings, going over his body carefully, in the interest of cleanliness and so as not to overlook incipient sores or new pockets of infection.

The next step was the advent of the telephone girl with her portable instrument. Every returning soldier was entitled to a free three-minute call, but I never heard of anyone's being charged overtime. Most were eager to call home, but usually one of a group refused. From our point of view, there was a technique to be observed. One's instinct was to get out of earshot, but occasionally a man broke down and was unable to continue. It was safer to busy oneself at a distance until he seemed happily embarked on his conversation.

In spite of tragic things which went on every day in Ward 1, I am anxious to remember that it was also a cheerful place, full of laughter, certainly full of music. Instead of driving you crazy, the radio made a buoyant accompaniment to many drab tasks.

"If I loved you,
Words wouldn't come in an easy way——"
swept through the ward like a breeze.

"Oh, I feel so gay, in a melancholy way," sang Technical Sergeant McCarthy, swinging himself onto his bed, *"That it mi-ight as we-ell be spring."*

"Kiss me once, and kiss me twice, and kiss me once again," Private Cavell crooned, as he carried out the garbage pails.

"Come here, quick! I've found it," called Sergeant Glass to the ward boy. Together they listened to their favorite:

"No, no, no, no, no, it couldn't be true
That anyone else could love you like I do!"

(Continued on Page 268)

STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *half its Beauty!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT *with unique Lady Esther*

You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it.

BUT

Once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the *difference!*

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, which is a combination of your natural skin oils and cosmetics and dirt. Ordinary cleansing methods don't remove this stubborn film. Massage or rubbing only forces it deeper into the mouths of the pores.

This stubborn film dulls the natural freshness and beauty of your skin . . . makes even young skin look older.

Here's the safe and sure way to get rid of this insidious film that dulls the true freshness of your skin.

See for yourself—tonight

Tonight, smooth on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream . . . then wipe it off. Look at your cleansing tissue. See how surface dirt and cosmetics have been removed. But your skin itself is not yet free of that dulling film.

Now comes the important part! Apply my unique Lady Esther cream again . . . and wipe it off. This second cleansing really rids your skin of that stubborn film which improper methods fail to remove!

My cream does not need to be rubbed in, massaged in . . . because its unique texture is so soft, so effective. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *itself* does the work—*not* your fingers! And it needs no help from any other cream or lotion!

A Complete Beauty Treatment

Each time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most for beauty. 1) thoroughly cleans your skin; 2) softens your skin; 3) helps Nature refine your pores; 4) leaves a perfect base for face powder.

Difference is amazing!

Immediately after your first Lady Esther treatment, you *see* the big difference in your skin. Your skin looks so much fresher, clearer . . . actually looks *younger!* And instantly you *feel* the new softness and smoothness!

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today! Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on *your* skin!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Needs No Help From Any Other Cream

There is so much you want that only a Charis Corsetiere can give you

No, it's not done with magic! Your Charis Corsetiere can give you the sleek figure you *want* to see when you look in your own mirror!

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Elastic Control Garments • Lacer Control Garments • One-piece Foundations • Girdles • Brassieres • Bandeaux

(Continued from Page 266)

Two boys detailed to KP hung their pajama tops on a hook in the kitchen. The browned backs bent over sink and mop. The room rang with what sounded like Bing Crosby singing a duet with himself.

Visiting hours were in the afternoon and early evening. In the evening hours various types of entertainment took place. Groups of women from different villages brought cookies and soft drinks. There was a weekly "Date Night" when ten or twelve young and pretty girls, obviously hand-picked, circulated through the wards in the most attractive way.

Newly arrived boys often expressed delight and surprise at the amount of outside civilian interest.

Once in a while New York theatrical companies gave afternoon performances, stretcher cases occupying the first rows. Ambulances drew up in back of the wards, and ambulatory and litter patients who were well enough were driven to the auditorium. It made a pleasant buzz of excitement.

I REMEMBER, particularly, one late afternoon, a boy who had just seen Carousel coming back in a flush of enthusiasm to share his pleasure with those who had not been able to go. He sat down beside a bed patient, next to where I was bathing and dressing a newly arrived cord-bladder case. The patients who could walk gathered around, and the raconteur raised his voice so that those in other beds could hear. It was a masterly performance he gave, glowing and articulate, going through the play scene by scene. His listeners paid the tribute of rapt attention. The man I was working on, a six-foot-two Negro from Louisiana, had a body cast and could turn only his head but, enthralled, he never took his eyes off the speaker.

"Then they get married. That's when June is Bustin' Out All Over comes in." Detailed description of scene and ballet. "After they're married, he doesn't treat her so good."

A sigh burst simultaneously from the parted lips of the audience and one boy asked, as though he feared the answer, "Beat her up, eh?"

"Yeah, he was tough with her," said the boy who had seen the play.

There was shaking of heads along the line, and a pause before the narrative continued.

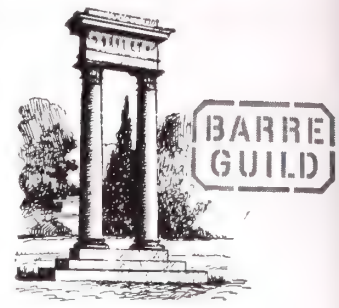
A cord-bladder case arrived about noon one day, after an unusually rough trip across the Atlantic, during which he had been very ill. He was terribly tired, but anxious to see his family, who lived within easy reach. They came in the afternoon, five strong. It was always a tense moment but, as usual, all bore themselves with heroism. However, they stayed the full two hours, and after they had left the boy's fever rose. By evening he was no longer rational—back in the plane, back to an unhappy somewhere.

"Get me out of this! I tell you I can't stand it. Get me out!"

Sue sat holding his hand, her vibrant voice soothing, willing him into peace. "You're not on the plane any more. That's all over. You're home, honey, you're home!"

His rambling voice quieted, faded into silence. The radio was turned off; lights near his bed were extinguished. I never heard the ward so still.

Sergeant Glass was sinking. All morning I had been detailed to sit beside him in the tiny room, checking on pulse and labored breathing. Early in the afternoon, his color becoming much worse, oxygen was ordered. Livid, but conscious, he lay under the tent with its isinglass windows, one wrist extended beyond it to receive an intravenous infusion. His parents were summoned from the city, allowed to spend several nights in the ward. As Mrs. Glass entered the room I rose to give her my place. She stood looking at her son through the isinglass.



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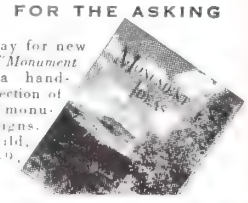

FUTURO

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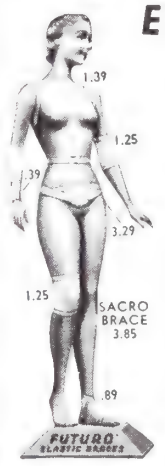
PAINS—SPRAINS WEAKNESS



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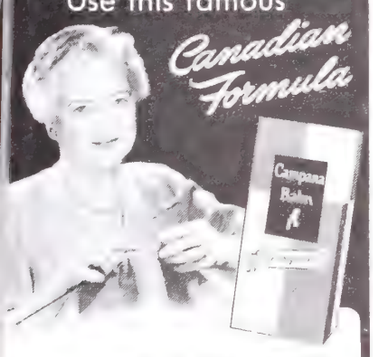

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At cosmetic counters—10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 a bottle.

Campana Balm

THE SKIN SOFTENER

The faint voice whispered, "Hello, mamma, how are you?"

"You should feel as well, my dear!" the mother said.

Scarcely twenty years old, what had brought him to this pass? A congenital weakness? Some aftermath of bailing out over Germany, his parachute pierced by enemy fire, or of six months as a prisoner on starvation diet? One kidney functioned not at all; the other was in wretched shape.

An operation took place the next day and the little sergeant did not die. That morning, as I adjusted his bedclothes, my eye was caught by several greeting cards pasted in geometrical design on a wall of the tiny crowded room. The focal point of the arrangement was a photograph of a pretty girl. In the blank space of the folder on which the picture was mounted, written large enough to be readable from the bed, was a message.

"Hurry up and get well, dear. We are all waiting. I love you, Len, with all my heart. Your Sis."

Much has been said, and justly, about the amazing resiliency and fortitude of the wounded. It does not detract from their beautifully consistent performance to dwell, for a moment, on those no-less-brave men who, perhaps temporarily, felt themselves defeated.

It would seem that, naturally enough, there comes an end to endurance. I don't believe it has, necessarily, to do with courage or philosophy. Simply, there is a breaking point. Every so often, the doors at the end of Ward 1 opened, and a man who had reached this point was carried in. Partly the despair came from excessive fatigue of the journey, which aggravated pain. Sedatives, given to combat this, contributed to a breakdown in control.

For a time men will endure scenes of anger and jealousy from the women they deeply love. Some prefer agitated love affairs as they prefer rough seas to calm ones; but most of them are definitely peace-loving. They are easily won by good temper, simplicity and gentleness, especially if some mad woman has previously cured them of their taste for violence.

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS The Art of Living (Harper & Brothers).

There were those who, at intervals, lay quietly weeping. There was a man who seldom spoke or made his wants known, but who repeated all day, "Jesus! Jesus!"

There were individual cries from the depths, somehow more heartbreaking for being couched in back-country accents: "Oh, mah tailbone! Mah tailbone!" . . . "Gawd! Gawd! Ah cain't take hit, Gawd!"

A boy, shot by accident, put forth his question and argument over and over: "I didn't do nothin', God. Why did it have to happen? I tell you, God, I didn't do nothin'! Why did it happen?"

One Sunday morning I assisted Irene with the dressings of a wasted uncomplaining man, a former railroad clerk. His frightful sores were exposed; a wound drained in his side. He was not very young, or handsome, but quiet and sad and suffering. Standing beside him, feeling for him, released a compassion which embraced all simple, anonymous men.

The accustomed undercurrent of the radio suddenly became a splendidly full choir singing clearly the words:

"O loving Father of mankind!"

The man on the bed fingered a scapular about his neck and murmured, "I wish I could go to church!"

Tenderly and relentlessly the voices rose and fell, changing their burden:

"E'en though it be a cross ——"

THE END

• Hearts and doors fly open . . . it's a lush, green Spring! So walk out now in the fragrant air. Swing along, alive in step and spirit, part of the awakening world . . . swing along in these new boot-maker square-toes — flexible, easy and free.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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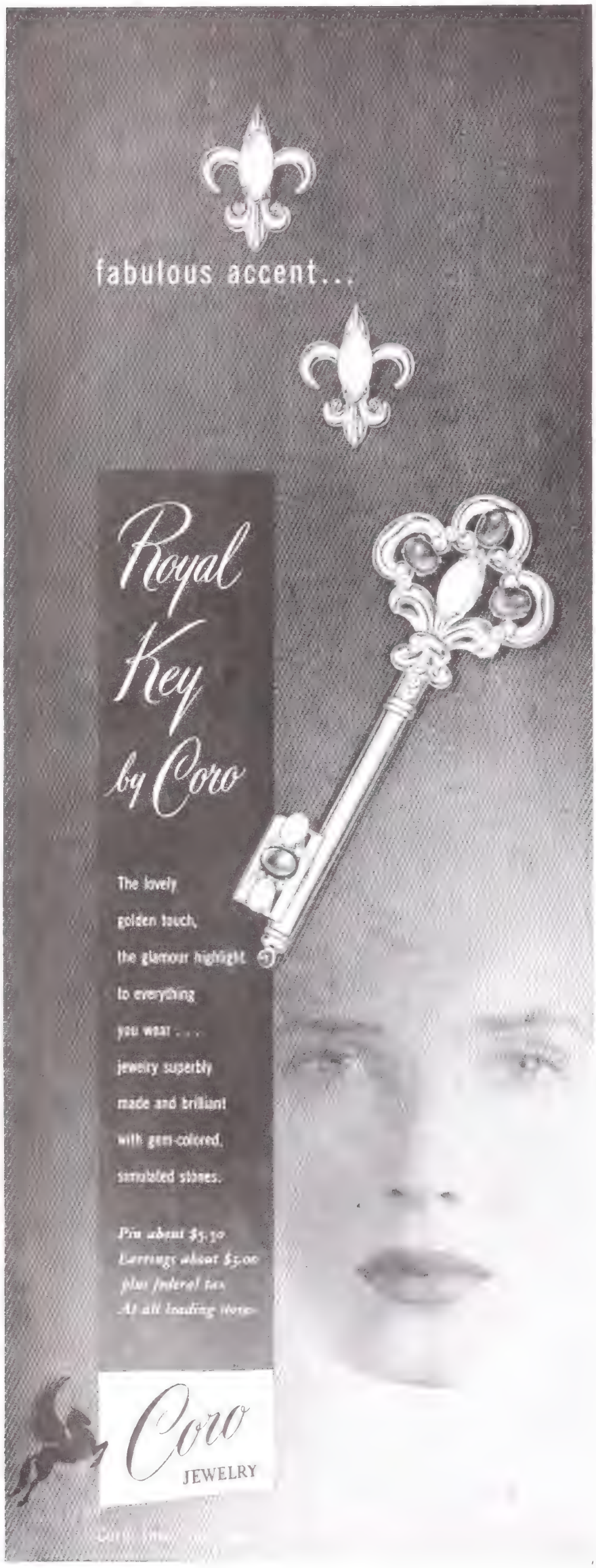
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ROMANCE IN TEEN TIME

By Gladys Denny Shultz

"LET'S ask Sue and Edith to go to the movie with us Saturday afternoon." The idea just popped into Johnny's head as he and Buell were walking down the hall at junior high. Why Sue and Edith? No particular reason—perhaps it was seeing them ahead in the lunch line.

Puell was surprised but game. "O. K. Why not?"

There was, of course, the money angle to be considered. A quick calculation showed that, since allowances were due on Saturday, they'd be able to swing it. The boys lengthened their stride to catch up with the girls.

Sue looked at Edith. Edith looked at Sue. "I don't care if you don't," Edith said finally. "Well, I'll go if you will," Sue assented. They all went into the lunch room together, laughing quite a lot, feeling self-conscious but deliciously happy.

Johnny astonished his mother by appearing at breakfast the next morning in his best suit and necktie. Heretofore he had shown a predilection for the oldest and most ravaged garments in his wardrobe and had assumed a necktie only on state occasions, and then under duress.

That evening he got his older brother off and negotiated a loan. For Buell, in an expansive moment, had suggested they drop in at the ice-cream parlor after the movie, and Johnny feared his funds would not be equal to the strain. Brother Bill, who was in senior high and vastly experienced, agreed that it was well to be prepared for any contingency. The girls might order Cokes, but on the other hand they were just as likely to go for banana splits. When you took a woman on a date, you never knew.

"Look," Johnny questioned him further, "I go up to Sue's house and ring the bell. Sue comes to the door. Then what do I do?"

"I usually begin by apologizing for being so late," offered Bill. Johnny hoped, but doubted, that he might some day achieve as much nonchalance.

Then the whole thing blew up in Johnny's face. Sue phoned, tears in her voice. "We can't go with you Saturday afternoon. Our folks say we are too young to date. Sometimes I wish I was dead!"

Worst of all, and final ignominy, Sue's mother accompanied her daughter to the movie Saturday afternoon, as though to make sure she didn't slip off and join Johnny anyway.

These parents undoubtedly felt they were doing the right thing—but were they?

The writer once heard a well-known authority—unmarried—on adolescent girls burst forth, "A lot of us are old maids today because we behaved the way our mothers told us we should; not realizing until it was too late that if our mothers had behaved that way themselves, they would never have got married and wouldn't have had any daughters to tell how to behave!"

OF the sources of conflict and unhappiness that can arise in the adolescent years, dating and its attendant problems lead all the rest. Many parents dread the appearance of the romantic urge and take elaborate precautions to circumvent it. Girls are warned and protected against those ravening monsters, boys. Boys are teased and ridiculed when they show an interest in the fairer sex. Yet if all the parental worrying that has been done on this subject could be laid end to end, the great bulk of it would be found to be not only unnecessary, but injurious to the youngster involved as well.

> **The triumph of women is not to wear out and conquer their persecutors, but to soften them and make them lay down their arms.**
>
> —JOSEPH JOUBERT.

This is not to say that young adolesce should be turned loose, without supervisi and with no heed paid to their comings a goings. But if parents could understa more clearly the function served by roma in a teen-ager's life, they would view matter very differently. And a main caus home conflict and of adolescent unhappin alike would be removed.

First let us realize that getting to kr and to feel at ease with members of the op site sex is one of the three main jobs adolescent has to accomplish. (Attain heterosexuality, this is labeled by psych gists. Preparing for a vocation and bec ing weaned from parental domination the other two.)

FOR the end of adolescence is maturi when one is supposedly ready to earn living, to stand on one's own feet and to lect a lifetime mate. The boy or girl who been deprived of opportunities to mix happily and naturally with the opposite is as much handicapped in this last essen as the boy or girl who must earn a liv without any education or training in a tra

The overstrict parents of a son and th daughters prided themselves on the fact t their youngsters in adolescence displayed signs of being "girl struc or boy struck." (The tr was, all four had b made so self-conscious parental admonition t they couldn't express interest they felt.)

Not one of the girls e broke through her ar of sex timidity enough marry, or even to hav beau. The boy married the first girl he thrown with after he left home. Now parents can't understand why Fate sho have saddled him with a sloven, unequa her role either as wife or mother.

They didn't figure sufficiently on the f that the human heart hungers for love, that the person who has never known i likely to seize upon whatever offers, whet it is good enough or not.

The romances and dating of the ado cent years are a youngster's schooling fo wise marriage choice, which after all lies very far ahead. Not how to keep your dau ter from going with boys until a certain a or your boy from getting involved with gi but how to get both started as auspiciou as possible upon this important side of th development, should be the approach. Fo isn't always as easy, really, as it appe Nature, seemingly in playful mood, has p aced adolescence with a period during wh each sex apparently has no use whatever the other. Boys herd with boys and g with girls. Each notices the other only tease, chase, or taunt with insults. For occasional "sport" who departs from pattern, the scorn and derision of his k are boundless.

At its height around the age of 12, the g age, as this is called, serves an undoub purpose in a youngster's life by teach loyalty to one's group, and the submerg of selfish interests in devotion to the comm cause. But it requires some courage for m boys and girls to take the first steps out toward the more mature pattern of hete sexuality.

Gradually after 12, however, sex anta nism gives place to covert interest. To ev normal early teen-ager there comes a t when he or she is ready to break through barriers which have held the sexes ap But different ones are ready at different a Usually the impulse shows itself around

(Continued on Page 272)

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips

How wonderful!

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PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN

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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

(Continued from Page 270)

but with some it may be earlier, with others later.

The important thing is that the time when the youngster himself first feels the desire to date is the time when he can most easily and naturally take this important step forward in his social and personality development. The longer it is delayed, the harder for him it is likely to become.

If it is squelched or put off by well-meaning but shortsighted parents, there is danger that the terrible self-consciousness of adolescence proper may arise to complicate the picture. The boy who has never dated tends then to draw into his shell. Deviled by the inferiority complexes of adolescence, he fears he hasn't the qualities which would make a girl like him.

Nice, well-brought-up little girls freeze in the presence of boys, making it impossible for them to invite the attentions they are in reality dying to receive. They are likely to resent and repulse attempts to help them, and stay away from occasions where they might come in contact with the opposite sex, lest they be rejected.

If your boy or girl has got well along into adolescence without being "girl struck" or "boy struck," don't pat yourself on the back about it. He or she is being deprived of an experience which not only lends fun and enjoyment to the high-school years, but has valuable features in personality development as well.

When interest in the opposite sex proceeds as Nature intended it to do, what a blossoming out is seen! Almost the moment that the thought of a Girl impinges itself upon the consciousness of a near adolescent, as differentiated from the genus girls—weak, annoying, silly creatures—he undergoes a miraculous transformation.

Overnight he may drop the roughneck behavior which was as natural and proper to the gang age as romantic urges are to this one. He goes in for hair oil and polished shoes, he bathes without being told to, he washes his neck and cleans his fingernails. He becomes interested in etiquette, particularly those parts which have to do with the squiring of dames. A junior miss can accomplish more in one heartbeat than parents in years of lecturing.

The little tomboy gentles down, acquires feminine graces and the techniques for using them. In many instances, indeed, she becomes a more accomplished eyelash flutterer and heart disturber than her more ladylike sisters.

But what about the high schoolers who carry things too far and get into trouble, you may ask. For of course it's that Ol' Debbil Sex which lurks behind the fears and taboos with which many parents surround high-school romance.

It isn't learning how to get along and to be at ease with the opposite sex which leads to infractions of the moral code. There are deeper reasons when such things happen.

THE girl who goes wrong is the girl who is seeking love, which she has not found in her home, a leading sociologist tells us. Youngsters who are turned loose because no adult wants to bother about them, youngsters who feel unsure of their powers of attraction, are the ones who get into trouble. The best way to guard boys and girls against it is to permit them to mingle freely and naturally, doing wholesome things together, against a background of parental sympathy and approval. And while it's true that, by the law of averages, a certain number of these gangly youths with rebellious cowlicks will grow up to be wolves, in these beginning stages they are harmless as puppies, and as well intentioned.

For instance, what possible harm could have resulted from the innocent proposal of Buell and Johnny to escort two girls to the matinee at the neighborhood movie? Wh difference did it make whether the youn sters were 13 or 16?

Perhaps the mothers of Sue and Edi feared that, once their daughters had e barked on dating careers, they would caught up in a stream of experiences beyo their years.

Not so. First dating is usually qui sporadic—the boys' pocketbooks at this a aren't equal to much splurging, for ol thing. And besides, the impulse might r hit them again for months. That is the usu pattern in early teen-age. But in the mea time, all four youngsters would have gain the confidence of a big hurdle behind the Next time they would know better how act and what to say. They would have tak an important first step toward a matur for which they should be preparing the selves.

As a matter of fact, "crushes" and for ing into couples generally play little part the first experiences in mixed social life. I just a bunch who know one another, and w get together for a good time. One 15-ye old was reproved by his father, because had permitted a girl he had taken to dance—by request of the hostess—to home from the corner with another g instead of seeing them to the door.

"Oh, we don't have to bother with th stuff yet," the young swain replied airi "We just take the girls so that we'll ha somebody to dance with. The escort b iness doesn't come till next year!"

Alliances that do fo are likely to be of sh duration, and there is lit need to fear that early te agers with plenty of int esting activities will n dating into the ground.

The third and fou years of high school the romancing years, w so-called puppy lo which in reality is a be tiful phenomenon, n enter the picture. It is ficult for parents to their youngsters emb on the age-old course wh holds as much hurt heartache as ecstasy. there is the added fear that the ecstasy it may prove the undoing of an inexperien boy and girl.

The answer is that the closer parents h kept to their boy or girl through intellig acceptance of the romantic urges, the be able they are to guide when the real cr arise. Again, sympathetic interest and und standing, rather than anxiety or opposit is the way to keep adolescent love aff within bounds.

And the heartaches and misunderst ings are educational too. It may grieve to see Young Daughter lose her poise dignity when she first encounters the fal or egotism of the male. Sometimes you help, sometimes you can't. But along co another male—and next time see if doesn't play her cards better.

The parents of one high-school lad watc their son pay court to a succession of "glam pusses," "slick chicks" and "smoothie "Sonny's just like I was," his dad confes in a candid moment. "Crazy about one after another from the time I was fourt My folks thought that I never would se down."

But sonny did, when the time came his father had done before him. And sidering how widely both men had played field, their final choices were strikingly ilar—women of brains, character and abil and all the other qualities needed for cr ing gracious, happy homes and rearing children.

If you've an adolescent, don't look alarm upon dating and the other manife tions of the romantic urge. Regard it sign that your youngster has entered up more mature stage, and be as pleasa interested and encouraging as with any o sign of normal development.

WITH THE CHILDREN

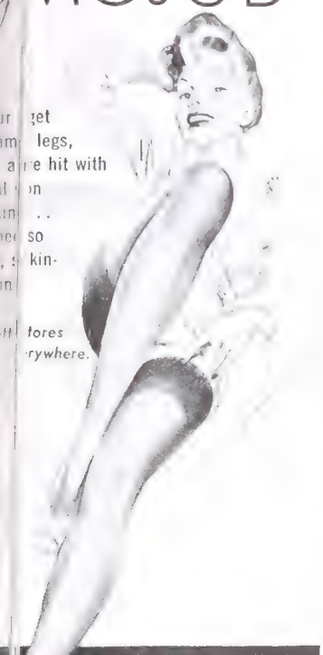
She is afraid of worms, but she loves to eat macaroni. It must be just colors that scare her.

After Kate's temperature was taken she asked, "Am I pilly?"

When you're old you can do things without permission. Why don't old people have more fun than they do?

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

Glamour Legs
MOJUD



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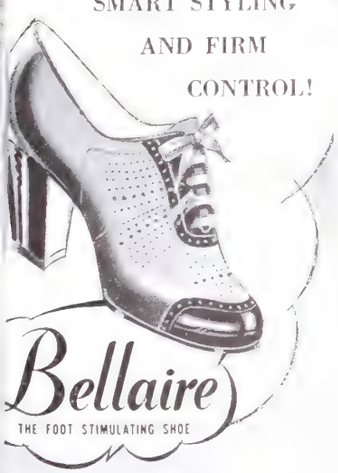

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If you have a near adolescent, it won't be amiss to take a few measures toward smoothing the road to heterosexual relationships. Not obvious ones—heaven forbid! Parental urging is as likely to be fatal in this delicate matter as parental interference. But you can set the stage unobtrusively, and then wait for Nature to do the rest.

An excellent beginning is a mixed dancing class, in late junior high—the great majority even of males are ready for this experience by ninth grade. Both sexes learn a social skill which gives them confidence, at the same time that they become accustomed to treating one another like ladies and gentlemen, instead of like an inferior and hostile race.

Homes should be hospitable to the informal parties which will probably develop of themselves on Friday and Saturday nights, as a next step. If they do not, it's the parents' job to get the sexes together in activities they will enjoy.

And when your Johnny or Buell summons courage to ask a girl for a regular date, strictly on his own; or when your Edith or Sue is singled out for such attention, the thing to look at is not their age but whether or not the activity proposed is within the bounds of reason and good sense. If it isn't, some changes may be suggested, but keep the romantic urge intact as much as you can.

Let me say again that sympathy and understanding for high-school romances does not mean removal of parental supervision. But it can be exerted in a way the youngsters won't resent, and that runs the least possible chance of nipping the first frail tendrils of interest in the opposite sex.

It's proper for dad to call for a very young daughter after a party—but as transportation home, not as a grim guardian of her virtue. General hours should be set for ending a date or party. But if daughter and escort miss the deadline by fifteen minutes the heavens won't fall, and the hours for getting in may be altered now and then by special circumstances. Admonitions should be imparted in private—don't make your youngster lose face among his or her friends.

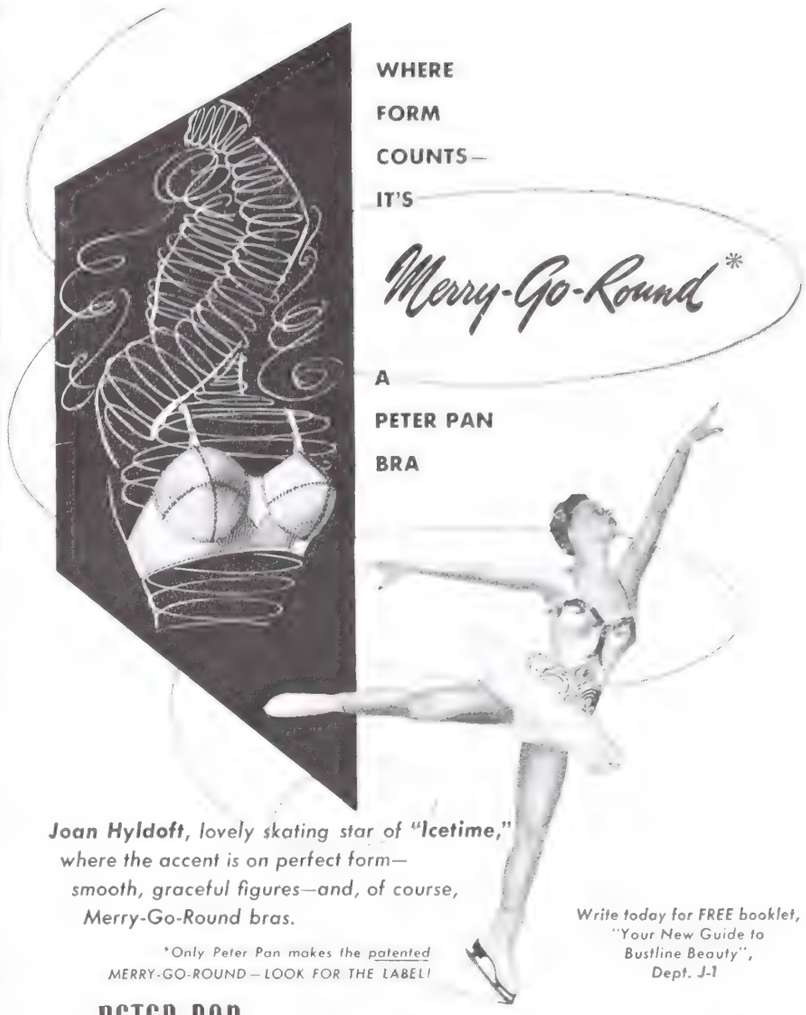
Some adult should be on the premises when mixed activities are in progress, but not in the guise of a policeman, on the alert for the first suspicious move. Dad and mother may ensconce themselves comfortably in the den while the party goes on in living room or whoopee room. Then everyone will have a good time and the needs of chaperonage will be amply taken care of.

And while it's proper to ask that they should come straight home once the group breaks up, don't imply that something dreadful will happen if one moment is left unguarded. You and I don't like to have our virtuous intentions impugned, and adolescents are especially sensitive on this point.

After son starts dating on his own, why not increase his allowance a bit, if you can afford it, in order to enable him to play his role successfully? Or if he is making his own money, don't frown if he wants to spend some of it on girls. It's an encouraging sign when a boy is willing to divert part of his small income for this purpose. Reasonable use of the family car, after he is old enough to have a license and to be responsible, adds to his confidence and to his value as a beau. Parents should be sympathetic with both these needs.

When daughter spends hours before her mirror, trying the effect of this hair-do and that; when she and her friends spend other hours on the phone passing on data as to what he said and she said, take it as evidence that she is accepting her new role and is doing her best to play it well. Save your concern for the teen-age girl who makes no effort to be attractive, and who shrinks from contacts with the opposite sex.

Above all, when your boy first becomes aware of the long-curled lass in study hall and she of him, don't start worrying lest they are headed for trouble. They are headed for a precious and valuable experience—and one that may save them from real trouble later on. THE END



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tells me that. And your father says your arithmetic is almost hopeless. I think Hilltop was wonderful for you, darling, when you were younger. I thought it would be good for you to be in small classes and play with boys, since you are an only child. But today," she concluded with finality, "I went over to St. Catharine's and talked with Miss Dimmitt."

"Oh, mother, how could you."

"I think you'd like it, darling, once you got used to it and ——"

"Don't!" Elaine cried sharply.

All at once any further conversation seemed intolerable. There was such a tearing aching inside her that it seemed nothing would ever be the same again. She felt desperately lonely and, worse than that, betrayed.

"Does daddy agree with you?" Elaine faltered. Suddenly that seemed very important to know.

Her mother might just as well have said aloud, "He'll leave it up to me," judging by the look she gave her. Elaine knew that look only too well. She bent over to the floor, gathering up her books awkwardly, for everything swam in front of her.

"Elaine!"

She sensed that her mother was going to put her arm around her. "Don't, mother," she said, putting up her hand to stop her. "Don't touch me or say anything, *please*. Let me go upstairs to my room. I think—I think I'm going to be sick."

She wasn't sick, as she had fully expected to be, only empty inside and shaky. She lay on the bed in the oncoming dusk and tried to imagine what help or quarter she could expect from her father. But experience had taught her that in all such important matters as school, when she could use her radio, and if her allowance might be raised, he deferred to her mother. Her world seemed shattered and comfortless. Only one little ray of hope pierced her mounting unhappiness. She remembered how she had asked for adult poetry books for her birthday and how amazed her mother had been and had suggested ice skates or a new tennis racket. But unexpectedly her father had firmly upheld her. Now could she ever make him understand about Hilltop? Could she ever?

At dinner she had an unexpected reprieve. Her father brought an old college friend, Mr. Shuford, home to dinner. At the table he kept calling her mother "Kitten," a name which Elaine could never imagine her mother once possessing. But it seemed that he had known mother a long time ago, too, when he used to go with daddy from Yale to call on mother and her roommate, Janie, at Vassar.

Elaine was glad to sit at the table silently, eating almost nothing. A funny lump was in her stomach, and then in her throat, which kept bobbing up and pushing away the thought of food. Once she caught daddy looking at her in bewilderment over Mr. Shuford's head and then signaling with his eyebrows to mother, as he did when he wanted to ask, with company present, if there was any more food in the kitchen. But mother smiled, though Elaine thought not very gaily, and nodded her head reassuringly, and kept right on talking to Mr. Shuford. However, she looked at Elaine anxiously when it came time for dessert, which was coconut cake, and Elaine refused it.

"I'd like to be excused, please, if you don't mind, mother," she said quietly. "I don't care for any dessert, thank you. Besides, I have homework to do. Good night, Mr. Shuford," she finished politely, wondering, as she folded her napkin, if her mother would notice that not all her manners had vanished as a result of going to Hilltop.

In the hall, stopping to pick up Dodo, she overheard Mr. Shuford say. "Lovely daughter you have there, Margaret."

And going upstairs, Elaine thought bitterly, *Oh, Mr. Shuford, if you only knew.*

Nothing is more pathetic than the "someday" talk. Someday is never. Youth is the time of possibilities. If you start living when you are young you do not arrive at middle age. You remain young till you are old.

—STEPHEN GRAHAM: The Death of Yesterday (Ernest Benn, Ltd.)

She brushed her teeth thoroughl went to bed without anyone remin that it was time, she didn't even tur radio. She just crawled in between th and lay in the dark feeling very, ver late. She couldn't sleep. Later, dow much later, she could hear the low s voices and an occasional burst of mer

Little you both care, she thoug pityingly as she bounced violently bed.

Then she was almost ashamed thought, but not completely, for moments later her mother opened t gently, took a few steps toward the b whispered, "Elaine, are you asleep?"

But Elaine didn't answer. She ju still, trying not to breathe, hoping t mother wouldn't come nearer, but go For she felt angry and hurt all in feeling she wasn't used to. Then afte minutes her mother went out, closi door softly behind her. There was n left but the bewilderment and ache heart.

Over and over she thought of Hillt all it meant, which she couldn't artic express, for it was deep inside her, like p All the usual complaint about hom vanished, leaving in her heart an overf assortment of things she belonged to had she ever taken them so for gra How could she ever bear to be sep from them forever? All the hectic, hap spiring, lovely moments.

There was the library with its apple walls, deep window white fireplace, wher had "poetry" three noons a week; the stained-glass window hung in the gym at C mastime, year after always the same always satisfying. thought of Nancy Sally, who had been her since kinderga the Town Hall, where met to discuss s problems; Autumn Leaf, the magazine her class edited; the nature walks Miss Wilson along the river; hockey wit Harrison; unexpected, rare moments Mr. Brooks, who always teased and tended they were nuisances, yet who al could be counted on to help with any no matter how unimportant, such as a kite in shop.

Then the bitterest thought of all sh the galaxy of memories right out of her h

How disappointed they would be with Mr. Brooks, who consulted them about books and the Town Hall, whose quiet s when you did something properly, went inside you. And Miss Wilson, who l learning, who made even French verbs English kings exciting. She felt torn in a miserable failure to her family and school. It was deeper even than tears! she lay in the dark, hot and exhausted, she fell into a restless sleep.

She came down late for breakfast bec her mother did not call her until the moment. She was conscious that her br curls hadn't been brushed free from t tangles. Nothing overt was said when took her place at the table. But it was t in everyone's mind.

Only once her mother referred to it. may drive over to get you this afterno

That was actually all she said, but in mind Elaine finished it, *and talk to Wilson and Mr. Brooks.* The suspense even worse than a lecture.

Her father drove her to school so that wouldn't have to gulp her breakfast. As got out of the car he patted her arm, as i that gesture he could set her world ari

"Your mother isn't unreasonable, Elai he tried to reassure her. "She only w what is best for you. She always has y interests first in her heart."

Once she got to school, Elaine had ho that life would seem better, that being b would crowd a little of the misery away.

(Continued on Page 278)

High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!

Test new napkin— 88 out of 108 report no chafing with new Free-Stride Modess

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

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The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

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Avon cosmetics

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 276)

she was mistaken. It was no fun pretending everything was all right, and she couldn't keep her mind on her work. At the blackboard in French her mind was a blank. She couldn't remember which verb was conjugated with *être* and which with *avoir*, so that her assignment was in such a snarl that Miss Wilson looked at her anxiously when she sat down. She became so confused in arithmetic that Mr. Harrison, who ordinarily would have kept her in at recess to redo her workbook drill, sensed that something was the matter and scolded her gently. "You can't expect to get the right answer with your own multiplication table." At other times she would have laughed with the rest of the class, for she didn't mind pleasant teasing. That was part of what was right at Hilltop: teachers were fun!

At recess time she told Sally and Nancy. Nancy's blue eyes in her gentle, round face looked puzzled as if she couldn't ever imagine mothers being so drastic. She shook her pigtails a little and said, "Maybe she is just upset and will change her mind. Mine often does."

"It is more than being angry this time," Elaine said honestly. "It is bigger and she means it."

Sally was more practical. She didn't waste time getting excited or saying that "mothers are mean"; Elaine knew she wouldn't. For Sally was what the teachers called "dependable." They were always asking her to do things that were responsible. Sally's merry, hazel eyes looked as if she were doing a great deal of important thinking. Then she said calmly, "Maybe it might help if my mother went over to see yours. And anyway, if you can't spell here, what makes her think you could at St. Catharine's?"

It didn't solve anything, really, telling them, Elaine thought, but it helped lessen the pain a little.

After lunch she walked arm in arm with them to the library. By all rights it should have been the perfect afternoon, for poetry was her favorite subject. It was "significant," as her mother would have put it. She felt a bond between herself and Miss Wilson, as if they knew a special world no one else completely shared.

It was beginning to snow thickly; the school seemed wrapped up in a gray, soundless cocoon. It was dim in the library, even at two in the afternoon, and quiet. Then Miss Wilson came in the doorway, hurrying, a little breathless, her arms full of books, and snow tangling in her hair. She flipped on the light and the snowdrops, still caught in the soft wool of her cherry sweater, glistened like dew. "Hello," she said, smiling at everyone a little mysteriously. Then she waved her hand, indicating that they should draw up their chairs into a wide semicircle in front of the fireplace. She sat down on a low bench in front of them. She didn't open any books or call the class to order. She just sat, looking thoughtful, as she did when she wanted them to become very quiet because she had something important to say.

"We're not going to have poetry today," she said finally, when everyone had become settled. "I have the nicest surprise for you. I was going to wait until Monday to tell you. Then the more I thought of it, the more I thought you might like to have the week end to think about it too."

Everyone looked wide-awake and interested.

"After Christmas vacation we're going to start working on our class play, which we always give in April. And this year it is going to be The Princess in the Tower, by Ellen Vincent Gerard.

"Oh, Miss Wilson," someone exclaimed happily.

"And"—Miss Wilson held up her hand in a way that said "the best is yet to come"—"Mr. Brooks has just made the most perfect suggestion: that now, since we have gas, we take the school station wagon and go barnstorming. I understand they used to at Hilltop before the war."

Then everyone began talking with a delighted chattering. Someone suggested a place to go. Sally, as usual, had a wonderful idea about scenery. No one noticed that Elaine was quiet, unusually quiet, that she just sat remote and awkward, knowing that she had nothing to say.

The Princess in the Tower, she thought incredulously; that lovely fantasy that Miss Wilson had read them at the opening of school which reminded her of silver and music and twilight. Curiously, she felt as if a door had closed on her face, shutting her out of Hilltop, as if she had already gone away. Even now the school was going on, expectant, excited, and she was standing still, looking regretfully after them. Somehow it didn't seem fair, fair at all, that everything had to conspire to make it so hard for her to leave.

She looked hastily out the window, trying to concentrate on the snow filling up the branches and hollows of the large sycamore outside the library window. For everything inside was getting blurry. And in the windowpane she had caught a glimpse of Miss Wilson's face, Miss Wilson looking at her intently yet puzzled.

Then Elaine turned her head. She knew she had to say something. "I think it's lovely." That was the best she could say at the moment, although she could tell that Miss Wilson was completely taken aback by her lack of enthusiasm. "I think Nancy will make a lovely princess," she then added, hoping to make it sound better.

There are two kinds of people in the world: the thinkers who never do anything, and the doers who never think. Due to the efforts of the rare intermediate type, civilization has survived.

Instantly she was aware that the class was completely silent. Everyone was staring at her.

"Didn't you understand me, Elaine?" Miss Wilson asked.

"You are to be the princess," Sally added. "Didn't you hear Miss Wilson say you had just the voice to do it? Nancy will be the page, and I'm to be ——" All at once Sally stopped. And Elaine could see that Sally had remembered. For she looked confused and funny and then Sally said in such an odd voice for Sally, "Oh, Elaine!"

All the tears which she had been trying to keep back welled up uncontrollably in her eyes. She heard Miss Wilson say insistently but gently, "Elaine, what's wrong? Don't you feel well?"

Then Miss Wilson didn't even wait for her answer. She jumped up from where she was sitting and started toward her. Elaine had the funniest impression that Miss Wilson and the class looked grotesque and out of focus. She got up uncertainly and backed away from the group, shoving all her unhappiness and torment back down inside her. She clutched for support at her books that she had stacked on the corner of the library table.

"I'm all right," she said, and her voice sounded even to her queer and faint. "I'm just sort of dizzy. I want to get some fresh air. No—no!" The last two words she shouted in sudden terror. "Don't come with me," she pleaded, "*please*; I'll be all right. I'll be much better alone."

She didn't even bother to gather up her books, even though they were right beside her. She couldn't, as a matter of fact, see very well. It was all she could do to find the door and close it behind her.

Once inside her room, she put her head down on her desk. Now that she was alone, the tears didn't come. Presently she sat up and looked out the window. The snow was coming down faster in thick, white, silent swirls. She thought, *I'll just sit here and wait for mother to come*. And, almost at the same moment, she saw her mother's blue convertible come slowly through the gateway and stop in front of the main building. It had happened. She had come to take her away. Elaine stood with her forehead pressed against the cool windowpane, feeling herself shaking with a kind of mute terror.

(Continued from Page 279)

didn't answer immediately. He just
an l against the blackboard, his hands in
the ockets of his sports jacket, and Elaine
no ht he looked very preoccupied, as if
ve dn't really been listening. No doubt he
wa erribly upset with her at what mother
au been saying. Then he pulled up a chair
an at down opposite her.

Iiss Wilson."

e nodded, pleased.

'ou wrote it." He stressed each word
a ully.

e nodded again.

hen he smiled. "Well, well, Elaine," he
sa

or the moment her mother, her careless-
ne , St. Catharine's seemed unimportant,
al ost forgotten.

hen Mr. Brooks tipped his chair forward
di began twirling an amber paperweight
ol er desk before him.

Your mother was here," he said at last.

I know."

Do you know what it is about?" he
estioned.

"Yes," she said slowly. "Is mother waiting
the car for me?"

"No," Mr. Brooks said. "I asked her to go
home. I wanted to talk to you alone. I
ven't even talked with Miss Wilson or Mr.
arrison yet. You come first."

"I do?" She didn't quite know what to
y.

"Yes, Elaine, for I felt that such an im-
rtant decision about leaving Hilltop rested
th you."

"With me?" She looked up incredulously.
ot for one moment had it ever occurred to
r that she had anything to do about it.

"I know you love Hilltop. Why, you be-
ng here. You know, I've been looking for-
ard, Elaine, to the day when you would be
the eighth grade, counting on you to be
ne of the leaders of the school. You've been
ith us ever since the five-year-old kinder-
arten. Do you know something?" He bent
ver and lowered his voice, as if he were
going to share with her the most precious
ecret. "You and I came to Hilltop the same
ear. I bet you don't remember that. I
taught the fifth grade then. So you see you
can't leave me. We've grown up here to-
gether. You have got as much to contribute
to Hilltop as it has to you. Now it is up to
you whether you go or stay."

"Up to me!" Elaine gasped.

"Yes." Mr. Brooks put down the paper-
weight; his voice was grave, but his dark
eyes were gentle. "I don't care so much
whether you learn to spell or multiply—
though you'll have a rough road ahead of
you in high school if you can't—as much as
I care, Elaine, that you face this responsi-
bility and discover what to do about it. If
you can learn to spell and do arithmetic and
keep your notebook in order at St. Catha-
rine's, of course, you can here."

Why, that's what Sally tried to say, Elaine thought suddenly.

"I told your mother I was going to talk it over with you. But I also told her I didn't intend to ask you for any answer or decision. I asked her not to push you for one, either. For if you think we are pushing you for an answer, expecting an answer from you, you'll give one just to please us. I don't want that. I want one that you have thought through, that will satisfy yourself."

He got up as quickly as he had come and swung his chair back to its proper place.

"O.K.," he said cheerfully.

Then he leaned over her desk and looked, for a moment, at the piece of paper describing Miss Wilson.

"What a girl!" he said softly.

She just sat there after he had left the room, her head awhirl. He hadn't scolded, or lectured, or raised his voice, or asked for a promise with a lot of strings tied to it. He hadn't even looked disappointed because she had let him down. It had just been like a pleasant conversation, the kind she had often had with him about books or plans for the Town Hall.

She hadn't been prepared for this, and all at once she found it far more bewildering. She didn't quite know what to do.

She knew that they expected her to do something, but she wasn't quite certain what. She only knew that they had put it up to her with complete confidence that she would work out the right thing to do. Sudden panic struck her. Even if she did find a solution that satisfied Mr. Brooks and Miss Wilson, how could she know that her mother would be content? Mr. Brooks and Miss Wilson were one thing, but her mother was quite a different matter. Suddenly the little hope that had been growing inside her oozed away. And the more she thought about it the more frightening it seemed. It was like jumping from one difficult problem in her arithmetic workbook to another. Pinetree Road and her mother and father still seemed very real and very frightening and St. Catharine's not at all far away.

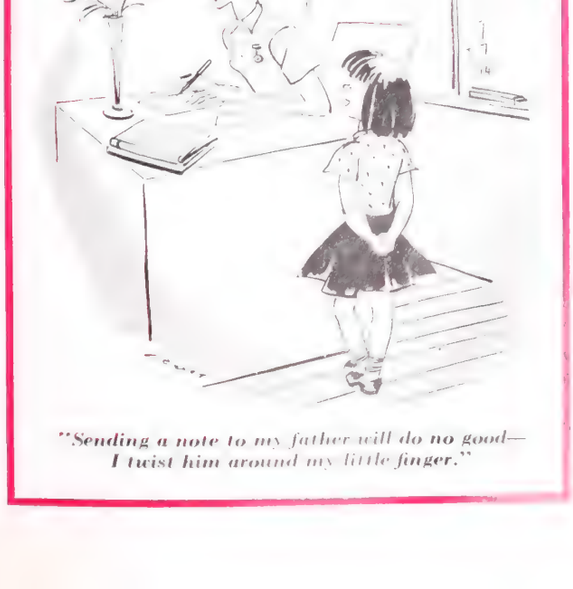
Miss Wilson came into the room and gave her a lingering hug and helped her into her snow jacket and started her out the door. "Darling, Mr. Brooks told me. You'll know what to do, for it is there inside you." She smiled as if it were settled already.

It was quite dark outside in the street. She scuffed along in the snow, kicking clods of packed ice with her boots. She was halfway home when she remembered that she had stuffed her offering to Miss Wilson in the pocket of her blue jeans. She had wanted Miss Wilson to read it alone. She stopped under a street light uncertainly. It was cold and dark and she was tired. Yet in a way going back would put off for a little while the finality of going home.

She turned and practically ran the whole way. She was just going to slip upstairs without turning on the light, for she knew every nook and cranny of the old building. But there were voices in the library as she went by, and the bright flicker of the fire. She might not have stopped outside the door, for the hall was gloomy and scary. Yet she heard her name.

"I'm so proud of you, the way you talked to Elaine."

Why, that's Miss Wilson's voice, Elaine thought, standing motionless and listening.



"Sending a note to my father will do no good—I twist him around my little finger."

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THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

"Mark, I wonder if you realize how much you do for children. Especially for Elaine. Hilltop has been her world. You've given her a kind of spiritual security."

Elaine didn't know what the last meant, but she stood, her back pressing into the wall and her insides watery and shaky. She knew she ought not to be there listening; yet no force within her could make her go.

"What about you?" Mr. Brooks was speaking. "Look what beauty you've let loose in her soul."

"But it was so easy." Elaine could just tell Miss Wilson was smiling in the dark. "You see, I was like Elaine once, a little fat, a little alien at home, and wanting desperately to find something beautiful and outside myself to cling to."

"It's hard to believe," Mr. Brooks said softly.

No, you couldn't have been, you just couldn't have been, Elaine protested silently with all she had in her, for the thought was wicked.

After a bit she screwed up her courage and peeked around the corner of the library door, because the room had become so silent. And she saw them, caught up by the reflection of the fire. They were sitting on the little settee. Miss Wilson was in Mr. Brooks' arms.

"I love you, Ann," he said. Then Mr. Brooks sounded so surprised—Elaine thought, *Like daddy when he finds someone has put a present for him under the tree*—for Mr. Brooks spoke so softly that Elaine had to concentrate to hear his words: "Why, I believe I have loved you forever, and I didn't know it until today."

There was a breathless hush like Christmas Eve just before the lights are turned on the tree. Then Miss Wilson laughed—not a laugh exactly, but a kind of low, tender murmur the way Miss Wilson had sounded the day Elaine was hit with a hockey stick and Miss Wilson had cradled her up in her arms.

Good manners spring from well-wishing: they are fundamental as truth and much more useful.

—From Lanterns on the Levee, Recollections of a Planter's Son, by William Alexander Percy (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).

"I know, Mark, I know what you mean," Miss Wilson said. "It has been forever. Today is just our discovery of it."

Why, it is like poetry, Elaine thought. Then she didn't feel ashamed of hiding in the dark any more where she knew she shouldn't be. For she was strangely grateful. It wasn't any new beauty. Although she didn't understand all of it, it was the lovely feeling that poetry gave her, intimate and satisfying. Just as the world of poetry had always promised. Only it was actually happening today. She stood entranced with her own discovery. Suddenly she realized Miss Wilson was reading. Only she couldn't be reading, for there wasn't any light, save the firelight of the hearth.

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sounds, the lights around the shore.

"You have been mine before,
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall. I knew it all of yore."

It's the poem, the poem, Elaine thought, *the one she read me yesterday.*

And Miss Wilson's voice went on hauntingly sweet, but Elaine didn't hear her. For with a rare discernment, far beyond her childhood years, she had come face to face with her first glimpse of absolute beauty, the knowledge that real beauty was neither a temporal nor a material thing. Quietly she felt her way along the hall until she reached the outside door.

She felt exhilarated, on tiptoe, alive with wonder and understanding. She felt lifted out of herself and her world of Hilltop School and Pinetree Road. All the lovely, lovely secrets of the world that she had yearned to know were magically hers. She didn't mind any more that her name was Elaine, a name she had secretly felt to be ridiculous for one her size; she didn't mind that her mother would still continue to say to her, "Elaine, you home? What did you do at school today?" She didn't feel as if she would ever mind anything again.

She burst into her house eagerly, forgetting that she had ever felt on the defensive.

"Hello, mother." She rushed into the den. "I know I am late. I'm sorry, but Mr. Brooks talked to me and then I stayed late at school. But I'm going upstairs to put my books away and I'll be right down."

Once inside her room, she did close the door softly, out of habit. She put her books neatly on her desk, took off her blue jeans and hung them up properly, put on a fresh blouse and the red jersey jumper her mother had made. She even brushed her hair carefully. Then she remembered to turn out the light above her bureau. But before going down, she lingered in the dark, holding on to the beauty she had seen and felt for a few more precious moments. For she knew, a little regretfully, that once she went downstairs, life would never be quite the same.

Her father had come home and was in the den reading the evening paper. She sat down on the topmost step of the three little odd ones leading down to the study. Just for a moment she sat back and looked at her parents, for she realized that they were a little baffled by her neatness and good humor. She felt toward them so adult, protective and tender.

"I realize I have been careless about my spelling and arithmetic and neatness," she began without any effort. "I wouldn't admit it last night because I was mad and hurt. I heard you come in my room, too, mother, but I wouldn't say anything. I'll go to St. Catharine's if I have to. But you know I don't want to go. I'd much prefer to stay at Hilltop. I've thought of all the ways I can improve. I can give up going to poetry class three afternoons a week and I know Mr. Harrison, who is free then, will help me with my workbook. I won't go to my room and read when I come home and I'll give up the radio. Then maybe you'll help me, mother, with my spelling. I'll copy my messy notebook, all the pages Miss Wilson says are bad. And"—she paused and swallowed, for this was a bit difficult—"I won't be the princess in the fantasy, which will take extra time that I can put on my schoolwork—though aren't you pleased, mother, they asked me?" There, she had known what to say.

Her father had put down his paper and was looking first at her and then at her mother proudly. He said to her mother, "I don't think we need all manner of self-sacrifice, do you, Margaret? Just signs of co-operation and application were all we asked for." Then he reached over and patted her knee and looked at mother. "Maybe it won't be necessary to give up the play; what do you think, Kitten?"

And Elaine looked at her mother. She was wearing something rose in her hair that put soft pink lights in her cheeks and eyes. Mother was smiling with both relief and pleasure; and though it was for Elaine, she felt it was beyond her, something quite special for father, and intimate.

Kitten, Elaine thought. *Why, the name does suit her.* And she looked again at mother with pride and a new discovery.

"Of course, you know, darling," her mother said gently, "we are willing to have you remain at Hilltop and get all you can out of it, if you'll just do what is expected of you with your lessons. Mr. Brooks assured me today that you were perfectly capable."

"You know," Elaine said slowly, "I am not going to mind about the poetry, about missing the class as much as I thought I would. For you see, mother"—and the smile that gave such a promise of wisdom deepened again about her mouth—"I know now what the poem means." THE END

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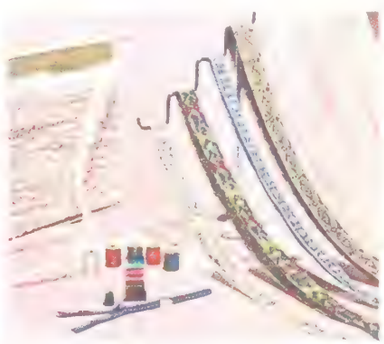

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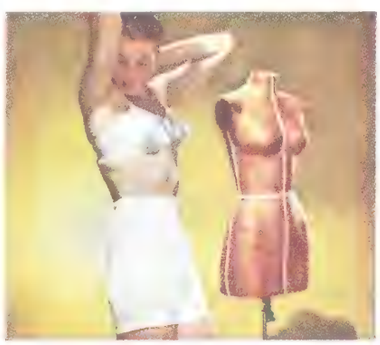

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Beauty FOR YOUR BOSS ...YOUR BEAU

Medium-length hair is in place with gold barrettes; starched collar hides dressy neckline; relieved of severity with pins.

Long hair is tailored with invisible hair net. Shirt and scarf take place of dressy jacket to be worn for five-thirty date.

Do *a neat and thorough grooming job before you leave your home instead of "finishing up" on office time.*

Do *smile at your boss and say "Good morning" first. Pleasant morning moods brighten the day's humor.*

Do *emphasize an immaculate look, instead of a "made-up" look. Cleanliness is your first and best beauty aid.*

Do *repairs on ripped seams, slip straps, broken nails, shiny nose away from the boss' condemning eyes.*

Do *include deodorants and breath fresheners for regular use. Fastidiousness is the first step toward attractiveness.*

Don't *let jangling jewelry act as irritating proof of your bad taste! Discretion is your most valuable asset.*

Don't *wear heavy perfumes! A light cologne or skin freshener will give a pleasing, not suffocating, fragrance.*

Don't *use the office as an experimental laboratory for novelty make-up. Artificiality is distasteful to men.*

Don't *let your "tailored look" imply a "masculine look." Neat feminine accessories will make the difference.*

Don't *wear dark polishes on long nails. Choose a soft, pretty polish to accentuate your immaculate, trim hands.*

Just because a girl puts her heart into her work, she doesn't have to bring her heart interest into her office. Her feminine intuition, plus her understanding of male psychology, tells her that while frills, fragrance and tinkling bracelets might be a dream in the eyes of her beau, they are likely to be a nightmare in the eyes of her boss. She knows there is a time to impress a man with trim efficiency and a time to be sweetly beguiling. She knows, too, how to make this change swiftly and subtly at the end of a working day. No matter how hard she has worked at being self-sufficient from nine to five, she has no desire to appear self-supporting on a dance floor. She knows when to use conservatism instead of cosmetics to look "right"; that it takes more time to repair the damage of disorderliness than it does to maintain consistently an immaculate, well-groomed look. She's consulted her good sense and discovered the difference in being *pleasant* and being *personal*. If she's a beginner in the working world, she's found that cheerful anonymity works more wonders than a flagrant show. She has enough pride in her personal life to keep it from becoming an office conversation piece; and she has enough common sense not to bore her beau with her "workday worries." If she balances the effort she puts forth for each side of her dual personality, she'll be a star performer for her boss—and a leading lady for her beau! ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Office girl turned glamour girl. Hair is brushed to almost shoulder-length smoothness; bright jewels, flowers, softer neckline.

Cinderella change. Minus net, hair is tied with wi ribbon. Evening make-up, pearls, fresh violet

Do *keep a beauty kit with ideas for an after-five glow! Shimmering lipstick; eye shadow, a pink-cast powder.*

Do *add a bandbox-fresh touch: a real flower; immaculate gloves; bright yarn or clips for a changed hair-do.*

Do *brighten up his life with your best smile, your most engaging manner. Show interest in the things he says.*

Do *use your femininity as a foil to his manliness. Daytime business girls can convert to date-time dream girls!*

Do *remember the things he likes: a certain way you wear your hair; a favorite flower; a special perfume.*

Do *carry fresh powder puffs; scented handkerchiefs;*

Don't *meet your date in apologetic disarray. Asking fo giveness for your appearance is embarrassing to him to*

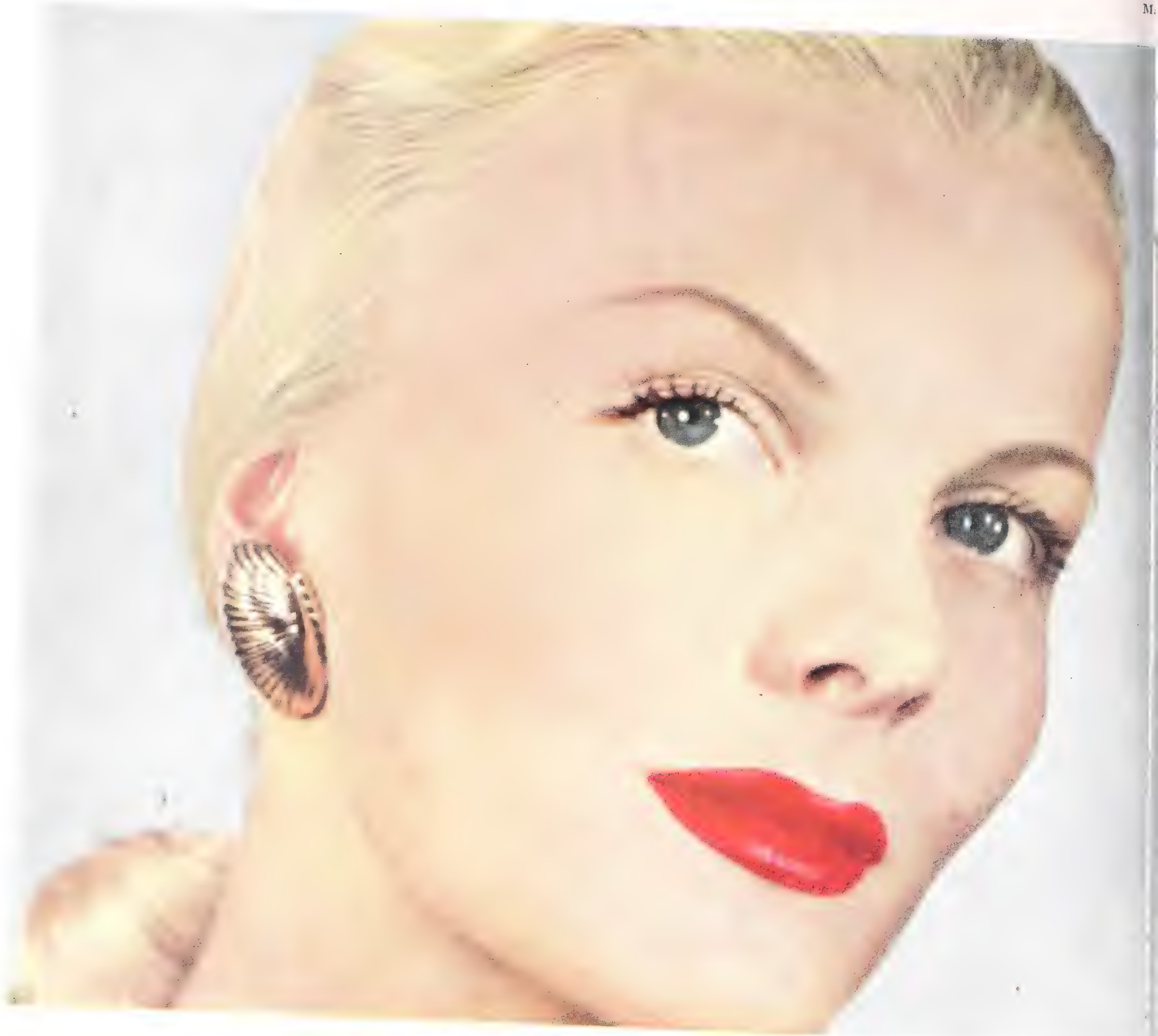
Don't *let your office manners show. Let him mana the evening. Remember, you're his girl, not his guid*

Don't *dampen his mood by complaining about workd fatigue. Half the sparkle of the evening is up to yo*

Don't *embarrass him by any excessive display. You're better half for the evening; he wants to be proud of*

Don't *set up a dressing table on the dinner table. Re your make-up in moderation; too much is disillusionin*

Don't *forget your thank you's at the end of the da Yours isn't the only phone number he can memori*



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There's Magic in a Goal

BY DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D.

Blessed are the dissatisfied—if they have a goal

"WHAT were you working for on your last job?" prospective employers ask job applicants. Ninety-nine out of a hundred applicants give their last ·y as an answer. The hundredth says he orking for some specific goal—he wants earn the business, buy a house, get ried, lay by for independence by the e he is fifty.

'his hundredth person, the one who is king for a goal, is the one who gets things ıe.

Everyone in little Burslem, England, med to be working for a wage, rather than oal. It was a pittance of a wage too. And rslem was one of the most disreputable ıces in the world. It offended the eye and elled like a zoo. It was a pottery town—nost every back yard had its own small ttery beside the out-use, when there was outhouse. Waking ours were devoted to aking cheap stone-are pottery, and rinking and fighting. n Sundays a few folk ttended church, ıostly for the fun of ıterrupting the travel-ng preachers.

Thomas Wedgwood ıad a little pottery in ıis back yard, and thir-teen children. But even with the labor of all thirteen children he could not pay off the mortgage. When Thomas died his old-est son inherited the place, including the dur-able mortgage—so the children all worked for their oldest brother, except those who at-tained the age of independence.

The youngest, Josiah, was nine when his brother took over the back-yard establish-ment. For ten years Josiah worked for his brother in the mud of the pottery. Josiah had a painful limp—his right knee had been crippled by smallpox; later he was to have the leg amputated, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Squire Wedgwood, a cousin of the Burslem family, drove over from Cheshire one day, with his motherless daughter Sarah, to in-spect his poor relations. Josiah was then nineteen, and no longer indentured to his brother. The squire owned three times as many horses as the whole town of Burslem. Sarah was a traveled young lady, but she felt sorry for her nineteen-year-old cousin who sat with his lame leg in front of him, his face yellow from the years of child labor in the pottery shed. She gave him the book she had been reading.

JOSIAH could read, but most of his brothers and sisters could not. He memorized the book before returning it to Sarah, with a grateful letter. She sent him another book. He could not send her books, but he made a porcelain box in a beautiful new shade of green which he had developed. The ugly, pock-marked potter and the tall, slender girl who played the harpsichord were in love—and Wedgwood now had a goal for which to work.

The goal seemed impossible. A rich attor-ney had already spoken to Sarah's father about marriage. The squire harrumphed to his lame cousin: no Burslem potter could marry his daughter; she would have a dowry of several thousand pounds, and the man who married her would have to match it, shilling for shilling. They must not see each other for a year, the squire commanded.

"I'm sorry it is so much," Sarah told Josiah as he left. "But you can do it, I know you can!"

THE timid lad went to Sheffield, where he made pottery ornaments for knife handles. He was no longer an ordinary potter. His ornaments were beautiful, and were fired to be harder and more durable than others.

After working toward his goal for five years, he had laid away a thousand pounds. So back to dirty Burslem he went to start his own business.

He wrote Sarah: "Burslem shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true; and I'll be the best potter England has ever seen." More goals for him: he was now not only going to marry Sarah, but also remove the odium from the expression "a common Burslem potter."

He started a flower garden, something new in dingy Burslem. He bought a horse so he could ride the forty miles to visit Sarah - the squire grumpily chaperoned every minute they were together.

Burslem potters had worked four days a week, stayed drunk for two, and hectored the preacher on the seventh. They had been satisfied with their low condition and miser-able living. That is the pathetic aspect about poverty: people get used to low conditions and are satisfied.

The young man with the limp and a goal gradually changed that. His flower garden was the opening wedge. He interested some of the townsfolk in new kinds of pottery, though many remained more interested in the two-day drunk. He hired a young artist to teach color and design. He changed Bur-slem. Instead of the old coarse brown pickle jars, the potters were now making vases and dinner sets of exquisite lightness and glaze, which the nobility bought at fancy prices.

At thirty, Josiah invited the squire to Bur-slem, to take another look at the potters' town which his lame cousin had improved. The squire harrumphed, and wiped his brow. He inventoried Josiah's property, and re-gretted it did not quite match his daughter's dowry—the squire's investments had in-creased the dowry.

So Josiah worked toward his goal for four more years, when the inventory more than matched the dowry. They were married. One goal had been reached. But Josiah had other goals now. He was determined to remove the village and the potter's trade from the disrespect which had always been their lot.

Sarah and Josiah labored together toward these goals. Burslem became an art center and was recognized the world over as the home of queen's ware, for Wedgwood had

(Continued on Page 389)

> **Self-government with tender-ness—here you have the con-dition of all authority over children. The child must discover in us no passion, no weakness of which he can make use: he must feel himself powerless to deceive or to trouble us: then he will recognize in us his natural superiors, and he will at-tach a special value to our kindness, because he will respect it. The child who can rouse in us anger, or impa-tience, or excitement, feels himself stronger than we, and a child only respects strength. . . . The child sees what we are, behind what we wish to be. He is a magnifying mir-ror. This is why the first principle of education is: train yourself; and the first rule to follow if you wish to pos-sess yourself of a child's will is: master your own.**
>
> —AMIEL.

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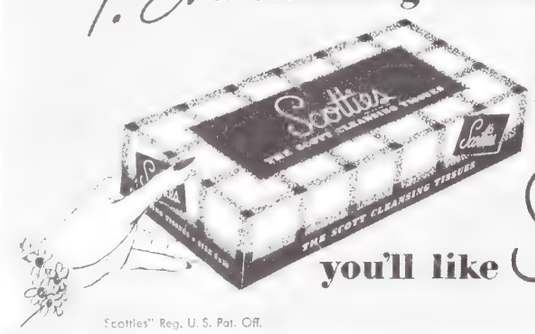

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GEMS BY JOHN RUBEL

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Hughes Brushes, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York

*REG. PAT. APP. FOR.

(Continued from Page 287)

inted potter to the queen. He ex-
s goals as he continued doing more
ecame the richest man of his time.
e goals to others too. He awoke the
satisfied town by making the peo-
tisfied and then showing them how
ve their products and themselves.
became a show place.
ed people do not get things done.
sfied person has reached his goal, if
l works only for necessary wages.
issatisfied person has the urge to get
lone. That is why many apparently
y people do extraordinary things.

tisfaction over the lot of others has
nany folk a goal too. Jane Addams'
died when she was two; then came
l fever, and she had scarcely recov-
efore the physicians discovered tuber-
which left her with a crooked back
r head drawn to one side. One Sunday
on her father took the frail, crippled
irl for a ride through Freeport, Illinois.
ey passed through the slum section
sympathies were aroused; it was her
iew of how the other half lives.
tugged at her father's sleeve, pulled
to him. "When I'm grown up, I want
e right next door to poor people, and
hildren can play in my yard." A goal,
Jane Addams never forgot.
til she was thirty she spent many
hs in hospitals, in a plaster cast or steel-
ed canvas jacket. Then, with a friend,
started Hull House in Chicago's slums,
for nearly a half century worked toward
goal. The momentum for getting things
won her a Nobel prize, and a place at
head of America's greatest women.

he Carver boy found his goal earlier in
and on a more personal basis. He did
know his family, so picked the name of
rge Washington Carver for himself. As a
d, while wandering about the South, he
seen a mob beat out a Negro's brains
and burn the body in the public square. He had no permanent home just slept in barns about the countryside until a laundress in Joplin, Missouri, took him in. He taught himself between schools, and was finally accepted at Highland University he had sent his high-school grades there but when the president saw him after he arrived for matriculation, he abruptly remarked, "We don't take niggers."

At Simpson College he lived in a shack on the edge of town, did the washing for other students. Scholastically, he was at the top, this tall Negro with the falsetto voice and the meek manner. His paintings of flowers won prizes at the World's Columbian Exposition, his musical skill won him a scholarship in the Boston Conservatory of Music — but he went to graduate school instead to specialize in agricultural chemistry.

"I can be of more service to my race in agriculture," he said. "I want to help the man farthest down—the Negro by teaching him how to help himself."

Iowa State College offered him a job teaching, but Doctor Carver packed his battered suitcases and went to Tuskegee Institute, where he gave his people new goals by making them dissatisfied with the primitive ways they were growing thin crops.

He worked long hours in his ramshackle laboratory, found how to make plastics from soybeans, rubber from peanuts, flour from sweet potatoes. Edison offered him a salary in six figures, a rubber company and a chemical firm offered him a blank-check salary to work with them. But he stuck by his goal, remained at Tuskegee with his $1500 a year.

George Washington Carver could have been a millionaire, but he never deviated from his goal. He got things done, made himself the wizard of farm chemistry, this son of slave parents who was one of the few Americans ever chosen to a fellowship by the Royal Society. He inspired his people to do things themselves by showing them ways which made them dissatisfied with the old.

THE END

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

EVERY man desires the kind of wife who, though standing on her own feet, appears to be supported by him.

"He's a dear!" has helped more children than "He's a problem!"

No wife should try to get revenge by making her future catch up with her husband's past.

Small boy's comment upon seeing an enormous balloon: "Well, I guess that took all the air out of somebody."

Whatsoever a man seweth that shall he rip.

A child's will does not thrive on what he is prevented from doing, but on what he actually does.

One family has an infallible rule: the first person who raises his voice automatically loses the argument.

Our grandmothers believed enough in the proverb "The Lord will provide" to work hard that it would come true.

Three things that should never be oversqueezed: money, garlic and a woman.

"We often wonder," says one mother, "what we laughed at before the children came."

She was so afraid her listener would get in the talker's seat that she skipped periods as if they were rocks in the road.

From a freshman's autobiography: "At the age of two my father left my mother with five children and a truck garden."

The wife of a former salesman says, "My husband was much more interesting when he was on the road than since going into business for himself; he always had more interest in people, and more stories to tell."

A married couple should decide which one is to handle the money; sometimes a husband has holes in his pockets, sometimes a woman has holes in her fingers.

A young man must gradually fall out of love with his mother before he can successfully fall in love with a girl.

Some women want to keep the living out of the living room.

If we have to punish our children and what normal parent of a normal child does not?—what is better than a spanking which at once terminates all unpleasantness!

"To talk like a woman" means, to the average man, to jump at conclusions.

It takes real character to be a parent; child psychology only makes it more pleasant.

The longest way home is the quickest way to get married.

Tip to teen-agers: The owl gets its reputation for being wise from an ability to roll its eyes and utter an occasional "Who?"

★ ★

MAKE *YOUR* HAIR A 'VISION OF LOVELINESS' *like Powers Models!*

Let this amazingly beautifying shampoo uncover the natural glossy highlights in *your* hair

When you have an important date and want your hair to look a 'vision of loveliness' *glamour-bathe* it with Kreml Shampoo!

Even after your *first* Kreml Shampoo—just notice how your hair shines with natural glossy brilliance—how much softer and silkier it is.

You see Kreml Shampoo has been especially developed so that its rich *active* foam actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair and keeps it gleaming-bright for days.

Works like magic even in the hardest water

This famous hard-water shampoo works wonderfully in *every* type of water. It penetrates right to the scalp and removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. It NEVER leaves any excess dull soapy film. Kreml Shampoo even has a beneficial OIL base which helps keep hair from becoming dry.

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DIANA

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There's a DIANA for every figure type, regular girdle or panty girdle. From $5.95 to $10. Extra crotches for 59c. Diana bandeaux & brassieres $1.50 up.

Illustrated: DIANA detachable crotch panty girdle of gleaming rayon satin with satin lastex panels. Up and down stretch back. $8.50.

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THE VOLUNTEER WORKER—1947 STYLE

(Continued from Page 57)

2. RECRUIT VOLUNTEERS, REGISTERING AND CLASSIFYING THEM IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR INTERESTS, SKILLS AND TALENTS. Denver's recruiting job is weak, but the October register boasts 562 tried-and-true volunteers; they range in service from envelope stuffing, typing, mimeographing to doll-making, child care and recreational-group leadership. Most Denver women would rather work with children or babies.

3. GIVE AN ORIENTATION COURSE FOR VOLUNTEERS. Denver once insisted on attendance at an annual three-week orientation course, and by this time should be doing so again. Meanwhile, it watchdogs the agency to see that it provides on-the-job training and supervision. Volunteers retire in defeat if they feel they are not doing a job well.

4. MATCH JOBS WITH SKILLS AND REFER THE VOLUNTEERS. A cross-referenced file is the backbone of the volunteers' office; Denver can boast two trained retired librarians, a score of trained social workers, dozens of typists and many other specialists for special jobs—as well as "graduate" volunteers who have got their work training in the school of experience. Fledgling volunteers are carefully interviewed before placement; "the right job for the right volunteer" is the watchword.

5. FOLLOW UP BOTH THE AGENCIES USING VOLUNTEERS AND THE VOLUNTEERS SERVING THE AGENCIES. Miss Gallaher runs a private complaint clinic, and both volunteers and agencies are encouraged to present their difficulties. If two volunteers report lack of work, lack of interest in the volunteer or a non-businesslike approach on the part of an agency, the agency is ruled off the list of those serviced, with the reminder that if and when its attitude changes, the agency can call again. Volunteers who are irresponsible about their work are similarly struck off, but the volunteer who is unhappy, though dutiful, in her job is redirected to another job.

> **There is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town. One day I said to her, "Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I desire that your footman may be allowed to sit down and dine with us." She has never liked me since. Your levelers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear leveling up to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?**
>
> —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

6. PROVIDE, IN THE NAME OF THE COMMUNITY, RECOGNITION OF VOLUNTEERS. So closely knit and personally integrated is the Denver volunteers' office that recognition in terms of public praise and identification has not been needed. There is also a hang-over of distaste for wholesale distributions of wartime buttons and badges. However, the office plans shortly to adopt the V with the acorn (great oaks, you know) which is the national award for 100 hours of volunteer service. The Denver Community Chest this year, for the first time, awarded dependable workers a red-feather emblem.

7. STEP OUT OF THE PICTURE WHEN THE VOLUNTEER HAS PROVED HIS LOYALTY AND ABILITY TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE AGENCY HE SERVES. So truly does Denver's volunteer office serve, but not meddle in, the agencies' business that the agencies now, by and large, are registering their member workers with the office. This means the American Association of University Women, for example, can be called upon as a group, or individually, for needed work; it also means that users of volunteers, such as the clinics, can rely on the continuing use of the women they have trained.

BECAUSE of the personal, friend-to-friend feeling of the Denver volunteer office, the tasks of recruiting and recognition have been neglected for more pressing administrative work. To date, the best volunteers have been interested through friends, and, similarly, have received their sense of achievement from their coworkers or their jobs. It is usually true, however, that active campaigns are needed to gather in the what-can-I-do women and the nobody-ever-asked-me girls, and thus enlarge the scope of the bureau's work.

Organizations with the greatest past successes in the field of private welfare also have proved the value of some reward other than "psychic income." For example, the Junior League—an organization fast becoming better known for its community work than for its social standing—withdraws membership from any member who does not fulfill a hard program of civic service. Two warning cards, red and blue, are sent any girl failing in her responsibilities. Then comes the third card, a yellow one, and she's out.

DENVER'S specialty, however, is its invention of the "at-home volunteer." Recognizing the need of the young mother who does not want to lose touch with her community but who cannot leave her home, Miss Gallaher arranged that such volunteers receive assignments which could be completed at home. Now, like so many bees at work on a single honeycomb, all over Denver mothers of infants and toddlers are daily conducting surveys, making patterns, checking lists by telephone, creating toys and the like—from their own hearthsides. One young mother keeps her hand in the musical world by teaching a crippled boy to play the piano; another accompanies a blind boy who could not otherwise afford to practice his singing. Mrs. Bowen, who gets out to take the orphans to the park, also stays home two evenings a week to let the Girl Scouts in. A number of graduate "at-homers" now work in agencies; several have become board members. The tapping of this reservoir of youthful and eager talent is a real contribution.

Denver is also doing valiant and special service in another new field: that of finding and checking board members. Time was when the work of a board member was largely limited to prinking before the monthly meeting, and preening at the annual banquet. No more. A wasteful or haphazard budget gets short shrift from the Community Chest; and the thoughtful chairman, board member or president is likely to see his own time wasted through the inefficiency of others. Thus the well-run organization is now looking to its board members. An example is the Florence Crittenden Home in Denver. When new trustees were needed recently, the home's veteran president, Mrs. A. L. Oswald, sought recruits who were interested in "doing" as well as "being." She turned to Miss Gallaher for advice and counsel. Miss Gallaher, checking her files, helped her rebuild her board. Today six of the home's twelve board members are trained civic workers with a knowledge of the community and of welfare work, as well as special interest in the home's ancient and honorable service to unmarried mothers. The office is now making a file of all the city's board and committee members to eliminate overwork and overlapping even in this top-flight group of volunteer workers.

Denver's boys and girls are volunteers too. Girl Scouts are registered toymakers, envelope stuffers and addressers. Several youngsters in the community center in Denver's poorest neighborhood, across the tracks, sew dolls for the city-wide Santa Claus Workshop, where yearly supplies of food, clothing, toys and jewelry are "bought" by stamps given those on relief. Students from Loretta Heights College work in the community centers. Boys and girls from the Aaron Gove Junior High School social-science class redecorated a room in the Children's Aid Society recently. Eventually it is expected that academic encouragement will spread: in St. Louis, where volunteer work is an

(Continued on Page 292)

pulent—even in a season marked by exceptional elegance—
is beautiful handbag features gold bullion embroidery on
elvet, pure silk satin bow and lining, a Talon slide fastener.

The bag that's super with sables . . . Everything about it is rare — chosen with care. Even the slide fastener that guards your precious paraphernalia is the finest to be found. Yet this same Talon slide fastener, a quality feature in this $200 handbag, is so inexpensive you can bank on finding it in a purse at $2.95. Actually, it adds extra value to each.

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and you'll slip into cross-stitched

Oomphies so blissfully comfortable you'll never want

to take them off! Black gabardine is capriciously embroi-

dered in seashore colors flecked with gold, for

both your plain and party hours at home. $6.

OOMPHIES, INC. NEW YORK

Sorry, no mail orders.
Slightly higher in the Far West.

(Continued from Page 290)

established beat in the living rhythm of the town, Dr. Stuart Queen, dean of Washington University's Liberal Arts College, suggests a program of volunteer work as a substitute for the sociology term paper, and Stowe Teachers College demands fifty hours' work in a recreational agency before graduation.

Few men are registered with Denver's volunteer office, although Community Chest work is taken for granted among businessmen. Three couples, however, are listed; veterans of USO work, they are now serving as chaperons at community-center dances. But many who found work to do at night during the war are now idle, though willing, and it is hoped that work will soon be found for them. There will be—there is no lack of ingenuity: recently a stenographer volunteer wanted to work at an all-day health meeting but could not find someone to stay with her little girl until another volunteer was found to baby-sit; a group of women have established a lending service for formals for high-school girls who otherwise could not take part in school dances, recitals or graduation ceremonies; and when an old pilot-friend of our typical Mrs. Bowen was in town, Mrs. Bowen took a group of boys through the airport hangars.

Work—and pleasure—is also found for the elderly. One woman of seventy-one arrived one morning before the office was open in a defiant mood. She said she was mad because she knew there was so much to be done and "everyone wants to put me on the shelf." Miss Gallaher put her to work instead. A retired schoolteacher, she has since given several hours a week service for more than three years, filing, alphabetizing, and addressing envelopes. "It does something for me to work," she says.

Other cities, as well as giving thousands of man-hours (or should we say woman-hours?) of solid welfare work, also have their specialties.

Peoria's (Illinois) 400-strong Central Volunteer Bureau boasts one wheel-chair volunteer. Crippled by arthritis, she volunteered by phone, and has since started a clipping file for the bureau, and edited the manual. Boston has had great success with an "Are you a theory tester?" recruiting campaign. Married, nonworking women who were educated to become sociologists, psychologists or other specialists are encouraged to put their skills to work.

The effect on volunteer workers of their work is as valuable to the workers as the work they give is to the community. have volunteered because they felt of obligation. "Democracy isn't God- one woman said. "You have to work t it work." But to a woman, volunteers how they felt after several years of s said that while they had started with of duty, they continued now with a s real pleasure. "I get so much more working than I ever put in," was a frec heard comment. Several women sai fected and warmed the family too: c and husbands enjoyed hearing abo participating in what was going on said they had "given up" anything i to do volunteer work; most of fr sociable Denver belongs to book cl well as bridge clubs, and so do i unteer workers.

"It takes organization," Mrs. C Ashcroft said. "But I think the best of what community work means to families is proved by this: we in the Club hold our meetings on Saturday noons when our husbands are home t care of the children."

Wife (apologetically): "I took the recipe for this cake out of the cookbook."
Husband: "You did quite right, dear. It never should have been put in."

The attitude of th nessman toward vo work was stated by Bernet, president o ver's Community "Anyone who find self belittling it ou ask himself, 'Where we be without it?'" "And this year, wi rising cost of ever and the neglect of ou munity services due to the war, th given by volunteers is really needec really appreciated."

The attitude of the professional toward the new volunteer is also ap tive.

Kenneth W. Miller, executive secre the chest in Denver, said he believe it was a basic responsibility of the sional to be imaginative and resourc using volunteers, and to give prior volunteer training and encouragemen as it was the volunteer's obligation to the standards of the professional in th he undertakes to do.

"The volunteer of today wants standards and good supervision," Mr. said. "It costs Denver only fifty-tw dred dollars yearly to operate the Vol Community Services—and the retur immeasurable in terms of dollars. Ge rosity is beyond price. Volunteer activi participation is the foundation upon private social work stands. Without would crumble."

IS THIS LOVE?

(Continued from Page 31)

If your escort starts to go overboard, don't hesitate to say, "Look, fella, this water is getting too deep. We're going back." Perhaps you can convey the idea by your actions, rather than by words, which is better yet. It's no kindness to let a man get excited when you've no intention of gratifying him. Yet to yield because she has allowed such a situation to develop is the worst mistake a girl can make. So just break it up hereafter. Don't let it get started. Incidentally, all of this is easier to handle if you don't stay out too late or park too long, and if you keep to places where it won't be possible to break over. If you permit yourself to be steered into dubious situations, a great many fellows will take it as an invitation to undue familiarities. Even though you may be able to fight these off, you let yourself in for an undignified and unpleasant experience which you can avoid entirely by insisting that your escort take you straight home in the first place. All this is a part of the managing a girl has to do.

Never consent to do something against your own inclination and good judgment to please a boy friend. Be pleasant, friendly, interested, thoughtful—and within reasonable limits, affectionately responsive. But the more independent you are about your person and your emotions, the bette you will get along with the male sex, and the more attractive you'll be to men in the lon run.

I'd like to add one thing more. A you know, I'm not rabid on the subject of nking, but any honest person will tell yo hat complicating sex with alcohol is never ood, and is especially bad for girls who hav had no great experience with either one. at's one danger girls of my generation didn' ave to cope with, and I'm very glad we c n't. It's a good plan for young and inexperi ced girls to lay off one or the other; the two ken together often add up to an illegit ate child. You need all your wits about y as you find your way in this new medium and you shouldn't fuddle them with alcoho

Well, darling, I so appreciate your l ing me in on this, and if I haven't hit the ing you need, tell me what it is and I'll try ain. As a matter of fact, I am delighted tha you are beginning to realize your potenti ties as a woman. It's about time! And no eed to fear that you'll overstep, with that ear intelligence of yours to keep your em ons in hand.

Your always loving, if sometimes c use
MOTHER

Ladies' Home — The Magazine Women Believe In • April, 1917 • 25c

JOURNAL

Vase of Flowers, by Paul Cézanne

FRIENDS AND LOVERS . . . A NEW SERIAL . . . BY HELEN MacINNES

RED ROPE
MAGAZINE BINDER
Manufactured by
GAYLORD BROS. Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif

HELEN MacINNES

"If it weren't for my own good marriage, *Friends and Lovers* might never have been written," says Miss MacInnes. "My husband and I were married fourteen years ago in England and have lived in America ever since he became a professor at Columbia University. Before the war my chief interests were my young son and my home. But when my husband joined the British army, I took to writing novels—five of them so far. Now the old team is together again, with only one complaint: too little time for the many things we'd like to do."

RONALD MITCHELL

"Despite the fact that I'm a college professor and expected, by legend, to be mild and absent-minded, I have lots of definite opinions which I'll defend at the drop of a hat," says the author of *Design for November*. "I don't like people who pay visits without warning, I hate the telephone, and I dislike most of what I know I would hear on the radio if I turned it on. I'm interested in directing and writing plays at the University of Wisconsin, where I teach drama and speech, and need only two things to make me perfectly happy: more time for writing, and a play on Broadway."

WINIFRED HALSTED

"I'm strictly a standard model when it comes to biographical material," says the author of *Love is a Bargain*. "After college I fiddled around with various jobs before starting to write because I thought that writing for a living would involve lots of trouble and toil. Eventually, strengthened by a typewriter and a good sense of humor, I did publish a number of short stories and four novels. During the war I joined the OSS, and now am busy again at writing—and very glad to be so."

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"The Sea of Grass", by Conrad Richter, aroused a storm of comment when the serial first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post.

★ ★ ★ ★

Everyone talked about the audacity of this dramatic adventure of a strange marriage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, when Hollywood heard that M-G-M had purchased it for the screen, they wondered: Could M-G-M handle the story's daring theme? Could the actors chosen for the roles measure up to its romantic and tempestuous characters?

★ ★ ★ ★

The answers: M-G-M could, and the actors did.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy plays Jim Brandon, rugged ruler of the great ranchlands, locked in a titanic struggle for power—and demanding from his beautiful wife more than any man has a right to.

★ ★ ★ ★

Katharine Hepburn plays Lutie, Jim's wife, who battles courageously for her man's love—and then is unfaithful to him when she discovers that he values other things more highly.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Walker is Brock, the wild, reckless kid who was born under an evil sign and destined to be a killer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Melvyn Douglas is Brice, a fighter and schemer, who loves well but unwisely.

★ ★ ★ ★

Phyllis Thaxter, Edgar Buchanan, Harry Carey, Ruth Nelson and Robert Armstrong are in the supporting roles.

★ ★ ★ ★

This wealth of talent, this stirring story, are dramatically set off by the daring direction of Elia Kazan. Pandro S. Berman will get long and ringing acclaim for his stunning and startling production of the screen play by Marguerite Roberts and Vincent Lawrence.

★ ★ ★ ★

See if you don't think "The Sea of Grass" one of the most exciting motion pictures you've ever seen.

—Leo

P.S.—GOOD BOOKS! GOOD NEWS! M-G-M has the three big best-sellers! Watch for news about the screen productions of "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", and "East River".

The Countess of Carnarvon

Famous in both European and American society for her electric beauty . . . for her superb artistry as a ballerina

Exotic

The Countess of Carnarvon heightens the rare, exotic beauty of her own coloring with exquisite new make-up colors styled by Pond's—

POND'S MAKE-UP PAT AND DREAMFLOWER POWDER both in a new, richer, petal-smooth "Rachel."

POND'S "LIPS" in shot-with-blue crimson—"Heart Throb."

"I'm particularly devoted to a Pond's make-up because it stays *on* so beautifully," the Countess says. "And I've never chosen from a more satisfying range of really new-looking shades!"

Perfect make-up ensemble—Pond's cake make-up . . . powder . . . lipstick

a Pond's make-up stays on... and on... and on!

Our Readers Write Us

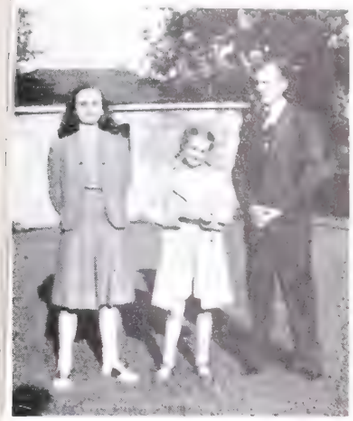
iner's Wife Sees Red

Gilb[illegible]

Dear Editor: When I read about the mily you are writing about in your arch issue of LADIES HOME JOURNAL saw red.

I am the wife of a coal miner. My father nd his father were coal miners. We don't ave pigs, and I don't chew tobacco. I on't even smoke.

We live in a five-room white cottage hat is nice, by anyone's standards. Our itchen is pretty enough to use as a maga-



"Typical miner's" family.

zine picture. Our bathroom is neat and tiled. Our lawn is kept neatly cut all summer, as is the hedge around it.

My husband spends all of his spare time with us and in making our home more convenient. He is making an electric blower for our furnace at present. You should see the lovely iron fence he designed and made for our front porch.

We have two very nice girls. Our fourteen year old is in the [illegible] high school. She plays classical music on the piano (she has taken lessons for years, even though we had to do without things to pay for them). Our ten-year-old is a lovely blonde. She limps slightly because of polio at five. She, too, plays the piano.

I spend my spare time working as president of our P.T.A. and treasurer of Women's Club. I make most of our clothes.

My seventy-seven-year-old mother lives with us. We have known the ups and downs of miners' strikes and no pay envelope and come up smiling. We have known the heartbreak of polio. We are a real typical miner's family.

Sincerely,
MRS. ADOLPH C. MYERS.

And She's Disgusted

Penn[illegible]

Dear Sirs: Why is it that every time a coal miner's family is pictured it is of the most disgusting nature? The family you described can be found but rarely. The younger miners of today don't always have such large families. I never saw a miner's wife chew tobacco. I've also never seen pigs rooting for garbage under their houses.

The coal miner is not of the underprivileged class. In the modern mechanical mine, men enjoy their work and each has his own skill. They live and act the same as men in any industry. You find all types of families and homes in any industry. Give the coal miner a break.

Sincerely,
MRS. J. L.

The miner we presented [illegible] and in the article about him, is not typical. ED.

Drinking Again

[illegible]

Dear Sir: I have often wondered if writers are paid by the liquor interests to project this propaganda (drinking) into their writings. If that is not so, then the writers have a lot to answer for in giving the younger generation the impression that it (drinking) is so common.

In this country we spend more money for liquor than we do for education, and that is dangerous.

Sincerely,
MRS. L. F. BURRIS.

If Americans spend all that money on liquor, drinking must be common. Writers don't make it any more so. Mrs. Burris noticed, as do many of our readers, that the JOURNAL does not accept liquor advertising. ED.

Others Get the Breaks

Union City, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: After reading your How America Lives, I want to voice my opinion. These poor struggling families that start from scratch and within a few years have a bank account, car and own a home must get help from somewhere.

I come from a family of nine children. My father made just enough to keep a roof over our heads and just enough to eat. I prayed every night to God to help us and stop my father from drinking and quarreling, but I guess little girls' prayers are never answered. Things went on until I was married at 18. I had two children the first two years. But I never gave up hope of getting ahead. Finally we had four children. As years went on my husband started to go out and stay in the taverns with his friends. Now things are so bad that I do not care if I live or die.

So when I read about these families with their dreams materialized, I begin to wonder if God just has special ones He wants to help. They must get help from somewhere to get their breaks.

Sincerely,
Name withheld by request.

The Constitution merely guarantees us "the pursuit of happiness"—some few catch up with it. Most of us hope our children will do better. ED.

Let the Teacher Teach

Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Dear Editor: As a teacher who is about to close a career of twenty-seven years spent in the public-school, private-school and university fields, I wish to commend the JOURNAL'S crusade. Professor Schorling's Bill of Rights for Teachers is the most constructive bit of thinking so far on the subject.

Give the elementary teacher a higher salary, smaller classes; give her an opportunity to show what she is capable of doing in a proper environment and you will solve many of our educational problems.

Sincerely yours,
EDITH CAMPBELL.

Grand Thanks—Almost

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Sir and Madam: The 999 members of our organization wish to thank you for the publicity your magazine has given to the necessity for raising teachers' salaries.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. HELLER
President, San Antonio Teachers' Council.

Couldn't you make it an even thousand? ED.

And Again Thanks

Des Moines, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I wish to add my word of commendation to the others you have undoubtedly received for your intelligent interpretation of the crisis which faces the public schools today. Your help in bringing facts to the public is appreciated by those of us who are endeavoring to keep the schools staffed with adequately trained, genuinely interested, forward-looking teachers.

Sincerely yours,
WALTER TROTT
Director, Des Moines Public Schools.

The Hairbrush Technique

Newark, New Jersey.

Our Readers Write Us Editor: I am pleased that Mrs. Koegel has broken the taboo on discussion of spanking in this

What puts the go in the gals they go for?

● Those gals aren't always pretty. But they're always pretty *smart*—specially about their clothes. They know the knack of keeping everything they put on fresh, feminine and appealing.

Get the inside story on a popular gal. See some of the little things that make her a big hit.

beguiling freshness

She knows how to keep her undies dainty and attractive. Hers always get bathed in Ivory Flakes suds. That helps guard against fraying and fading. Everybody knows *no soap gives clothes or colors gentler care.*

streamlined curves

She counts on her girdle to control 'em! And she counts on safe Ivory Flakes to help keep her girdle on the job. See *how much longer* your girdle keeps its fit and stretch with baby's pure Ivory.

fun-loving clothes

She keeps 'em ready for fun! That eye-catching dress of Lanaset*-treated wool jersey gets sudsed in Ivory Flakes. It's one soap *fashion designers* and *fabric experts recommend* to help keep her washables looking bright, fitting right. So take their tip and skip strong soaps—rough handling. Head for twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care.

eye-filling legs

Does she worry about needless runs in those flattering chiffons? No, ma'am! Her stockings get daily dunkings in baby-mild Ivory Flakes. No strong soaps for her. Not when strain tests prove regular, gentle Ivory Flakes care slows down runs up to 50%.

LANASET* Resin. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

if it's lovely to wear
it's worth Ivory Flakes care

Craftspun Curtains

...ready to hang, without cutting or sewing!

YES, YOU CAN HAVE curtains with that "custom" look, for a fraction of what you'd expect to pay. Craftspun* lace net curtains are full-cut, and so sheer and soft they adjust instantly to any window width. Just buy them and hang them. They're ready-hemmed and many styles come in 6 standard window lengths.

You'll love the stunning new 1947 designs that filter the sunlight, protect your privacy. Craftspuns are still made to our exacting pre-war standards of fine 2- and 3-ply cotton yarn for added strength, and with that famous Craftspun tied-in-place weave which prevents fabric slipping. They'll keep their fit and beauty through washing after washing.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SCRANTON

CRAFTSPUN Curtains

THE NET OF THEM ALL

column. Child psychology is a desirable means of managing 2 per cent of the children. The disastrous effect of disarming 98 per cent of the mothers of the hairbrush is the harvest of delinquency. Bad effects of spanking have been exaggerated by highlighting abuses by unstable parents. Children many times daily take bumps more painful and potentially dangerous than a judicious spanking without any great alarm. My four children are punished when necessary by a slap or a formal whipping without detracting from their personalities.

The time has come to re-examine the need for corporal punishment, allowing as much discussion as has been given to child psychology.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld by request).

Also it is more fun to spank children than to reason with them—and to bring them up to be amenable to reason. Except for occasional "devils," children are about what parents make them—reasonable facsimiles of parents. Why not spank yourself every time you spank your child? Then you could truly say, "This hurts me" . . . etc. ED.

Never Underestimate . . . etc.

Santa Barbara, California.

Dear Sirs: I have been collecting your delightful Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman advertisements for the last three years. They are the cleverest and most amusing drawings I know. I have twenty-seven different ones pasted in a scrapbook and I'm wondering how many of them you have published in all. Did you use them before about February 1, 1944? My favorite one is the picture of the General—first his triumphant entrance into the city, and then his domestic surrender. Perhaps because my husband is a general and he often helps me wash the dishes.

Gratefully yours,
EVELYN McKINSTRY.

We began in February, 1941. ED.

The Not-Impossible She

Ontario, Canada.

Dear Madam: "Never underestimate the power of a woman"—now really! Surely it must be obvious to anyone with the mentality of a five-year-old that it is impossible to use a verb such as "underestimate" sensibly except in a past tense. A person may engage himself in the task of estimating, using every means at his command to insure the highest possible degree of accuracy, until he is purple in the face, but not until his estimates have been put to the test of actuality, and considered in the light of the facts, can he determine whether he has erred in the direction of overestimation or underestimation.

Yours very sincerely,
R. L. HEPBURN.

Oh, to be in England?

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: The other day, for some paper over here that is running a thing I did about an Edwardian childhood, press photographers visited me in my home. This has not happened to me over here before. Since the day I lay nude in a shell on a sheepskin rug, I have always been photographed fully clad, safe in a studio or office. Green as I was, I thought when they took your picture at home, they just photographed the sort of life you led, and how you looked doing it. Maybe reading by the fire, or stirring something in a bowl, or brushing the dog.

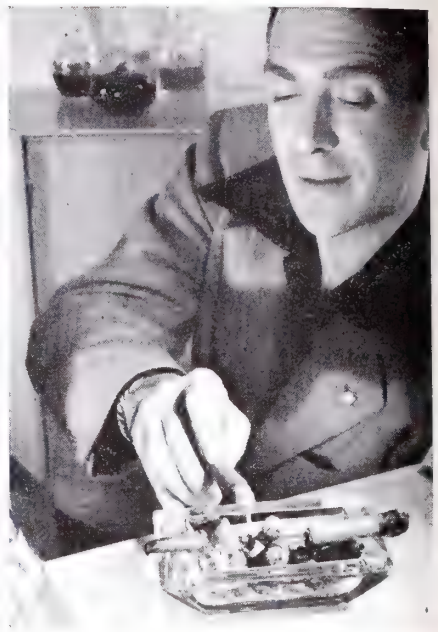
Far from it. A young man with long hair who seemed to have mislaid his hairbrush for quite a while appeared with so much apparatus it looked like he was going to build a trapeze or experiment with the atom. He screwed things onto other things, wrecked the whole sitting room, posed me seated in a curious crouching position inside the fireplace with an arc lamp in back of me, which must have given the impression my posterior had burst into flames. I now await, with beating heart, the result.

Later. News having got around that Mary may be going abroad shortly to join her husband in some distant spot, either India, Austria or Trieste (it seems to alter day by day), long queues are ganging up

(Continued on Page 8)

even heavy smokers dislike the smell of

stale smoke



keep air-wick in your living-room always

There's no longer any excuse for a living-room that reeks of stale tobacco smoke. Use air-wick* in your living-room for an hour or two each day...longer if there has been unusually heavy smoking. air-wick is just as effective in the kitchen to kill the odor of cooking cabbage, onions, fish. It freshens the air in bedrooms and nurseries and keeps bathrooms fresh at all times. All you do is uncap the bottle and pull up the wick. There's nothing to light... nothing to burn . . . nothing to mix . . . nothing to spray. Ask for air-wick at any of the better retail stores.

*air-wick deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. Patent...a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

Tune in "Monday Morning Headlines". Sunday, entire ABC network, following Drew Pearson.

why risk offending?

air-wick kills all household odors

costs only a penny or so a day

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

© 1947 SEEMAN BROS., INC. PAT. NO 2,326,672

Conversation at MAIN & LOCUST

...about these

"...why Nell, you didn't!"

"...but darling, I did. When they told me in the store about the silverplate with those two blocks of sterling silver, what was I to do?"

"...But, Nell! You didn't really?"

"Well, I wasn't going to stand there and take any other kind. I want *my* silverplate to *stay* beautiful!"

"So what did you do?"

"I did what any other girl would do. I picked out the Danish Princess pattern because I adore it, and because it's that wonderful Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid silverplate!"

"I knew it! You picked the same pattern!"

TO BE SPECIFIC The most used spoons and forks are INLAID with two blocks of sterling silver at backs of bowls and handles like this!

. . . not reinforced . . . not extraplated, but Sterling Inlaid silverplate to stay lovelier longer.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

Danish Princess Youth Lovely Lady

IMPORTANT: Here is one of the few products in America that has not raised its price since the war! Fifty two piece service, eight place settings . . . only $68.50 with chest. (Tax Free). At jewelers and silver departments choose from three favorite patterns—left to right: Danish Princess, Youth and Lovely Lady—all made in the U. S. A.

Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Glamorous foundations for every make-up mood on your calendar

Lights Up—a liquid color-cover
Finisheen—a color cream less opaque
Elation Make-up Film—transparent film
Elation Make-up Balm—liquid, sheer powder base

The day is off to a good start when your skin glows a "thank you" for consistent skin care . . . care that begins with the perfect cleansing creams made especially for your skin type. Daylight continues flattering when your skin enjoys a completely personalized foundation from

(Continued from Page 6)

on her after her house. It is the sort of devil-may-care furnished house everyone wants, because it's all planned for children, with transfers and chalk drawings and pencil drawings on most of the walls already, and a lot of child-sized furniture in the nursery. One of the tragedies of these times is the innumerable advertisements for rooms and houses, stipulating "No Children or Dogs."

Ida Wylie and I are trying to hatch the most wonderful plan to exchange houses for a month or so next summer! She warned me, as if it were rather a disadvantage, that it would be *hot* over there then!

Later. Bruce, how *young* you are! I am lost in admiration for the way in which you have kept your boyish illusions. Love is grand, but like cooking, it is more sport when it is at the experimental stage. Presently, when it settles down to, as you might say, daily drudgery, it isn't really so good, though the films, and light fiction, and nice men like you do your best to keep the flame all glowing for us. Personally I await the coming of a film setting forth the beauties of being *out* of love. The marvelous feeling of not giving a damn, but pleasing yourself. There was much to be said for the miller who lived on the Dee and said, "I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me." I suppose I have popped in and out of this glorious state as frequently as most girls (though, looking back on it all, I am often amazed at how *good* my generation was; in a tropical climate, too, where the female was in a minority of something like twenty to one). And speaking as an honest woman, I am honestly not sure that the most wonderful words in the world are, "Darling, I love you!" I think they are, "It's a boy!"—or, "It's a girl!"

My love to all of you, everywhere!
DOROTHY BLACK.

Our impression is that a woman seldom says either unless she has first been told "I love you" not once but several times. ED.

A Just Cause

New York 22, New York.

Dear Miss Brookman: There is a basic American concept that this land of ours is bountiful and that the opportunity for self-development and achievement it yields is available to all.

With spotty exceptions, however, Negro Americans have not always found this concept sound. This segment of our population has striven against great odds to overcome handicaps to its attainment of even the modest essentials of the good American life, not the least of which is education.

Today, we who believe in the justness of this cause are working through the United Negro College Fund to make the going a little easier for the nearly 30,000 Negro students who crowd the 33 Negro private colleges sharing in the fund.

It is my hope that other women who feel the way I do will come forward with their gifts. Each and every contribution will redound to the good of America itself and to all Americans.

Very sincerely,
JEAN ELLIS POLETTI.

The Reader's Right

Plainview, Texas.

Editor, "Our Readers Write Us": I want to tell you what a terrific bang I get out of your positively brilliant retorts to the readers' letters. They are so to the point and always so right; most interesting person in the whole magazine, I'd say!

Sincerely yours,
DAPHNE HAYWARD.

Daphne, *you* are so *right!* ED.

No Cash—Three Kids

Fresno, California.

Dear Editor: May I go on record as being burned to a crisp by a letter headed, No Cash, No Kids, in which a woman advises married people to "Have no more children than you can afford" and thus find a simple solution to the high cost of living? I wonder if American womanhood hasn't lowered herself by trying so hard to escape child rearing.

I have three children, none of whom were planned. We really couldn't afford

(Continued on Page 239)

Why I don't use Tampax

I was born in 1910 and that da is the best and only reason I can gi for being so stubborn about a n method like Tampax for monthl sanitary protection. I'm the same w about harlequin glasses and sho with open toes. I guess I'm just *too to follow the modern ideas.*

* * *

Do *you* ever make a confession to yo self like the above? Are *you* still ho ing back from Tampax and all its vantages? Think how tiny and inc spicuous Tampax is in your pur And you are not even aware of it wh in use. No belts, pins or external pa No odor and no disposal proble Think how Tampax helps your po and frees you from self-conscious e barrassment.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is m of pure absorbent cotton compres into patented applicators for qui easy insertion. So dainty your ha needn't touch the Tampax. You wear it in tub or shower . . . Sold drug or notion counters in 3 siz Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax corporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Associa

TAMPAX INCORPORATED LH
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial packa of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover st of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JU

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

When children are going to school—

Look out for Infectious Dandruff!

; TROUBLESOME. It's common. It's catching. :'s often hard to get rid of. And, for some ɔn, school children seem to be right in line for type of trouble.

ɔ, at the first sign of flakes, scales, itching, get ed at once with Listerine Antiseptic and mas- . Better yet—use Listerine Antiseptic as a aution every time you wash the children's hair.

ıfectious dandruff is nothing to fool with. It s for prompt treatment . . . positive treatment antiseptic treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

isterine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a won- ul, cooling antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of very germs that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble . . . the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale).

You will be amazed to see how quickly nasty flakes and scales begin to disappear. You will be delighted to find how wonderfully healthy and fresh the scalp and hair begin to look. In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a Precaution

Don't wait until infectious dandruff gets a head start. Do as countless mothers do: make Listerine Antiseptic a part of the children's regular hair-washing. Incidentally, many of them follow the same routine with their own hair.

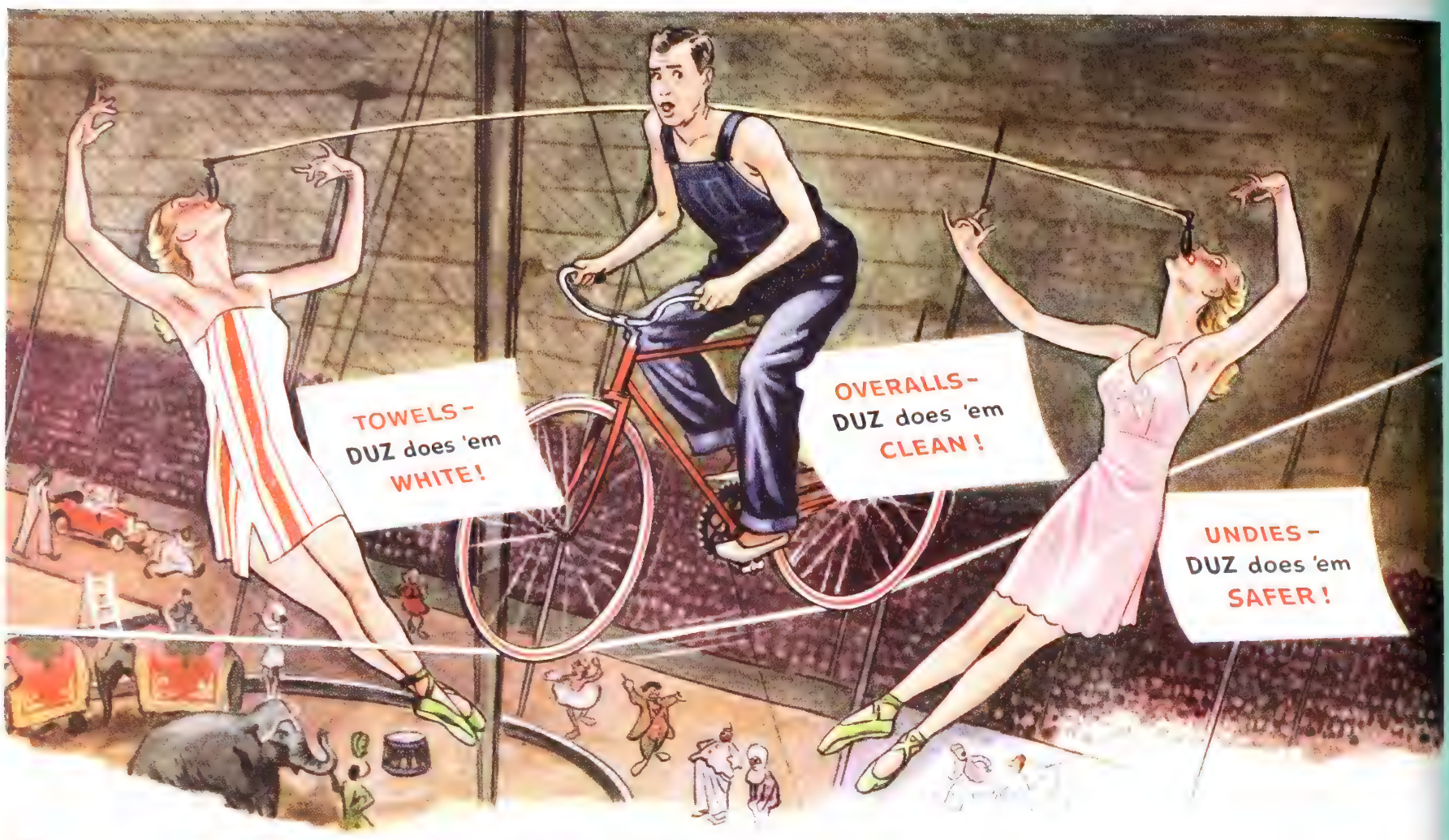
Listerine Antiseptic is the same good Listerine Antiseptic you've known so long . . . a trustworthy first-aid in the home where germ-killing action with complete safety is a prime requirement.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

At the first symptom of trouble...

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!



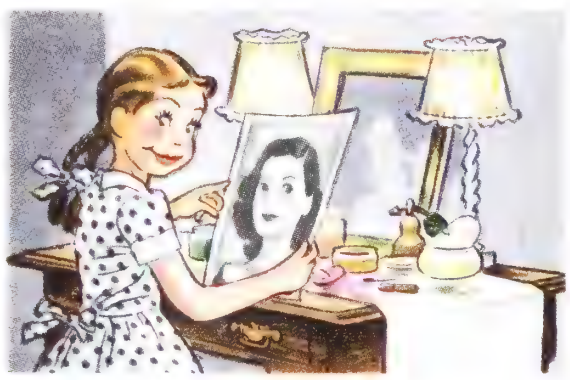
"Swell, DUZ-but the audience is way ahead of you!"

WRITES MRS. JEFF HORN OF SHREVEPORT, LA.

"Why tie yourself down to just towels, overalls and undies in your ads? I'm sure every Duz fan knows that towels are fleecy white after a good Duz-zing. That Duz makes dirty work clothes come clean in a hurry. And they know Duz is safer for pretty colored undies than any other 'big-name' package soap you use for washday. Now, why not let some other Duz-zables join the act?

"Why not give kids' clothes a break?

"When my youngsters come in from playing, their clothes are a sight to see! But I just drop those clothes in good Duz suds and the dirt rolls out lightning-fast!



"Don't dresser scarfs go over big?

"I'll say they do! Specially colored embroidered ones. And when they're soiled with dust and make-up, Duz does 'em up gently. It eases out the dirt and handles dainty colors carefully.

"Isn't DUZ 'hep' to bobby socks?

"The tiniest girls are fussy about how theirs look. I not only Duz my youngsters' socks but I actually Duz-zed their balloons when they got muddy!

"So, why not put on a bigger and better show about everything Duz does? After all, Duz just can't be beat by any other leading washday soap for cleaning *quick* and washing *safe!*"

DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

LADIES' HOME

Journal

BRUCE GOULD

AND BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD, Editors

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You Need Public Health Nurses

SIX million Americans daily cannot complete their work because of illness. This amazing number could be cut down if more of us knew of disease prevention as taught by the Public Health Nursing Services. For this reason, April 20 to 26 has been set aside as Public Health Nursing Week.

The services are community programs, state health departments and Red Cross agencies. Your child's school nurse who gives vaccinations is a Public Health girl. The Visiting Nurse who helped your neighbor before her baby arrived is another. The uniformed girl who worked at the factory with your brother and insisted that he get an X ray for TB tests is another. They form an army of 20,672 women who have saved lives as well as thousands of dollars in tax funds yearly. They serve rich and poor alike.

These nurses answer every call, but they can continue to work only in conjunction with a doctor's (or clinic's) orders. Public Health nurses are listed as Visiting Nurses, Red Cross Nurses, and under state and city health departments. If you don't have a nurse in your community, get one. The National Organization for Public Health Nursing at 1790 Broadway, New York City, will tell you how. Supporting their services is an investment that pays dividends in lives saved and suffering diminished.

Look Homeward, Angel!

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

AS I read the newspapers I am impressed by the fact that the leading news, at least in the great metropolitan dailies, concerns foreign affairs. Every day, also, my mail brings me letters soliciting my support for this or that good cause at the far ends of the earth. I am adjured to save the Poles and the Hungarians from domination by the Russians; to help save the Palestinian Jews from the British (or the British from the Palestinian Jews). I am warned that the Soviets are out to dominate Europe and/or Asia. I am asked to join in overthrowing Franco in Spain, and fighting fascism and/or communism in Latin America. I am petitioned to contribute to defend the freedom of India, Indo China and the Dutch East Indies. I am told that everything that happens anywhere on earth is the direct concern of the United States, that this is One World and that the United States must lead it in the direction of "global permanent peace."

It is time, I think, for a little sober stocktaking regarding the slogans of our times—and our actual capacities.

Clearly we do *not* live in "One World." As far as Europe is concerned, it has far less unity than it had in 1914. There is not a spot on the globe where interests and ideologies are not contending with each other with rabid animosity, both within and between great and small nations. The lack of any common standards of morality, law, tradition is revealed in every debate before the United Nations, and in every issue our own population tends to divide and take sides. Thus, Mr. Byrnes pursued one policy while Mr. Wallace, in the same cabinet, pursued another, and it is impossible to write today about a single issue of foreign affairs without inducing a flood of mail, praising or condemning according to the convictions or prejudices of the particular correspondents—and many convictions are arrived at from misleading propaganda. For that is another characteristic of our age: the mass-influencing of public opinion by weighted special pleadings. It is impossible for even the most industrious and disinterested students to judge the true state of affairs in most countries, for most countries make no pretense even of issuing disinterested reports. Yet every foreign issue becomes a domestic issue tending to disunite our people, all this made more acute by the racial composition of our country, which makes it so easily possible for this or that national group to seek to align the United States with the countries of their origin.

I THINK it is therefore high time that we began to realize the bleak fact that there are limits to the possibilities of even the strongest nation, and that the United States cannot save the whole world. Indeed, the greatest contribution we can make toward saving any part of civilization is to save our own. It is true that a large part of the world, and all that is left of western civilization, look to the United States for leadership, but their concern is, in the first line, that we should maintain a strong and stable political and economic system here at home. A breakdown of American domestic unity, a runaway inflation, or a severe economic depression in America would kick the last prop from under many other nations and economies besides our own. Thus, how we, as a people, behave here is actually more important for the world that looks to us than what policies our statesmen may pursue or attempt to pursue abroad.

Human civilization, in any case, is not a streamlined unity—and it never will be unless the world is brought by force or chicanery under a single despotic system.

American ideas of democracy have grown out of our own peculiar geographical position and historical development. They cannot be applied everywhere except by force, and nothing applied by force is American democracy. In fact, the attempt to spread our faith abroad, by anything except example, is likely to bring us into conflicts which will end democracy at home, while the urge to "co-operate" and have "unity" among all the great powers has already in many cases meant

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the deliberate sacrifice of our ideals abroad and the delivery of whole peoples over to systems abhorrent to them and to ourselves. We are presently, for instance, distressed at the turn affairs have taken in Poland. But it was precisely our desire to achieve great power units which led us to co-operate in creating the conditions which made such a turn of affairs inevitable.

There is a growing disparity between American words and deeds. It is no disgrace to admit the limitations of one's possibilities to defend the liberties of others. Collusion for the destruction of the liberties of others is, however, a different matter, and in the end such collusions come home to roost.

What the United States should strive for, it seems to me, within her diplomatic means, is not universal agreement on one single socio-economic-political system, but the revival of the more ancient and better-tested doctrine of nonintervention in critical areas and the extension of greater areas of neutrality between the great powers. Intervention everywhere is not likely to bring us peace but war, and another war will not establish American democracy throughout the world even if we win it, but will all but certainly result in a military dictatorship in the United States.

At the present moment it is quite impossible for any human mind to foresee the future development of human civilization—but one thing is certain; namely, that most of the world will continue to pass through a period of unparalleled chaos. Forces l been let loose which are not easily ta and cannot be tamed by the United St And we should be warned that all atter to establish universal heavens on ear the great crusades of the past—have destroyers, not creators, of human cultu

Our primary business in a world of cl is to make common cause with one ano in the United States; to preserve for selves and our posterity a civiliza founded on law; to seek ways and me to prevent the cleavage of our land class and racial struggles; to design poli which, if they do not save the rest of world, do not, at least, contribute to disintegration; and to remember alw that 142,000,000 people inhabiting a tinent rich in all natural resources, are rich in skills, in techniques and in ability to create new raw materials ou the transmutation of elements, can alw maintain their civilization and defen against any foe, if they but live and w together in justice and in domestic pe

If America is ever destroyed, it will from within, not from without.

And the last country to survive on reeling planet will not, I think, be the which sets out to missionize the globe, the one that remains most faithful to own character and tradition.

To recognize the limits of national po and to know that no tree can grow hig or wider than the capacities of its roots not to be an isolationist, but a realist.

$37 a Week for Teachers

HOW true are charges that the public schools of the United Stat have deteriorated since the beginning of the war? What are the fac about the teacher shortage, low pay, children locked out of schools becau the buildings are closed and idle? Benjamin Fine, education editor of T New York Times, made a six months' study of the national education sy tem, interviewing teachers, public officials and parents in large and sm cities, summing up the entire deplorable picture in a series of articles. H conclusions are reprinted here through the courtesy of The New York Time

1. Three hundred and fifty thousand teachers have left the American public schools since 1940.

2. One hundred and twenty-five thousand teachers, or one out of every seven in the profession, are serving on an emergency or sub-standard certificate.

3. Seventy thousand teaching positions are unfilled because of the inability of communities to get necessary teachers.

4. Sixty thousand teachers in the United States have a high-school education or less.

5. Twenty per cent of all teachers, or 175,000, are new to their jobs each year—twice the turnover that existed before the war.

6. Classroom teachers get an average of $37 a week today. Two hundred thousand get less than $25 weekly.

7. Fewer students are entering the teaching profession than in the past. Twenty-two per cent of all college students attended teachers' colleges in 1920; today 7 per cent attend.

8. Veterans do not want to prepare to teach. Only 20,000 of the 1,000,000 veterans in American colleges and universities are in teachers' colleges.

9. Six thousand schools will be closed because of lack of teachers; 75,000 children will have no schooling during the year.

10. Two million children will suffer a major impairment in their schooling because of poor teachers.

11. Five million children will receive inferior education this year because the inadequate teacher supply.

12. Only 50 per cent of the teachers e ployed in 1940–41 are still teaching t day.

13. The average teacher in the Unit States today has had one year less ed cation than she had in 1939.

14. Fifty thousand men have left t teaching profession since 1940, and a not coming back. Only 15 per cent of a elementary and high school teachers a men.

15. Twelve major school strikes hav taken place since September—and man more are being threatened.

16. The morale of the teachers ha dropped to a new low.

17. Fifty-six per cent of the teachers o this country do not have tenure protec tion.

18. The United States spends 1.5 pe cent of its national income for its schools Great Britain spends an estimated 3 pe cent; the Soviet Union spends 7.5 pe cent.

19. Appalling educational inequalitie exist throughout the nation. Top school spend $6000 per classroom unit, botto ones spend $100. The national average i $1600.

20. School buildings are in a deplorable state all over the nation. Nearly five billion dollars will be needed to bring the educational plants into good condition.

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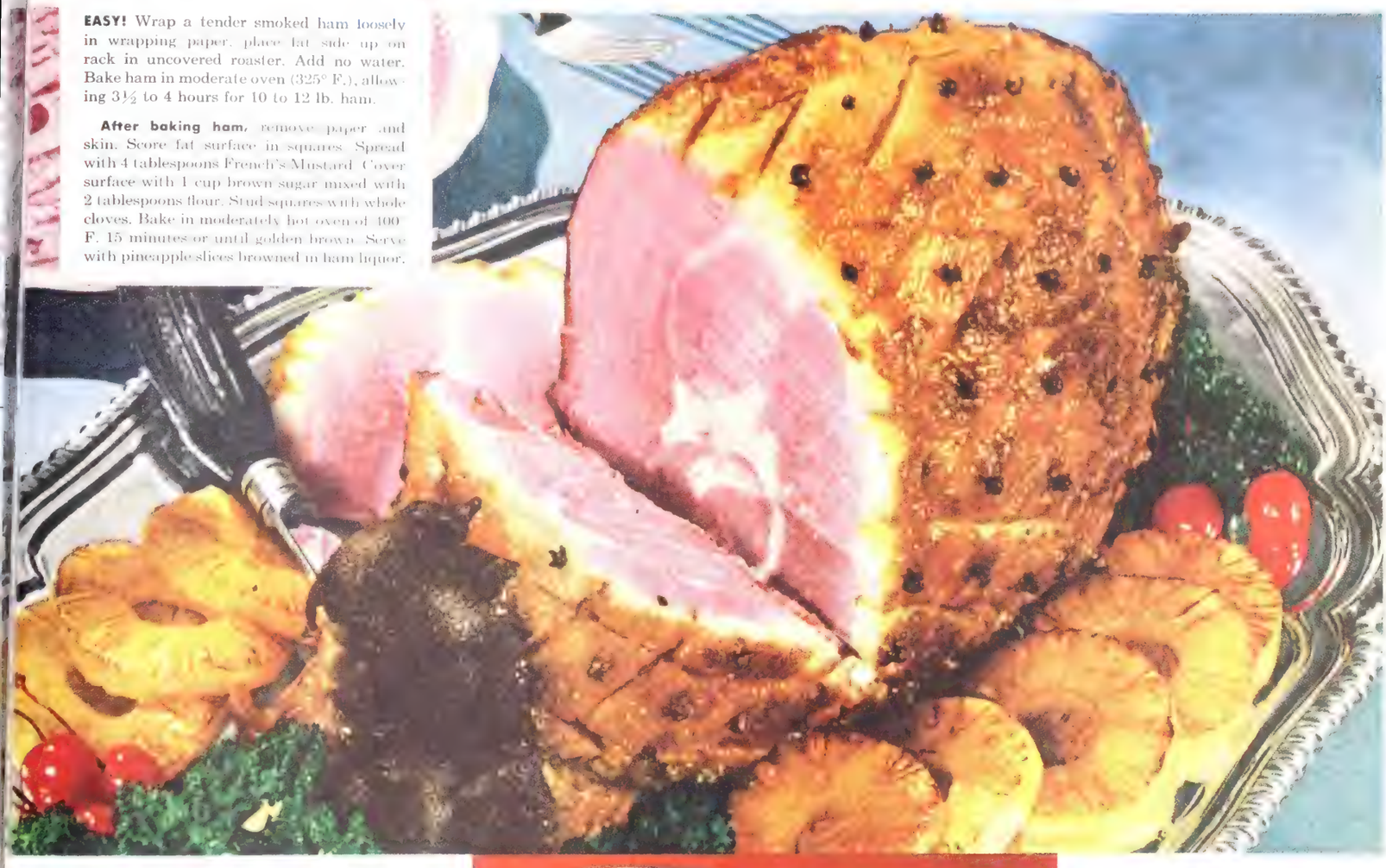
After baking ham, remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablespoons French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.



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UNDER-COVER STUFF

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Jacket drawing by James Thurber, from The Thurber Carnival.

By Bernardine Kielty

ALL nearsighted people—in fact, all people who need glasses to see clearly across the street—should read ***Thurber's*** *The Admiral on the Wheel.* It's a short piece in THE THURBER CARNIVAL. Ordinarily when his glasses were broken, Mr. Thurber took to his bed and stayed there until they were fixed. One time, however—when the maid had stepped on his glasses because he hadn't put them far enough under the bed—he decided to try living without them for the necessary period. And he had the time of his life doing it, because of the many remarkable things he saw. "I saw the Cuban flag flying over a national bank, I saw a gay old lady with a gray parasol walk right through the side of a truck, I saw a cat roll across a street in a small striped barrel, I saw bridges rise lazily into the air, like balloons." And, of course the very best thing he saw was the admiral on the wheel. Those with poor eyesight will understand, even if the rest do not. . . . ***Joseph Szigeti,*** in his book, WITH STRINGS ATTACHED, has another nice story about the nearsighted. It is about Frau Einstein, who was sitting at the head table at a banquet in honor of her illustrious husband. The preliminaries were endless and she was getting hungry. She began nibbling. "It's not very good salad," she told her neighbor, who answered, "That's not salad. It's an orchid you're eating."

Szigeti's book—memoirs of one of the greatest living violinists—though it abounds in good stories, is primarily about music. He is particularly concerned with modern aesthetics, and the effect on art of the temperament of today—the obviousness of pictures, the oversimplification, the brightness, the quickness, the loudness, the "overbowing, the overblowing" in our orchestras, the "slick, excellent, luscious-toned youngsters who each play (the violin) faster and more smoothly than the preceding one . . . the comparative sameness of our players that is engendered by the ever-persistent vibrato." It is a provocative book which musicians will read with purpose and laymen with quite as much enjoyment.

• • •

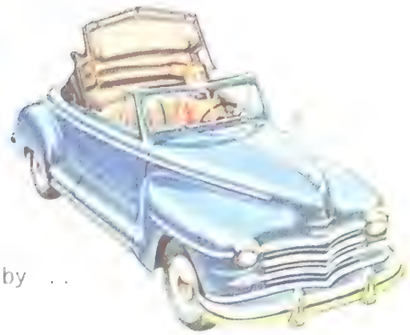
The human face might at first glance seem a pretty limited subject for a book, but THE HUMAN FACE, by Englishman ***John Brophy,*** turns out to be a mine of ideas and information. Of course there is the face in art, with some fascinating illustrations, from Botticelli's *Venus* to Edzard's *Vivien*

(Continued on Page 16)

REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S

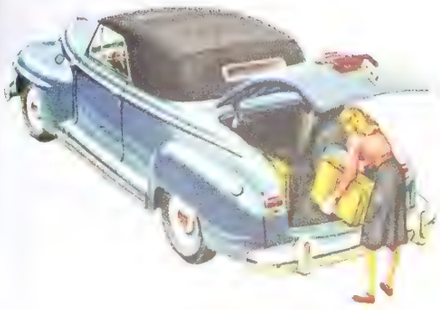
"He certainly has a peculiar way of showing his affection for her!"

April's ours!



Sun overhead, hinted scent of apple blossoms in the breeze—
these are yours and mine, Plymouth, now that April's here!

We'll take the high road to the farthest green hill—your surging power
to span the miles, your engine humming softly as the fields skim by . .



Comes a sudden storm-cloud, I should care! A touch of the
dashboard-button brings me an "umbrella." For the top's
vacuum-pressured—swings up, snug and tight, before a rain-drop spatters down!

Comes nightfall, we'll find an inn—traveling alone is fun!
My bags tucked away in the trunk compartment—with a wonderful
counterbalanced lid that holds fast, tumble-proof, when I take them out!

There's so much of springtime to investigate. And you're my idea of a
dream-companion—devil-may-care lines, a look that says, "Let's go!"
That's the way it should be. That's why, Plymouth—you're for me!

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(Continued from Page 14)

Leigh: there's the good and the evil we see in faces—and why: the marks of time, the faces remembered, the actual structure of the face. It is a book to dip into, rather than to read straight through.

Mr. Brophy quotes Cesare Lombroso, who once classified the physical attributes of thousands of convicted criminals: "The born criminal is likely to have sharp, prominent incisor teeth, very little beard growth among males, premature wrinkling. He rarely goes bald or even gray. Among murderers dark hair is more common than blond, while swindlers run to curly hair." . . . On the subject of the mouth, Mr. Brophy has considerable to say about kissing, one of its no doubt most important uses. He does not, however, mention a custom now prevalent in many social gatherings. We speak of the institution "kissin' cousins." For years women have dutifully kissed other women, while men on these social occasions have confined themselves to kissing only female relatives. But in the last few years families have grown all out of hand, and the number of kissin' cousins today is so large that the pecks among women have all but disappeared and the more heartfelt kiss from man to woman has taken its place.

Delighted with the reception of The Human Face, the publishers claim that one of their forthcoming books is to be called THE TOOTH.

• • •

Those two girls who drew cartoons of the Vassar student and how she dresses ought to know about a certain Ohio high school. Out there the matter of how the girls dressed reached such a

"She dresses for the weather—if it's windy, she wears a skirt."

pitch that one day the boys all came to school wearing skirts as a protest against the girls' wearing blue jeans. Billy Rose, who ought to know, once said that fashion is 10 per cent protection from the cold and 90 per cent sex. But we wonder.

• • •

MR. BREMBLE'S BUTTONS, by **Dorothy Langley**, is one of those rare books that go on a very special shelf. On our shelf it is beside FATHER MALACHI'S MIRACLE and MR. MOLE and MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT and half a dozen others. Not everyone likes a bit of fantasy with his books; but for those who do, this is it. Mr. Bremble's wife drove him to buttons. She was one of those firm, well-corseted females, president of many committees and concerned in "good works"—emphasis on favors, tallies and paper napkins, on gatherings of the "ladies" and social competition. But try to get a slum child into the Sunday school, or help out an unmarried mother or welcome a stranger, and in Mrs. Bremble you were up against a stone wall. She spoke with authority and only in clichés. She looked down on her gentle husband, way, way down. But he had his way of managing. And that, of course, is the

(Continued on Page 18)

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(Continued from Page 16)

book—a lovely book, and we'd sound silly if we said how very much we enjoyed it.

And speaking of wives, a psychologist has gone on record as saying that high blood pressure and early baldness in men

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"We were divinely happy 20 years—then one day he contradicted me."

are due to their wives. The doctor, a woman herself, calls these wives barracudas: they devour their husbands with their material demands, and the husbands in turn come down with nervous breakdowns, fluttering stomachs, *and* falling hair. "Modern women," she says, "are responsible for 60 per cent of all divorces, and 80 per cent of all nervous ailments."

• • •

***Laura Hobson's** new novel,* GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT, *is an eye-opener. It has to do with antisemitism; not with the antisemitism of gang boys who stone synagogues, or with pulpit and platform preachers who sling verbal stones, or with Hitler and the Nazis, but with antisemitism among liberals, among decent thoughtful people who think they have the good of man at heart but who nevertheless subscribe to the "restricted" neighborhood, club, school and resort. . . . Another noteworthy point of view about the attitude toward Jews is that of **Dr. James Parkes,** author of* AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE: ANTISEMITISM. *Doctor Parkes is an Anglican clergyman, British subject, and profound student of Jewish history and affairs. He has recently spent three months in Palestine and has come away with an eminently sane, unbiased view of Zionism.*

• • •

That lovely story of sixteen-year-old girlhood, INVITATION TO THE WALTZ, **by *Rosamond Lehmann*, is being reissued. But not its sequel,** THE WEATHER IN THE STREETS, **which is the story of that same girl ten years later, when she is twenty-six, and when the romantic ideal of yesterday becomes the tragic love of today. In combination those two books are exquisitely touching—though surprisingly far removed from the world of today.**

• • •

THE HELLER, by ***William Henning***— which ran in last month's JOURNAL—concerns another kind of girlhood and is pre-eminently of this day and age. Here are girls growing up, one in the tough hard life of an American city, the other in the gentle countryside of an English village. But at twenty-six, Rosamond Lehmann's girl is far less successful in managing her life than Anne Karlan will be at that age, or we miss our guess. The Heller, to our way of thinking, is an outstanding novel—not reporting, not preaching, not one of those all too frequent synthetic portraits based on social statistics, but the portrait of a girl in the midst of her contemporaries, completely conceived in the mind of the artist, and brought to us alive and vital. Cheap and vulgar she is, a somewhat ignoble specimen of her time, but a girl of character nonetheless. Mr. Henning can be congratulated on a rare literary achievement.

(Continued on Page 21)

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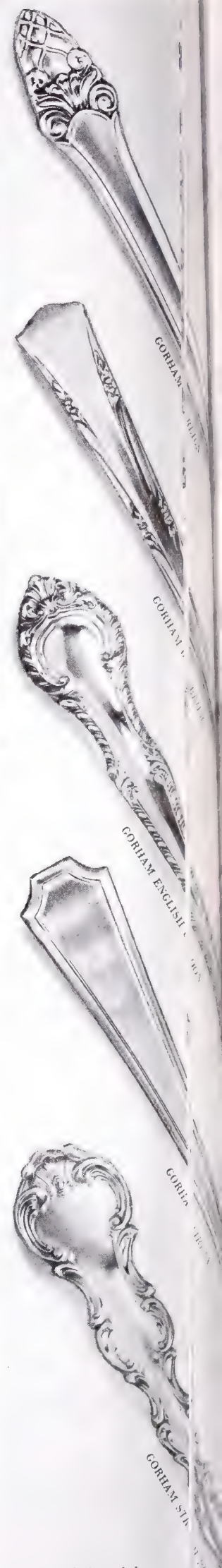
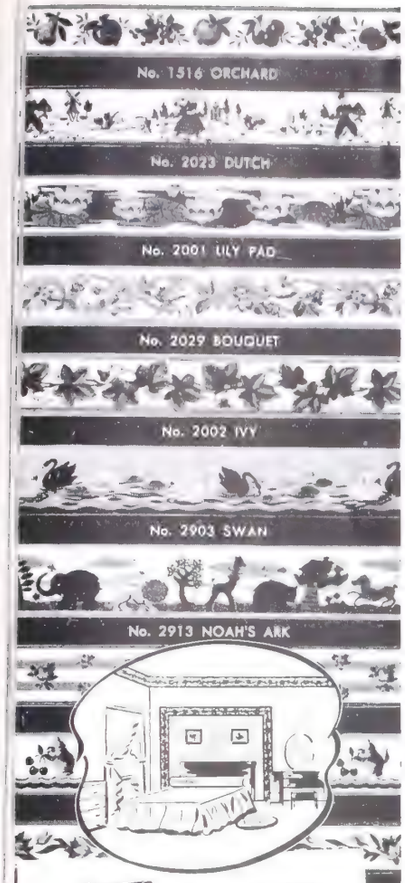


Illustrated: five of the twelve Gorham patterns



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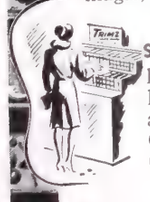

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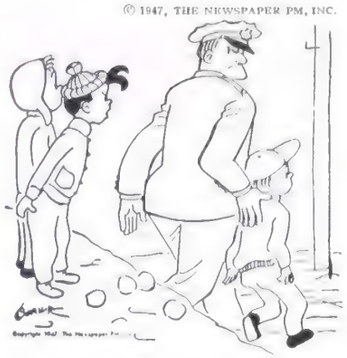


"A really bad boy would have put rocks in them."

(Continued from Page 18)

The Heller is not about a juvenile delinquent, but it does make one wonder what goes on—especially in cities where parents are too busy, or too careless to pay much attention.

• • •

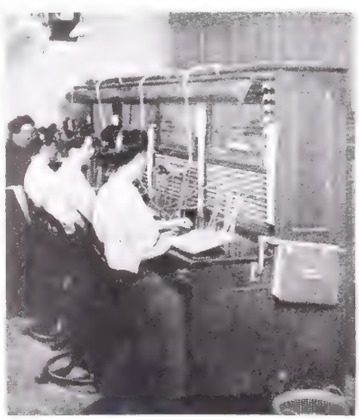
THE CHILDREN, by ***Howard Fast,*** a most unpleasant but undoubtedly true picture, shows where juvenile delinquency gets its start—at the dawn of school age. . . . THE AMBOY DUKES, by ***Irving Schulman,*** indicates where it leads: the story of a gang in Brooklyn that ended in murder.

• • •

J. Edgar Hoover says that the nation is facing a "potential army of 6,000,000 criminals," and he puts the greatest blame on the parents, for "a lack of interest in the fundamentals of matrimony and in the proper rearing of children." That the responsibility rests squarely upon the parents is becoming the verdict of most social critics. In New York in December one of the most disastrous fires in the city's history was started by four boys. The fire commissioner, the police commissioner, the park commissioner all spoke over the radio and each blamed the parents. On the morning after the fire the parents of one of the boys were still too intoxicated to give adequate statements. Later, and in line with a new policy born of the tragedy, a thirty-three-year-old mother was convicted in court on a charge of contributing to the delinquency of her fourteen-year-old son. He had been arrested for sniper shootings in which three persons were wounded. He'd been playing hooky from school, and sleeping in cellars and hallways. The mother was charged with frequenting bars and neglecting her children.

• • •

One mark of how business has grown is a look at the "Hello Girls" at the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.'s switchboard in 1908. *Marquis James'* THE METROPOLITAN LIFE is a history of that business from Civil War days to the present—of special interest to students of business methods and techniques for public welfare.



When they were called the "Hello Girls."

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You'll cook AND serve in this famous Ekco Pressure Cooker . . bless its many special features. The Fingertip Seal makes opening and closing easy, easy . . . the wonderful "Safety Bridge" makes the Ekco splatter-proof (extra safe!). And just a change of covers makes this pressure cooker model a sparkling serving dish!

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MAY: Heavens, Ann —
wish I could clean up quick as that!

"You could too! Just use a cleanser that doesn't leave ugly scratches

Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that "hasn't scratched yet."

A HOUSEWIFE LOOKS AT SOAP OPERA

By Alsise Buckley Heath

I

entertainment possible during the pursuit of a career which gives one more mental leisure than any other career in the world—housework.

When I was six and a rather backward pupil at the Sacred Heart Convent in New York, Sister Felicity used to reprove me for beginning sentences with: "I don't think." This was an error not so much of grammar, she maintained, as of logic. One can think *not*; one cannot *not* think.

Twenty years later, still backward, perhaps, but no longer at the convent, I found myself missing a great deal of Sister Felicity's thesis, principally in an effort to prove her wrong. Of course I was unsuccessful; it is impossible not to think. But how heavenly it it were possible. How heavenly to be able to turn off one's mind like the proverbial faucet and go blankly about the many daily activities of a woman which require utter mindlessness.

The intellectual side of the housewife's day consists of innumerable such decisions as: there is, or is not, enough soap in the dishwater; the cake is, or

mind must be kept fixed for roughly fourteen hours every day.

woman has more intuition, a surer hazard and standards immeasurably

thirty is occupied with feeding and managing the baby, cooking and eating

forces of our intellect to bear: that we first: 1. wash the diapers so that they can dry in the sunny part of the day, 2. make the baby's formula while we're

be it only the laundryman, should drop in and notice its laissez faire, not to

1. our diapers are still damp when we take them off the line at five o'clock and we spend our evening at the ironing board, and 2. not only the laundry-

reputation as a housewife, shaky at its best, becomes a cherished memory.

When the bottles are sterilized and the formula made, it is a quarter past twelve. When the diapers and other baby clothes are washed it is one-forty-five. The baby's next meal is due at two, so with a sandwich or an apple in

two o'clock in the afternoon. We have worked an eight-hour day. All there is

Women Feel Strongly About Soap Operas

Soap operas, or daytime radio serials—whatever they are called, women are likely to feel fairly strongly about them, either pro or anti.

"The available [radio] daytime audience is fairly evenly divided into those who do and those who do not listen to serial stories," says Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld in a book, *The People Look at Radio**. "If they do, they are likely to be fans and listen to an average of about four a day; if they don't they are frequently violent opponents." ("Available feminine daytime audience" simply means people who have time and opportunity to listen to weekday daytime radio programs.)

Habits, preferences and opinions of listeners to daytime serials have been thoroughly studied in repeated surveys. Doctor Lazarsfeld explains, in an effort to find out what other differences there are between women who do and who don't listen. Between the groups of women who have such opposite listening tastes, two major differences have been found.

One is educational. The higher a woman is on the educational scale, the more likely she is to criticize the daytime serials, the less likely to say she likes to listen to them.

The other might be called "radio-mindedness." The woman who listens to several radio serials during the day is also more inclined to listen to the radio during the evening than other women, and to depend on the radio as her main source of news.

But neither of these differences is great; the main distinction is that you either like them, or you don't. Apparently there aren't many women who [illegible] soap operas, or leave them alone—they do one or the other.

* The People Look at Radio. By P. Lazarsfeld and Hazel Field. University of North Carolina Press. [illegible]

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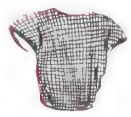

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*REG. PAT. APP. FOR

IF YOU ASK ME

By

Eleanor Roosevelt

I have heard psychiatrists say that the Bible does not have adequate answers for man's problems today, and that it should be rewritten to eliminate confusion arising from outmoded theories. Do you think the Bible is out-of-date?

No, I do not think the Bible is out-of-date. It still seems to me a remarkably wise book and very satisfying to read both as to form and content.

At least two potential "third parties" have suddenly appeared. Do you think any third party—liberal or whatever you want to call it—has any chance to be a real force in the next national election?

I do not think any third party has appeared of late. There are, of course, in New York State the American Labor Party and the Liberal Party, but neither of them showed great independent force in the recent elections. The two groups, the Political Citizens Association and the Americans for Democratic Action, which are groups of progressive citizens, do not aspire to be political parties, but they do aspire to represent thinking voters who may look at certain questions in a different way and who may organize differently and have different programs on which each of them will work very hard. They can, however, work together when their objectives coincide if they decide to do so.

We have been wondering where you were married and what type of wedding you had. That is, were you dressed as a bride and did you have many attendants?

I was married in New York City on St. Patrick's Day, 1905, in a double house which was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ludlow and their daughter, Mrs. Henry Parish, who was my mother's double first cousin and my godmother. I had the conventional wedding with a white satin wedding dress, old point lace veil which belonged to my grandmother, and I had bridesmaids and my husband had ushers. In fact, it was a completely old-fashioned wedding.

Do you think the United States Government will allow the recently enacted laws in Georgia, preventing Negroes from voting in the Democratic primaries, to stand? If so, how can you, as chairman of the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations, feel that you have the backing of our own supposedly democratic Government?

I have no idea what the rights of the United States Government are when they touch domestic affairs in a sovereign state. I imagine we will all know within a short time, as someone in Georgia is sure to appeal to the national Government. As chairman of the Human Rights Commission I represent the Government of the United States, and I take orders from the State Department and the President. I do not feel that Georgia represents the feeling of the majority of the people of the United States.

On a recent train trip I got into conversation with a group of young soldiers. They discussed the attitude of people in the small town near their camp. Some restaurants posted notices that servicemen's trade was unsolicited. Others that did serve them doubled prices. They said, "People don't want to be reminded of war. When they see us they have to think about it." None of the boys were over 20. All felt bewilderment mixed with sullen anger for a world that made them feel outcasts. One boy's father had been wounded in Iwo and will never walk again. This boy had been refused the privilege of buying a dinner two nights before. The OPA was established to prevent un-American practices. Could there be some organization now to investigate this sort of un-Americanism?

I am afraid you are wrong. OPA was established to keep prices down and to see that we get as much as we can in as fair a manner as possible for everyone concerned and to prevent inflation. I think the organization that you are really thinking about is the FEPC, which is supposed to see that no un-American discrimination takes place in employment. What you describe is the kind of thing that went on before the war. I think it goes on largely because certain people are afraid the civilian customers will not like to see soldiers about, and also some of the very young soldiers do not always behave as inconspicuously as they might. The only thing that would help in the type of special case you cite is for citizens to rise up and leave when they see such signs as you describe, and if they find a restaurant which will not serve a serviceman they should refuse to go there.

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"Miss Osborne poses for subway posters."

Don't you think that wars, for the purpose of grabbing territory, are caused mainly by overpopulation? Could women's organizations in various countries get together on a program of "No population race for military purposes," in your opinion?

No. I do not think women could get together and have any such foolish program succeed. Neither do I think that wars are caused mainly because of overpopulation. Take a look at Russia, for instance—she certainly is not crowded; and there is plenty of untenanted land right in our own country, and yet we are tempted to take land for protective purposes or for trade development.

What has become of Fala, President Roosevelt's dog?

Fala is lying not far from me as I write. I am afraid we all spoil him, but he is the pet of the household. He tries to be reconciled with me as his mistress, but I am sure Scotties are one-man dogs.

The Women's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church would like to know if underprivileged children are now being temporarily adopted as after World War I? If so, where is the need greatest, how much does it cost for one child per month, and who disburses the money sent?

There are different organizations in different places, but I think the best thing to do is to write to the Central Relief agency of the country from which you wish to adopt a child. Almost all countries seeking relief have headquarters in this country. Ask them how much it costs to adopt a child and also for any other information. I should think the need is greatest in Greece, Yugoslavia and Poland.

The United States Committee for the Care of European Children, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York City, also brings children here for adoption.

All those I know seem to have raised their children by the standards of some pediatrician's book. Did you? If so, which one?

In my day there was a book written by Doctor Holt. I think I was more concerned with the part which dealt with feeding, and I remember very little about anything else, but I certainly found that book valuable.

I am a fifteen-year-old and a sophomore in school. I wish to be a model, although I am not especially tall. I would like to plan for a two weeks' course. This costs $135 and I am willing to work for this. My parents are opposed to my modeling. We live in a small town in Illinois and I want to go to New York as soon as I am out of school. My mother is very much against it. Could you please advise me?

My dear young lady, I think your mother is much better fitted to advise you than I am, but I assure you that modeling is not all "beer and skittles" and you might not find it half as pleasant as you think you would.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Finest way to set 'em up

for the younger set

how about a Citrusip Julep?

Rub rim of glass with lemon juice, dip in sugar. Fill with Stokely's *Finest* Citrusip, add mint sprigs. A smooth drink for smoothies! So tangy, so different . . . it's one of Stokely's *Finest*.

OUR Cisco Punch is super

Combine 2 cups ginger ale, 2½ cups Stokely's *Finest* Grapefruit Juice, 5 cups Stokely's *Finest* Pineapple Juice, ¼ cup Maraschino cherry juice. Sweeten to taste with light corn syrup. A sparkling taste treat . . . and good for you . . . when those juices are Stokely's *Finest*.

TRY a TOMATO JUICE FRAPPE'

Combine 2 tablesp. lemon juice, ½ teasp. Worcestershire, 2 cups Stokely's *Finest* Tomato Juice. Half-freeze in refrigerator tray. Always peppy and refreshing . . . pure and wholesome . . . when it's Stokely's *Finest*.

FIX YOURSELF an ORANGE SMASH

Add 1 tablesp. lemon juice, 3 tablesp. light corn syrup to 2½ cups Stokely's *Finest* Orange Juice. Carbonate in Sparklet bottle; shake. 'S wonderful, when you choose juice that's so-o-o luscious and fresh-tasting . . . Stokely's *Finest*.

E LUNCH on the house

wers, alternate thick slices frank-, bacon, onion, Stokely's *Finest* t Pickle Chips. Broil. It's those , mouth-watering pickles that put zest into these snappy sandwiches. ey're Stokely's *Finest*.

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Sister Act

HAVING little-sister trouble? Are you another high-school girl who just can't keep her mind on her dates and her homework because she's bothered by an underage character in short skirts and pigtails? You have no privacy, no time to yourself, no possessions you can call your own. Your sister tunes in cowboy music when you want Perry Como; she wears your red sweater just the day you want to wear it yourself; she follows you everywhere you go and insists on sharing everything with you, from clothes closets to confidential conversations. And you have enough to think about without sparing time to answer questions, listen to arguments and make small talk with small girls who clutter up the kitchen after school for cookies and milk with Mary Ann. So, to make a sad story short, you've decided your little sister is a complete nuisance.

ONLY YOUNG ONCE

But did you ever figure out why your little sister seems to get in your way, why she insists on hanging around, chattering and asking questions, even when you'd rather be alone? You're sixteen and smart, so the answer should be easy. You can sum it all up in three brief phrases: she admires you, she's lonesome—and she's little. You're everything she'd like to be when she grows up. To her, you're the greatest thing this side of Lana Turner! *You* get phone calls from boys, *you* can wear lipstick, *you* get an allowance, *you* can stay up after nine o'clock and *you're* even allowed to go out in the evenings. But she's still a little girl. She has a good time riding her two-wheeler, playing with the girls on your block and taking in an occasional Saturday-afternoon movie, but she can't do "big" things the way you do. So she thinks you have all the fun—and she just wants to be kibitzing on part of it.

ONE FOR YOU

Sharing clothes can be one of the biggest problems. Maybe Mary Ann blithely borrows your green plaid slacks (all rolled up to the knee) to go roller skating and returns them with a three-inch rip from a hard fall. Or slips the last clean white blouse from your dresser drawer, or decides to wear the fuzzy blue socks just the morning you'd planned to wear them. And one day after school, you find her parading before the bedroom mirror in your best black-net formal, complete with long gloves and a sequin flower pinned in her hair. With your little sister around, nothing's safe! You can't find your cold cream or hairbrush; your curlers are scattered all over the bathroom; there's lipstick smeared on your powder puff and powder sprinkled all over the top drawer. And she dropped your white tennis shorts in the wash with a bright red hankie still tucked in the pocket! Your sister seems to be deliberately trying to make you unhappy. No matter what it is, if it's *yours*—she wants it!

But if you're a bright girl you'll figure out that Mary Ann has a mild case of "hero worship." She wants to wear your jacket for the same reason you'd like to own one of Van Johnson's reindeer sweaters. Because she likes you! And she thinks you have good taste and know all about clothes. So why not show her that you have taste in little-girl clothes too? Make *her* the center of attention. Ask your mother to get her a hairbrush and little-girl cosmetics of her own. Suggest she wear this sweater with that skirt; buy her a pair of blue socks just like yours, in a smaller size; tell her she looks pretty when she's leaving for school in the morning; spend an evening with a brush and comb finding a different hair style for her—a new part in the middle, a curl on to bright bow on one side. And get the fan terested by saying, "Doesn't Mary An nice with her hair that way?" *Make h clothes seem important*—and she'll forget yours.

Make a game out of sharing your roo vide the drawers between you, the drawers for her so she can reach them; part of Saturday morning tidying them gether. Put your books on one shelf, hers other. Divide the clothes closet with a brig ribbon tied around the clothes rod right middle, to mark off halves. You won't your clothes on her half and, as part game, she'll respect your half. It's an thing to make a little girl happy—and h as long as she's having fun doing it!

ONE FOR ME

Did you ever try to brush off a young s questions with an impatient "Oh, you "Go 'way, you bother me!"? Doesn't does it? If Mary Ann has something to s her say it. *You* probably spend at leas chattery half hour a day with your girl fr discussing love, life and next Friday's date your little sister has interests too. Try lo round-eyed and attentive when she tell that her friend Sally has a new bike or th night, at seven-thirty, she's going to find the Lone Ranger and Tonto really *did* dis the secret of the hidden gold mine. Then be contented and co-operative, come thirty, when you're all set to get dreamy the Dinah Shore show.

Remember *she's* the baby in the family you. If Mary Ann gets a sudden whim to the dishes in her week to dry, why not let If she has her heart set on a banana split ice-cream-cone budget, you can spare f cents, can't you? If she's got a hot date t baseball at the playground on Saturday ing, you might make her bed for her, just Let her get the idea that you two are friends. And if she's the "tag along" type little sister who wants to go along to Fr night basketball games, the Sunday-after Coke dates, and hangs around the living nibbling potato chips when the girls are forestall these crises by planning some pr fun just for the two of you. Make it a w event—a movie together, a walk down t lake to see the boats or just a trip down with a big fudge sundae later to finish of afternoon. But it's fun you will have in mon; something to talk about and plan while you're having your big-girl fun on the

You might even be perplexed by the e beaver type of sister who likes to lend an e telephone conversations and take a sly pe your private mail. Instead of running to mother with a tearful "You've *got* to do s thing about Mary Ann" complaint, why let your little sister know what's happenin your life? Then she won't need to pry snoop. No need to pour your heart out or her a date-by-date account of your latest mance; just a word or two will do it. Go in huddle with her: "Johnny Andrews is goin call me tonight and I think he's going to asl to the club dance. Wouldn't that be wor ful?" Or, "Remember Ned Strauss? He's ing home for spring vacation. Should be to have him around for a while." Let her k you're excited and that you don't mind te her all about it.

Little sisters can be good fun and they be good friends. All *you* have to do is t them a few tricks, give them equal billing let them into the act!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

Oh, nothing at all! You just can't think of the right thing to say—in school, out of school and especially when there are boys around? Then the new Sub-Deb booklet, SPEAK UP!, No. 2306, is just for you! It's 5c from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

This is the story of Annie...

NOW ANNIE WAS...

AS BEAUTIFUL A GIRL...

AS EVER WAS PUT TOGETHER!

WHY, WHEN ANNIE WALKED DOWN THE STREET...
WOW!

YET ANNIE HAD HER BAD MOMENTS...LIKE ANY OTHER GAL.

AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY? ANNIE'S HANDS WERE A MESS. ALWAYS ROUGH AND DRY, LIKE SANDPAPER.

AND WHEN A MAN WANTS TO HOLD A GIRL'S HANDS... EVEN A GIRL LIKE ANNIE ...HE DOESN'T WANT TO WEAR GLOVES...

THEN, LUCKILY, FANNIE TOLD ANNIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION...**TRUSHAY!**

SO ANNIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE DID DISHES...BECAUSE TRUSHAY GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!

AND ANNIE PUT **TRUSHAY** ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TUBBED HER UNDIES...SO **TRUSHAY'S** SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" COULD HELP PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.

SO NOW ANNIE IS ABLE TO KEEP HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH AND HOLDABLE... THANKS TO **TRUSHAY'S** WONDERFUL SOFTENING HELP.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at *any* time. Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels... as a powder base... before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay.

"I told you we ought to take that course at the Singer Sewing Center!"

Don't just envy someone else's pretty clothes! Betake yourself to your Singer Sewing Center—sign up for a fascinating Sewing Course—and come out walking on air!

Singer experts teach you to make your own lovely frocks and suits—give you smart advice about how to remodel dresses—how to add fresh, this-minute charm to your wardrobe.

With Singer help, you can dress twice as well and cut your budget way down!

And when it comes to smart finish-up tasks—like picoting, hemstitching, covering buttons and belts—Singer does them all. And you'll find a wide assortment of chic accessories, useful notions, gala gifts.

Idea-hunting? Visit your Singer Sewing Center—today!

• **Learn sewing the easy way**—from Singer instructors. And make a dress while you learn. Expert advice on every step. Eight lessons, $10. Single lessons, $1.50.

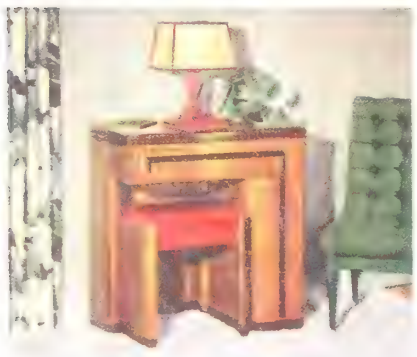
• **If finishing's your trouble,** let *us* help. Covered buttons, covered belts, buttonholes, picoting, hemstitching—we do them all. And reasonably, too.

• **A flower for your hair,** a scarf for the throat of your plain blue suit. Frothy white cuffs to glorify last year's black dress. Come and see our pretties!

• **Take a notion** Dress shields, yarn, thread, zippers, tailor's chalk, buttons - you'll find every notion to fill your needs -at your Singer Sewing Center.

• **Your understudy for fittings** -A dress form, molded exactly to fit *your* form in only 30 minutes. The one model that never gets tired—assures perfect fit.

• **See Singer's magic attachments.** A Buttonholer which does a professionally perfect job—a Zipper Foot—a Zig-Zagger for fine appliquéing—and many others.



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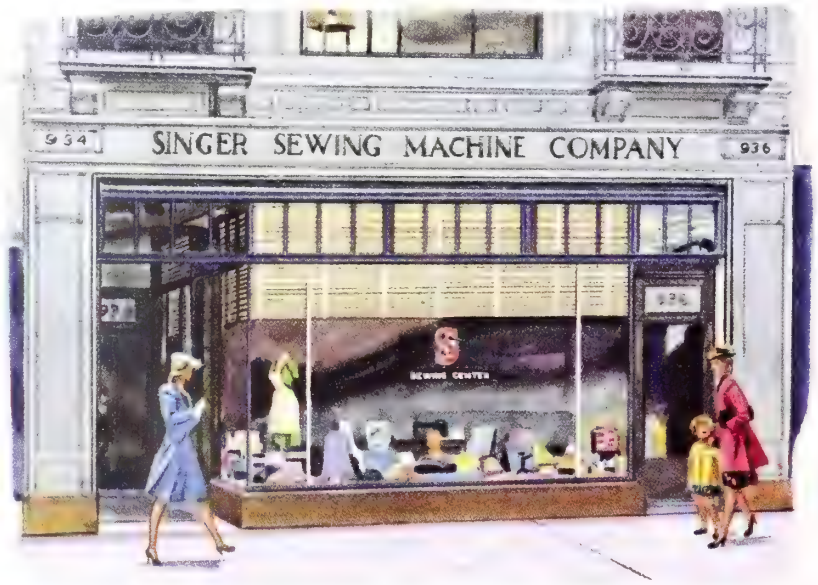
Singer sells its machines only through Singer Sewing Centers, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

Check address of your local Singer Shop in phone book. Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Here's the Singer Sewing Center at 934-936 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana. Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!



SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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LETTERS TO JOAN

This is the second in a series of letters from a mother to her daughter, in which standards of today are discussed, frankly and understandingly — to insure the success of tomorrow.

BY GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

)AN DARLING:

I am so glad that my letter answered the ost burning questions for you and made u feel better. Of course I don't mind ur showing it to the girls. But I am sur- ised to find such a general feeling among em that we parents leave you without idance in these important emotional and x matters. I am sure other parents don't tend it any more than I do. Maybe we ight to ask more questions ourselves and id out what things our boys and girls ed information about.

And how fine that you did have another ate with Tim and that he was so sweet. hen he took you straight home, asked ou to go with him to the big dance and ien gave you that one gentle kiss at the oor, he was telling you a lot. That he had een doing some thinking himself, I'd say. hat he really likes you, and that he in- nds to do his part toward keeping your elationship on the right kind of basis. Vell, dear, it looks to me as though you ad got yourself a beau—excuse me, boy iend! And one of the best.

I am very happy about it, believe me. But do still keep in mind the advice I gave ou—that in the final analysis, it's the irl's job to ride herd on the expression of ffection. It's evident that Tim's inten- ions are the finest. But passion is some- hing that can slip up on a couple when hey least intend it. Experienced people now that. And it's the reason why par- nts feel some pardonable anxiety when heir offspring begin dabbling in these dan- gerous waters.

No liquor, no prolonged embraces, no ate parking or dallying around with these motions, which are the strongest we hu- man beings have. That's the way to stay ut of trouble, whether the man means well or whether he doesn't.

But oh, darling, why did you have to ask me about petting! What does a woman of my generation know about petting, as it seems to be practiced today? The very word, let alone the institution itself, has come in since my time. But in as much as the girls seem so anxious to get my views about it—I can't tell you how flattered I am!—I did a little research into the matter and am ready to report.

From what I could gather, petting refers to caressing of those portions of the fem- inine anatomy which are situated below the neck—territory which, in my courting days, was labeled "No Trespassing" ex- cept to the man one chose out of all the world, and to him supposedly only after marriage. I say "supposedly," for I pre- sume not everyone observed the limita- tions. The important thing is that it was part of the code under which we operated, and it saved us many a painful experience.

As to how far petting extends, and what regions can be invaded without a lady's losing caste, I found a singular lack of co- operativeness on the part of my inform- ants. Nobody seemed to want to testify. I judge that is a somewhat individual mat- ter, and the less said about it the better.

But what it all seems to add up to is that girls today have to deal with a kind of ad- vance from the male which in my sheltered maidenhood would probably have resulted in calling out the militia, or at the very least in ostracism from select feminine so- ciety for the offending man.

And I must say, frankly, darling, that I wonder how the clever modern girl ever let this get put over on her. It's like making your opponent in a card game a present of all your trumps, and then wondering why it's so hard to win the game. How nice and easy it must make things for the predatory male! (Wolf to you, my sweet.)

From my experience as a woman, I should say that we already have enough strikes on us without deliberately going out and adding more. What Nature has done to us! What lengths she has gone to to make sure that we will get ourselves pregnant! We hear a great deal about the desires and passions of the male. But in our own quiet way, we females are quite as liberally endowed.

Perhaps one of those bits of information which we elder heads have not passed on to you young people as we should is the fact that at certain times of her monthly cycle, a woman normally desires sexual gratifica- tion. Her sex glands attend to that, whether she wills it or not, and Nature's design is quite obvious.

Another thing is that various parts of a woman's body are particularly sensitive with regard to sex feelings. The mouth is one such part, and as you've already dis- covered, prolonged kissing induces sexual excitement in the woman as well as in the man. This is even more true of other parts.

Nature, single-minded wench that she is, has arranged it all very cleverly. Prolonged kissing puts the girl in the mood for further liberties. And the more liberty she permits the man, the more she herself is disposed to want him to go on and on. At the same time the man becomes more passionate and harder to control. Any girl who doesn't want to go the limit, therefore, had best stay away from petting.

Some women, to be sure, are more re- sponsive than others. It's possible that a cold fish could stand very intimate petting without becoming affected. But who wants to be a cold fish?

A man I knew, who had a very attrac- tive and provocative wife, seemed strangely complacent at the obvious invitations she extended to men. Once he admitted to me that she was really quite cold. "I suppose all women who are great flirts are rather frigid," he commented rather sadly. "That's how they can afford to be flirtatious."

A normal woman wants to be ardent and responsive in the arms of the man she loves, and it is right that she should be. But those very qualities mean that she must be guarded in casual relationships. Or I suppose it's possible that a woman can school herself to keep her desires within bounds, if she is experienced and under- stands her limits very clearly. But that's a game for old hands, and is likely to prove disastrous to the inexperienced. A very good rule for a girl is not to permit han- dling or caressing of her body except by the man whom she is willing and ready to have as the father of her child. For if she allows these intimacies, the final step usually isn't far away.

Then there is the matter of good taste. With all the foregoing considerations in

(Continued on Page 216)

What slide fastener in a dress placket doesn't slip...
is light as a feather...
flexible as a ribbon?
TALON
SLIDE FASTENER
9 inch
FOR DRESS PLACKETS
BRIDEL TOP STOP
Those "in the know" sew with Talon
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
YOU'LL RECOGNIZE the Talon slide fastener for dress plackets on sight. It comes in the BLUE package—together with complete directions for sewing it in! At notion counters everywhere

There was a young housewife named Whitty
Who said, "Though I want my hands pretty
Washing dishes this way
I'm afraid doesn't pay.
It's slow as a snail! What a pity!"

TOO BAD! Mrs. Whitty's mild bar soap was easy on her hands —but much too slow-sudsing for dishes!

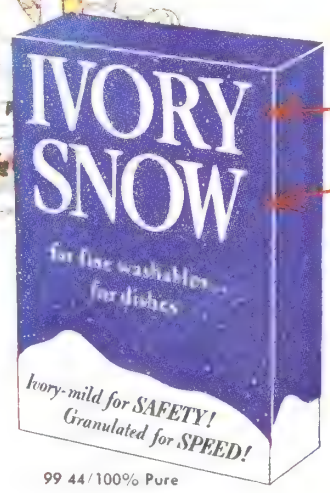
There was a young lady named Head
Who said, "Dishwashing makes my hands red.
In a rose—red's all right
But red hands are a sight.
I'd much rather have white hands instead!"

TOO BAD! Mrs. Head used her regular washday soap for dishes! Granulated for speed—but so strong it was hard on hands.

There was a young woman named Hays
Who said, "Ivory Snow's right two ways
It gives top sudsing speed
PLUS the safety hands need.
Do you wonder that I sing its praise?"

RIGHT! Ivory Snow is the only soap that's bot Ivory-mild for snow-white hands . . . and in granulated "snowdrops" for speedy suds! Tops in safety! Convenient! Leaves dishes sparkling clean . . . lovely hands soft and smooth! No finer soap made!

NO OTHER SOAP LIKE I'



99 44/100% Pure

for Mildness!
for Speed!

Here's one soap that gives both

Kindness to Hands!
Speed in the Dishpan!

HEAR KENNY BAKER on Glamour Manor! New high in daytime radio! All-star cast! Fun! Music! Monday through Friday, 12 noon EST.

...ity Years Ago ...the Journal

IN April, 1897, war was declared between Turkey and Greece. Charles Dana Gibson was sketching scenes from London society, and in Vienna Brahms was laid to rest Beethoven and Schubert. ...rent song hit was Yip-...-Ay; St. Louis built a bil... ...l for women; and Walter ... was born.

...ix to eight thousand peo...e hands with the Presi... Benjamin Harrison de... White House reception in ...il, 1897. JOURNAL "and ... wife if she is able to en... ordeal."

...ok suggests a training school ...stics as the answer to Women's ...xing Problem. "I wish that ... I stop this clamor for higher ..., he writes, "and devote ...ention to lower education."

... girl, 1897:" A sweater for a ...eventeen, made with lapels ... back in the front, a vest ... igh collar, costs about five ..."

...eth: Sometimes in the coun... ...ntleman might smoke while ... wife, sister or daughter, pro... ...he does not object, but no ...d man would smoke while on ...ets of a city with a lady."

... Dale: It is said that torna... ...sually occur between 3 and ...e afternoon."

...fternoon call is not the formal ...t was some years ago," admits ... Germain in his column for ...At many houses men leave their ...d sticks in the hall and do not ...w drawing room with them, as ...n the vogue."

...stions for mothers: "The old ... that if a baby's nails were ... would grow up a thief is an ...perstition."

...ne second floor there are three ...table bedrooms, a nursery, ...t's room, bathroom and ample ...," Walter Keith describes a ... hundred-dollar house for a ... couple.

...n a simple percale morning ..." Emma Hooper advises the ..., "wear a stock tie of satin or ...h linen collar with a plaid ... tie, dress bow or four-in-... ..."

...ie: Although your escort offers ...e bill of fare, allow him to choose ...pper."

Journal about Town

Crowds early in Times Square on New Year's Eve are the throngs of wanderers on Broadway and Fifth Avenue

If you think you saw a lot of people standing in line in the days when meat and cigarettes and nylons were hard to get—remember?—you should walk up Fifth Avenue Easter morning and observe the seemingly endless queues waiting to wind into the churches: or what is more, you should look down from the Workshop on Ash Wednesday, when at St. Patrick's alone more than 25,000 worshipers attend the Cathedral. Makes you realize that man does not live by meat alone; or for that matter, women by nylons.

A young lady named ***Robin McKown,*** who runs the Friends of Widows and Orphans of the French Resistance, sent ***Ruth Matthews*** a picture she took

Orphans of the Nazi storm.

in France last fall of the six ***Bertholet*** children at Nantes, whose father and mother were killed because they wouldn't take the Nazi occupation lying down. Her organization arranged for the "adoption" of hundreds of French orphans like these, by generous Americans—men, women and children—who agree to send two packages of food and clothing a month for a year, in case you'd like to be a godparent. And if little ***Christiane,*** at the right, seems somewhat set up in Mrs. McKown's picture, it's because *her* godmother happens to be ***Eleanor Roosevelt.***

Henrietta Murdock *knows a woman named* ***Laura Bankhead*** *(a second cousin of* ***Tallulah's****) who probably handles more questions from children than anyone else in the world—over 3000 last month. Keeps a staff of fifteen busy, with fifty outside experts on call; and while they answer adults' questions, too, Miss B. says the children's are mostly harder, and far more fun. The only catch is, you've got to own the Book of Knowledge. Longest inquiry they ever got was twelve pages from a girl in grammar school, asking about the UN. Shortest, and toughest, was from a boy in Kansas: "Who's Kilroy?"*

Nobody around the Workshop seems to get hay fever, but 200,000 other New Yorkers do, and anywhere from 6½ to 7 million other Americans; so Judy Barry had a talk with Director George S. Avery, Jr., of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, who's holding a conference over there this month to do something about it—at the source. As he told Judy, what fixed malaria was getting rid of mosquitoes, and you shouldn't tolerate ragweed any more than you tolerate fleas, especially when you can get all the 2-4-D you want, which does the controlling, if communities only cooperate. Not much ragweed here in the city, he said. What makes the trouble is, the pollen blows in from the country. Write him, if you're interested.

In 1896 the U. S. had a horse population of 20,000,000 and a truck population of 1. At the latest count, there were 10,000,000 horses and 5,000,000 trucks. . . . The day of the nonrun nylon stocking is almost here. . . . ***Arthur Murray*** was delighted when so many G. I.'s used their Bill of Rights education money to study dancing—until the boys married and walked off with 18 of his best teachers. . . . .It is possible to give 1000 pints of blood in transfusions during a lifetime without ill effects, according to some New York physicians. . . . Out of about $5,000,000 worth of checks a leading New York hotel cashes for guests in the course of a year, it averages only $2000 worth that bounce. . . . In Pennsylvania there is a hairdresser for every four women. . . . Through depressions and booms two American rubber companies keep turning out 75,000,000 baby nipples a year.

With Radio City here still by far New York's most popular tourist attraction, they're fixing up something new for visitors—not to mention for millions of natives. You'll look right in from the street, through a fifty-foot window, to a vast room like Doctor Caligari's cabinet, only reeking with color—pale yellow, pink and purple-black. The ceiling will be waved and lighted; some walls leaning in, some accordion-pleated, and one will have tremendous ears and eyes. And in a space between a pink and a yellow pier you can step up and be televised—if you don't mind being projected on a screen, before everybody's eyes.

Donald Stuart **has been telling us of a photographer out in Bronxville, who's opened what he calls a Hansel & Gretel studio. It's like a playroom in a dream, with talkies, balloons and Mother Goose murals, which engage the child's attention and cause her to look very natural and alive. But the trick is that lights and camera are all concealed, and a child never knows she's had her pictures taken until it's too late. Even the cameraman can be concealed, but he says that doesn't make any difference. Most kids are much too occupied to notice *him*.**

No need to "watch the birdie" in a studio like this.

Friends and Lovers

There was one moment when David's head said, "Turn back!" But his heart said, "Go on!" . . . Beginning a new serial ★ By Helen MacInnes

THE morning mist had cleared. Now a fresh wind was blowing, curling the edges of the waves. The sea had lost its cold gray look; the blue waters were a darker reflection of the smiling sky, intensifying its color and emotion by their great depths. The mainland, wide stretches of heather and bracken sloping down from barren hills, ended abruptly in red granite cliffs. There was no sign of house or croft. There was nothing but the uneven hills, silent, watchful, folding eastward, one behind the other. To the west and north and south was the Atlantic, with the lonely islands jutting out of its deep waters to break the force of its rolling waves and turn them into swirling currents.

The men in the boat—single-sailed and small—had not spoken since they had left Loch Innish, on the mainland. But then, David Bosworth thought, this was the kind of place where conversation was hardly necessary. He watched the wide-winged gulls wheeling overhead, and wondered at their folly in chasing anything so insignificant as this small boat.

George Fenton-Stevens, standing upright with an arm hooked around the mast, oblivious of wind or spray or gulls, suddenly looked down at David, sitting securely in the well of the boat. "Well," he said, "what do you think of all this, David?" There was a smile of enjoyment on his face, possessive pride in his voice.

David smiled, too, and studied Fenton-Stevens for a moment. When in Rome, he reflected, old George could always be counted on doing more than the Romans did. In Oxford, for instance, George wore more twists of scarf around his neck, trousers both baggier and more stained, a gown torn into more tatters than the usual undergraduate adopted. And now, in the western highlands of Scotland, he was the Celtic sea reaver standing proudly before the mast as his ship bore down on an unsuspecting island.

"There's Inchnamurren," George said suddenly, and pointed to the larger of two islands lying close together. He was explaining that the smaller island was uninhabited, and that Inchnamurren's houses couldn't be seen yet. They were hidden by the sharp hill on the north end of the island, which fell steeply into the sea. "Devil's Elbow, they call it," George said. "Nasty piece of work, isn't it?"

"Sounds ominous," David agreed.

He spoke lightly, but his thoughts were serious enough as he looked at the crook of black rock thrusting itself so evilly out into the sound. Full fathom five. The grim sea raiders, the quiet fishermen who once sailed around these islands, and then sailed no more. The sea wrack their shroud. . . . *Back to back they lie, lifeless lie.* . . . The lines from the sea dirges which George's mother kept prominently displayed on the piano at the Lodge were haunting him today.

They passed the Devil's Elbow, and entered the island's sheltered bay. The scene became a study in bright color. The water in the bay was shallow and flowed over white sand. In the sunlight, it became a broad band of jade edging the shore. At the water's edge was a row of whitewashed cottages. Farther back there were other houses, scattered widely over the green fields and rugged ground. The heather was beginning to bloom; one rough hillside was already covered with reddish purple.

David watched the boat as it was carefully eased along the jetty where two brown-legged, barefooted children halted in their game to see the foreigners arrive. A white-haired man was working on the seams of an upturned rowing boat. Two *(Continued on Page 76)*

Copyright, 1947, by Helen Highet ★

She was smiling; and David, seeing that smile, was aware of a pang that was never quite to leave him, as if his heart could not bear the pain of loving Penny.

Candy's Second Husband

BY ELIZABETH DUNN

CANDY looked critically at the dining-room table. Silver and glass and dark-blue linen napkins. The flowers, she decided, were perfect: Arrangement for an Old Beau, of dark-red and white hollyhock blossoms, floating in a sapphire-blue glass bowl. They struck precisely the right note, halfway between the exotic and the domestic, a *femme fatale* in a bungalow apron. She hoped Adam Campbell would get the general impression, even if he didn't appreciate the details. In the hall mirror she examined herself intently. Her taffeta house coat was printed with great, glowing roses; above its low neckline her throat seemed longer and whiter than usual, and her lipstick matched the roses. Gracefully she leaned against the newel post and made her eyes dreamy; she thought, *Après-midi of a castoff suitor.*

"H'm," said Bill, peering through the screen door. "Not bad."

Candy came to attention. "Come along in, darling. You have ten minutes to shave and change."

"Shave!" Outraged, Bill let the screen door slam. "Why should I shave, all of a sudden?"

Candy looked at him distantly. "Because gentlemen frequently do shave, especially when they look like trappers after two weeks in the north woods—and most especially when people are coming to dinner."

"What people?"

"A man named Adam Campbell."

"Never heard of him," Bill said with finality, and added suspiciously, "Who is he?"

"A research chemist. He does very important and valuable work for that big firm of ——"

"Fine, fine! I'm delighted that Mr. Campbell has found happiness and success in his chosen profession. But who *is* he? How do we know him?"

"Oh, *I've* known him for years," Candy said airily. "At one time I thought quite a lot about marrying him. Do hurry up, darling, and put on a clean shirt, won't you?"

"Did he think about it too?" Bill inquired, hewing to the line.

Candy appeared to consider. "Well, he *talked* an awful lot about it," she told him. The house coat rustled in an intensely feminine way as she moved into the living room. She enjoyed rustling. Bill stood in the doorway, looking maddened, and that was enjoyable too.

"But you didn't, eh?"

"No, I didn't. I married you. Remember, darling?"

"I remember," said Bill darkly. "Adam. Imagine deliberately naming a helpless little baby Adam."

"It's an old family name, I believe," Candy said distantly.

"It certainly is—and what a family! Is this one married?"

"Oh, no." Candy opened a package of cigarettes and put them in the china box.

"Never married?"

"Never." It was very difficult not to sound just a little smug; she didn't quite succeed. She added quickly, "He's going to live here. He's bought the Dean cottage."

"He's bought a house? A bachelor?"

"I see no reason why bachelors shouldn't live in houses. You act as though he were an ape or something."

Bill hastily took the offensive. "Who are you planning to marry him to?"

"Whom. Nobody. I'm saving him."

Bill walked straight into the trap. "Whom for?"

Candy smiled at him. "For my second husband."

Bill went upstairs in a silence so dignified as to be nearly visible.

The evening, however, did not turn out quite as Candy had planned it. She had foreseen it all so clearly: herself rustling alluringly across the room; Adam bending to kiss her gently on the forehead (he was very tall—taller than Bill); Adam too moved to speak; herself making sparkling conversation, Adam lighting a cigarette to get command of himself. Bill coming in ——

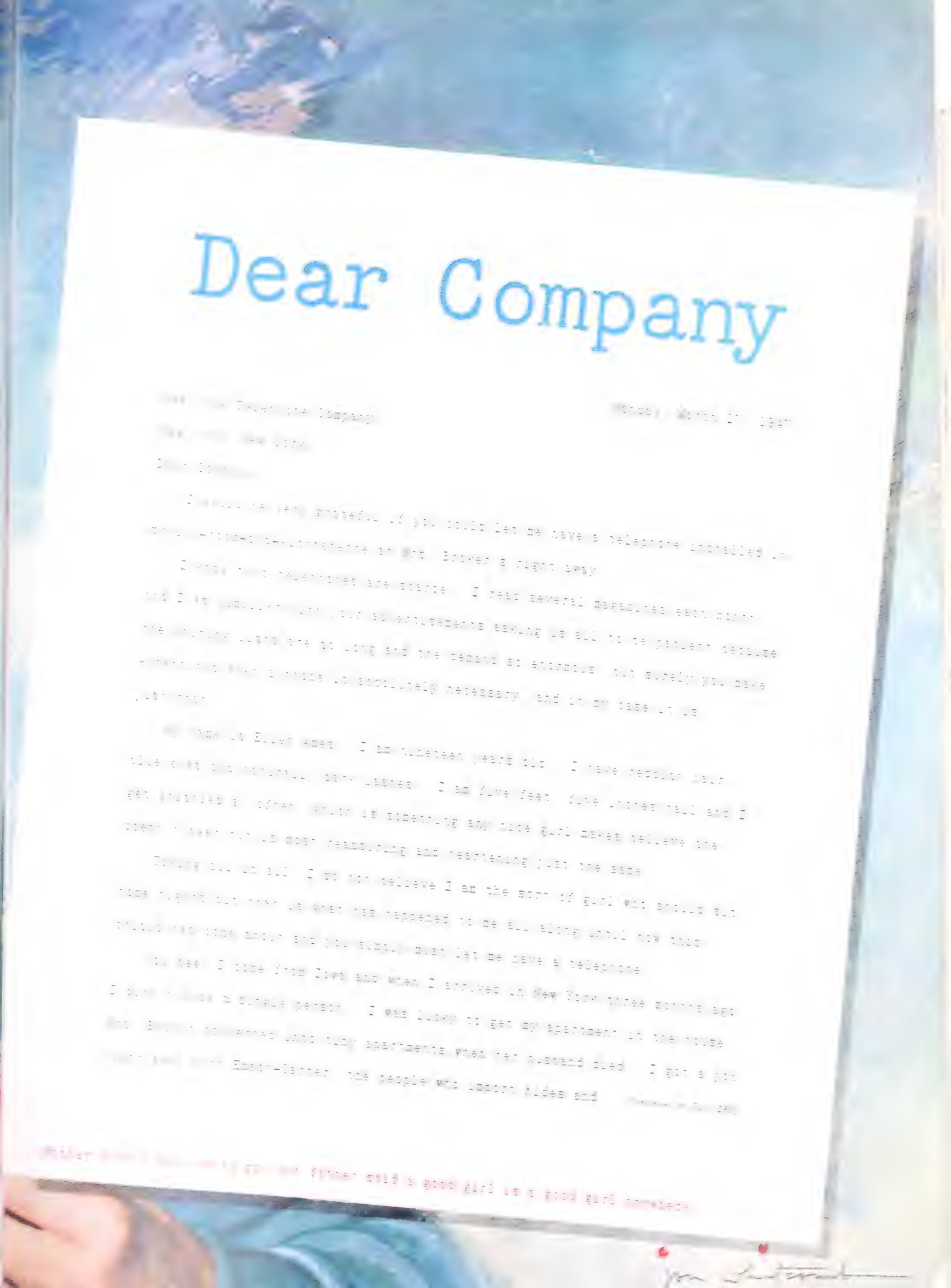
But difficulties arose at once. In the first place, Bill came in before Adam arrived. Then he had not only changed *(Continued on Page 267)*

It was one of those times when a wife remembers the girl she was—and isn't too displeased with the woman she is.

"Your back looks different." Bill observed. "Turn around and let's see if your face explains the mysterious air I feel around me."

What's the good of a telephone—if the wrong man calls?
By Alec Rackowe

Dear Company



WHY RELIGION HELPS MESS UP THE WORLD

MISGUIDED PRIVATE SECTARIAN DIFFERENCES TURNED RELIGION INTO A RIGHT-LOVING ELF WHICH MAKES MAN A SUSPICIOUS BELIEVER OF WHITE ▼ BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

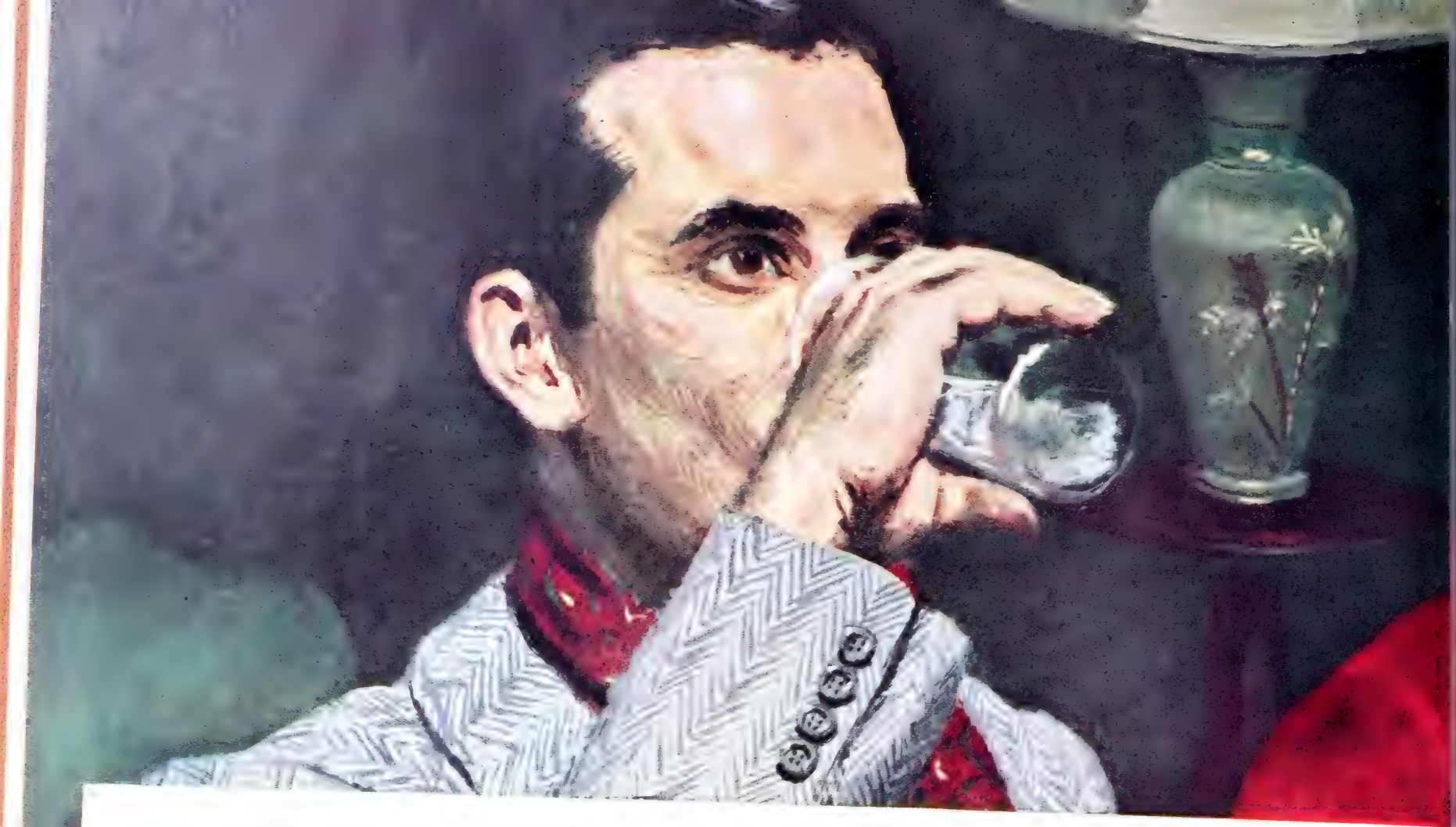
T

Continued on Page 142

The Lackawanna Valley

BY GEORGE INNESS

(Remarks on an interesting work, the purchase of art has come from comparatively lately and the present problems of the museum between patron and artist. Some would be sure should choose and the other acquiesce, but others oppose. In painting the famous picture of Scranton the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad in 1855, George Inness was confronted with this controversy. He painted what pleased himself, not necessarily what pleased his patron. Had he not done so, he would have been compelled to paint a picture of a type of which he was heartily tired. Now, the railroad company wishes to own the painting, and I cannot at all blame them. It is a fine picture, and I cannot at all blame them. It is a fine picture, and I cannot at all blame them. It is a fine picture



DEATH for NOVEMBER

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL . . . BY RONALD MITCHELL

SOME people say that Creston is the most vicious town in North America. It is only a few who say so, and they are regarded as an affected, precious group. Most of Creston's residents would laugh if they heard the slander, since it can be proved by reference to statistics that many towns have a higher juvenile-delinquency rating and more murders.

Occasionally a youngster gets into trouble, usually a professor's son or daughter, sometimes even the child of a professor of psychology or sociology; and as for murder, there has been only one since the year 1908, when Darius Woodbury, in an access of displeasure with the River Heights Village Board, invited all its members to a picnic at which every sandwich was fortified with henbane. The entire board perished. Darius Woodbury expiated his crime, and River Heights was incorporated into the city of Creston.

It takes an old sensation like this to remind the people of Creston how very peaceful and secure their home town is, and since most of them have forgotten all about Darius Woodbury, Creston is usually taken for granted by those who live in it.

The intellectuals mix their mythology by calling it an academic Venusberg and its inhabitants the lotus-eaters of the Middle West. The simpler folk merely say that it is such a lovely place to live in that almost everyone who comes there wants to stay there for life. You hardly ever see a wheel chair on its streets, and the lawns are dotted with play pens, woolly animals and tricycles. It is even rumored that couples who have been childless for eight to fifteen years find themselves excitedly visiting the obstetrician after a few months in Creston. The town is youthful and alive and vigorously beautiful.

The V-shaped section between the rivers is called the Triangle, and is especially attractive. Conrad Lawson, professor of political science, lives there with a softly purring wife whose white hair looks very distinguished at the concert series, row D, over gray, black or lavender. The McCarrolls live there too. Professor McCarroll, once a gardener's boy out at the Ketchum Nursery, is now head of the Department of Horticulture.

The richest in the Triangle are the Maxwells. Twenty years ago Leonard Maxwell was a graduate assistant in English at Creston, and for several years it seemed that he would never get his doctor's degree. What little money he had he increased and decreased alternately by paying more attention to horses than Creston thought a graduate assistant specializing in Victorian poetry should. Creston was proved wrong when he won a thousand dollars on a horse named Florence, and felt he owed it to her to go to Italy for the summer vacation on the proceeds. It seemed a sensible thing for a young student of Browning to do, but how very sensible Leonard did not realize until he went to Florence and ravished the heart of Leona Hopper, whose parents owned a villa in Fiesole, a block and a half in downtown Philadelphia, and the equivalent of three oil wells in Texas. Leonard and Leona were married, and the graduate assistant returned to live in the handsomest house in the Triangle and become one of the best teachers in the English Department or any other. He had *(Continued on Page 116)*

★ *Copyright, 1947, by Ronald Mitchell. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Harper & Brothers.* ★

A story of love and its dark encounter with two hearts that sought only love.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

He raised his glass and drank, and what she saw filled her with horror.

I WANTED A BABY NOW!

By Helene Wanderman Lefco

More than 3,000,000 couples in the United States applied for marriage licenses in 1946. Each of these couples must have faced the question: "Shall we have our babies now or wait?" Here are the differing opinions of two young wives.

THIS is being written [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Nancy, my [illegible]

Every woman needs a baby, wants a baby. But [illegible] never built a family's strength or an adaptable individual. There is no shame in support, in comfort, in [illegible]

Numerous potential mothers are stymied by what [illegible] do not feel self-sufficient or stable in themselves. They find themselves afraid of the love that may grow for [illegible] as in the family group would result in a vigorous, [illegible]

W[illegible] ers with them, while Hank can teach wrestling holds on the [illegible] bubbles within us. The No. 1

W[illegible]

ably ended with my head dangling disconsolately from the window. Mornings were discouraging affairs where good nutritious food was wasted on an unappreciative woman. My days ended in a quiet, all-dressed evening, and an early exhausted yawn. But as soon as I discovered the eccentricities of my insides, and ate and rested accordingly, the intensity of my early discomforts subsided. All my former activities were resumed; I visited friends, went to the theater, read, wrote, walked for hours in the country air. With the peculiar "toe-out" gait of the pregnant [illegible] I learned to love [illegible] my formula equipment, and took care of my house. I drank quantities of milk, stopped smoking, and thought beautiful thoughts. I even went to a football game, and stood shamelessly up on a bench, cheering loudly.

Maternity clothes made an early appearance in my [illegible] But expectant motherhood need no [illegible] I discovered several handsome, [illegible] Hank was ready with a quick compliment and an assuring smile. Most men think their wives loveliest at such a time, despite hidden female fears.

There was much solicitation [illegible] from my friends. My ravenous appetite amused them. My [illegible] My way constantly. [illegible] and bosses groomed [illegible] offering me their seats, arms [illegible] knowing. I was the natural [illegible] Speculation as to the sex of my baby ran high. Hank was [illegible] descendant of a predominantly female clan, insisted [illegible] a normal, healthy baby.

[illegible] and in a few weeks my prepregnancy clothes fitted [illegible] [illegible] Hank [illegible] and I are more closely allied now than [illegible] my relationship. Baby has become an expression of [illegible] Hank was [illegible] I expect to live with, bend to meet, mold and [illegible] my heart. I'm glad I had my baby now! THE END

WE DON'T WANT A BABY NOW!

By Jeanne Lenton Tracey

I DON'T want a baby—at least for the first five years! Although my husband and I feel very strongly about this, many of our friends refuse to take us seriously. Our families feel they have failed in the line of duty and we often meet raised eyebrows and patronizing shrugs of the shoulder which are calculated to "put us in our place" by young couples already in the stork set.

To be doubted and challenged on the basis that we are violating our foremost obligation to the human race is perhaps fair enough. But *if* our first and foremost obligation to the human race is to have children, certainly an equally important obligation to the world is to rear them wisely.

My husband and I both want children someday and would be terribly unhappy if we couldn't have them. But for the present, our answer is "No."

We have thought about this and talked it over together, and our reasons for not wanting children for the first five years of marriage are based on our mutual hopes, ambitions and the circun. 'ances at the present time.

When Jim and I met five years ago we liked each other immediately. Looking back, it seems impossible that our friendship survived the clashes of two youthful temperaments, but we finally narrowed our emotional interests down to each other and, in the process of growing up, fell in love. Our timing wasn't too perfect, however, for we had to sit out the war in single blessedness and watch our friends merge two by two. With the end of the war we made plans and were married.

We have been married for a year now and have been completely happy. One of the reasons we have been so happy is that we are totally absorbed in each other and ourselves. We both have our work. Jim is studying law under the G. I. Bill of Rights and I have a job, the care of the apartment and my favorite diversion, writing. I rush home at night, do what shopping has to be done, pressure-cook our evening meal and we sit down to a dinner as leisurely and as nourishing as I can make it. I've learned that there is many a trick to making uninteresting vegetables look interesting. We have plenty of milk and always a snack late at night to relax after some concentrated studying. But dinnertime is our most pleasant time, for there is plenty of talk, much sharing of opinions and mild arguing and the joy of just being together for an hour. After dinner, Jim returns to his typewriter to brief law cases endlessly, I do the cleaning-up job and settle down to my typewriter also. Mornings are slightly more hectic than the nights before, but things are evened up, for we are slightly less awake and therefore less critical. With breakfast over and the apartment cleaned up, Jim goes off to school and I'm at the office by nine.

THE fact that we both have such a rigid schedule to adhere to is one of our reasons for not wanting a baby now. Jim couldn't devote more than a loving look now and then to the child and I would have to be nursemaid, mother-father and playmate. It would be unfair to deprive Jim of his share as a parent and unwise for us to bring up a baby under these harried conditions. Moreover, a marriage is happiest when there is an even balance of responsibility between the husband and the wife. Plunging the wife into the arduous role of a mother and at the same time depriving her of one of the joys of motherhood—a father who is able to tumble on the floor with a delighted baby, play blocks and bounce a rubber ball, thus assuming his share of the care and the happy "we are three" feeling—would be tipping the scales too unevenly for comfort.

THEN, too, we are city dwellers. Our apartment is as near Jim's school and my job as we could make it, and we love everything about it. We have an immense antique mahogany corner cupboard which looks slightly ridiculous in our mite-size living room but is excellent for the morale. It, as well as Jim's wing-backed chair and typewriter, would have to be shifted to the kitchen to make room for a baby's crib and play pen, or the baby would have to be placed in the kitchen. A newborn infant could not get the necessary healthful sleep while the sound of Jim's typewriter was going on, for the walls of the apartment were made so that the second floor knows what is brewing on the third floor and the couple next door can rely on our radio if theirs gives out.

Living in the city seems to fit our desire to be in the center of things and yet be alone—but there are no parks to wheel a baby in, no fresh air which isn't tainted with the latest factory output and no back yard for the baby's sun bath. A baby needs fresh air and sunshine and a place to crawl around in. Also very necessary is clothesline space to dry the little sweaters and baby's things. Moving is out of the question, for the housing shortage still exists, with any new apartments renting sky-high.

Also, children cost money and parenthood will have to be postponed for us because our combined incomes are not enough to care for a child adequately. Lack of money often brings with it a necessary lowering of standards and a fear of tomorrow, and we are trying to skirt anything so dangerous to happiness. We can both imagine the emotional insecurity which would result if a grocery bill couldn't be paid or if baby's needs couldn't be included in an overburdened budget. Health and love are necessary to the well-being of a child, but even more important is the feeling of security and of confidence in the home.

We want to give our baby the same "charm in living" that we had. We want to have the happy, cheerful feeling which pervades the home where the budget can include such cultural touches as music, books and other forms of art. I can remember clearly the times mother and dad took my sister and me to see light-opera productions and children's-theater presentations when we were very young. They managed to surround us with good books and records by famous artists and the many things which helped us to grow in mind and in appreciation. And we loved them for it. Jim and I want to do as well along those lines as our own parents did, and we shall have neither time nor money to do that for a long time to come. We feel it imperative to wait until we can offer our children more as parents than we can now.

In the five years we shall be growing in understanding, we shall also be reaching a more complete maturity. The love we have to give our children will be tempered with intelligent guidance; the care and discipline they should receive will be readily known and willingly applied so that the child will grow not only in body, but in mind also.

It is a fact that in a great number of cases conception occurs *before* the desire to have a child is felt. We do not want this to happen to us, for we want to feel this desire *before* we start a family, and that is perhaps our strongest argument against parenthood right now.

We are not ready to be parents yet! We still enjoy each other exclusively and don't feel we are to be labeled "unusual" because of it. We don't agree when our friends say, "Wait a while; after two or three years of marriage you will both find you need something else to fill your lives besides each other." Our first three years of married life will not be normal ones for either of us, so that when the time for wanting children as an addition to our marriage comes, we shall not feel that we have done everything together. We shall hardly have been able to get to know each other as other couples do, for our time spent together as a married couple is so limited now.

With Jim's three-year law course over and our future somewhat more secure, we want to take a long holiday and realize one of our most cherished ambitions. We want to travel, to go to Europe and take an ocean voyage to far-off places. It will be a rich experience for both of us and we can think of no better way to spend the money we are trying to save now. If we wait until after our children have come, it might not be possible, and we shall have missed out on something we have always wanted to do. We want to see as much as possible, know as much as possible, and do as much as possible, and our enthusiasm cannot be thrust aside as an irresponsible whim. It would be as dangerous psychologically for us to have a baby right now, when we are mentally and emotionally unprepared for it, as it would be dangerous physically to advise pregnancy in the case of a heart patient. In addition, it would be dangerous to not one life, but three.

IF Jim and I wait for five years until we are in our late twenties, shall we be "too old" to enjoy our children? We don't think so, for when our children are grown we shall be in our late forties, still young. And in waiting we shall have had time to build mutual interests and a degree of individual independence for ourselves which will sustain us when our children have left us and we are once more alone. We don't want to lose sight of the fact that someday we shall be alone after a life centered around our children, and for the twenty years or more left to us we want to be as independent, emotionally and financially, of them and as sufficient unto ourselves as possible.

Yes, we *do* want children! We want them when we shall be able to offer them a home as nearly perfect in every way for a child as we can make it. We want children when we are ready for them! THE END

★S★A★L★E★M★

MASSACHUSETTS

A city made famous by history, Hawthorne and the exquisite handiwork of America's most celebrated architectural craftsman, Samuel McIntire

★ BY RICHARD PRATT ★

Architectural Editor of the Journal

SALEM'S memories begin with the Puritans, who settled there just ten years after the Landing at Plymouth Rock. And as far as posterity is concerned at present, those memories come to a climax with The Scarlet Letter, which was written on Mall Street there in the late 1840's by a sad, shy Salem man who had recently lost his job as surveyor of the port in the local customs office. In between, as you will recall, there was witchcraft. And there were the fabulous years of sailing ships, when riches from every region of the earth were heaped on Salem wharves, and Salem homes reflected the wealth of Salem merchants. These homes reflected, too, the talents of a Salem young man, a woodcarver by trade, with an extraordinary aptitude for architecture, whose taste and skill account for most of the major beauty which meets the eye in Salem today. For while in his comparatively short lifetime Samuel McIntire couldn't possibly have executed all the fine homes which Salem once possessed, it can be said that for all the best work in the great Salem tradition he was certainly the inspiration. The two great men of Salem never met: their lives overlapped by too little. McIntire began the Pingree house, which appears on pages 50 and 51, in 1804, the year Hawthorne was born; and seven years later McIntire died at fifty-four. All his life was lived, and all his work was done, within a few miles of his native city; and it is a credit to Salem that there, in the midst of so very much now which scarcely measures up to McIntire, some of the master's finest achievements are still tenderly preserved. And of all that remain, the most outstanding, in my opinion, are the two which follow.

One long block of Chestnut Street is lined on both sides by Salem's largest remaining cluster of homes for which McIntire was directly or indirectly responsible.

Because of these capacious, foursquare houses, beautifully designed in the fashion of the Federal period, Chestnut Street has been called the architecturally finest residential street in America.

PHOTO BY PRA

The sudden sight of this house as you come around the corner of Federal Street in Salem is almost overwhelming: so little are you prepared for such magnificence in the midst of the commonplace encroachments that crowd about it now.

★ ★ THE PEIRCE NICHOLS HOUSE ★ ★

BUILT IN 1782

SAMUEL McINTIRE was in his early twenties when he designed this house for a wealthy East India merchant of Salem, named Jerathmeel Peirce—a man who obviously could afford the best, and in this case got it. For this was just about the finest wooden house in America. Not only was it McIntire's design, but every important piece of carving was done by his own hands, from the original urns that capped the fence-posts to the doorways, cornices and the mantels within. Like most early American craftsmen, McIntire lacked any formal training in architecture; but as far as he was concerned, you could hardly call this a handicap. What simplified matters somewhat for him was an English volume of architectural details, very much in vogue over here since well before the Revolution, a book called The City and Country Builder's and Workman's Treasury of Designs, by a man named Batty Langley; and from it McIntire got many of the ornamental features which distinguish this extraordinarily handsome house, such as the Doric order of the façade and the Georgian mantel of the dining room at the right. But of course the main conception was McIntire's alone: the general mass and plan, and the bold idea of the great Greek corner pilasters that did so much, you can be sure, to please Mr. Peirce as he paced his balustraded roof deck, peering out across the bay for the tall sails of a clipper coming in from China.

When the house was built, the dining room at the ri
the drawing room, its carving in McIntire's early n

The east drawing room, with its exquisite carving in the Adam fashion, was finished by McIntire somewhat later than the one below, in time for the marriage of Sally Peirce to George Nichols. The teak tables were brought back from China as ballast.

Two houses in America present facades of such effective symmetry. One is McIntire's finest house, its simplicity as noteworthy.

★ PINGREE HOUSE

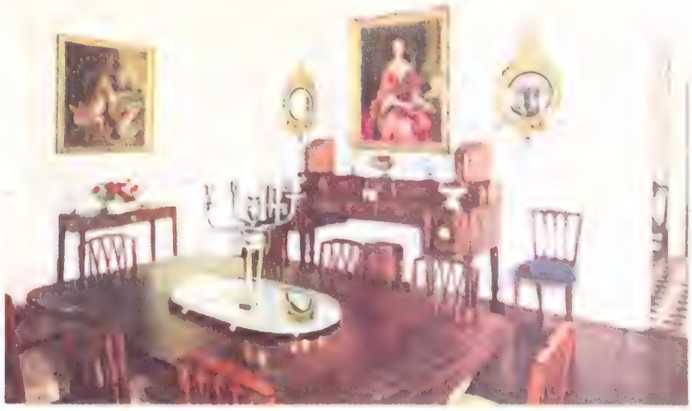
BUILT IN 1804

THE spirit of Samuel McIntire must find profound satisfaction with the way this wonderful brick house of his has been preserved and the faithfulness with which it has been restored and furnished. It is a tribute not only to the craftsman who created it, but to the generosity and painstaking care of its present patrons and protectors; and I only wish that hundreds of other famous American houses might be so fortunate as this one. At any rate, here you can feel at first hand the taste of those early times when skillful craftsmen and prosperous clients worked together in such close accord with the image of England in mind. On the day of his death it was written that, "*This day Salem is deprived of one of the most ingenious men it had in it . . . indeed, all the improvements of Salem for nearly thirty years have been under his eye. He had a fine person, a majestic appearance, calm countenance, great self-command and amiable temper. He was welcome but never intruded.*" And on his tombstone you can read, "*He was distinguished for Genius in Architecture, Sculpture, and Musick: Modest and Sweet Manners rendered him pleasing: Industry and Integrity respectable: He professed the Religion of Jesus in his entrance on manly life: and proved its excellence by virtuous Principles and unblemished conduct.*" Few men, it must be said, lie buried beneath such a tribute to their character, or amid so many mementos of their taste and skill.

The bedroom below is within McIntire's 1804-built second-story windows, and its most impressive piece of furniture is of course its great Directoire bed with the studded leather chest at its foot. Above McIntire's mantel is a painting of Salem harbor.

Marvelously carved sliding doors separate the front and back parlors on the right of the main entrance. The wallpaper panels are French, the side chairs are the finest examples of Hepplewhite, the piano is by Benjamin Crehore, and the rug is an Aubusson.

The entrance hall leads past Mr. Peirce's handsome staircase balustrade, and under his stairway to the garden door. The wallpaper is by the English carver, Grinling Gibbons.



The dining room, at the left of the entrance, is furnished in Sheraton, and the magnificent mahogany set off by superb pieces of silver.

The robin's-egg-blue bedroom is furnished in the French Chippendale style, showing Chinese influence, and typical Salem perfect taste.

HOW TO THINK

A FRIVOLOUS and worldly visitor returned to her home-town circle with a wide-eyed report on Indianapolis today. "It's the strangest city in America," she said. "I went to four parties and the people there smoked and drank and seemed perfectly normal in other ways. But all they talked about—imagine!—was sin! Is sin worse if you do it for the sake of sinning and not for the pleasure that goes with it? Is it worse to lead others into sin than to sin yourself? In Indianapolis they get *angry* at each other about sin!"

The puzzled visitor had stumbled into a circle of Indianapolis men and women whose social life has been transfigured by the Great Books discussions which have come lately to town. She was there in the week after everyone had read St. Augustine's Confessions; a little earlier in the year she would have found the same group debating the causes of the war between Athens and Sparta (431–404 B.C.). Later in the season she might have walked in on a series of vigorous drawing-room debates on Hamlet's character.

Not everybody in Indianapolis is reading the classics this year; but between five and six hundred of them are, as compared with the mere sixty-five men and women who attended the courses last year. And—under the Great Books system of split-and-multiply already operating in the mother city of Chicago—it is expected that there will be three thousand readers signed up next year in seventy or eighty courses. In Indianapolis (as in Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit) there is already a waiting list for many of the groups, under leaders trained for the work by Great Brains from the University of Chicago, which gave the Middle West its new and surprising fad.

It isn't the usual "culture vultures" who have taken up the Great Books as a fascinating diversion; most of the men and women who spend two hours every two weeks thrashing out the meaning of a classic would never have dreamed of signing up for anything so chilling as the usual "adult education" course. But the Great Books discussions are different, as any member will tell you: you don't need to know *anything* to join a class. There is no fee charged for attending. Nobody cares two straws whether you learn a single fact all year. And furthermore, classes are fun!

CULTURE IN STRANGE PLACES

Fun? To read Aristotle and Rousseau? It looks that way. For many of the men and women who belong to one of the fifteen Great Books classes in Indianapolis this year seem to have made over their lives to accommodate the sessions. A recent visitor to the local Stewart-Warner plant (heating equipment) wandered into the personnel office during the lunch hour and saw a dozen overalled men sitting on the floor, each munching a sandwich, with his nose in a paper-covered book.

"Boning up on Robert's Rules of Order for the union meeting?" he asked pleasantly.

One of the men looked up impatiently. "No," he said. "We're reading Aristotle's Ethics."

"I asked you boys a perfectly civil question," said the visitor, as he left in a huff.

But they *were* reading Aristotle's Ethics. The factory class—which began with thirty-eight assorted employees of the plant last year—has lost only two of its original members in the past twelve months. It now has a long waiting list of men who cannot be accommodated until a second class is formed. The educational background of the members has proved to be a minor matter: one of the best talkers and thinkers in the group never entered high school. The two or three college graduates who have joined from the front office have not, so far, distinguished themselves. Those reading Aristotle and the rest in this one group include four welders, three test-maintenance men, a vice-president of a CIO union, an industrial nurse, two foremen, an accountant, a diemaker, a sheet-metal worker, a cost engineer, an office manager, a girl from the assembly line, a bookkeeper, a plant photographer and an assistant sales manager.

BUT DID THUCYDIDES KNOW?

Take a look at the American "working stiff" at play in Indianapolis this year—perhaps in your city next.

It is the late afternoon. Forty men from the shop and offices are seated around a V-shaped table to discuss Thucydides' Peloponnesian War. Ash trays are at every place; some of the men are in their shirt sleeves. Nothing—least of all the leader—suggests the classroom atmosphere. For Milton Mayer, the magazine writer, is conducting the class, with the help of a faculty member from a local college. (Two directors are needed for these discussions, "to check each other and be sure nobody sneaks in any teaching," as they put it.)

"What," asks Mr. Mayer, "is the difference between Thucydides and Gone With the Wind?" It is an ice-breaking question.

"Thucydides was writing facts," somebody volunteers.

"But didn't we hear that Miss What's-her-name, who wrote the novel, spent twenty years doing research for Gone With the Wind? Why do you think she doesn't give us facts?"

"Thucydides was alive at the time he wrote about—at least during part of the time the war went on. Probably the last part."

"*Certainly* the last part, Mr. Brown. Well, how do you know he got the straight dope, even so? Would *you* know how to write an accurate account of the Normandy invasion?"

"Sure. Consult the newspapers of nineteen-forty-four."

"Did Thucydides do that? How does he sell himself as a good reporter? And, anyway, do you believe all you read in the papers, Mr. Brown?"

After an hour of this the debate is going strong.

"Whose fault was the Peloponnesian War?"

"Nobody's—no one side is ever to blame in starting a war," says somebody.

"Hey, wait a minute," cuts in his neighbor. "How about Germany in nineteen-thirty-nine?"

"If we were *Germans* we wouldn't think Germany was to blame," says someone else. "Everybody always thinks his own war is justified."

"Well, how about it?" tosses in one of the leaders. "*Is* there any right and wrong in international affairs? Or is the right country just the one that wins and writes the history books?"

It goes on.

"All wars start because of greed," says a socialistically minded man.

"Show me where Thucydides mentions economics, Mr. Wagner."

"Could the war have been avoided?"

"Yes—if only Corinth had taken better care of her colonies."

Here are intellectuals of a new kind—factory workers, businessmen,

A THOUGHT!

"Spoken like a true Briton, Mr. Faust," is the leader's comment.

The last debate before the two-hour session ends revolves around a teaser thrown out by Mr. Mayer: "So you agree with Henry Ford that 'history is bunk'?"

This discussion doesn't end when the class is over; little groups, leaving the plant, can be heard still arguing some point. "Well, if we really *could* learn anything from history, we wouldn't be in the mess we are today." . . . "No, I can't see why you *believe* Thucydides. There *aren't* any facts that we can be sure about." . . . "There aren't, eh? Well, you're here, aren't you? You know your own name, don't you? Aren't those facts?"

As the men stream out of the room into the twilight, several of them start hiking for the streetcar line; these men—shop employees—used to come to work in cars. Since starting the Great Books last year they have changed their habits and ride on the streetcars, so as to have time to read and study the text for the coming week.

This conversation will be carried back into the homes of the men who attend the course. Their wives during dinner will be involved in a lively discussion of war and right-and-wrong and whether facts are facts or only fantasy. The next day in the shop, men who disagreed will seek each other out: "I've thought of the answer to your saying, 'History doesn't repeat itself since gunpowder was discovered.'" And so on, for the next two weeks. Then another book—Plato's Gorgias—will come along:

"Mr. Warren, I think you said last time that you're a churchgoer. Well, do you, as a Christian, really believe that the 'meek will inherit the earth'?"

"Yes."

"Then you don't agree with Plato's thesis that the go-getter gets his? Where does Plato make his mistake?"

And they are off again.

SOPHOCLES A SELLOUT

"Organized bull sessions" is one descriptive nickname for the Great Books courses, but they are bull sessions with a discipline: whenever the conversation threatens to wander off, the leader pulls it back and forces the group to consider what Plato said (or Machiavelli or John Locke or Adam Smith). Whatever it was that the writer said, it's probably worth considering; for the men who wrote these chosen works were among the clearest thinkers of our race. And what they have said—at least in the selected portions read for the course—always has a distinct bearing on the problems that plague us all today: What is life "about"? What is man's duty to other men? What kind of government do we want? Why should anyone do right instead of wrong? Does economics run the world? Can a man be good without a belief in God?

The effect of having six hundred of its residents debate such questions as these has had a remarkable effect on the city: the Great Books readers in Indianapolis are few, but they are a powerful leaven. Demands for the classics have shot up in the Indianapolis library system, which has been forced to reorder copies of such "sleepers" as Sophocles' plays and Plutarch's Lives. Local bookstores now feature whole windowfuls of cheap reprints of the Greek philosophers. The level of conversation has appreciably risen in the town, according to one enthusiastic hostess. "A political argument used to lead close to bloodshed among my friends," she says. "But a single Great Books guest always saves things. He steps in and begins asking *questions*, as he's learned to do in his course. Pretty soon people are actually thinking before they speak; that slows down the impulse toward murder across the dinner table."

Prejudices, in some cases, disappear when the acid of the great minds goes to work on them. At a recent Great Books session at the leading men's club, the leader addressed a Republican businessman: "Do you think John L. Lewis has the right to strike against the Government?"

"No."

"But I thought," the leader said sweetly, "I thought you were just telling us that Antigone was right in defying the king, because her conscience told her the law was evil. Suppose John L. Lewis thinks injunctions are evil. Is he still wrong, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith may have come out of the class with his viewpoint on the coal strike the same as when he went in; but he had certainly been forced to examine it from a new and different angle.

FOR DEMOCRACY: MIND TOUGHENING

Getting citizens to think through their prejudices is considered by some Americans to be the crucial problem of our time—of any time. Robert Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago and a leader of one of the first Great Books courses ever held, feels so strongly on the matter that he has taken a nine-month leave of absence from the university to devote himself to the Great Books movement.

"We have been saying for years that the way to improve society is to educate the people," he says. "But we have limited education to infants between the ages of six and twenty-one. Thomas Jefferson said democracy would work well if education were given to all the people. We don't know whether he was right or wrong, for good education—the kind that makes the mind tough—has never been tried in America."

The Great Books, according to Doctor Hutchins and his colleague, Dr. Mortimer Adler, offer a tempting mental punching bag to those who wish to practice tough thinking. The Great Books, they insist, are not good because they are old, but because they *aren't*—their authors deal with fundamental matters that are of as great interest to us today as when they were written one or two thousand years ago. Great Books were never written for specialists; they were written for ordinary men and women. Yet they are always a little over our heads, and so they make us stretch and reach to grasp their meaning; this is good, hard, exciting intellectual exercise.

Doctor Adler—author of the best seller, How to Read a Book—has conducted more Great Books classes than any other leader. One of his classes, the first formed, has now been meeting regularly in Highland Park, Illinois, for *sixteen* years. Nobody who belongs has any intention of stopping the discussions this side of death. Everyone appears satisfied with the formula worked out for all the courses; according to this, the season starts with one of the Greek philosophers and works on, through history, to such a recent book as the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx, or to *(Continued on Page 278)*

ecutives, housewives. And they are not posing. ★ *By Gretta Palmer*

THE LATCHKEY

DAVID sat on the front steps and read the letter again, unfolding it carefully where the creases were beginning to wear thin. He had big, awkward hands, but they were gentle, almost delicate, with the letter. He could not see the words very well in the light from the corner street lamp, but he knew them all anyway.

Dear David. It was the way any letter written to him would begin, yet he felt it to be different. He had never really seen these words before in any other letter. This was no mere form, no meaningless salutation. *Dear* David. "Dear *Susan*," he whispered to himself. "*Dear* Susan." There were only two more lines, written in a small, neat round hand. They said that she would love to go to the country-club dance with him on Labor Day, and thanked him for asking her. And then there was the word at the end, the word that stood alone and wonderful in the middle of the page. *Love*, it said. Love, Susan.

He put the letter quickly to his cheek, against the fine down that he imagined needed shaving twice a week, and then thrust it into his pocket again, embarrassed, although no one could have seen him.

He had thought maybe she wouldn't go with him. He had known her such a little while, really—just for part of the spring term at high school, and then she had gone away for the summer. But they had had a few evenings together—one evening in particular—and they were different from any times he had ever been with a girl, and he thought he would never forget them.

They had gone down to the river that last night and sat on the grass holding hands—just sat there for a while, watching the water. He had not looked at her, because there was no need. He knew exactly how she looked, as though he had known her always and seen her in every mood—a small, gray-eyed girl with straight blond hair, staring at the fog coming up over the river with her head to one side and a little frown between her neat, silky eyebrows. If anyone had asked him whether she was pretty, he would have been surprised. He did not think of her as pretty or not pretty. She was Susan.

"'The fog comes on little cat feet,'" she said. "Somebody wrote that in a poem, but it's a thing anyone could have thought of, isn't it? Because that's just how the fog does." Her hand turned in his, and it was as though she flicked some switch that accelerated the beat of his heart. "I wonder what it is that makes some people the first ones to think of such things," she said. "I wish I knew, so I could be one of them."

He had never heard a girl talk like this before. It was like listening to a strange language, and yet it was not really strange—it was almost as though he knew it somewhere in the recesses of his mind, but could not remember it without her help.

"You're going away," he said.

"Only for the summer."

"I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too, David."

His throat felt thick and painful. He opened his hand and looked down at hers, lying quietly on his palm, and he wanted to kiss it, but couldn't. It would not have been a silly thing to do; he knew that. And yet he would have felt silly doing it.

"I wish I was one of those people too," he said hoarsely. "One of those who think of things first. Then I'd know a way to say—a way to tell you ——" He stopped, not wanting to stop, unable to go on. *Corny*, he thought fiercely—yet he knew there was nothing corny about it, about any of it.

"I feel as if we'd known each other a long time," she said.

It seemed miraculous to him that she had felt this too. "So do I," he said, his words hurrying with excitement. "It's a funny thing. When I walked into Algebra Three that morning and saw you sitting there, I thought you were somebody I knew, and still I was sure I hadn't ever seen you before. I guess that must mean something."

"Yes," she said. After a moment she added, "You're awfully good in algebra," and then she turned her head and he kissed her, without knowing he was going to, and their noses bumped, but neither of them laughed.

She went away the next morning, and he didn't see her again or hear from her, until he got the idea of asking her to the Labor Day dance at the country club.

He had never been to the Labor Day dance; he had never been inside the club, which every year sponsored for charity this one big dance to which nonmembers were admitted. It was the gala affair of the year, closing the summer season, and every girl and woman in town coveted an invitation to it—every boy and man who had the price and a girl to impress and please bought tickets for it.

David had waited in a state of alternating confidence and despair for Susan's answer. Of course, she would go with him; still, maybe someone else had asked her first. But he had written to her so early, weeks before the date; on the other hand, she might not be back in town by Labor Day. She had to be back—she had to go with him. Sometimes, when he thought over the times they had been together, it seemed to him that he had acted—well, young, without the proper confidence and dash. But taking her to the dance would fix all that. Kids didn't go to the Labor Day dance.

AND now she had said she would go with him—now everything was going to be swell. He leaned against the porch railing and smiled and whispered, "'The fog comes on little cat feet,'" to the clear, starry sky.

He did not even hear the car turn in the driveway and roar into the garage. He had no idea that his mother and Jeb were home from the movies until his mother spoke, right next to him.

"Oh, David, I'm sorry, darling. I forgot to leave the key under the mat."

He got her slowly into focus, a tall, tomboyish woman with flyaway hair who could easily, in this light, have been his kid sister. "That's all right," he said. "I didn't want to go in anyhow." From beneath the *(Continued on Page 210)*

David said, "You're going away." "Only for the summer," said Susan

You pay a lot for being young—l

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

ats the fee for growing up? By Gertrude Schweitzer

ADAM'S FEAR SHOT UP SICKENINGLY. "I DID IT!" HE THOUGHT.

Is Gran'pa Really Dead!?

BY MARIE READ SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM

A LANTERN, carried from the barn to the front gate, dimly lighted the scene of the doctor's departure. Shivering in his mound of bedclothes, Adam pressed his chilled nose to the windowpane and anxiously watched his father hitch the doctor's horse to the sleigh. Another lantern was lighted and hung on the dashboard. Then as the smoky mist of dawn drifted and parted Adam saw the doctor leave their house and wade through a foot of new-fallen snow to the gate. There he stood for a moment, speaking in low tones to his father. The two men shook hands. In another minute the doctor had climbed into the sleigh, which disappeared, with a muffled jingle of bells, into the morning fog.

Adam breathed a great shuddering sigh that trembled through his whole young body. Then he pulled the quilts and blankets around his small form and stumbled wearily to bed. The doctor had gone. Gran'pa was going to be all right now. Maybe he would be well enough to take him on another sleigh ride in their big new sleigh before the snow melted. Surely well enough by spring to teach him how to shoot the shotgun in the woods—when father wasn't looking.

His head pushed deep into the pillow and he sank down—down into a dark worrisome pit of bad dreams.

Someone was shaking his arm. Before he opened his eyes he smelled the odor of barn on father's clothes. He looked up quickly, saw the somber look in father's dark eyes. It set his heart beating fast. Father sat on the side of the bed and took Adam's hand in his big red rough one.

"You'd better get up, Adam, to help your gran'ma and mother. Gran'pa . . . went last night."

Adam drew his hand from his father's grasp as though it were a trap. Needles of ice struck his heart. Why hadn't the doctor done something? Why had he left? Was father *sure?*

"Is gran'pa *really* dead?" he whispered tremulously. "Did you—how do you *know?*"

Father watched him soberly. "I know, son." He patted his arm and stood up. "Your mother needs you. There are things to be done and it's late already. After seven o'clock." He went out and shut the door.

Adam's hands were wet with perspiration. He began to shake from head to foot. In the next room, at the left, lay a dead man, the first dead person he had ever known anything about. Only this was *gran'pa,* who never should have died, not this way, anyhow. He shivered from nervous cold. There was an emptiness all around him. The house was very quiet, with just little rattling noises in the kitchen. Mother wasn't singing. He didn't hear father working in the barns. There wasn't even the tap of gran'ma's stick.

Gran'ma! His throat suddenly caught and felt awfully achy. He strained back sudden tears and held a little sob stiff in his throat. She'd miss gran'pa so! Who'd play cards with gran'ma? Or wind wool for her? Or bring her breakfast to her on a tray? Adam bit down hard on both lips.

He heard the back-stairs door open. In an instant he had thrown back the covers and was out of bed. They mustn't come for him again. Still trembling, he slid into his clothes. He couldn't seem to button his shoes, his fingers were so cold and shaky. He poured water into the basin and dabbed the washcloth at his face and neck. The reflection of his face in the mirror amazed him. It didn't look like Adam at all. His face was so white, and great shadows made his eyes look terribly large, like black holes. His eyes were all wet and teary. He rubbed them vigorously. Father mustn't see him cry. The thought of crying made his throat all sore again. He combed his dark hair real hard so that the hair would pull and make him forget fast. Then he threw the comb down on the marble dresser and dashed to the door.

In the long dark hall he stopped. Just a few feet down was that other door. Inside was a dead person—gran'pa. Was gran'pa really dead? Should he look? What would gran'pa look like? He tiptoed over the squeaky boards to the door. He put his hand on the wooden knob. Something stopped him from turning it—the sharp tapping of a cane inside. Instantly he turned and sped down the hall to the back stairs.

On the way down he heard two women talking. One was his mother, and the other voice was Mrs. Horton's, the woman on the next farm. Adam frowned. What was she doing here so early? She talked too much in a loud voice, and she wasn't pretty, like mother. She had brown straight hair pulled back in a bun. Not curly and gold color like mother's. And she wore ugly old black dresses. 'Cause she was poor, mother said. Mrs. Horton was queer about children too. She didn't have any of her own, but she was always inviting kids in, for candy, maybe, or cake; most often just to talk. She was so strange, though, nobody went much.

SUDDENLY he realized they were talking about him. He stopped in the middle of the stairs to listen.

"—— very fond of each other." That was mother talking. "He's so sensitive for his eight years. I declare, Clara, I don't know how he's going to take this. Aaron says the child went white as the pillowcase when he told him. I thought I wouldn't go up. Just let him take his time coming down this morning."

"Poor little tyke." That was Mrs. Horton, and he didn't like that word "tyke!" What did it mean? "If you like, Mary, you can send him over for the next couple of days, till after the funeral. 'Course there won't be any children for him to play with ——" Mrs. Horton blew her nose hard.

Mother mustn't say "yes" to Mrs. Horton! Adam clattered down the stairs in a hurry. Both women looked at *(Continued on Page 203)*

A little boy is often to blame—but not for everything

You CAN MAKE . .

You will hand-roll silk squares for summer scarfs, have belt to match.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

What makes one woman's clothes more interesting than another's? How can two women start with the same suit and make it look so different? How can we put our fingers on the intriguing quality? So many times it is an easy thing—the soft little hat, the bag, the gloves, the scarf, the gilet or the clever pair of matching accessories—that gives the perfectly simple dress or suit the wonderfully special look. This is particularly true in spring and summer when you can use splashes of color; particularly true when you can make the accent you need yourself. Famous designers have created these very adaptable additions . . . the JOURNAL offers the patterns.

You will be enchanted with polka-dot scarf-beret and gloves.

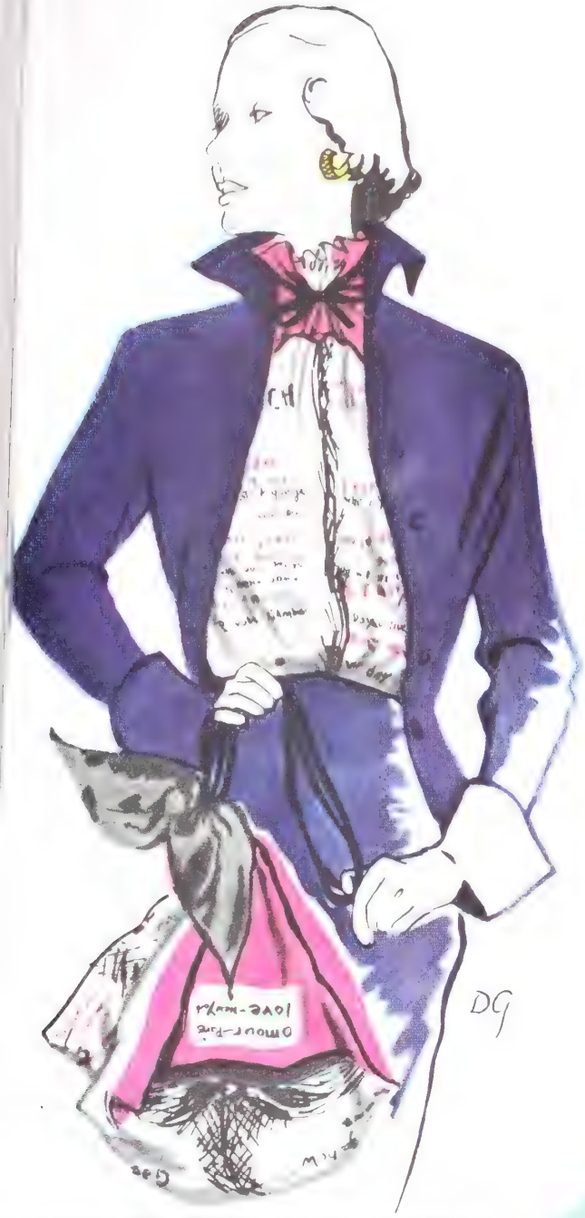
By John Frederics, for you to make. Beret, 2325; gloves, 2223.

You can wear your dots with dark navy wool or blue linen.

You can tie the scarf-beret in a big floppy bow in the back.

SUIT BY JOSET WALKER

Send 5 cents to the JOURNAL Reference Library, Phila. 5, Pa., for each pattern desired. Order by number given in description.



You **make a gilet (2326) *and* a tramp's bag**

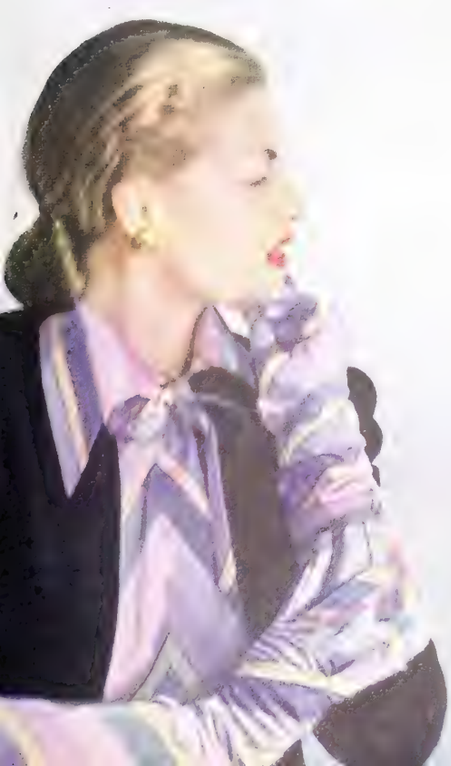
from one scarf. By Dorothy Dickerson.

SUIT BY MILDRED O'QUINN

You **can choose a bag and draped turban for your polka-dot pair, also by John Frederics. Hat, 2331; bag, 2332.**

You **can wear two different-color ring-scarfs, combine them different ways. By Charles James.**

BY CUSHMAN O'LEARY



You **will make gloves (2223), and a Byron-collar gilet (2329) of striped taffeta, by Dorine Liebert.**

You **will want a cool shantung shirt in brilliant color for dark skirts. So easy. 2330. Sizes 12, 14, 16.**

POPULARITY PLUS

Like an album of popular tunes, these clothes and their near cousins are sweeping across the country. The simple fact that thousands of women are choosing them for important spots in their wardrobes indicates their rightness, their almost universal becomingness. Their agreeably small prices prove once more "that good American dollars buy your money's worth of fashion." • *by Ruth Mary Packard*

THE LOOSE FINGER-TIP COAT—Popular because it looks and feels right over suit or dress, spring or summer; $39.75; in bright shades, beige, black or navy. Red goes with this wardrobe.

THE TWEED TAILLEUR—Popular this spring in a small check, slim lines, longer skirt; around $39.75. We suggest: off-white linen-crash blouse, panama cloche, brown leather bag.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

THE RAYON SHANTUNG SUIT—By Morgan Fauth, popular because it's an all-day fashion, April to September; $25.00. Popular in dark green, black or navy, with gold jewelry, brown Milan hat.

THE PURE-SILK DRESS—Popular because silk is forever beloved and because it need not be expensive. This polka dot by Henry Rosenfeld is $25.00. Pretty with a big diaphanous white hat.

THE SHOULDER-CAPE DRESS—With the slim over-blouse silhouette in brown rayon linen. Popular because it does very special things for your figure, costs only $25.00; is worn with the same Milan hat, brown bag.

THE DRESS WITH THE FAN-PLEATED SKIRT—More and more popular as summer comes; also about $29.75; in black or navy sheers. Glamour added: white mesh veil tied around your sheer white hat.

The same idea as at right: plaid taffeta ribbon folded back to make a collar.

A length of wide-striped satin ribbon makes a bright change for a black or navy wool or crepe dress; wear it pulled under a narrow belt.

A strip of striped piqué or taffeta down the front and a little collar and tie—on a short-sleeved navy crepe dress.

ONE MORE SPRING FOR YOUR FAVORITE DRESS OR SUIT

White rickrack on a gray flannel suit. This little touch will cost all of 20 or 25 cents. Wear white gloves and hat.

Your new spring wardrobe may be hanging in your closet—unsuspected. It will require a little doing, but very little money. Almost any simple wool or crepe dress, pretty print, short-jacket suit or boxy coat can be made to look completely new and different—with the magic stroke of a good idea. What are the things that make you think of spring? White piqué, polka dots, bright ribbons, little capes, white braid, pretty edgings. These are the things we thought of, and here are ways we suggest using them. Interpret them your own way—for your own clothes. One good idea usually inspires another! ★ **BY NORA O'LEARY**

If you want to make the capelet, send 5¢ to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, for pattern 2317. If you want to carry out the other ideas, send 5¢ for 2319, Guide to Make-Overs.

DRAWINGS BY DUDLEY

e an off-the-shoulder neckline with net or lace ruch-nd a lace apron—for a black crepe dinner dress.

A knitted edging for pockets and collar, and a row in the center of the belt; match wool yarn to wool dress.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAL REIFF

A two-tier capelet of black, brown or navy wool for last spring's print. To make, pattern 2317, 5¢.

. Turn back the cuffs, line

A button-on white piqué belt and piqué facing to refresh

SUDDENLY STACY KNEW THAT EACH CAREFULLY CHOSEN STEP OF HER LIFE HAD LED TO THIS MOMENT

BY WINIFRED HALSTED

"IT isn't as though I didn't know what it's like," said Grace Barnes, "to be tied down by a house and a two-year-old child. And he's such an active child—of course you wouldn't have them anything else. But I *do* think ——"

Stacy Adams, who was a widow, but childless, murmured ambiguously; tactfully accepting the limitations of her own experience, remembering that Grace Barnes was treating her to lunch.

"Jean's awfully young." She retreated to neutral comment on Grace Barnes' daughter-in-law.

"They're all young," said Grace Barnes testily, appeased but not comforted. "But that's what Charlie says too. And I can understand her wanting to have some fun; I think people *ought* to have fun. I think I showed that last summer when what I *wanted* to do was to go right out there and take care of the house and the baby and let them go off and just have fun. But Charlie wouldn't let me."

"I think he was perfectly right, Grace," said Stacy Adams accommodatingly. "It would have been too much for you."

"That's what Charlie said," agreed Grace Barnes. Her small, round face brightened at the recollection of the comfortable substitution of the wish for the deed. She said repentantly, "Listen to me! Running on about my troubles! What I thought when I called you was that we just ought to go out and have fun!"

"My dear, we are. Grace, I have an idea."

"Stacy!" said Grace Barnes. "What is it?"

Stacy Adams told her she was delicious. "The way you rise to excitement like a little trout! I love it."

Grace Barnes smiled happily at the younger woman's pleasant way of making her feel like an appealing, wide-eyed child. She also admired Stacy's easy use of "delicious." She herself could say "amusing" and "delightful" smoothly, but "delicious" was beyond her.

"It's nothing much," said Stacy. "But I have a feeling you've been thinking too much about family and . . . things. I wish you and Charlie would drop around for cocktails tonight."

"Why, I wouldn't think of it, dear," protested Grace Barnes earnestly. "That would be a terrible thing to do when you have an old friend coming that you haven't seen in ages."

"Scott's not that kind of an old friend at all," Stacy Adams said lightly. "I used to see him, years ago, in China." This was true, as far as it went, and Stacy seldom let the truth go further than she thought best. "He has a nice habit of looking me up for old times' sake when he comes to New York, and that's all there is to it. But he's an amusing creature, and I just thought it might be sort of fun if you'd like to." A lightning calculator of social sums, Stacy Adams had added things up and decided the invitation would cancel off the present luncheon and also set up a useful cross ruff, since Scott Pearson would strike Grace and Charlie Barnes as dashing, and they should impress Scott with the kind of friends she had. "Besides," she said, "I'd like to have him meet you and Charlie. You've both been so good to me."

"It's just lovely of you, Stacy," said Grace Barnes, her eyes liquid as a rabbit's with affection for Stacy and the delicate way she offered favors, with such finesse that the favor was kindly transferred to the other foot. "We'd love to."

The waiter presented a considerable check. Grace Barnes put down a bill. Stacy in turn wistfully appreciated the way Grace disposed of folding money, with an easy, homely implication of plenty more in the kitchen.

"Scott Pearson," said Grace Barnes. "What an attractive name. Stacy, is he ——"

"Grace, you old romantic! There's not a thing in it," said Stacy, religiously living up to her sound policy of keeping her own counsel unless a thing was absolutely sure to pay off.

"Well," fretted Grace, "but I wish you had someone to take *care* of you."

Stacy laughed merrily and said she couldn't agree with her more.

GRACE BARNES pulled on her good black Persian-lamb coat, patted her pretty gray hair to make sure it was staying up in back, and touched the brim of her small black hat so that it came properly down over her eyes. She tucked a squashy antelope bag under her arm and stood up,—neatly plump, with nice ankles and feet; the picture of a lady leaving a luncheon table.

Stacy, who put out her money where it would bring the highest return in effect, shrugged the skins of her stone-marten scarf into place with graceful carelessness. She followed Grace calmly conscious that women at the tables they passed sent appraising glances at the restrained understatement of her black coat, her clever hat, her tall thinness.

"Why, the sun's come out!" said Grace Barnes as they came out into the relative quiet of the street. Her whole day was turning out better than she had expected and she put her hand gratefully on Stacy's arm. "Are you *sure* you really want us tonight?"

"I really do," said Stacy; and since she really did, her tone was convincing. "Good-by, my dear; my hair appointment's at three, I'll have to run. Thank you a thousand times!"

They touched cheeks, then parted.

Grace Barnes watched Stacy cross the street, wait for a traffic light. Sun glistened expensively on the shining guard hairs of *(Continued on Page 102)*

"You'd be amazed at the amount of time I've put in wo about you," said Scott. "Every time I see you, I have a new

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WH

Love is a Bargain

LET'S MAKE IT "THE PEOPLE'S RED CROSS"

By Margaret Hickey
Editor, Public Affairs Department

Margaret Hickey

THE American Red Cross belongs to the people of the United States. Its humanitarian services are universally known and appreciated. The Red Cross serves those suffering from privation or disaster in time of peace, reaches out to link the people with their men and women in uniform in time of war. Since it belongs to the people, it ought to be "the people's Red Cross."

But is it really "of the people, for the people"? During the past few years those who knew it best decided not and clamored for needed democratic changes. Although the Red Cross performed magnificently during the war years, it has struggled along with a too-heavy, moss-covered charter granted by Congress in 1905. This forty-two-year-old charter left little or no opportunity for the some 36,000,000 individual members to have a voice in policy making. It gave extraordinary powers of election to a vested, self-perpetuating body called the Board of Incorporators. And policy making was entrusted to a group of eighteen on a Central Committee.

When the 1905 Red Cross charter was granted, the organization had only 18 state groups and 3337 members. Today there are 3745 chapters—at least one in every county in the United States—and 5495 branches. During the past five years the Red Cross has operated on a budget of nearly three quarters of a billion dollars.

Quasi-governmental in character, with the President of the United States as ex-officio leader, the Red Cross is the largest, self-governing welfare agency in the world.

Long before the cessation of hostilities, revision was planned; and soon after V-J Day, Basil O'Connor, wartime chairman of the Red Cross, called together a group to study policies and to recommend changes to make the Red Cross the democratic organization it should be. At the head of the Advisory Committee on Organization, as it was called, he placed E. Roland Harriman, then full-time volunteer and manager of the North Atlantic area. From various fields he chose other able members, such as Dr. Edmund E. Day, president of Cornell; Maj. Gen. Graves B. Erskine, of Iwo Jima fame; Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Washington Post; Dr. F. D. Patterson, president of Tuskegee Institute; AFL's William Green; CIO's James B. Carey. There were, in addition, local chapter members who were as diverse in their opinions as they were united in their determination to make the Red Cross a people's organization.

Their objectives were clear-cut: first, to make certain that all the people who make up the American National Red Cross really shape its policies; second, to make such recommendations for modernizing the organizational structure as would be necessary for democratic efficiency.

The work of the committee was directed to "charter and by-law revision," not to reorganization. The members applauded the organization as a going concern: its amazing blood-donor service, the medical recreation performed at home and abroad, its widespread relief were magnificent in both concept and operation. Yet changes within the charter were so obviously necessary that the committee had no trouble getting twenty-three of its twenty-five recommendations—with only a few minor variations as to form—unanimously passed by the Red Cross Executive Committee. The self-perpetuating Board of Incorporators—under the gentle but firm persuasion of the Advisory Committee—agreed to vote itself out of existence.

The first recommendation of the Advisory Committee was to increase the Central Committee, or governing body, from eighteen to fifty members. Thirty members of this body of fifty—now to be called the "Board of Governors"—are to be elected by chapters, twelve by the thirty already elected, and eight to be appointed by the President of the United States. The twelve to be chosen by the chapter governors will be designated as "governors-at-large"—to represent the religious, professional, scientific and other elements with which the Red Cross desires close association. Of the eight members appointed by the President, not more than three may be from the armed forces; one of the eight will be designated as President of the Red Cross. The old "chairman" thus gives way to a new executive title.

The Advisory Committee recommended four meetings of the governing board each year instead of one as previously—with pre-meeting agenda to be circulated among the members. Each governor is to be reimbursed for the expenses incurred in attendance at these meetings, so that financial status may hinder no one from belonging to the executive group.

To insure fresh personnel in the policy-making body, provision for rotation in office is recommended. Any elected governor who has served two consecutive terms of three years each becomes automatically ineligible for re-election for at least two years. The length of term of the presidential appointees is at the pleasure of the President.

The individual Red Cross chapters came in for their portion of advice from the committee too. So that any twenty-five members from a chapter may make direct appeals on election or membership affairs, a standing committee on the Board of Governors will be set up to hear protests. Along with "honorary members," classification of members by amount of contribution is to be eliminated. Rotation of officers, notice of elections by publication, free opportunity for nominations, as well as interchange of ideas and liaison committees to maintain close contact with state and Federal officials, are urged. Chapters are cautioned against "killing the volunteer spirit."

To take effect, the new and democratic charter has only to receive the almost certain approval of Congress and of the June convention of the Red Cross. Each volunteer, each member, the country over, may then look ahead to the time when experience may qualify him to be a "governor" of "the people's Red Cross."

Orders of the day: Field Director Janice Shepard charts duties for the volunteers who serve as Gray Ladies at the Kennedy Veterans' Hospital.

"A link with peace and home": that, and the will to live, is the gift of women like Mrs. Tim Treadwell to all who suffer in the wake of war.

There's almost no hurt that music won't help to heal. Most popular therapy with mentally ill patients is playing in the hospital orchestra.

The Red Cross: Memphis, Tennessee

By Joan Younger

THIS is the story of the man who stared miserably, unblinking, at you when he looked your way: whose ears were twisted bits of flesh, and down whose face ran a scar that looked like the splash of coffee that flung across the mess hall as explosion rocked his ship so many months ago. This is the story of how he sat huddled in a chair in the hospital ward, refusing to speak to anyone, his staring eyes turned inward. And how day after day the woman with the gray veil and the spinsterish face came and sat down beside him and said, "What makes you think looks are so important? You think I like my friends only because they are beautiful, handsome people?"

She said it once, she said it dozens of times, she varied it with gentle words on how she might even learn to like him if he gave her a chance, and finally one day he spoke to her. "Okay," he said, "I'll try."

Four months later he left the hospital for his first trip home to see his mother. When he got to the airport, he stepped out of the Red Cross Motor Corps station wagon and then he stepped back.

"Walk with me to the plane," he said, grabbing the girl driver's arm. "Act like you like me, act like I'm human."

He came back to the hospital two weeks later. He smiled and he hummed and the fact that he had more operations to go through and that it would be many months before people would stop staring at him on the streets didn't bother him so much now. Once he said, "You know, I had a wonderful time at home. People really were glad to see me."

And then his little boy came to visit him. The whole ward held its breath as the boy came in. He looked casually around and spotted his father. "Hi, dad," he said in his four-year-old treble. "How you doin'?"

"Fine," said his father. "Just fine, son."

This is also the story of the man who got so afraid during a battle that the fact that he killed six Germans still didn't make him feel as if he had done enough. His buddy was killed in front of him and maybe, he thought, he could have done something about that, too, if only he'd had the courage. So he came home and he brooded. He couldn't think about anything else and he couldn't work and nobody was real to him. Finally it was all too much for him and he collapsed completely in tears. He was taken to the hospital. As he walked into the neuropsychiatric ward, the doctors locked the door behind him.

His wife got hysterical then, but a Red Cross Gray Lady came up to her and talked to her about the treatment that the veterans' hospitals give to disturbed veterans and took her on a tour through the recreation rooms and let her watch other boys who, when they first came in, came in crying or raving or drunken or fighting, and who now played billiards or bridge or wrote letters. She showed her the doors open to the miniature-golf course and the swimming pool and the art room and the small vegetable patch.

"I don't have to come here," she said. "I come here because I want to."

Then when the wife went home, the Gray Lady went to the ward where the men who were still lost and angry and tortured were, and knocked on the door and the ward attendant let her in. She walked into the ward of the staring eyes and the hidden eyes and the vacant eyes, and pretty soon she was talking to the tearful one who was shaking all over but who even through his fog could hear her say that he'd feel better soon; wasn't it a nice thing that he came here where he'd have a chance at getting well?

This is the story, then, of the men whose suffering did not cease with the sound of the victory bells; and this is the story of the women who, because they want to, have learned how to care for these men and help them and encourage them. In technical parlance, this is the story of the maimed and sick veterans of two World Wars and the Red-Cross-trained volunteers in the Hospital and Recreation Corps (better known as the Gray Ladies), the Motor Corps and the Canteen Corps. Specifically, the events in this story took place in Memphis, Tennessee, where 380 Red Cross workers gave 124,347 hours of work during 1946, the first full year of peace. But actually, this story neither begins nor ends in Memphis; it stretches across time and space to every battle front where a Red Cross girl has lightened the heart of a soldier, and forevermore, hurt or strong, well or disturbed, the Red Cross has meant to that man what it meant then—friendliness, courage, gentleness. *(Continued on Page 214)*

Menu

Tomato-and-Clam Consommé

Broiled Stuffed Lamb Patties

New Potatoes in Cream

Beet Greens

Cheese Refrigerator Rolls

Early Variety Salad

First Flowers Dessert

Coffee

Serves 8

Now that April's here: Greeting to friends—happy gardening and good eating

PHOTO BY STUART-POWLER

Early Varieties

BY ANN BATCHELDER

FOR the moment, but only for the moment, you may lay aside the most fascinating literature produced hereabouts. You may lay aside the seed catalogues, for now you will retire to the seed store and line up in front of counter and showcase, for you are about to join that innumerable throng who see, in the eye of the mind, the flowering and fruition of long hours with spade and rake, with fertilizers and back-fence advice: you are about to *garden*.

Now the early radish. I know from experience that the first scallion, the early radish and that shy and sandy lettuce can furnish a thrill that few achievements known to man can equal. Mr. Bell rang a bell and heard a whisper where no whisper was before. Mr. Edison fiddled around and produced a light where no light was before. But *you*, all by yourself, have scattered a few dry little seeds in the bosom of Mother Earth, and lo, without a single experimental waste of midnight oil, you have brought forth a miracle—and your first red radish!

Things just "come natcherly." Beguiled by the pictures on the seed envelopes, I have no doubt that you'll plant some carrots. Also beets. Don't think that you will drag out of me any remarks on these two matters. The foliage of both is quite good-looking, and if you're careful, you can plant them behind the rhubarb and keep the whole thing to yourself. Later, after the first flush of victory has faded from your face and the time comes for the June peas, you will ignore any misplaced enthusiasm and go right on to *more* peas until the great tall telephones come to flower—*there* you'll have something. Also corn—early, midseason and late. And what you do about the rabbits is *your* business. That is definitely out of my line.

Brief advice. Plant well, plant early, water and weed and watch the astonishing variety of bugs that will flock around thicker than ants at a Sunday-school picnic, and you won't need to plant yeast cakes along with the seeds to make them hurry up and rise. Let nature take her course—"doin' what comes natcherly." You'll see. This is all. You will get more advice than weeds—and I won't add another word. Maybe I've said too much already.

Let us examine the question. A gardener prays for rain. The milliner does not. The former wishes his garden to grow. The latter *(Continued on Page 197)*

Once and For all

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

THE day had been one of the unbearable ones, when every sound had set her teeth on edge like chalk creaking on a blackboard, when every word her father or mother said to her or did not say to her seemed an intentional injustice. And of course it would happen, as the fitting end to such a day, that just as the sun went down back of the mountain and the long twilight began, she noticed that Rollie was not around.

Tense with exasperation at what her mother would say, she began to call him in a carefully casual tone—she would simply explode if mother got going: "Here Rollie! He-ere boy! Want to go for a walk, Rollie?" Whistling to him cheerfully, her heart full of wrath at the way the world treated her, she made the rounds of his haunts: the corner of the woodshed, where he liked to curl up on the wool of father's discarded old sweater; the hay barn, the cow barn, the sunny spot on the side porch. No Rollie.

Perhaps he had sneaked upstairs to lie on her bed, where he was not supposed to go—not that *she* would have minded! That rule was a part of mother's fussiness, part, too, of mother's bossiness. It was *her* bed, wasn't it? But was she allowed the say-so about it? Not on your life. They *said* she could have things the way she wanted in her own room, now she was in her teens, but —— Her heart burned at unfairness as she took the stairs stormily, two steps at a time, her pigtails flopping up and down on her back. If Rollie was there, she was just going to let him stay there, and mother could say what she wanted to.

But he was not there. The bedspread and pillow were crumpled, but that was where she had flung herself down to cry that afternoon. Every nerve in her had been twanging discordantly, but she couldn't cry. She could only lie there, her hands doubled up hard, furious that she had nothing to cry about. Not really. She was too big to cry just over father's having said to her, severely, "I told you if I let you take the chess set, you were to put it away when you got through with it. One of the pawns was on the floor of our bedroom this morning. I stepped on it. If I'd had my shoes on I'd have broken it."

Well, he *had* told her that. And he hadn't said she mustn't ever take the set again. No, the instant she thought about that, she knew she couldn't cry about it. She could be, and was, in a rage about the way father kept on talking, long after she'd got his point: "It's not that I care so much about the chess set. It's because if you don't learn how to take care of things, you yourself will suffer for it. You'll forget or neglect something that will be really important, for *you*. We *have* to try to teach you to be responsible for what you've said you'll take care of. If we ——" on and on.

She stood there, dry-eyed, by the bed that Rollie had not crumpled and thought, *I hope mother sees the spread and says something about Rollie—I just hope she does.*

She heard her mother coming down the hall, and hastily shut her door. She had a right to shut the door to her own room, hadn't she? She had *some* rights, she supposed, even if she was only thirteen and the youngest child. If her mother opened it to say, "What are you doing in here that you don't want me to see?" she'd say—she'd just say ——

But her mother did not open the door. Her feet went steadily on along the hall, and then, carefully, slowly, down the stairs. She probably had an armful of winter things she was bringing down from the attic. She was probably thinking that a tall, thirteen-year-old daughter was big enough to help with a chore like that. But she wouldn't *say* anything. She would just get out that insulting look of a grownup silently putting up with a crazy unreasonable kid. She had worn that expression all day; it was too much to be endured.

Up in her bedroom behind her closed door the thirteen-year-old stamped her foot in a gust of uncontrollable rage, none the less savage and heart-shaking because it was mysterious to her.

BUT she had not located Rollie. She would be cut into little pieces before she would let her father and mother know she had lost sight of him, forgotten about him. They would not scold her, she knew. They would do worse; they would look at her. And in their silence she would hear, droning on reproachfully, what they had said when she had been begging to keep for her own the sweet, woolly collie puppy in her arms.

How warm he had felt! Astonishing how warm and alive a puppy was compared with a doll! She had never liked her dolls much after she had held Rollie, feeling him warm against her breast, warm and wriggling, bursting with life, reaching up to lick her face. He had loved her from that first instant. As he felt her arms around him his liquid, beautiful eyes had melted in trusting sweetness. And they did now, whenever he looked at her. Her dog was the only creature in the world *(Continued on Page 200)*

It was one of those days in a little girl's life when the very worst might happen — and did.

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

"Rollie! Rollie!" She called out his name despairingly, as if he were her child.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

By Gladys Taber

I LOVE old houses with a quite irrational passion. And I love new waffle-crisp houses, designed for tomorrow. We have many of both in the America we live in. But all over the country families live in middle-aged houses, and I always feel at home in them, for the town in which I roller-skated to school had nothing else.

The middle-aged house has no beauty of design, and usually the most casual plan. Rooms just open out from one another haphazardly, windows and doors burgeon everywhere. The front porch eats up any light that might get in the big living room; the bathrooms are big enough to swing an elephant in, if one could swing an elephant. There are halls and entryways, back stairs and side stairs. And the bedrooms open on a large space which used to be the despair of most women. You could store chests there, or park the whatnot, or line up a sewing machine and table, but mostly it was another useless place to polish and clean and repaper.

If you put your ear to the cellar floor, you could hear the hammers of the Chinese tapping below. But big and deep as it was, the stairs fell down to it like a canyon wall. "Be careful of the cellar stairs," was a theme song then.

Nevertheless, these houses were soundly built, with brave timbers, hardwood floors, golden-oak woodwork, well-fitted windows, high spacious ceilings. And now they are coming again into their own, as sturdy quiet folk often do in periods of stress. There is room in them for big families of children, for puppies and cats and goldfish and canaries; and in spite of being inconvenient in so many ways, they are comfortable.

And they have back yards. What can compare with a back yard? The rabbits have room there, the bicycles can be painted there, model airplanes flown and children may play safely.

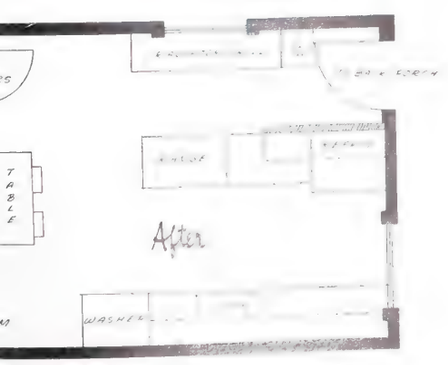
Usually the kitchen in such a house seemed hopeless. It was obviously just another room, big as a barn, with the stove, icebox and sink dropped in like stones in a pool. The only work surface was a table, covered with white oilcloth. After the children grew up and moved East or West, the icebox became an electric one, the stove modern, and the cast-iron sink moved out to become a fish pool. And that was all.

In such a house, on a corner lot, was such a kitchen. It looked discouraging at first *(Continued on Page 224)*

The snack counter folds against the wall when not needed. Rack above holds serving tray conveniently. Thrifty use of waste space adds a comfortable spot for quick casual meals.

High ceilings, ugly windows, dreary wal counters, one tall cupboard were discour

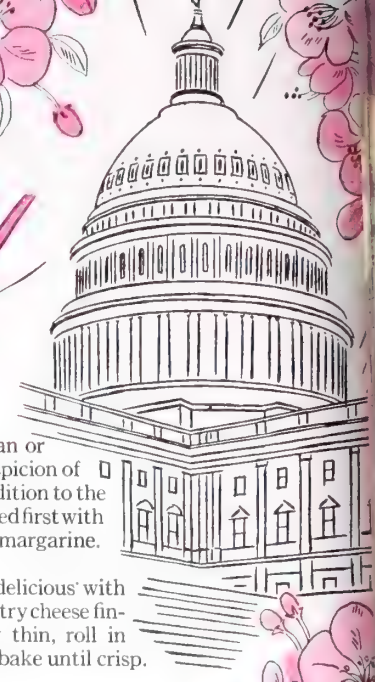
PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON



nty of space was available. Minor changes plumbing and wiring. Color did the rest.

The sink was moved to the right of its original location, which gave space for upper and lower cabinets. The refrigerator and range were moved opposite the sink, with a good cabinet space between them, where an ample work surface with storage above and below makes food preparation easy and convenient. Soffit lighting gives clear shadowless illumination.

Line a Day



1 I'm not *always* plumping for New England. Not *all* the time. But I do suggest reading IT'S AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOM, by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Learn about pie for breakfast (never heard of it) and where drums are made and how. And the low-down about "bundling." It's a fascinating and well-done book.

2 Now the gardens are started—I hope. The peas—eating and sweet-flowering—ought to be in by now. If the last snow comes, all the better. Don't wait on weather.

3 A little piece of salt pork in the pea cooker is a choice thing. The pork won't be much good afterward, but the peas will be.

4 Fillets of fish, such as sole, perch, halibut or pompano, are deliciously toned up with chopped almonds browned in salad oil, well drained and served on the fish.

5 *Observations from Ivory Tower Department:* Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little fried.

6 To go back to fish for just a minute. Trout season will soon be upon us. "The maddest, merriest day"—that's the first trout-fishing day. And trout needs no almonds, coconut, chocolate-fudge frosting or marshmallow cream. A little lemon, maybe—that's all.

7 Boil or steam some rice according to your lights. Toss it, just before serving, with some mushrooms cut in halves and sautéed in butter or margarine. Season with salt. And a touch of paprika.

8 You know a nice breakfast dish, say for a Sunday morning, is done by mixing two cups of cooked rice with one egg and a pound of cooked sausage, all minced up. Make this into cakes and fry in butter or margarine.

9 Half or two thirds of the charm of baked spareribs is in the crisp succulent crustiness that comes from baking pork. Leave off the barbecue business occasionally. If you have a sauce, serve it separately. Don't swamp the ribs.

10 Casting about for salad greens, besides the ubiquitous lettuce—think, think hard—well? Why dandelion, of course. The little tender shoots may be mixed in raw. Others cooked and chilled. It's a bit bitter—but bittersweet.

11 Know what I did? Sliced the turkey stuffing that was left (it had a lot of Italian chestnuts in it), dipped the pieces in egg and crumbs and fried them. And good—it was indeed.

12 Every buffet supper should have one hot dish, and two aren't any too much. But one is a must. Creamed things in the chafing dish are best. Croquettes are top drawer. For dessert little strawberry shortcakes are pretty popular, and a big bowl of whipped sweetened cream should be right by.

13 Rhubarb soup is an item to paste in your memory book. Take half a pound of fine red rhubarb, cut it in pieces and cook until very soft in one quart of water. Put it through a purée sieve. Then into a saucepan with it, thicken it a little with cornstarch and water and stir until clear. Sweeten to taste. Add about half a cup of cream, whipped stiff with the yolk of an egg. Beat the soup well and serve hot with wafers. And this can be served chilled if you want a cold soup. Nice going, this.

14 Apple soup is another thing you might try in an idle moment. Made the same as rhubarb with five or six tart apples, and the juice of half a lemon for flavor.

15 Sliced canned pears mixed with pineapple, cut fine, make a luncheon salad de luxe, served on cold crisp greens. For the dressing, beat a cream cheese into a cup of mayonnaise until smooth, and serve very cold, on the side. Cheese sticks add a certain something here.

16 Chicken baked in cream curry-flavored sauce maketh the tongue hang out when it's done right. Garnished with sautéed fruit and served with a potato soufflé.

17 *News items:* It's wonderful to report that beautiful hams, 'most any size, in cans are now easily come by. That over in Pennsylvania Dutch countryside, smoked hams and sides of hickory-smoked bacon are shipped anywhere on order. And a ready-stuffed "broad breast" turkey, frozen and ready to roast, makes an easy "out" for the hurried and worried.

18 *Department of moderate despair, grapefruit division:* The terrible treatment a grapefruit undergoes when doused with chili sauce or catchup. There is a time and a place for everything but not for such works as this.

19 It is nice to bite into a little hot muffin and find in the middle a lovely soft date or a spoonful of raspberry jam. Just put the sweets in after the muffin is in the tin, or fill it after it's baked. Wonderful for supper or tea. Be sure the muffins aren't too sweet.

20 *From an old cookbook:* "The new vogue for salads is one to be discouraged from the start. The fashionable ladies who affect to find good eating in such fare are leading our better housekeepers into strange ways. Our advice is to *cook* your greens and eat them as Nature intended and let foreign falderals go by the board."

21 A little grated Parmesan or other hard cheese, with a suspicion of nutmeg, makes a perfect addition to the little new string beans. Dressed first with salt, pepper, and butter or margarine.

22 Few things are more delicious with coffee than freshly baked pastry cheese fingers. Roll the pastry very thin, roll in plenty of grated cheese and bake until crisp.

23 When you are bound to roast potatoes in the pan with roasting meat, you'll do well to rub the potatoes all over with butter or margarine and lay a few slices of salt pork in the pan with the potatoes. Cut it very thin. Don't let it burn. Take it out when done. See?

24 Maybe I've told this before, maybe more than once. Don't care if I have. You can take it. Just this—a deep-dish or *regular* apple pie is good enough, but enough isn't enough once you've eaten it hot with whipped cream sweetened with shaved maple sugar.

25 Now that guava shells and little bitter orange shells canned in their sirups are with us again from Southern places, you can decorate fruit molds, salads, ice creams and mousses in a pretty exotic way. For one—cream a cream cheese with salted cream and fill guava shells and serve with salted crackers with any salad.

26 Sugar on fritters—to me, anyway—is a must, and must be. If any maple comes your way, you'll find it perfect on apple fritters, shaved or grated. Add a touch of cinnamon too.

27 To my mind, there's no such thing as mushrooms à la king. But creamed—not "white sauce" mushrooms—the whole, strong-bodied white ones, done with halved hard-cooked eggs, are a fine luncheon dish. Serve them in a casserole and have plenty of hot biscuits to go with them.

28 Softly scrambled eggs served on broiled halved tomatoes, the tomatoes dusted with salt, pepper and basil, and finished off with sautéed whole mushrooms, are quite a dish for the contract crowd. Careful with the scramble, be sly with the seasoning, deft with the tomatoes and bold with the mushrooms. Serve with corn or wheat muffins.

29 You've heard, of course, of the fellow who found a whole chestnut in the stuffing and remarked, "Ah, a *hen* turkey, I see." Or have you?

30 And now the class may go and so will I. Our thirty days are up and I hope you've enjoyed them as much as I have. So—until we meet again—yours, as usual.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

The Long-Remembered

These are the things to remember:
Pattern of leaves on the pane,
Roses that bloomed in December
And the rainbow after rain.
Those long-remembered faces
In the album of the years—
How re-create their graces,
Their laughter and their tears!
These are the things to remember:
Sunshine and flowers of May,
The bluebird that flew in September—
Which way? Which way?

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

"Top-of-the-Basket"
VEGETABLES
...for a soup that's GOOD
to the Bottom of the Bowl
Think of the finest vegetables you've ever seen —in garden, field or store: luscious tomatoes, sweet golden corn, tender limas, young peas, crisp celery . . . Now picture these wonderful vegetables and a host of others—fifteen in all —mingled in a good beef stock, according to Campbell's own homelike recipe.
Is it any wonder that this hearty, homey vegetable soup gets the call more and more— that spoons are kept busy every time it's served? Women everywhere say Campbell's Vegetable Soup is "almost a meal in itself"— keep it on hand for husky appetites. Do you?
Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP
Campbell's
VEGETABLE
SOUP
...Nourishing BEEF STOCK, too!

The right foods can mean better health! But remember, appetite and taste are not always the best guides to a good diet. Neither is cost, for some families that spend a lot on food are not as well nourished as those who spend less—but choose more wisely.

Today, medical science is realizing more and more that food can be helpful in fighting certain physical conditions, such as diabetes, high blood pressure, and overweight. However, the main function of *your* food is to help you keep physically fit. Eating the *right amount* of the *right foods* every day can mean *better health and a happier life for you!*

Choose foods to meet the body's needs!

Daily needs in nearly every normal diet include milk or cheese, meat, fish or poultry, vegetables, fruits, cereals or breads, fats, and sweets. You should also drink 4 to 8 glasses of water a day.

How much of each food you should eat for a well-balanced diet depends on your age, your physical condition, and the kind of work you do. Ask your doctor about your own health requirements, and be sure your diet includes all of the essential food elements in the proper amounts.

When and *how* you eat are nearly as important as what you eat. Have your meals at regular times. Eat them slowly and enjoy them—for a happy, peaceful atmosphere is helpful to good digestion and good health.

To help guide your choice of foods for a healthy diet, and to help you get the most good from the food you buy, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 47-J, "Three Meals A Day."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

FRIENDS AND LOVERS

(Continued from Page 34)

women gathered seaweed on the shore. Three men leaned against the wall of a cottage under a small sign saying "John McDonald, Post Office."

"A hive of industry," David remarked. "Is there any decent place to dine, George?"

"The captain says his sister will give us tea, and then we can call on this Doctor MacIntyre of yours."

"Not mine," David said hastily. "This is all Chaundler's idea."

Walter Chaundler was David's tutor at Oxford. When he had heard in June about his pupil's visit to this part of Scotland, he had been delighted. "You must go to see MacIntyre and take him messages from me," Chaundler had said. "I shall write to him and tell him that you are tutoring this summer at the Fenton-Stevens' place on Loch Innish. Quite a remarkable man. He was born on Inchnamurren and went to school there. He even did some teaching himself, when he was fifteen or so. Then he went to Glasgow University, and after that came up to Oxford. We were at Balliol together. He became a don here, and later a professor in London. And then, quite suddenly, after his wife died, he went back to his island again. Quite remarkable." And when David had remained silent, wondering if retiring to an unknown island in a forgotten part of the world was the depressing proof of failure after so much effort, Chaundler had sensed the young man's doubts. He had smiled in his kindly, gentle way. "Do go," he told David. "I am sure MacIntyre would be delighted." And that was how this visit had been decided.

"Can we see Doctor MacIntyre's house from here, Captain MacLean?" David asked, as the three men clambered onto the jetty after making the boat fast.

The captain removed his pipe and pointed toward a house, long and white, set back from the village on the shoulder of a hill. "It's up there," he said, and once more the pipe was clenched deliberately between his teeth.

They walked over to the group of islanders, who stopped speaking Gaelic and watched the foreigners gravely as Captain MacLean introduced them. There was a brief exchange of polite phrases, the Highlanders now speaking in English with their soft voices and pure pronunciation. It was far removed from the coarse dialect of the stage Scotsman. David made a mental note never again to give a Scots imitation.

MacLean measured the necessary length of the slow, simple conversation with considerable skill, and as he led them away from the group, along the narrow earth road which ran in front of the row of cottages, David had the feeling that George and he had been weighed in the balance.

A white-aproned, square-set, apple-cheeked woman was waiting for them at a cottage door.

"My sister, Mistress McDonald," MacLean explained.

"Will you not come in and have a cup of tea?" she asked. "The kettle's singing on the hob." She had a gentle voice with music in it, and her eyes were as placid as her brother's.

Inside the cottage was the smell of a peat fire and freshly baked scones. The kettle was hissing cheerily, a clock ticked loudly on the high, crowded mantelpiece decorated with an edging of crochet. Through the small open window, the cries of the cormorants and harsh-voiced sea gulls blurred into the background murmur of breaking waves.

A girl rose as they entered, and Dav found he did not even hear her name as Mr McDonald made the introductions. He he out his hand, and he remembered afterwa thinking how very odd it was that he h made that gesture so impulsively. But at t time he was looking into a pair of very bl eyes in a very pretty face, and that was he could seem to see. He did not break th look, as he should have; and besides, didn't want to. Then he suddenly becan conscious that George was saying somethi to him about one of the curios which litter the mantelpiece, and remembered to dr her hand. But he found he was watchi the girl as she moved toward the doorwa and he felt a sudden stab of disappointmen

It was just as irrational and inexplicable the last confused minute had been. For minute he felt annoyance with himself. Th girl was saying that she was so sorry leave, that she was so very late. Her voic was gentle and yet clear and low. Her dar hair had strong auburn lights, almost a dar red and yet not quite. The sun was gleam ing on it now as she stood at the threshol There was a natural grace to her body as sh looked back into the room over her shoul der. And then she was gone.

He looked sharpl at George to see if h had observed anythin remarkable, bu Fenton-Stevens wa helping Mrs. McDon ald to clear a chair o magazines, and Mrs McDonald was sayin that Miss Penny wa always so thoughtfu about bringing he something to read which was a nice chang from the knitting. I was clear from he matter-of-fact words and George's equally sensible reply, and Captain MacLean's practical absorption in the excellent soda scones and fresh butter, that none of them realized they had just seen a miracle of a girl.

David concentrated on the difficult problem of eating a newly baked oatcake. He was thankful that George had noticed so little. He could hear George saying to a group of Oxford friends when the subject of women came up, "Remember David and his neat speeches on women being a snare and delusion? 'If they are pretty, they have no heart, no brain. A pretty girl doesn't need anything except her face value, which she has calculated to the last shilling.' Well, don't listen to him. You should have seen him, holding on to her hand." At least, David now reflected, he had been spared that. And at the age of twenty, almost twenty-one, with a definite attitude on life carefully established as protective coloring, that was a good deal to be thankful for.

"You are very quiet, David," George remarked, with a slight touch of prodding.

"I am wrestling with this," David said, and indicated the mess of golden crumbs which covered his plate. "It looks as if I needed a spoon, doesn't it?"

That amused his hostess; and her brother remarked, as he tactfully demonstrated how to spread butter on oatcake by placing the cake on the flat tablecloth rather than on the curved surface of the plate, that Mr. Bosworth was a great one for the joking.

So now David smiled around the table as he thanked MacLean for the excellent advice, and began to talk.

But on the way to Doctor MacIntyre's, he thought again of the girl he had met in the cheerful kitchen. Her voice had no Highland accent, but just the kind of accent, belonging to nowhere in particular, which a good school can produce. Was she a summer visitor, and

(Continued on Page 79)

We once had a cat who had four kittens: the mother being a Chinchilla Persian, the kittens were distinctly good. It was decided to keep one and give one away, and if nobody wanted the other two, to put them away. One was offered to the laundryman, who was very pleased and put it into an empty laundry basket and fastened the lid down. This was done in our kitchen. The kitten was then about three months old, and had never been outside the place. It was then taken four miles in a van to the laundryman's home. That kitten was back outside our door the next morning.

—L. R. THODAY: N'Importe. (Heath, Cranton, Ltd.)

ew! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that Engaged-lovely look*

See it give *your* skin:

instant clean, refreshed look

instant softer, silkier feel

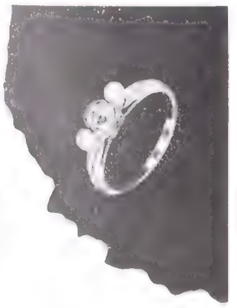
—a lovely blush of color

YOU'LL SEE RESULTS TONIGHT. With the powder-base cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Your cream-cleanse and cream-rinse your face to a softer, lovelier look.

YOU BLUSH-CLEANSE. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

YOU BLUSH-RINSE—Cream again with more snowy-soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

EXTRA CLEAN, SOFT, GLOWING. That's the way your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action has softened and loosened dirt and make-up—helped *free* your skin! *Every night*—this complete Pond's blush-cleansing. *Every morning*—for a bright awake look. One once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!



KATHARINE'S RING—set with precious family stone—ruby mined flashing between two white pearl

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

Katharine Anne Kurr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Kurr of Rye, N. Y., is engaged to Lawrence Esterbrook Wattles of Wynnewood, Pa., who served with the Marines in the South Pacific. They plan to be married in a perfect country setting at beautiful Belgrade Lakes, Maine, where both families have their summer homes.

Katharine is startlingly like her charming mother—the same fine-cast features, the same dark blue eyes with enormous black pupils, and a complexion so rose-petal fresh you must see it to believe it.

She is delighted by this new blush-cleanse way to use Pond's Cold Cream. "It gives my face such a clean-soft, waked-up feeling," she says.

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CHARMING KATHARINE KURR says . . . "My face feels gorgeously clean and glowy after a blush-cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream." Keep your face blush-cleansed, with Pond's, too!

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THE LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT — MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR

MISS ANNE MORGAN — MISS CYNTHIA McADOO

"My—what an utterly different soap!

Only in Swan...this "super-creamed blend"

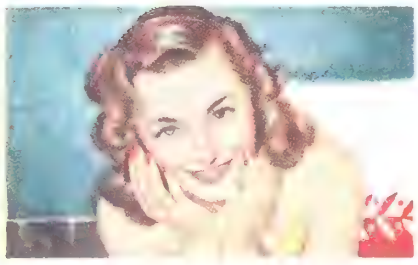
that does so many lovely things for y

IT'S THE happy result of Swan's patente process. Only pure, floating Swan has th *"super-creamed blend"!*

A great soap discovery that does so man lovely things for you!

Read below all the exciting improvemen in skin care that Swan's *"super-creamed blend* brings you.

Only Swan can help your skin to loveliness *this special Swan way!*



1. Beautiful

. . . you'll love the clear, fresh glow of your skin after pure Swan does its wonderful work—because Swan's velvet-soft lather cleanses so *thoroughly!* Lather so luscious it's like cream on your face—thanks to Swan's *"super-creamed blend"!*

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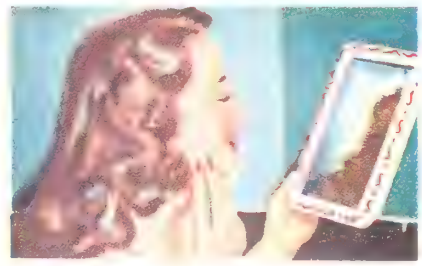
. . . you'll love the satin-smooth feel Swan gives your skin. Never taut and drawn—for Swan's gentle, creamy lather is soft as a caress, and it rinses away so *completely*. Another luxury brought to you by Swan's *"super-creamed blend"!*



3. Beautiful

. . . the gentle way Swan takes care of even delicate skin. Swan is mild as the costliest toilet soaps—pure as fine castiles. It's beautiful how Swan *agrees* with your skin—and what a beautiful difference that *"super-creamed blend"* makes!

4. Beautiful

. . . the new bathroom gle daintiness you get with Sw more forever-scrubbing at ba bathtub ring. And no more ex messy soap-dish "goo." N soap gives you this thrift firmness, for no other soap the same way.

Swan is different—Swan is better!

A product of Lever Brothers Company

YOU'LL LOVE SWAN FOR BATH, COMPLEXION, DISHES —BECAUSE IT'S DIFFERENT, BECAUSE IT'S BETTER!

nued from Page 76)

taying anyway? He halted
ked back at the village. What
to behave, he told himself
ned quickly to walk on with

Good day" to two children,
d a young boy. Of the girl
es and the dark auburn hair
n.

the pleasant room. Doctor
ing in his favorite armchair
he large brick fireplace, won-
long they had been talking.
ion had been interesting
always a delight to hear the
rd, or to catch an echo of his
s when he had been an under-
watch a young man's ideas
s suddenly reveal themselves.
a half had disappeared when
y thought of looking at his
se quickly to his feet. "I'm
sir," he said. "I've taken
ich of
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noon,"
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mfort-
ll very
David
noticed the details of a civi-
ookcases, tightly filled with
o and a heavily filled music
ss set beside the fireplace. A
and a good variety of records.
indow there was a large desk
raph of three healthy children
e room, and a small table cov-
azines and newspapers. At the
looking over the sound toward
there was a low table with a
in progress, and two comfort-
s.

living here," David said, and
to hear his own words. And
erely a polite remark either.
seeing it at its best today, I
you," Doctor MacIntyre said
, but he was pleased all the
d his hand on David's shoulder
y awhile longer. I have some-
t might interest you." He led
kcase with photographs and
ced on its top. He chose one of
ded it to David. It was a group
in the dress of forty years ago.
w anyone there?" he asked.
u a clue. It is a photograph
ken in our last year at Balliol."

David recognized MacIntyre's direct eye, strong nose and determined jawline. But Walter Chaundler was not so easy to find. David's unsuccessful attempts amused Doctor MacIntyre.

"Nothing at all like him," he said with evident relish. "There he is!" He pointed to the most elegant young blade of them all. "We look as if we were giving imitations of William Tell's son mixed with Oscar Wilde."

"And a touch of George Washington after he cut down the cherry tree," David suggested.

"After he confessed," Doctor MacIntyre amended. They both looked at the photograph and laughed. "It is a nice old horror," MacIntyre said affectionately, as he replaced it carefully.

DAVID was thinking of Walter Chaundler. He was remembering the quiet, thin face, imperceptible in a crowd, vague even to the pupils he tutored. He felt a sense of depression: the photograph's young faces were full of confidence and hope. MacIntyre had kept something of that look—life was a challenge which would be met. But Chaundler—something had happened to Chaundler: now he no longer looked for any challenge. On the surface, his was the more successful life. On the surface—but the photograph pointed him out quite clearly as the less successful man. Perhaps not in his career; but somehow, someway, in himself.

David said slowly, "Strange how one changes."

MacIntyre seemed to read his thoughts. "Life has a way of beating us down, perhaps because we don't see it coldly enough to be clear about it when we are young. Later we can see the decisions we should have made, but much good it does us then! If I were a young man again, there is one bit of advice I would like to get." He paused then, and smiled a trifle ruefully. "Now that's an old man talking, if ever I heard one."

"What would that be, sir?" David asked. He was curious to hear Doctor MacIntyre's idea. It might be an explanation of the photograph.

"Well," Doctor MacIntyre said, "it has to deal with the fact that a man's life is divided into two parts: there is his work and there is his own private life. Two small worlds which he has to make for himself. Now, a man may make a success of his career, and fail in his own private life. Or he may concentrate on enjoying life and abandon all ideas of worldly success. And it is only when he is old, and the time for decision is over, that he may realize he did not need to neglect one for the other. For if he concentrated too much on one of them, then he really confused their purpose. Honors and recognition are not going to make up for having failed in your human relationships. That's the rather tragic thing about age: to realize you have somehow never seen what *is* happiness until it was too late to start building it up."

David said, "But it may not be in our power to build happiness. If it were, a lot more people would be happier in this world."

"I am not talking of people who have been smashed to pieces by disaster. That is quite

(Continued on Page 81)

Utter Loneliness

By Grace Milburn

The utter loneliness of everyone
Bound to the land is sharper when
the snow
Covers the roads and rivers, and the
sun
Is not yet risen. Then a man must
know
That he is part of time; his fathers
went
With empty buckets to the frozen
wells,
Their fingers stiff and gray, their
shoulders bent;
He must remember them or he
rebels.

The old red barn abandoned to the
wind,
The ruined orchards where the
black crows cry,
The house deserted, desolate and
blind,
Are sadder than the hillside where
they lie,
Whose sturdy hearts endured the cold
until
April returned, as April always will.

How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?

102 OUT OF 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS!

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you.

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess. *Object:* to see if it gave freedom from chafe.

The answer: 102 out of 127 reported *no* chafing with *Free-Stride* Modess!

The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges *don't* chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to chase those accident fears. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you fresh as May. No telltale outlines either—Modess is *silhouette-proof.* On sale everywhere *now.*

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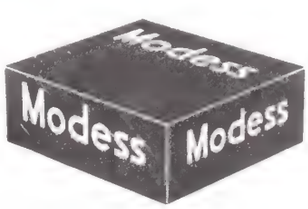

Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

"I'm charmed with
the new Cashmere Bouqu
Beau Cake
with make-up sponge rig
in the case!"

——says beautiful

Hillary Brook

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"VENDETTA"
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"BEAU CAKE kee
my handbag do
no more loose c
in my purse."

"I find it easier than
ever to apply lovely,
smooth cake make-up
with BEAU CAKE."

Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake $1.50

(Continued from Page 70)

powers, I grant you. But there people who have never been disaster, and yet their lives are compared, that is, with what've had. I believe that happi- our power. But sometimes it ur vision. Until it is too late. man tragedy."

life sound like an equation," But the trouble is"—he looked Doctor MacIntyre—"that en get complicated, and one is -looking fractions. The answer s come out evenly."

have to. The main thing is to e equation is there, and that we at it. If we do, the answer will gh. That's the most any of us It would be a very exceptional who could find the complete lieve that success or failure as a on how near we become, or how ain from being, the complete

pened, and Doctor MacIntyre's ne back into the room. She had pression of face with had wel- on-Stevens when they Mrs. Lor- t is in sight, said warn- iddle-aged. n, with her ond hair heavy knot of her head. and so had She always brown be- d been told of twenty e looked in ooked old. ded, to be of the three dren in the h on the ary?" Doc- yre said, re- be hurried. Fenton- thought he you in the as a long time ago." There was a nonstrance in the cool, precise r. Fenton-Stevens went over to west shore with the children. eading upstairs." Somehow there touch of self-pity in the way she r words. David stirred uncom- nd took a step toward the door. r MacIntyre either ignored or ot to notice the small complaint. ce," he said with his quiet smile. would do you good, Mary."

nter did not acknowledge that . "Have you that letter ready or can it wait until next week?" at won't arrive for another hour. ave plenty of time to write that e smiled suddenly, as much as to I had forgotten about it."

he children to be sure to return in. Lorrimer said. "They can take down to the jetty, and perhaps slip it into the postbag for you." ays does," her father said rem- 've a good postman here. Bos- never breaks a rule, because he made any. I'll join you later. k at the hollyhocks."

nded a pleasant way of spending r. But unfortunately, Mrs. Lor- a very polite hostess, and insisted anying David toward the garden. M brightly smiling in the sunshine. A gray stone wall had been built across a short field to join the southwest corner of it at right angles, and within the sheltered crook of this arm a garden had come to life. Here all the warmth in the air was trapped and held, and the hollyhocks grew.

David looked out over the bleak hillsides and then back at this smiling corner. "How remarkable to see anything growing except heather," he said.

Mrs. Lorrimer hardly seemed to notice the pleasure of the soft green grass underfoot. She ignored the excellent crop of vegetables, and looked critically at a rosebush which showed symptoms of withering.

"It is so very odd," she said almost apologetically, "that father ever came back here. It is so—so uncivilized. He is so out of touch with everything."

DAVID thought of the excellent collection of books, of records and magazines in the room which they had just left.

Mrs. Lorrimer's exact voice continued. "We thought he should retire to some place near us in Edinburgh. My husband is a Writer to the Signet there, you see." There was a slight pause to allow that fact to sink in. "Edinburgh really would have been much more of a spiritual home to him."

David said quickly, "I've always thought that a—a spiritual home is just not a matter of geography." He cleared his throat ner-

"You mean, it does not matter *where* we live?" Mrs. Lorrimer was shocked; she was probably thinking of Glasgow.

"Emotionally or physically, yes. We all feel happier or less happy in certain places. But if there is any spiritual home, surely it is what we have collected inside our own heads? After all, Descartes thought out half of his philosophy when he spent a day in a Bavarian stove. And he lived much of his life in foreign armies, although he wasn't at all warlike. I don't think he would call the stove or the barracks his spiritual home; they were just places that suited him for examining his own thoughts."

"Really!" Mrs. Lorrimer murmured. Inside a stove—but how ridiculous. Was he being facetious? Surely he didn't mean that people who talked of spiritual homes had few resources inside their own minds? She stared at him blankly, and admitted with a certain amount of effort that he was not disagreeable to look at. He was tall, and carried himself well. Gray eyes under strong eyebrows. Black hair, thick and rather too long; a mouth which was pleasant enough when it smiled, but seemed to fall naturally into a firm line. Rather too strong a face, Mrs. Lorrimer's taste decided as she completed her inventory. Still, he was not unattractive. And Mr. Chaundler's letter to her father had been highly complimentary about him. And her father would never have spent two hours with him if he had not liked this young man. Mrs. Lorrimer determined to try again. "Were you at school with George Fenton-Stevens?"

"No." David turned away from the hollyhocks.

"Where did you go to school?"

"In London."

"Oh!" She was vaguely distressed. "But you are at Oxford?"

"Yes. On a scholarship," he said very clearly.

"How interesting," she was saying, but her voice was far from interested. "And what

FIRST CLUBWOMAN

Today American women's clubs are a national institution including several million members in their ranks. Some of these clubs are [illegible] from coast to coast. Yet few have heard of Anne Hutchinson, the pioneer to organize women into a club and the furor she created when she did it. For Anne Hutchinson got no glory for her efforts. Far from it. Instead she was brought before a male tribunal and banished in disgrace. Disagreeing with the current [illegible] she held group discussions at her Boston home where she proceeded to criticize them in no uncertain terms. These discussions soon got to be the vogue, turned into [illegible] meetings, and drew nearly all the colony women, who were glad of the chance to get together and talk freely. But no matter how popular she may have been with her own sex, Anne Hutchinson was reviled by the men of the colony as a "breeder of heresies" and "a dangerous woman." She was brought to trial before Governor Winthrop on November 17, 1637, and not only barred from starting any more women's clubs, but forbidden to set foot again in Massachusetts.

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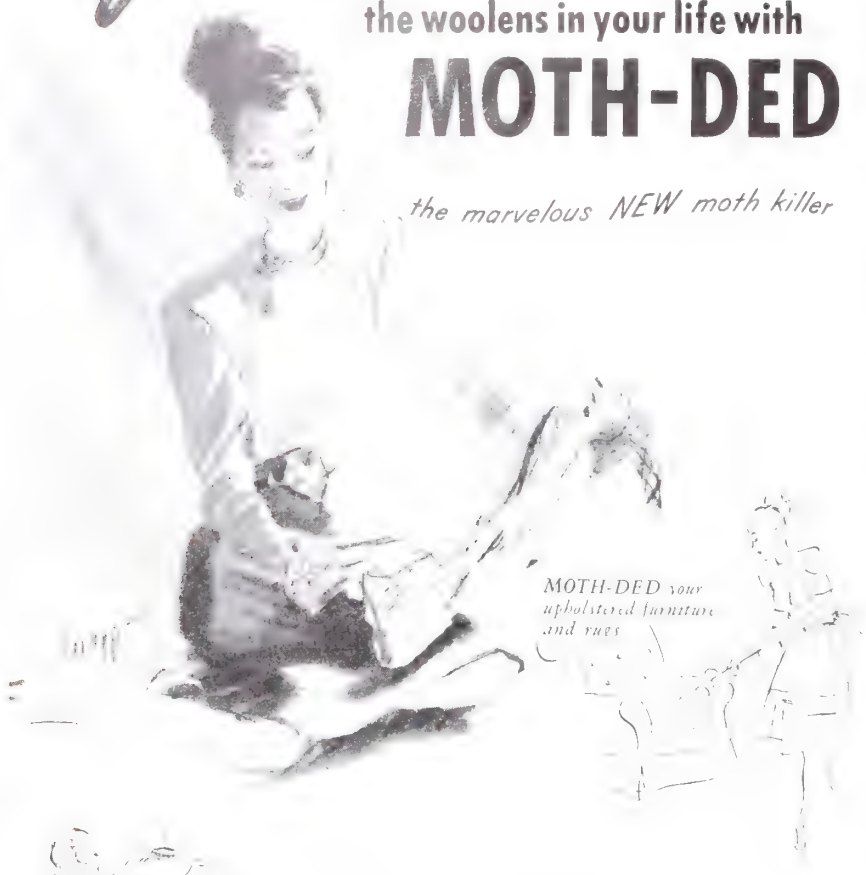

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are you going to do after Oxford, Mr. Bosworth?"

"That isn't decided yet." It couldn't be until he had first-class honors.

"Really?" Mrs. Lorrimer was amazed. "I thought young men always knew at this stage of their lives what they were aiming for."

They know, he thought. *Most of them know, but only those with a private bank account talk confidently about the future.*

Mrs. Lorrimer was saying, "Mr. Fenton-Stevens is thinking of the Foreign Office, I hear. A diplomat's life must be so interesting, don't you think?"

David agreed politely, but there was a strained look about his mouth.

What an odd young man, Mrs. Lorrimer decided. *No ambition whatsoever, not a spark of interest in his face.* She liked young men handsome and well mannered, with nice families and definite careers and high hopes. Who didn't, with three growing daughters to be launched into successful marriages?

She tried once more. "And how is Lady Fenton-Stevens?"

David turned to look at her with some surprise. "I think she is very well."

"Charming woman," Mrs. Lorrimer said, on the strength of one chance meeting some three years ago in Edinburgh. David only smiled, and Mrs. Lorrimer felt uneasy. "You are a friend of the family's, aren't you?"

"Not exactly. I'm staying at Loch Innish as a tutor. George's young brother and his cousin need some grounding, and George and I are doing some reading together, too, when we get time for that." Then, as David searched for some possible piece of conversation which would not leave them feeling this hidden antagonism, he found his release. "Hello!" he said. "There is someone coming toward the house. And in rather a hurry too." He pointed to a small thin figure scrambling over the hillside.

"That's Betty," Mrs. Lorrimer said. "I wonder where the others can be?"

"Oh, they'll be all right, Mrs. Lorrimer," David said. "George is really awfully good with children."

Mrs. Lorrimer looked strangely at the young man beside her. But she did not reply, for her attention was gathering on her daughter, now within polite calling distance.

"Don't jump like that, Betty. It's dangerous. And just look at you."

THE girl smiled cheerily. Her skirt was wet at the hem as if she had waded in the sea and had misjudged the height of a wave; there was a long red score on her leg still bleeding slightly; and her shoes were caked with the black earth of the peat bog.

"Doesn't hurt a bit," she assured her mother, looking down at the cut on her leg. "We were exploring the rocks, trying to show George the seals, and I slipped into a pool."

She surveyed David gravely, with frank curiosity. To her, a man meant someone who could run more quickly and climb more rocks than she could. But this man was smiling as he watched her. She felt he was sort of on her side. Mother was asking questions again.

Betty said wearily, conscious of her audience, "Oh, Moira and George have gone to the village to see the boat come in. I came to get grandpa's old letter."

Just wait until I can talk to you alone, my girl, Mrs Lorrimer thought angrily. "*And* to wash and change," she said sharply. "Where's Penelope?"

She stayed to see if the seals came. Don't worry, mummy," she went on quickly, seeing the frown on her mother's face. "She isn't climbing over the rocks. She's sitting on the shore. She can't fall off there." Betty, with her natural good humor once more regained, moved toward the house.

David felt himself abandoned once more to Mrs. Lorrimer's quiet disapproval. If only she would go away, it would be pleasant to stretch out on the grass and wait here for George to return. Or it would be pleasant to explore the island. This was a perfect day for exploring.

He said suddenly, "I say, Mrs. Lorrimer, why don't you let me go over to the shore

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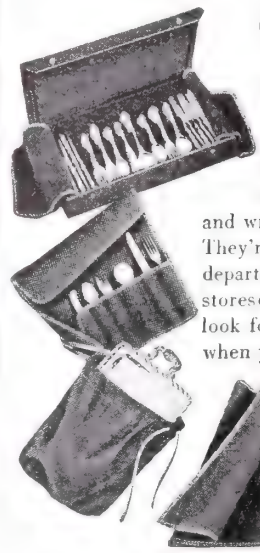

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your daughter home? She may
bout time."
'm afraid she does," Mrs. Lorrimer
I am not being silly about these
y are dangerous, and the waves
us."
ooked toward the western path
island. "I suppose if I follow that,
wrong?"
is a stretch of sand at the end of
. She is probably there. I suppose
e all right, really. But I never
these children are up to next. They
are indestructible." Mrs. Lorri-
with a certain relief. There were
ings which needed her attention
se, and she had wasted so much of
noon already.
d her, and bring her home for tea.
ry. No trouble at all," David said
nd started toward the road. Just
oment he had felt Mrs. Lorrimer
to change her mind.
s right about that. She felt like
ter him, "On second thought, I
k you need bother, Mr. Bosworth."
ad already walked away, and you
very well raise your voice when
to a stranger.
was thinking about the fact that he
for the next hour, and that he was
going to be left alone. *This*, he de-
e looked with keen pleasure around
eer luxury. The air tasted of heather
cken and sea.
as silence, so
ence that it was
sound; for here
ddle of the island,
nur of the waves
d in the sloping
.
nembered his er-
d increased his
htly. If he must
emaid to get this
was quite willing
Somehow, from
ograph in Mac-
study, David had
he idea that Betty was the oldest
l that he must keep his eyes open
pigtailed creature with a passion for
t perhaps, he thought hopefully, she
home already, taking a short cut,
ty, across the hills. That would
ngs perfect.
west side of the island there were
s. The scattered trees had disap-
oo, and black rocks rose up like
eth, standing boldly against the
s breakers. As he looked, a small
of the black rock moved and dived
ent wave. Another piece of glisten-
raised itself and then lay down
He thought, *There are seals after*
stood still; if he moved, they
ke fright.
nembered, dutifully, to look for the
child. She wasn't there. Instead,
he girl with the auburn hair and the
ue sweater. She was sitting on the
motionless that the outcrop of black
ide her had partly hidden her, and
looking at the seals. She hadn't
im.

t impulse was to leave. *You don't*
ee her again, he told himself. She
not noticed him, and wouldn't un-
urned around by some accident. It
choice, entirely, whether they did
ce more. He did not even have to
himself that he had been completely
l this morning, for he knew that

hen he began to walk slowly toward

reached her, his heavy shoes sank
harsh sand, and the sound made her
head.
o," he said, hesitated, and then
casually down beside her on the
he smiled, but she did not speak.
the startled look which had greeted
avid said, "Sorry, I'm afraid I've
d off your friends." After his first
ance at her face he had looked away,
and now all his interest seemed to be focused on the seals as they dived into the water.

She was silent for some moments. And then, as if she had suddenly realized that it was her turn to say something, she spoke quickly. "They are easily frightened. This is just about as near to them as we may go. And then, we have to keep very still." She hesitated, but as he seemed to be perfectly happy, she gained confidence. "They *are* funny, you know. They love showing off, and they will flap up on these rocks and pose for us because they simply can't help it. Then if we move, they'll dive into the sea. But a little later they'll come back onto the rocks. They'll look round, making quite sure we are still there, and start posing again."

"Disappointing for them, when they find their audience has gone home for tea. What were you trying to do, sitting so still? Tame them?"

"I don't always sit quite so still." She looked at him with her blue eyes smiling. The nervous tightness in her throat had altogether disappeared now. "You see," she admitted, "sometimes I get tired of them on the rock. Their fur gets dried all sort of brown and spotty. So I move, and they dive. And when they come back onto the rocks, they are black and glistening. Much more attractive."

He found he was laughing, partly because of the vivacity in her face, partly because she was laughing at herself. "One-woman society for the preservation of the beauty of the seal. And what else do you do here? Fascinate the waves?"

She was laughing openly now. "They do the fascinating," she admitted. And then her conversation crumpled under her, like a treacherous mountain path, and she was left stranded. The more things she tried to think of, the less she found to say.

> If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send a hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That a hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together, ought not to be expected.
>
> THOMAS JEFFERSON

"What *do* you do?" he insisted gently. Did she just think about herself? Wasn't that what girls thought of, mostly? Even when they went out with a man, you'd see them looking in mirrored walls in a restaurant, comparing other women with themselves. But what did they think about when they could sit and watch this sea with so much real interest, when they had not even expected anyone to come and find them like this?

"Oh," she said, "this and that." She looked at him uncertainly.

Sugar and spice, David was thinking; was that what all girls were made of? Born with good bones and healthy blood, three well-chosen meals a day, no worries. But this girl - *this*, he realized in amazement, *is what I think is beauty*. He stared at her unbelievingly. This morning he had thought he was irrational. Now he knew that he had only met a strange and new experience, as overwhelming as that of a man who has been accustomed to lakes and rivers and then sees the Atlantic.

He became aware that she had been speaking. She must have asked a question, for she was now looking at him, waiting for his reply.

He said, "I'm sorry. I didn't quite ——" He halted, feeling that his frankness was an appalling blunder. But she was smiling. He recovered his sadly misplaced wits. "I was thinking about the sea," he said. "You can hardly help thinking about it, can you?"

"Yes, it is sort of everywhere. At first you notice its colors and sounds, and you feel its power. Then you think of the sky, too, and how the sea and sky reflect each other, each influencing the other. They are two separate things, and yet they aren't separate. I mean"—she looked at him quickly to see if he were amused at her, but he was listening quite seriously—"I mean, a bright sky makes an angry sea less terrifying. Or a dark sky will make a calm, peaceful sea quite forbidding. So when you start thinking of all the variations they can produce on each other, then—well, that is what I really

HI, IDA! SAY, WHAT'S YOUR WASH GOT THAT MINE HASN'T?
OOOOOO- that OXYDOL SPARKLE!
OXYDOL
YES, OXYDOL WASHES SPARKLING WHITE! SPARKLING BRIGHT! SPARKLING CLEAN!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A WHITE TOWEL!
SURE, OXYDOL WASHES ALL MY LINENS THE WHITEST WHITE ANY SOAP CAN- SPARKLING WHITE!
HOW DO YOU GET BILL'S WORK SHIRTS SO CLEAN?
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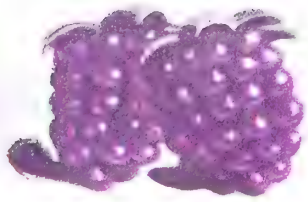

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meant when I said that the sea did the fascinating."

He was still looking at her. "Yes," he said, "fascinating. Just as its power is terrifying. Sailors love and hate it, you know."

"Yet they keep going back to it."

"I expect they find they start to worry too much when they live on land. The sea is so dominant that we can't help remembering how small all our problems and worries are." He grinned. "Perhaps that is why some people, including me, never feel quite comfortable when we look at the sea. It takes away our sense of importance."

She laughed. "Or perhaps they are poor sailors." It was as if she had said, "I don't believe *you* have a sense of importance," and he felt ridiculously pleased.

Then remembering worries and problems and people who did not like the sea, he thought of Mrs. Lorrimer. He said, "I was sent over here to collect a child. I quite forgot." He rose hastily to his feet.

He looked down at the girl, and saw by the look on her face that he had indeed blundered. There was amusement—well, he deserved that—and there was also a hint of disappointment. He could have understood annoyance. But why disappointment? He started making appropriate excuses: he hadn't caught her name this morning—awfully bad at names; the photograph in the study—Betty's likeness to the oldest girl in it, so that he had assumed the others were still children. But he ended them by feeling he had only made matters worse.

He rubbed the back of his head and looked at her ruefully. "Too many 'I thoughts' in all this, if you ask me," he said.

She was smiling now, and then she laughed. "If you were sent over here to fetch me, then we are both in disgrace. The boat must have arrived ages ago and tea is probably over."

"Shocking," he admitted. "But then, I never did do the right thing. I'm glad I didn't today."

She didn't seem to hear that last sentence. He was relieved in a way, because he was embarrassed now that he had said it.

But Penelope Lorrimer had heard the sentence all right. And she was feeling happier once more, yet not so happy as she had been. For she had thought, when he had appeared on the shore so suddenly behind her, that he had come especially to see her, that having heard she was there alone, he had walked across the island to meet her. Instead he had come to look for a stray child. He hadn't even known her name.

If I were a man, she thought, *and if I, as a man, had felt anything the way I felt in the McDonald cottage this morning, then I would have walked across three islands to meet the girl again.* She wondered if he said "How d'you do" like that to every girl. Surely he couldn't, simply couldn't, go about staring at people when he first met them as if his whole life had stopped for a moment. And first she had stared back at him, and then she had felt as helpless as if she had been drowning, and then she had panicked, and rushed out of the cottage. An idiot, imagining—when the first wild surge of feeling had subsided—that he had known that strange emotion too. She felt a warm flush spread over her cheeks.

Her color deepened still more as s
him laugh. He was saying that now t
even: *she* hadn't been listening, this
his question was left floating in the

"It wasn't worth answering, a
he said. "Questions and answers a
way of learning about people." He
I am always saying more than I shou
He searched for his pipe and tobac

Even that was difficult. The
flickered and died in the strong s
breeze. And then she suddenly cu
hands around the pipe to form a wi
He looked up from the flaring loos
of tobacco in surprise. She had be
pletely natural in her action; she wa
ing the tobacco as critically as he
might have done.

"That's it, I think," she said. "M
father is always having the same
trouble with damp matches." She l
at him and smiled.

There is an essential kindness in ...
thought, and was amazed. For s
quite well,
guessed, that
started smo
pipe only
her smile t
that without
him. She had
her hands as
the tobacco
but her ey
still held by

She turne
and said q
"We really o
hurry. We ar
fully late."

"Yes," he

They starte
ing toward the
but their pa
just as slow a
been before.
talked of little
personal taste
and dislikes
amused them
bored them. Al
mixture of tal
people and f
pictures and p
novels. Little
but they w
somehow vit
portant to
them.

They came
to the path tha
the house on
It was only wh
saw the group
ing at the d
that they r
how late the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spring—1947

By Anobel Armour

Now has come back the young and gentle spring
By whose green benison tired hearts are blessed.
Here is the leafing out, the stippled wing
Lifted again. Earth is not dispossessed
Of sunshine aureoles, nor of slanting rain,
Which probes with slender fingers through the ground
To free the small and tender blades of grain,
Nor of interplay of silence and of sound.
Again there has come the warm and singing wind,
Stirring new grasses and invoking leaves
To utterance. While minds are disciplined
To plan new vistas, here the soul receives
The old reminder in epitome
Of all that man and earth can do and be!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

be. For Captain MacLean was there.
remembered with sudden guilt tha
were tide and current to be consider

Betty came running toward them."
late, awfully late. What went wrong?
mother's simply furious. You misse

David noticed Penny's suddenly
face. "I'm sorry about this," he sai
me deal with it. Is your mother real
ried, do you think? Why on earth?'

"We have pretty strict rules," she
a low voice. She thought miserably,
will think that I am a schoolgirl. She
at him unhappily; a man at a uni
always seemed so old, so very sure
self. She forced a smile as they reac
group at the door of the cottage and
her mother, "Sorry we were late."

"My fault entirely," David said, co
of Fenton-Stevens' amused eye. "I
believe that seals would appear.
waited until they did."

"They actually did?" George wa
ested. "You saw them? Blast, I wis
stayed too. How many?"

"A regular squad of them. Comple
sergeant major and waxed mustache.

Penny laughed, and the others smi
except Mrs. Lorrimer.

(Continued on Page 87)

Can you spot the stumbling block?

an't quite get the hang of this ele-
I.Q. test. His rating won't be up
ge. But before you put him down
—let's inquire into Johnny's *diet.*

ne same inquiry made into the eating
most American children, the results
heartening. But there are still too
e Johnny, who go to school with a
everage and a bun in their stomachs.
se — go without any breakfast at all.

that got to do with their I.Q.? The
say — plenty. Pioneer tests in the
v that ability to learn is affected by
youngsters eat. For healthy minds,
s strong bodies, tomorrow's citizens
better *meals.*

Fortunately, more and more parents are learning how to provide them. Let's hope that soon the A, B, C's of good nutrition are something *every* parent will know.

We at National Dairy know a lot about food, for we supply many different kinds of it. Especially nature's most nearly *perfect* food — milk. We've gathered together many of the country's top specialists — and pooled their skills — to study milk's properties, its processing, its ever-increasing possibilities as a chemical resource.

This research has helped the whole field of nutrition. But the food needs of a nation like ours don't stand still. We expect to contribute even *more* to America's future health.

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AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

"Mixing Corner Kitchen" . . . with all the "tools" for easy baking concentrated in one central spot. But even more important . . . this latest "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" makes short work of *four* big kitchen jobs! 1. *Food storage is the most convenient ever* . . . with a new-silent Gas refrigerator that actually has enough room for a week's groceries plus 60 packages of frozen foods. 2. *Cleaning is a cinch* . . . thanks to a special ventilating system that catches greasy cooking vapors and unwanted cooking odors at source. 3. *Dishwashing's almost fun* . . . now that a new automatic Gas water-heater supplies plenty of hot water for a do-everything dishwasher. 4. *As for cooking* . . . read about a few of the wonders in a new automatic Gas range built to "CP" standards. Order one for the first step toward your own "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"—

Never before such a kitchen for cooking!

Here at last is an beautiful ultra-modern new Gas range that gives you new [illegible] in cooking result with no old-time cooking cares.

No [illegible] — complete oven [illegible] cooked automatically by Simplex Cook Control. Set [illegible] on and off . . . go anywhere you're invited from home!

No [illegible] automatic thermostat sets and keeps any oven temperature from 250° to 550°.

No "hot-cabinet" cakes — oven is ventilated so moist heat circulates evenly, on every level.

No [illegible] broiler really broils . . . [illegible] rich red meat flavor.

No [illegible] — cooker top of stove cooks [illegible] and you turn it off.

No [illegible] — top burners go speedily [illegible] to high heat.

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P. S. For a complete guide to kitchen planning — send 10¢ in coin or stamps for [illegible] color booklet "New Freedom Gas Kitchens" AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N

GAS

The Wonder Flame th
Cools as well as Hea

Copyright 1947, American Gas Association

(Continued from Page 84)

ctor MacIntyre said, "I'm
ave time to see the Atlantic
. And come again. Delighted
all might have a picnic to-
y." He smiled cheerfully to
a friendly hand to the two
d retired into the house with
which David thought ad-

d be grand," George said to
. "We shall have another free
s time. David is a slave driver
noses to the grindstone."
e leaving at the end of the
at's next week," Betty said.
haps we could arrange an
an that," Fenton-Stevens said.
vid will let us ease up for an-
n, seeing that you are going
day would suit you, Mrs.

George do all the arrangement.
that kind of thing anyway.
inking how idiotic all this dis-
Conversation was not meant for
ersation was meant for two.
y, then the time, then the
did it all matter? He and
not be allowed one moment to-
now, the family's influence was
eck the current of intimacy
owed so easily between them
hour ago.
h relief that he heard MacLean
must leave.
by was as disappointing as he
Their hands touched briefly.
ouldn't meet his. George, he
some bitterness, was given a
shake and a generous smile.
Donald waved her white apron
or of her cottage as they sailed
e sound and veered north for
Inchnamurren became a lonely
onely sea.
as watching him curiously. "I
decent time," he said. "Hadn't

avid said. "Doctor MacIntyre
od value." He left his thoughts
d began talking about her grand-
he kept the conversation deter-
Doctor MacIntyre throughout
ne journey to the Lodge at Loch

In Doctor MacIntyre's study, Mrs. Lorrimer was finishing her monologue. "And the first thing that frightens away a young man is a girl who sets her cap at him," she concluded.

Penny turned away from the window as the small sailing boat disappeared behind the Devil's Elbow, ignored Moira's superior grin, and said angrily, "I wasn't, mother. We were walking and talking."

"You missed tea, and that was rudeness to both your grandfather and to Mr. Fenton-Stevens. What made you forget the time, anyway? You aren't a child."

Doctor MacIntyre rustled his newspaper impatiently. Time to change the subject, he thought. He said, "Depression in America, depression here, and the same trouble in Europe. It looks bad."

"Let's see, grandpa." Moira leaned over his shoulder to read the news. Moira had gone political since she had become a history student at Edinburgh University.

"Here, take it." He handed the paper to her. "Now go away and read it someplace else. I am going to talk to your mother."

Moira looked surprised, but obeyed.

"You, too, Penny. Go out and have a walk. Another one."

This time it was his daughter who looked surprised.

"And, Moira," he added as the two girls reached the door, "bring that paper back in half an hour, properly folded, with the pages in the right order." He rose and searched for his pipe. "Bad enough to be disturbed in the middle of an editorial without having the paper made altogether unreadable."

"Then why did you give it to her, father?" Mary asked. "You spoil the children, you know." Although, she thought worriedly, he really had been very cross in the last half hour. He had never been sharp with Moira like that before.

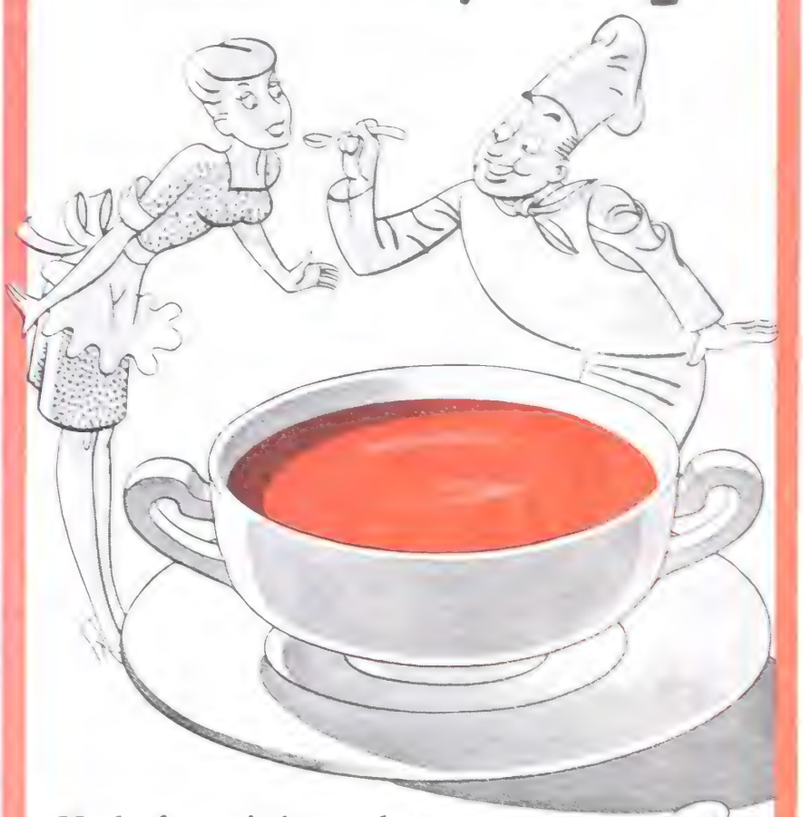
"I wanted to have a talk with you, Mary."

Mrs. Lorrimer's surprise gave way to a vague uneasiness. She had not heard this tone of voice for twenty years. "Yes?" She tried to show by the inflection that she was a married woman with children of her own.

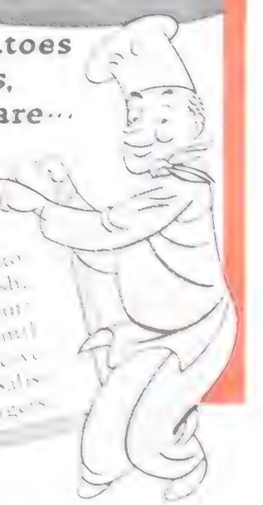
Doctor MacIntyre paused, and then filled his pipe thoughtfully. "I think you worry too much about the children, Mary. You have never allowed yourself to be separated from them, have you? Why don't you go alone with Charles to North Berwick in

"It's not that I overstate the price, I just think it's so important for him socially."

Taste the real tomato flavor in this lusty soup



Made from juicy, red-ripe tomatoes ...thick cream...fragrant spices, all combined with homelike care...
Heinz Skill



Recipe
Just wait till you taste meat loaf topped with this sauce!
Combine 11 oz. tin Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup (undiluted), ½ cup Heinz India Relish, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 1 Tbs. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce. 1 Tbs. flour. Cook until thoroughly heated. Serve hot over meat loaf. Also fine for hamburgers.

Heinz

By adding one tin of milk or water to one tin of soup you double the quantity of this delicious soup Condensed

Cream of Tomato Soup

Thanks to glass—you see *exactly* what you're getting!

What 5 facts about this fruit does 1 glance tell you?

US: Check! One.

US: Two! And if it were vegetables, you'd see if they were diced, sliced, or whole.

US: Three!

US: Right! They're facts 4—and 5! Glass certainly lets you *see* what you're buying.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

Ask your grocer for fruits in thrifty Duraglas Jars!

August? The girls can stay here for another month. It would do you all a world of good."

"I don't see how it would."

"If I must be frank, Mary, then I shall say that the children are getting on your nerves, and soon you will get on theirs. That is the quickest way to lose their affection, you know."

"Father, I think you are talking nonsense. What nerves? Why should they lose affection for me? I have been a good mother, haven't I?"

"Excellent. An excellent wife, too," he said soothingly. "But, Mary, the girls are getting big enough to stand on their own feet. You can sit back and enjoy yourself."

"Not yet," Mary said quickly.

"Certainly with Moira and Penelope. I agree Betty needs you for another five or six years."

"And then there's no more need for me? Father, you don't know how cruel you sound." Mary Lorrimer was indeed hurt.

"I am not cruel," Doctor MacIntyre said angrily. "And remember, I know quite a lot about the upbringing of girls." *And you were not such a bad specimen either,* he thought, *when you were twenty. What has changed you? The people you chose for your friends, or your husband?* "You see," he went on sadly, "the most a father and mother can do is to give their children a good beginning—health, character, moral sense. But you cannot go on controlling their development. They will meet other people who will influence them. They will change, certainly. But as long as they stick to the foundation you've given them, they won't go essentially wrong."

> **I shall give you a few precepts to repeat whenever you are in need of comfort. They are simple and effective. Here they are: Anything can happen. . . . Everything is forgotten. . . . Every difficulty can be overcome. . . . No one understands anything. . . . Above all things, never be afraid.**
>
> —M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX:
> Quoted in The Art of Living André Maurois.
> (Harper & Bros.)

"But they have such unsettled ideas. Moira with her talk of going to Geneva when she gets her degree. Penelope with her ideas centered on London and this Slade School. Why can't she be content with the School of Art at home? They will only suffer, both of them, looking for what they want. They could marry suitable men who would give them security and a decent position in life."

"Perhaps they don't want your suitable young men. Perhaps they want to decide for themselves. Let them make their own mistakes, Mary. They are old enough to pay for them."

"You didn't let me make any mistakes."

He looked at her. *Indeed I did,* he was thinking. *I let you marry Charles, and look at the possessive snob you have become. But that is nothing I can control. That is your responsibility; you chose Charles.*

He said quietly, "Well, if you feel you have made no mistakes, you must be a completely happy woman indeed."

Mary looked at him sharply. Then she looked down at her smooth, well-manicured hands lying folded in her lap. She picked a small white thread off her brown skirt—the material was excellent, she thought—folded her hands again and studied the toes of her long, narrow shoes. Even the way she sat annoyed Doctor MacIntyre at this moment.

With an effort, he said gently, "Don't you trust the girls? If you don't trust them, then you must feel you have failed in bringing them up."

"Of course I trust them."

"Then stop worrying, Mary. If they want your advice and help, they will come to you. Look at us, at this very moment. I am giving you advice which you did not ask for, so you don't like it and probably won't listen to it. You see, I've proved my point even if it is against myself." He smiled. The point was well proved.

But Mary didn't smile. She rose to her feet. "I must see about supper. We are having one of your old favorites tonight, father. I must go and find out if Maggie has remembered to put in enough seasoning."

Doctor MacIntyre stared at the door which she closed firmly behind her. His point had not been so well pro it seemed. In that moment o he decided it was a pity that M old for the hairbrush treatment

It was Penelope who broug newspaper, neatly folded. Sh him with a smile, and then round the room, looking at straightening a pile of music, the flowers in their vase on his

Doctor MacIntyre looked a laid it aside, and said in a res "Well, what is it, Penny?"

"Oh—nothing." She gave hi getic smile. "I'm sorry. I was ju

"Were you?" Then he relent "Don't go unless you want to. sit over here. Only stop fiddlin that way."

She was his favorite grandd though he did his best to hide Moira was clever, Penny had the of real intelligence. And she had mination, too, and he never had his jokes to her.

She suddenly came forward his ear. She must be really u something. A display of affecti in the Lorrimer tradition. She s the hearthrug; together side hand rested on the other hand flat on the floor supported the her body. She ful creature, he

"I want you admitted. "I w persuade moth go to London ne

"To the Slad

"Yes. I am playing with t did work hard a ter in these art my work has At least, I think so. Hasn't it?"

"Yes." Surprisingly so. Pen definite talent. She might be a pai day, given really good training work. And experience in life. As her pretty face now, he hoped would deal kindly with her.

"I thought last winter that, if hard enough, father and mother I was in earnest. But mother seen that painting is only some kind accomplishment, and father just d painters. 'Bohemian' is what he ca

"I didn't know people still word," her grandfather said with and checked her rising indignati father reminds me of George the hated all 'boets and bainters.'"

"Well," Penny said, "he hat them in his family. You see, eith comfortably at home until I get m I should choose a career that ca me instead of a husband."

"It is either-or, I suppose?"

"That is how father seems to s mother thinks it a waste of time for any career, because women ha it up when they get married. But that painting—well, that's one t I ——" She hesitated.

"That you could go on with, e you marry?" her grandfather sugg

"That is what I thought. Only fa painting is not a wise investmen future. That is, in case I don't ma

"Well, in that he is being very It is like all the arts—a good walk but a bad crutch."

"But if I don't mind risking Why can't I at least try?"

Why not? her grandfather wond she were serious and willing to w not? "What do you intend to do, finish at the Slade School?" he ask

"If I am good enough, I may wi eling fellowship. That would take m for two years."

"Well, you do know what yo don't you?"

(Continued on Page 90)

Flavor Ripened

Cured a [illegible] in [illegible] cheddar [illegible] the creamery to the [illegible] Swift's cheese makers and blended with [illegible] Swift's Brookfield American . . . and there [illegible] uniformly delicious. One of the wide variety of delicious Swift's Brookfield Cheese [illegible]

A Cheese Feast Dessert planned by Martha Logan

dessert . . . cheese, fruit . . . and hot [illegible]

Ringtum Diddy . . . cheese delight by Martha Logan

[illegible]

When buying butter, eggs and cheese — be sure to say Swift's Brookfield, please!

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD American

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD American PASTEURIZED CHEESE FOOD

American SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD

wift's Brookfield

BUTTER EGGS CHEESE

"You made a slam all right... at me!"
I DON'T LIKE THAT CRACK! WHAT DO YOU MEAN MY KITCHEN DRAIN IS DIRTY AS A SEWER?
BUT, MARTHA, IT'S NOT JUST YOUR DRAIN...EVERYONE'S SINK BREEDS UNHEALTHY SEWER GERMS,* 2 INCHES FROM WHERE YOU WASH YOUR FOOD!
(*SURVEY MOLNAR LABORATORIES)
BUT I SCRUB MINE EVERY DAY!
THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO DRIVE AWAY FILTHY SEWER GERMS ...IT TAKES Drāno!
Drāno MAKES YOUR SINK SAFE AND SANITARY ...FOR Drāno BOILS OUT SEWER GERMS FAST! BETTER USE Drāno REGULARLY! I DO!
AND Drāno OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS, TOO!
Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, and hardware stores.
Drāno
T. M. Reg. Pat. Off. by The Drackett Co.
Drāno
DRAINS CLOGGED DRAINS
Drāno MAKES SEPTIC TANKS WORK BETTER—CUTS DOWN ODORS.
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(Continued from Page 88)

She sensed his approval, for she began to speak quickly and enthusiastically. She had submitted some test drawings to the Slade School and had passed the entrance qualifications. She had even made calculations about the cost of living in London, and did not think it would be too expensive.

"Does that matter? Surely your father has money enough."

"I don't know if he has. He is always worrying about bills and 'needless expense.' That was what he and mother said at Easter, when I had that chance to go to Paris with some friends. They were thoroughly respectable ones too."

There was an edge of bitterness in her voice which worried her grandfather. He did not believe in making things too easy for the young, but there was a decent mean between that and making things unnecessarily difficult. One spoiled them, but the other crushed them.

"Or perhaps they did not want you to go abroad without the family. Oh, nonsense, anyway! Your father has quite enough money to let you go to Slade without giving you a sense of guilt."

He ceased abruptly. Penny was now looking unhappy. She was a loyal creature. And that was part of her present difficulty. She wasn't the kind of girl who would say, "Well, I'll show you!" and pack her bags and clear out to live her own life. Not, of course, until she was driven to it.

"Sorry, Penny," he said gently. "Your father is a wise man in his own way. I am sure that he will agree to let you go to London, if he can be persuaded that you really are serious about your work."

"Then you will back me up?"

"Yes." He came forward and held out his hand to help her to her feet, and they walked arm in arm over to the window.

Doctor MacIntyre was thinking about his promise. *I'll see that she gets to London, to any place where she can have a chance to be free. If she stays with her family, she will be filled with inhibitions, blackmailed by security. She will be cribbed, cabined and confined into a nice pattern of what the well-brought-up girl should be. Charles Lorrimer has molded Mary. He is not going to repeat that pattern with Penelope if I can help it.*

"You will find London hard, you know," he said. "You will be less comfortable than you are at home. And you may be lonely at first."

"I KNOW." She hugged his arm. "But there are other things too. If I don't make a fight for them now, then I'll never get them. Later on, I'd be too old to fight."

"I imagine you have still quite a way to go before you reach that stage. But it is just as well to make up your own mind early in life. Now remember, my girl, if you go to London and have this freedom you are crying for, don't confuse freedom with foolishness. You won't, will you?"

Penny shook her head solemnly. And then she smiled, with so much humor in her expressive face that he smiled too.

"Well," he said, "that's that!" and settled into his armchair. Yes, his pipe was on the ash tray, and his paper was lying neatly folded on the small table.

"Thank you. You are a darling," Penny said. But she still did not leave. Doctor MacIntyre looked pointedly at his abandoned newspaper. "Did you have a nice afternoon?" Penny went on. She sat down once more.

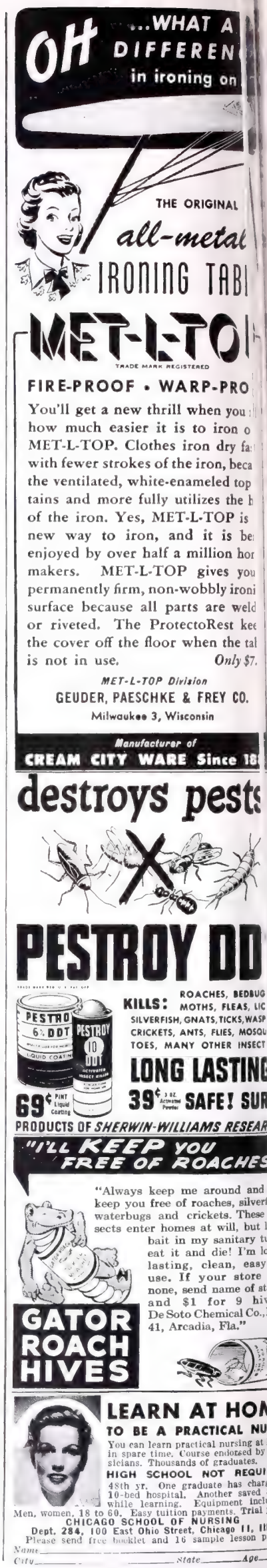
What's coming now? he wondered. "Very pleasant, thank you."

"I'm afraid your work was badly interrupted today."

Her grandfather repressed a smile and answered casually, "Oh, I did not mind. I rather enjoyed it. Bosworth is interesting. What we call 'good material.'"

"Then you *did* like him?"

Doctor MacIntyre hid his surprise, and pretended to be looking for his tobacco tin. The long sunset was beginning, and the warm light from the western window filled the room. It was the best moment of the day. He smiled gently and closed his eyes.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said anxiously, "Or didn't you like

sed himself. "Like whom? Young
? Of course I liked him. Would I
t two hours with him if I hadn't?"
hed his legs comfortably as the door
hind Penny.

odge at Loch Innish was a pugna-
d of place. You felt it could face any
orsemen, raiding clans, winter
or the yearly invasion of its grouse
When the mists hung over the loch,
out the sharp mountains falling
oward its dark waters, this feeling
ful loneliness increased. And if you
k to do, the days of mist were wel-
For there was no temptation to go
or fishing or swimming, or to have
f tennis, or to lie among the heather
e air was warm and sweet. On days
determination could remain intact,
vid had come to enjoy them for that
conscience, reminding him relent-
passing days and wasted hours, was
satisfactorily silenced.

y was a day of mist, but David found
eat irritation that he was thoroughly
ed and unsettled. Here he was,
g at the window again, looking out at
f-formed shapes and ghostly outlines
orld which had disappeared and de-
on human memory for its existence.
afternoon, even books hadn't helped
He had pulled out A Portrait of the
as a Young Man, and opened it at ran-
Pride and hope and desire like crushed
n his heart sent up vapours of mad-
incense before the eyes of his mind."
grimaced and turned over to another
mpatiently. Ah, here was what he was
g for. "Now I call that friendly, don't
Yes, I liked her today. A little or
Don't know. I liked her. . . . All the
ll that I thought I thought and all
felt I felt, all the rest before now, in
. . Oh, give it up, old chap! Sleep it
es, David thought savagely, *sleep it off.*
osed the book. Only those who had
et themselves be possessed by thoughts
elings, only those could sleep it off. He
d over at George, who was reading by
e. George, now, could sleep off any-
David came back to his armchair,
up Aristotle's Politics, tried to force
tention on tyrants and their ways of spreading tyranny, and then suddenly rose once more and walked to the window.

"I say, David, could you stop wandering around? I can't concentrate," George said.

"Sorry."

Something in David's voice made Fenton-Stevens drop his book and rise. He crossed over to the window. "David, what's eating you? Nothing much to see out there."

"No." Expression came back into David's face. He half smiled as he looked at the worried George.

"I hope this place isn't getting on your nerves. Come over to the fire. I don't feel like working much, either. It is difficult today, when we had all the arrangements made for that picnic on Inchnamurren. And the Lorrimers leave tomorrow, so it's off altogether." He paused, leaned his head back against the high armchair, and stretched his legs toward the flames. "You weren't really serious last night when you said you weren't going?"

"I don't suppose I was," David answered slowly, remembering his disappointment when he had wakened to see the mist. Yet, yesterday he had been quite decided that he was not going to Inchnamurren.

"I lay awake last night thinking up a reasonable excuse to use about you," George admitted. "I was glad this morning when I saw it was a filthy day, for I couldn't think of anything that would sound adequate." He laughed. "Probably would have been an awful bore, anyway. Flies in the tea, and midges down the back of your neck. Never did enjoy a picnic."

David said nothing. He was wondering if Penelope Lorrimer felt any of this strange disappointment which had angered him all day. Then he reminded himself once more that she had probably forgotten all about him by this time. Girls, if you could believe what you read, did not brood over what might be or what might not. Perhaps they did not know what they wanted out of life when they were young. And that was a pity, because then they had poetry in their life; they had intensity and emotion. Later, they lost that warmth, with the poetry in them well under control. Which was more than a pity.

"Penny for them," George said; and then as David looked startled and did not reply, he repeated, "I said, a penny for your thoughts."

JENNIFER

"All right—maybe it's cute from a grownup's point of view, but there aren't any grownups in school!"

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David drew a deep breath. "I was thinking about a topic which men never discuss or even mention," he said.

George looked startled. "Just what could that be?"

"Women."

George grinned widely. This was the old David back again, true to form.

"I was thinking," David continued, "about your brother and his agonies with girls. He hasn't learned to hide them yet. You and I have. Chris feels uncertain with every girl he meets; we are now at the stage of feeling it with only a few. But we are still afraid of being laughed at. Because, I suppose, we feel we are choosing in our emotions, and we have been told often enough that that is wrong. Yet, frankly, I don't see how else we can choose: meeting a girl you like *is* an emotional experience, isn't it? At a time when we have enough hot blood to enjoy life fully, we are surrounded by a conspiracy of age to settle the rules and regulations as if love were a game or a business. It isn't. It's a state of being. With it, you're alive. Without it, you exist."

"Here!" George said in alarm. He had never heard David talk this way before. "I say, David, you aren't still worrying about Eleanor, are you? As her brother, I can frankly say that she isn't worth much worry."

"Eleanor? No!" David was vehement enough to be believed this time. It was true. Eleanor had now become a period piece. Last night he had even torn up the verses which he had written to celebrate his disillusionment and unhappiness over that affair. Tripe garnished with the brains of calf love. He had torn the poems into fragments, thinking with a good deal of relief and some amazement that he was cured of Eleanor. It had been a lucky escape for him when she had decided there was more fun in the world than one man could offer. Eleanor, that little nitwit? "No," he repeated.

"Oh, she isn't a bad scout, really," George said, "But she wouldn't have done at all. You were too serious about it."

"That's the trouble." David wasn't thinking of Eleanor Fenton-Stevens now. "When *do* you know whether you should be serious or not serious about a girl? You don't, in fact. Either you have to pass her by altogether, or take the chance."

"Well, don't take being serious about a girl too seriously," George suggested. "After all, a man knows he can't marry until his career is well established. But there's no ban on following your fancy when you are still at the unmarriageable stage. In fact, you're a fool if you don't."

"Thanks," David said dryly, "but I've no taste for camp followers."

"I wasn't talking about camp followers," George said placidly.

"It is only a difference of degree, not of kind. For what else are women who serve round the same smiles and kisses to several men? They have got a price, too, you know, in theater tickets and flowers and chocolates and dinners you buy them. You and five other chaps."

"Look, David, you can't expect a pretty girl to sit at home and not go out. If she is pretty and amusing, you are lucky to be allowed to form up in the queue."

"The true richness of experience."

"Don't be so sarcastic," George said irritably. "Besides, you know that you like a pretty girl as much as the next man."

David laughed. "My trouble is that I know what I want. It isn't just beauty, alone, although it *is* rather nice to have around the house. If I don't make excuses for liking Mozart and Beethoven, why should I make excuses for liking beauty in women?"

George searched in his pockets for his pipe, and filled it thoughtfully. "Well," he said with resignation, "you can't find everything in one woman. It takes all kinds to make experience. If you have several girls, or a succession of girls, you'll end your life by ... had everything. What more do you w...

"Nothing. Except I don't think t... the way to get everything." David l... at him speculatively. "Really, George... have got to admit that if people put as... thought and concentration into their... life as they do into their jobs, there wou... a good deal more of real happiness in m... age. If men and women, when they... young, were clever enough to take lov... riously instead of avoiding it, or maki... into some kind of mystery or joke, ... might have a better chance of making... success. After all, why not put some ef... and thought into it? We aren't a bun... eunuchs, and we may as well admit that..."

The average girl would rather have beauty than brains, because she knows that the average man can see much better than he can think.

George laughed suddenly. "Hardly ... you can't rationalize, David. A job ... career can be planned. But love isn't ... that."

"No job or career is certain of success ... work and hope and aim for something, ... often we get it. But we wouldn't if we ha... aimed for it. For instance, if a man w... hard at medical school, he will probabl... a doctor someday; but no man becom... doctor by just wishing to be one. That's ... point I am making. All I am saying is th... we looked at love that way, we might ... a better chance."

"Well, what you were saying might ... true, if it could be worked out. But I d... think it can be. Because it all depends o... man finding the right girl."

"It depends on both of them," David s...

"I see old MacIntyre's words are tak... root."

"What do you mean?"

"All that stuff he t... you about being happ... one lives a complete l... That is what you ... thinking about, isn't ... A week ago, you sat ... that chair and told ... that if a man was seri... about his career, he had ... time to worry about ... men."

David laughed. "It's only talk. Talk fo... gray day and a warm fireside. Besides, e... if a man had an idea of how to be hap... though young, in what way could he man... it? Tell me, George; suppose you found t... Phyllis or Kitty or Dorothy was just the ... you wanted. What would you do? Wo... you make the effort to keep her, or would y... just let her slip because you knew it might ... years before you were making enou... money?"

George stared. "Heaven help us if we ... into that fix. Better not let yourself fall ... love—seriously, that is—until you can ... ford it. If you believe in arranging your l... life, that would certainly be the first thi... to remember." He thought over that for ... moment, and then smiled in relief. "Here's ... the girls who won't take us seriously until ... can afford it."

David looked moodily at the fire. Th... he roused himself and said briskly, "Wh... I need is a walk. Coming?"

"In this weather?"

"The mist is clearing. It is only raini... now. Come on. Good for your complexion."

"I'm quite satisfied with my complexi... as it is, thank you."

George was smiling as the door closed b... hind David. A walk would probably do hi... good: liver, or something.

David followed the path which led hi... through the gardens onto the moors. To h... right was the sea in its grim gray mood. O... his left were the rising hills, their crests st... hidden by cloud. The track was fairly fir... in spite of bad weather, and he could set ... steady pace.

There had been no help from George, ... thought. But then he had not asked f... direct advice. Every man had his own id... about life and what he wanted out of ... Happiness, yes, but we all found very d... ferent ways of trying to reach it. Life wasn... a neat, single track like this path along t... cliffs. It was more like a twisting road wi... no signposts. You had to depend on your ow...

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questions and answers. He wasn't even putting the question in his own mind openly to himself. He was hedging it with arguments and generalizations. Certainly he had never felt like this before. His mind might keep telling him it was all ridiculous, an exaggeration, a delusion. But he didn't believe it. *All right, you want to see her again,* he admitted.

But how?

That, he suddenly realized, was the real problem that was worrying him. He halted then, and stood for many minutes with the strong wind whipping his soaking raincoat around his legs. He listened to the heavy blows of the waves against the cliff, falling away in front of him into the surging force of water. Out to sea, there was the long dark shape of Inchnamurren. He stared at it, then he turned away abruptly and started back toward the Lodge.

The Lorrimer house in Edinburgh was solid and comfortable. It was one of a row of three-storied houses in a quiet crescent-shaped road, each with its broad white steps, polished doorbell, name plate, letter box, and large oriel windows set into thick gray stone. There were no children playing, no people to be seen. Only the rows of large windows looked at you. The fashion was, it seemed, to have the curtains in the top row meeting while the ones in the lower half of the window were drawn to leave a uniform gap in the middle. David wondered if the mistress of each house went about with a ruler in her pocket each morning to achieve such precision.

But here he was, and there was the house. The choice was made in any case. It had been made last night when, after a tedious journey by car and then by steamer and then by train from Oban, he had arrived in Glasgow and had purposely failed to catch the London express. He had spent a noisy night at a railway hotel built over a station, and, between this additional expense and the sheer boredom of killing time until he could take a train on Monday morning to Edinburgh, he was in a state of gloom.

His pace slowed down as he neared the Lorrimer house. What on earth had ever made him think of this idea, anyway? He should have posted his letter to Penny instead—it was still in his pocket, soiled and crumpled from five days' handling—or, if he had *had* to obey the mad compulsion which had made him travel home by way of Edinburgh, then he ought to have telephoned first from the station. But after he had written the letter, he had delayed posting it until it was too late.

He turned to the house, ran up the broad white steps and pulled the bell before he could persuade himself to walk away, back to the bus stop. Either he would see her, or he would not see her. That was all, and it was everything. If he were to see her, he would know whether this strange self-tormenting was valid or not. A girl's face. A girl's way of talking. How easily he had surrendered. If he didn't see her—and he probably wouldn't—then he could laugh at the whole thing and at himself. But as he waited for someone to answer the bell's clamor, he was now worrying that no one would be home at all.

A maid, stiffly correct in a starched dress, white apron, white cap, opened the door. Yes, Mrs. Lorrimer was at home. The maid glanced quickly at the pin-striped gray flannel suit, the long-pointed collar and college tie, the brown suède shoes and soft felt hat. Would he come this way?

He entered the drawing room, a cool place of green and white with formalized roses to be picked off curtains and chairs, and was left with the three faces in the large portrait which hung over the mantelpiece, for company. Three girls, heads conventionally together, throats and shoulders bare with clouds of soft tulle caught carefully with pink roses. The artist had not captured the right color of her hair, David thought with annoyance.

He turned to face the door as he heard the sound of a light footstep. Mrs. Lorrimer

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stood looking at him. "Mr. Bosworth," she said and came forward to shake his hand, "this is indeed a surprise."

He colored slightly. She was weighing him very carefully, and he had the unpleasant feeling that he was being found wanting. He certainly would be found gravely wanting if he didn't explain his visit adequately. His excuse, which had seemed so natural and excellent, now appeared weak in the extreme. But actually there was no reason for any worry.

Mrs. Lorrimer had her own problems: Monday was such a bad day to offer lunch. Cook wouldn't change the arrangements, not on laundry day. And you couldn't offer a man an egg and a salad, even if you did not particularly like him. Certainly he looked very much better now in these clothes, really very presentable. She began to listen to his explanation, something about having a book for Penelope.

"I do hope I haven't disturbed you," he concluded. "It is rude of me to descend on you like this without warning, but frankly I had no idea how long I would have in Edinburgh between trains."

"When does your train leave?"

"This afternoon. Rather late in the afternoon." He had a very charming smile, Mrs. Lorrimer thought with surprise. "It seemed dreary to spend the day here by myself. I thought that your daughters might lunch with me, and show me the castle afterward. I hear it is very fine."

"I'm afraid Betty and Moira are both out. And Penelope has settled down to do some painting in her room. At the moment, she says she is very behindhand with something or other." Mrs. Lorrimer eyed the thin book which he had drawn out of his pocket and now held in his hand.

"I should be sorry to interrupt," he said. *Careful now, careful,* he told himself.

Mrs. Lorrimer's sense of guilt at having missed so much of his first conversation now resulted in sudden affability. After all, a stranger in Edinburgh had to be welcomed decently. "I shall tell Penelope you are here, and she can thank you herself." She rose and went to the door. "We have coffee at eleven in the morning. You *will* stay and have some with us?" He had obviously never expected to have luncheon here, she thought. That was a great relief.

"I should love some coffee," David told her. "Breakfast in Glasgow seems very far away now."

Mrs. Lorrimer acknowledged the truth of that with a smile. She left the drawing-room door open, and he heard murmured instructions to a maid who then ran upstairs.

David walked to the window which faced into the back garden. Front garden, he corrected himself. It was obvious, from the care expended on it, that this was really the front of the house. As if it had turned its back on the street to live its own life in contemplation of a long narrow stretch of grass and flower beds and cherry trees within its own high walls.

He heard footsteps on the staircase, running quickly down, and then a short halt in their rhythm followed by a thump as she landed neatly on both feet in the hall. She had jumped the last four or five steps.

"What *is* it, mother?" Penny was saying impatiently. Then she halted, and her voice altered. "David Bosworth!" She came forward, smiling. She looked just as wonderful as he had remembered her.

"Hello." He tried to be casual. The result was that he forgot what he had been going to say. And the longer the silence lasted, the more difficult it was to break. "I brought you this book. I was passing through Edinburgh and had some free time. Hope I am not being a nuisance."

"Oh, no."

"What about your work?"

"Oh, that's nothing."

Mrs. Lorrimer established control the minute she entered the room. "Penelope, I never imagined you would come downstairs in that disreputable smock."

"What are you working on?" he asked curiously.

"Oh," she said for the third time. And then, half laughing, "A chest of drawers."

Mrs. Lorrimer's eyebrows had gone up as her daughter had spoken. "Why don't you show Mr. Bosworth your work?" she suggested.

"I don't think he would be interested."

There was a pause, and as it lengthened David felt he had to say, "I should like to see it very much." He was equally as embarrassed as Penny.

Penny stood hesitating for a minute, and then, catching the slight nod of command from her mother, she suddenly moved toward the hall. She led the way without looking back, and David followed. She was

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Baby Sitter

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Oh, where shall we find us a sitter
To stay with our precious papoose?
I've been buried alive
Till I yearn to contrive
Just one festive night on the loose.
I love little Suzie,
I'd do her no harm;
I'll praise till I'm woozy
Her virtue and charm;
But we haven't stepped out
Since we dated the stork—
And waiting without
Is all Greater New York!

But first we must find us a sitter
To park our sweet innocent lamb
with—
Who won't pacify her
(I.e., gag and tie her),
Then grab the best silver to scram
with.
I'm long overdue for a fling on the
town;
This joyless confinement is getting
me down;
Yet Suzie, bright jewel in
motherhood's crown,
We can't simply take to the river to
drown.

Please, someone, send us a sitter
To trust with our cherished
bambino!
We would doll up and go
To the neighborhood show
For a mad, frenzied orgy of
Screeno!

But here I stay cooped;
I'm mentally looped;
My eyes have a glitter;
My youth I must fritter
Until we sequester a suitable
sitter!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

wearing fine silk stockings today, and the seams were straight, too, on an excellent pair of legs. He admired them all the way up the two flights of stairs.

"Penny insisted on changing her room to her own ideas," Mrs. Lorrimer said as they passed two sweetly pretty rooms belonging to Moira and Betty. There was the slight edge of amused criticism in her voice.

David wanted to smile. But instead, a look of surprise came into his eyes as he followed Penelope into her room. The walls were plain, and they had been painted a strange shade of clouded blue, almost gray. The carpet, also unpatterned, was the color of sand. Long straight curtains were striped in white and coral red. The furniture was of plain wood, simply fashioned, painted white. There were bookcases, long and low against one wall, and above them a long deep band of dark green felt over cork had been fixed to the wall. On this were pinned reproductions

of pictures cut out of art magazines. D walked over to the uneven rows of une pictures, which somehow balanced one other in their lack of pattern.

"Good idea," he said involuntarily. was the kind of thing he would like to h in his room at Oxford.

"Here is Penelope's workroom," M Lorrimer said. She opened the door wh led into Penelope's small studio.

As David turned away from the pict to follow politely, he glanced at Pen Somehow, he felt that in these last two m utes he had known her for two years.

"Show Mr. Bosworth your drawings, nelope, and then we shall go down for cof I am sure it is waiting for us," Mrs. Lorrim said.

PENNY hesitated, looked at David and th at the table. "There's nothing really v much to show you. How do you like t room? It used to be a box room, you kno where we kept trunks and old toys and fi of newspapers. But its light is much too go to waste, and so ——" She watched an iously as he walked over to the half-finish canvas on the easel. It was an impressioni study of the west shore of Inchnamurren. I the black rock in the foreground two figur were roughly blocked in, but so far only t sky and the sea had been painted.

"Where are the seals?" David asked.

"At least you recognized it," she said d lightedly. "Mother, there you are! You a ways say that no one can recognize anythin I try to paint."

"I like it," David said, and he was bein honest. He was a little confused. The se study was not at all bad. In fact, it was gooc Surprising. He took a closer step to look a the two figures, placed adequately in the bar foreground. They were just right, there, t bring the jagged rocks into proportion. On was certainly a girl. The other figure migh be, could be ——

"Now, Penelope, get rid of that dreadfu smock, and I'll take Mr. Bosworth down stairs. I am sure the coffee will be cold if w wait any longer."

David and Penny exchanged glances.

"I always think this room is so bare, s masculine," Mrs. Lorrimer said, walkin quickly through Penelope's bedroom.

David thought it wise not to contradict even politely. To him, it was a very feminine room, even if there was not a frill or a rosebud to be seen. The colors were not those any man would have dared to use together.

"Your house is charming," he said to Mrs. Lorrimer as they went downstairs, and his remark won a real smile.

In the drawing room, the coffee tray was waiting on a low table in front of the couch. As Mrs. Lorrimer poured coffee and hot milk in equal proportions into the cups, she talked about her husband. "He enjoys the tennis at North Berwick, you know. We go there every August. I am just packing now, and making all the arrangements. If you had arrived here next week end I am afraid you would have found an empty house."

David felt some of the concealed annoyance in her voice, accepted a shortbread biscuit, and said quickly, "I wonder if you and your daughter would have lunch with me today?" Thank heavens, he had his ticket for London bought, but he wondered if the thirty shillings which remained in his pocket would be adequate. He made some quick calculations as he waited for Mrs. Lorrimer's reply. Her taste in food would no doubt be expensive. He set down the fine cup on the silver tray, almost letting it fall in relief as he heard her refuse. Politely, sweetly, but definitely. She was already engaged for luncheon. She was so sorry.

"I am, too," he said, now beginning to worry whether Penny was already booked up in this same party or not. He looked so dejected that Mrs. Lorrimer was suddenly friendly and began to talk very pleasantly about Edinburgh.

Her criticism was turned on Penelope, who had appeared at last. Her quick glance took in her daughter's newest suit, which normally was worn only for the most special occasions.

(Continued on Page 97)

How word is getting round about the

BIG NEWS IN CORN FLAKES!

Orchids to Post's Corn Toasties - the NEW, TENDER-CRISP, FRESHER Corn Flakes!

YIPPEE! New Corn Toasties are packed with QUICK ENERGY and wholesome nourishment!

Mr. C. 444

POST-

Vol. 23, No 165

NEW YOR

NEW TOASTIER FLAVOR taking the town by storm!

No wonder the big swing is to

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Durkee's is delicious. Blended to smooth perfection—mild and sweet and fresh. Durkee's is made of pure, nutritious vegetable oils, churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk. Every pound is enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A. Use this healthful, delicate-tasting margarine in all your cooking. And use it freely—it's so economical.
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SO COUNTRY-FRESH IN FLAVOR
Durkee's
VEGETABLE
OLEOMARGARINE
(MARGARINE)
DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS
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BETTER MEALS —AND HOW!

by *Virginia Coates*

A quick trick for dressing up those fresh garden vegetables is a tasty sauce of melted margarine. Nothing complicated . . . but flavorful enough to make your family clamor for second helpings. Melt margarine over low heat and serve at once. Easy, isn't it?

• • •

For company fare, you might like to show off with a smooth, creamy Hollandaise sauce. Good cooks have found that Durkee's Margarine does wonders here. That rich, country-fresh flavor guarantees taste appeal for your sauce. You can use plenty of Durkee's both in your sauces and as a spread. It's economical and it's good. And here's an easy, never-fail recipe.

Hollandaise Sauce

2 large egg yolks
1 tbsp. Tarragon or Cider vinegar
½ tsp. salt
Dash Cayenne pepper
2 tbsp. light cream
8 tbsp. margarine

Place all ingredients except margarine in top part of double boiler. Beat over hot (not boiling) water on low heat until mixture begins to thicken. A whisk is good for this, if you have one. Now add margarine, a little bit at a time, beating constantly. If sauce is too thick, add a little lemon juice or cream. Makes approximately one cup.

• • •

What to do with a cold roast. Even cold roast beef needs added zip. So point up the good flavor of your meat with a dressing that's mellow and tangy—Durkee's Dressing. Spread it on roast beef sandwiches for the lunch box . . . delicious.

• • •

Something new in flavor! Give your apple pies a truly luscious taste with Durkee's Apple Pie Spice. It's a well-tested blend of cinnamon and other spices . . . balanced so that you can depend upon the same perfect flavor every time. With this new spice blend,

you can turn *your* apple pie into something really special! Try it in applesauce and baked apples, too, and in all your favorite apple dishes. Durkee's Apple Pie Spice is a new product—just arrived on your grocer's shelf.

• • •

Write for lots of other interesting recipes to Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

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SINCE 1887
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A Rich Wholesome and Delicious Dressing
DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS
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10 OZ NET WT
A spirited dressing is a good companion!
Turn a plain dish into a triumph with Durkee's Dressing! Enjoy its tempting flavor on meats, salads and fish. And, for extra zest, combine Durkee's with any of your favorite salad dressings. Made of a combination of rare spices, this rich, golden dressing is so tasty, so tangy and so versatile you'll use it in many delightful ways.
DRESS IT UP WITH
DURKEE'S DRESSING

(Continued from Page 94)

n't all, either. Penelope was wear-
artest high-heeled shoes, and that
blouse which had been bought only

' Mrs. Lorrimer said. "We won-
t was keeping you."
said nothing, but her color height-
vid gave her a smile that was both
ing and admiring. So she smiled

said, "Are you going out to lunch

no," Penny said in surprise. She
her mother's startled face.
I hope you'll have it with me. You
ect, will you, Mrs. Lorrimer?"
orrimer found she was helpless in
he direct attack. If he had said,
e?" Mrs. Lorrimer could have said,
y, but Penelope can't manage that
But now she would seem rude if she
es." And she had no real reason for
. She looked at her daughter's
ile and at the young man's face as
l for her reply.
urse not," she said.
said quickly, "I'll get my hat," and
oward the door.
Bosworth rose. "You've been aw-
d, Mrs. Lorrimer. Thank you for
ity on the stranger within your

Lorrimer smiled faintly. There
nything else she could have done,
ght worriedly. Only, she did wish
s young man wasn't quite such a
. All she knew was that he was poor,
nd thoroughly determined. Quite
le qualities, no doubt, if you hadn't
ageable daughter. She wondered if
s still time to say
r engagement for
n did not matter,
t she would be de-
to accept his invi-
But Penelope came
irs at that mo-

> We can't help the past. But we don't have to repeat it.
>
> —Gleaner, in the Sligo Independent.

was wearing that
with the rakish tilt which she had
on buying. And her new handbag
pensive gloves. Before her mother
y anything, Penny came quickly over
sed her on the cheek. "I'll be home
er," she said cheerily. Somehow Mrs.
r found herself walking into the hall
em, and saying good-by with a smile.
tood for a moment at the open door,
l them almost run down the steps and
rt walking in the direction of the bus
hey were already talking as if they
gotten all about her. And they looked
tly right together, Penelope just a
orter than the man and Bosworth
s straight shoulders half turned to-
e girl as he talked, that Mrs. Lorri-
nd herself thinking for a moment how
t it was to be young and walk so con-

rning to the drawing room, she stared
hree daughters over the mantelpiece.
ked at their portrait gloomily, as a
r might look at a window display of
expensive, highly perishable peaches.

took a deep breath of relief when
eached the pavement and he still
Penny beside him. Until the very last
t, he hadn't been quite sure that he
ng to manage it.
w what do you want to see first?"
asked.
thing. Everything. It doesn't mat-
e answered. *You*, his eyes said.
pretended to laugh, but the color in
eks told him that she knew quite well
e had wanted to see. He became con-
that he was hurrying her along the
nt, and slackened his pace.
ry," he said. "I was making sure that
nother would have no afterthoughts.
e, does every man who wants to take
t find it as difficult as I did?" The
pplied to others, seemed rather an
ive one.
ell, you are sort of unexpected, aren't
I mean, mother knows who the others
are. She doesn't know you. Actually, you avoided the main difficulty."

"What's that?"

"You didn't phone. You called at our house."

"Is there a ban against phoning?"

"Not exactly. But there's a kind of opposition." She paused in embarrassment. "It really is much better to call."

"That makes it respectable?"

"It helps."

He smiled broadly. "Well, I very nearly wasn't respectable."

"We've passed the bus stop," she said quickly. "Shall we go back?"

"No, let's walk. Do you mind, Penny?" They couldn't talk on a bus, and it was a pity to waste any of the few hours he could have with her.

"I'd love to walk, David."

THEY were both conscious of the strange sound of their first names.

"Good," David said with enthusiasm. "Let's head for the castle. That's the place to see, isn't it? We can find a spot to admire the view, and you can point out all attractions round about."

"You won't see much of Edinburgh that way, I'm afraid."

"I'll buy a guidebook at the station and do some memorizing on the train, if you insist. You look startled. What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She tried to look natural. Then she laughed suddenly. "Do you always behave like this?"

He didn't answer that. He had never behaved like this before, he thought, as he took her arm to guide her across a street.

He felt the impulse to punch between the eyes every man who looked a moment longer than necessary at the girl walking beside him. All his protective and possessive instincts were aroused, which was an entirely new sensation. And he enjoyed it. *I'm sunk*, he suddenly thought as he made some small remark and waited to see the answering smile on her face; *I'm sunk, completely and absolutely, and I don't care if I am.* He began talking as amusingly as he could. He might groan afterward at this display of sheer exhibitionism, but each smile and laugh and comment won now was well worth it.

And when they at last entered a steep street which looked as if it might lead them toward the castle, he had his reward.

"Why, here we are!" Penny said with considerable surprise. "It usually takes an hour to reach the castle from our house. At least an hour, if you are walking."

David glanced at his wrist watch. They had been walking for more than an hour. "What about some food first? Is there a restaurant near here? I expect we passed several decent places. You should have told me, you know. I'm the stranger here."

Penny smiled and shook her head. Decent restaurants were expensive. "There's bound to be a restaurant near here," she said. "If you don't mind something simple."

David wondered if he were hearing correctly. "It is a pity to waste your pretty clothes," he suggested. "Isn't there some place you'd like especially for lunch?" All the girls he had ever met before chose the best restaurant as a matter of course.

Penny shook her head again, and felt some surprise herself. She had thought, when she had dressed so carefully, that she would make a very smart appearance at one of the well-known places. But now, it didn't matter. Anywhere at all seemed marvelous, wonderful.

"I don't suppose you have ever missed a meal in your life?" he said with a strange little smile.

"You make me sound greedy. But actually, I don't believe I ever have. Have you?"

"Sometimes. When I'm busy and can't be bothered."

"Frankly, I am not very hungry now. Perhaps we shouldn't bother. We can have something to eat later on."

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"Good heavens, no!" he said vehemently, and flushed. Did she think he had no money at all? One was always inefficient about restaurants in strange places; in Oxford or London, he would have known where to take her to eat. He grabbed her arm suddenly and led her toward a sign. "This looks a restaurant of sorts. Seems all right. Is it?"

"Yes," she said. But she was relieved that there was no one on the street who could recognize her as they entered its door. A tavern would have been Mrs. Lorrimer's name for it. But there were white tablecloths and the appetizing smell of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, as well as the tobacco smoke and the clusters of bowler hats on the racks which stood beside each table.

"Are you sure it is all right?" David repeated, as he noticed the few women at the tables.

"Of course." *Why*, she thought with some disappointment, *it really looks very respectable!* There were an awful lot of men, of course; that was probably why her mother disliked such places. She followed David to a table, trying to appear oblivious of the looks given her by the younger men.

"If you really don't care for this place," David began hesitatingly, and then stopped. He was noticing that the tablecloth, although white, was not well laundered and that the menu was thumb-marked. Penny must have noticed these things at once. He thought, *I've bungled things badly*. He scowled savagely in the direction of an interested table. "And who are these young men, anyway?" he asked suddenly.

"Medical students," Penny said.

David glanced at her sharply. "Do you know them?"

She shook her head and smiled. She liked the quickness in his voice, somehow. "You can always tell them. It's their clinical interest, perhaps."

David relaxed and a smile spread over his face as he ordered lunch. By a skillful process of suggestion and elimination, he managed to make her decide in half the usual time she needed to cope with a menu.

Well, she thought, as the waitress retired with the order, *well, it is rather nice to have someone make up your mind for you—especially if he decides on the things you really wanted to have anyway*. She wondered if that medical student with the red hair knew her, and was he perhaps a friend of any of Moira's friends? And then she suddenly thought, *I don't care even if all the family find out. I don't care if I get into the most awful row. This*, she decided, *is fun*. She laughed suddenly.

"A good joke?" he asked.

"I'm feeling rather good," she said. She told herself she shouldn't have admitted that, but her tongue had outwitted her.

"Are you?" He looked pleased. "So am I. Nice feeling, isn't it?"

Their eyes met and held in the same way they had met and held in Mrs. McDonald's cottage. Penny took fright, retreating into words; David was silent, watching as she talked. She felt suddenly that he knew why she was talking like this, and fell silent.

"And what happened then?" he asked. He must have been listening, after all.

"Nothing very much. I'm afraid I'm boring you."

He shook his head slowly.

The waitress brought the food, and the intrusion brought them back to earth. Besides, the roast beef was tender and properly underdone, the roasted potatoes were crisp and hot, the vegetables were an appetizing green, and they were both hungry. David congratulated himself on his choice of restaurant. It could cook.

"Thank heavens," he said to Penny, "you are a girl who can eat."

She looked up quickly, horrified.

"No, please don't," he said. "That was a compliment I was trying to pay you. There is nothing sillier than the girl who picks daintily and leaves most of the food on her plate. Actually, she always reminds me strongly of the princess in A Thousand and One Nights. The one who ate rice with a bodkin. Only rice, grain by grain, everything else refused. Remember her?"

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chocolate éclairs with as much if it had been made of linoleum.

leave," David said. And then he Penny and added, "Of course, I miss this train. Then you might r with me. Would you?"

dn't," Penny said slowly. "I hat I would be home for dinner." ose it would be tactless to phone you weren't coming." He hadn't a question, but he was watching r a reply. "All right, then," he e, gentlemen, time."

gan walking slowly down the steep l.

me home with you first," David find a taxi."

smiled. "I don't think so, David. And we haven't very much time we?" She turned back the cuff of and glanced at his watch, then her head. "Besides, I travel about n every day by myself. I am such a wilting lily as all that!" he didn't join in her laugh, didn't at just stood looking at her, quickly, anxiously, "What's wrong,

ing, nothing." *She likes me*, he *she really likes me. She wouldn't that if she hadn't liked me. Fool*, he elf, *how do you 'e wouldn't?* " he said sud- d then stopped *Penny, will e to me?* he going to say. not ask—it pretty silly Better write nd then see if ered.

" Penny, isn't t Penelope?

n't like Penel- nean, I love it e, but I don't eing attached We should all numbers to us until we e age of eight- en we could he name we anted. It is t times what will think up hristening."

ably they are desperate and thor- ewildered by that time," David sug- "Anyway"—he looked at her with a he paused—"anyway, Penny it is." niled. And then she said in surprise, we are walking in the wrong direc- e station is up to our left."

?"

asn't quite sure if he had been trying hat train after all. She colored, half nd looked quickly away.

ect your mother will hold it against on't take you home safely." *I'd even horrors of a family dinner if I could r four more hours*, he thought.

her won't know. She is at the clinic ternoon, weighing other people's nd telling them how to feed them." *Bountiful*, David thought. *I might ssed that.*

ren't very impressed," Penny said, g his face. "Don't you like good

y are useful in an emergency. And as hey go. But often we would have esults if we depended on professionals han amateurs."

volunteers can be ——"

ow. They have hearts of gold, and e up their time, and what would we ut them? But if help were on a pro- l basis, then people would learn to be like about it, and ask for it knowing ally theirs and not a matter of char-

"But ——" Penny began again. She looked at the strange bitterness in his face, and felt suddenly bewildered and unhappy. *I've always accepted these things*, she thought; *I still do, I suppose.* "But it would be impossible, wouldn't it? Or wouldn't it?"

He shook his head. "No," he said more gently. "Let's not begin anything we can't finish, Penny. I'll argue with you, if you'd like that, when you come to visit me at Oxford. We'll have lunch at the George, and then we shall walk out to the Trout for tea. Will you come?"

"I'd love to." It did sound wonderful, although Penny wondered what on earth the George and the Trout could be.

"THAT'S settled then." He sounded pleased. He was indeed relieved: he had been worrying how to phrase that invitation for the last fifteen minutes.

Then something began to happen to their conversation. They were practically silent by the time they reached the station. They halted at its entrance, Penny pretending to be absorbed in the busy street, David studying the pavement. He was thinking with some disappointment that he had better not suggest that she should come and see him off. She was waiting for him to say, in that easy way of his, "Why are we standing here?" But he seemed quite immovable. His silence made him suddenly appear remote. *He is halfway to London already*, she thought, *and in London we shall probably meet againasstrangers.* Probably, too, she would never see either this George and the Trout, whatever they were. That was another world—his world. He had come into hers for a day, because he had been passing by, and because it had pleased him. For a day. She felt miserable.

This is the letdown, David thought. Goodby's were always depressing affairs. You said either too much or too little. And afterward you thought of all the things you should have said, which would have been just right, neither too much nor too little. Perhaps he had begun to bore her and she was too polite to show it.

He roused himself to say quickly, "Well, thank you, Penny. Tell your mother that I think Edinburgh is a lovely, lovely place."

She half smiled. "Good-by." Well, here it was. You said good-by, and you held out your hand.

"Good-by." He took her hand. "I hope I wasn't a nuisance."

"Oh, no!" She looked up at him then. "I've had a marvelous day."

He still held her hand. *Dashed if I don't kiss her in front of the whole ruddy town*, he thought. But then, at that moment, a stranger's shoulder rubbed his, and a stranger's voice said "Sorry!" and then she gave him one of her brightest smiles, and turned to walk quickly away. David watched her. The worst thing about saying good-by, he decided, was this feeling of uncertainty: would he ever see her again? For that depended on her too.

David went into the station. He bought a newspaper to read in the train, and disagreed savagely with every editorial and article in it.

Then he sat in the gathering dusk and watched the fields flow past his window, and wondered gloomily just what had happened to him. By the time he had reached York, he wasn't even bothering to wonder. He was trying to balance a sheet of paper on a book and make his writing legible. This letter was going to be posted, he told himself grimly.

(To be Continued)

"I suppose," said the lady to the conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as the other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat."

"Of course, madam," the conductor replied politely, "he will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it."

•

John Wesley was walking with a zealous disciple who was in great trouble, and saying he did not know what to do; and as they walked they passed a stone wall over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," said Wesley, "why that cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied his friend. "I will tell you, then," said Wesley. "She looks over the wall because she cannot see through it. That is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them."

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She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

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• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

Product of Bristol-Myers

LOVE IS A BARGAIN

(Continued from Page 64)

her marten scarf as she flipped it closer around her throat. The light changed, the river of traffic halted, and Stacy walked over Park Avenue like an elegant Moses.

Grace Barnes walked on, thinking happily of Stacy, who ornamented her circle of acquaintances like an effective pin on a dull dress. They were chance-met friends who had been rattled together in one of the city's interminable dice throws of meetings and partings. The quick intimacy of women who have nothing very much to do and take their shopping seriously had sprung up between them, and now their friendship operated smoothly on the basis of an even division of advantages.

For Stacy, Grace and Charlie Barnes performed the substitute function of a piece of family silver or an inherited highboy, implying a solidity of background which added some roots to the air-plant quality of a woman living alone. Grace Barnes admired Stacy's urbanity, felt younger by virtue of Stacy's fewer years, and also felt more interesting herself in Stacy's reflection. She was so interesting to introduce. She had a last name for a first name, that definite if intangible asset for a woman, so well understood in the South. And she had lived in China, where her husband had had something to do with a bank. In fact, Stacy Adams began in Tientsin for the Barneses, since she had made the most of the advantageous way a city makes it possible to reveal the past from its best point only. Her youth was vaguely assigned, like a war communiqué, to somewhere in Pennsylvania.

TENTED in privacy by the noise of the hair drier under which she sat, lulled into a sleekly feminine sense of well-being by the ministrations of the beauty parlor, Stacy Adams spread her hands carefully, pleased at the smooth brilliance of her nail polish, pleased at the smooth way the evening promised to work out.

She remembered Scott Pearson in China with tolerant amusement. She had always been able to think tolerantly of Scott, when she was away from him. She remembered Scott the eternally eligible, the eternally uncaptured. She thought now that probably he had escaped all the visiting sisters from England, all the hopefully traveling American girls just because, ironically, they had gone to such trouble to give him a good time that they had left him no lonely leisure to dream of filling. If he had simply wanted something soft and pretty, he could have had it years ago.

But Scott was clever, she thought; clever about a lot of things, in spite of the way he had of appearing to regard his life as one long cheerful accident. Stacy was sure, with an old reflex of irritation, that there was more to it than that.

He was lucky, of course. But wasn't it Napoleon who always asked if an officer under consideration for a high post was, in addition to other qualifications, lucky? It had certainly been sheer luck, in the guise of a casual inspiration to take a holiday in the States, that had saved Scott from the war in the East.

Otherwise, reflected Stacy soberly, she might never have seen him again. With artless egotism and the tinge of superstition that so often colors shrewdness, she was inclined to think such an elaborate operation of fate showed that Scott Pearson was meant to have a permanent place in her life. She had seen him several times during the war when the volatile course of his activities as a Far Eastern expert in a war agency had brought him to New York, and the idea had grown on her. Now he was launching some new venture, with his usual enthusiasm.

She hadn't gathered what it was from his long-distance-telephone conversation with her. He only said he had a bright idea and was coming to New York to pick up some capital to go with it. Off handy trees as he breezed by, from the way he spoke about it. But Stacy thought Scott's actions always

Don't laugh of
bleeding gums
YOU MAY BE GETTING
GINGIVITIS

4 out of 5
May Have This Sly Enemy of Firm Gums and Handsome Teeth!

When people brush their teeth and their gums bleed—too many of them pay no attention. Now don't *you* be so foolish—

Because tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation but a wicked foe of firm gums and healthy, handsome teeth.

Neglect of Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, which only your Dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home to—

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Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste—the famous formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their lovely natural sparkle.

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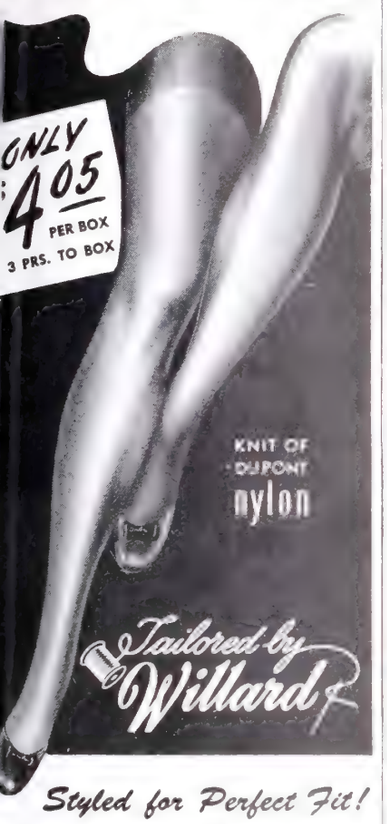

Styled for Perfect Fit!

s exciting news! The search is over! Ready for mmediate shipment are fresh stocks of precious ylons . . . as many pairs as you want, direct om FLARON. Nationally known, superbly tai-red by Willard, these are stockings of the very est quality—all Nylon top to toe. They are iced at only $4.05 a box (3 pairs). Sheer, yet dur-ly constructed for long wear and repeated wash-gs. Graduated knitting process makes these ockings hug the leg . . . assures streamlined fit.

OUR CHOICE of 2 Glamorous Shades

ame the color you want. SUN SHADOW, a ghly flattering beige color popular for Spring ear, or TROPIC BLUSH, a very alluring sun-ush tone worn with lighter shades. (Also vailable in Black or White.) Sizes 8½ to 10½. very pair of Willard Nylons is factory inspected guaranteed for flawless workmanship.

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st fill in and mail Coupon. We'll send your ockings C.O.D. (plus postage). If you wish to nclose payment now (check or money order), e'll pay postage. Get your order into the ail at once!

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1523 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Please send me the following quantity of Nylon Stockings. I will pay Postman $4.05 per box, plus postage. (We pay postage if you enclose payment now.)

Quantity: . . . . . Boxes ($4.05 per box of 3 pairs)
Color: ☐ Sun Shadow ☐ Tropic Blush
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☐ C.O.D. ☐ Cash

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turned out to be more practical than his words. She had no doubt he'd recognize his luck in meeting Charlie Barnes. Charlie Barnes, who was not only senior vice president of an imposing bank, but a member of its loan committee. And Scott would appreciate that her new apartment, which he had not yet seen, was a much pleasanter place to meet a man like Charlie than by appointment across a desk.

Stacy realized gratefully that she couldn't have planned a more perfect opportunity to show a man what a help a clever woman with a well-directed social sense can be.

"Little Miss Muffet," said Scott Pearson, gazing around Stacy's apartment, "always sitting on a new tuffet. This is quite a nice one."

He glanced at the two east windows in which, with characteristic effectiveness, Stacy had invested her rent money. They framed the night tricked out with necklaces, and sunburst points, and square-cut jewels of light above the shining blackness of the river, on which tall mast lights moved, swimming silently upstream.

"Nice river you have, too, dear."

"Isn't it? The whole place couldn't be more impractical, but I simply couldn't resist that view."

"Stacy! I can take most things, but if you've stopped playing it practical and close to the chest, love—well, then, I don't know!"

"What *are* you talking about?" said Stacy coolly. "Here's the bedroom. Small, dark, but adequate."

"Roses," admired Scott. "Well, well. Red roses. What next?"

Early sex education, using botanical examples, is an excellent thing, but it may be embarrassing. In a cinema, during an overly long embrace by an enthusiastic romantic screen hero, a small voice piped up, "Is he spreading the pollen now, auntie?"

"Oh, *Scott*," said Stacy, then quickly shifted gear. "Something Victorian is really about all that can be done with these old-fashioned, made-over, high-ceilinged rooms, don't you think?"

"Oh, indubitably," he said, and hung a friendly, but totally unimpressed, arm around her shoulders. "*In*-dubitably."

Stacy shrugged away from his arm, walked across the living room and arranged herself on a carefully graceful Empire sofa. Behind her head hung a long Chinese scroll painting with precisely wandering wistaria and roses that were pale, rare, elegant cousins of the fat blooms climbing her bedroom walls. She looked at the river windows, away from Scott Pearson.

"You spoil things," she said. "You spoil things. You always have."

She picked up a cigarette and put it between her lips, creating an effect, which fortunately she couldn't see, of a child crossly ramming thumb in mouth. Scott pulled out his lighter. Then he sat facing her, on the arm of a chair, freakish crinkles of amusement around his hazel eyes.

"Stacy," he protested. "And me your admirer since the age of sixteen."

"Admirer!" said Stacy Adams.

Her mind lurched back through time like a jolted pendulum, back to her teens and somewhere in Pennsylvania. "And how are you this morning after, Lady de Vere de Jefferson High School?" Scott Pearson had called cheerfully from his bicycle, and managed instantly to smudge the sheen of last night's school play. Ripping off Lady de Vere's draperies of lingering illusion, he revealed Edna Brown to Edna Brown, sent on an errand to the grocery store. Saturday morning on the dreary street of the wrong and ugly kind of Pittsburgh suburb had filled her mind as bitterly as the taste of illness in the throat. Stacy Adams could still taste the bitterness.

(Continued on Page 105)

...so nice to stay home with!

Enchantingly pretty, these rayon brocade Oomphies, with a distinct flare for making a foot look little. Wear them when you're hostess—and whenever you just want to be comfortable. Don't let their smartness fool you—Oomphies cushion platform sole provides a *heavenly rest.* $4

OOMPHIES, INC. NEW YORK

Sorry, no mail orders.
Slightly higher in the Far West.

Very personally yours

You're Dining Out . . . and you adore it. You love the festive atmosphere . . . listen for the heady Latin music that recalls your first ecstatic glimpse of "night life". It was like a great neon pinwheel spinning with fun and glamour and romance . . . and all *very personally yours.*

Tonight, you're radiant with that same young enthusiasm. Proving once again that *any* woman can stay young-in-heart, when she's free from care. "Those" cares, for example. And that's why you always insist on Kotex, for with that exclusive safety center you're sure . . . secure.

Moreover, you're free from revealing outlines, with those flat pressed ends of Kotex. Free from discomfort, too, because Kotex is a dream of softness . . . is made to stay soft while you wear it.

And because your daintiness is so important, each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. Yes, and only Kotex has 3 sizes (Regular, Junior, Super Kotex).

Naturally, then, your *every* evening can be as carefree as your laughter-loving heart. You can keep that radiant charm always *very personally yours.*

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

(Continued from Page 103)

In a way he did her a favor. She didn't ke to look silly, and at sixteen it really hurts. he saw that fairy tales were baby food. She ut away childish things and took a good hard ite of reality. She liked nice things as the dvertisements in the trolley car that carried er to and from high school phrased it or her. She liked nice people; at least she as sure she would. And she liked nice surroundings; those she was sure she could learn bout. With all the drive of the pioneer omen who pushed their way west she began o plan the latter-day traverse, the rugged limb up, to the things she knew she wanted. he worked at it, storing away bits of observation like a bright-eyed squirrel storing uts in its cheeks, until she could really ravel.

She had a head on her shoulders, and gradally the swing of fashion veered around so hat, with her intelligent co-operation, it ecame the right kind of head pictorially too. he had the high cheekbones, narrow chin nd poster mouth that went with a smart ngularity. She dressed well, making the ost of the discount that went with her job n the colossal department store, because of ourse she had come to New York. She lived n the East Thirties; Murray Hill, not the illage.

Scott Pearson whistled low and admiringly hen he called at her office she had a ucicle of her own—to take her to lunch. She ad progressed from black with pearls to uite good tailored suits. It was during the epression, which had settled down like a tray, unwelcome hound, and she had found possible to say, a subtle advantage in saying ruefully, that finances ere a problem. It was uite respectable not to ave much money and, dmitted in the right ay, distilled an impreson of having lost some. Which was also respectble and correct for once, briefly.

"Shades of the old oaken ucket!" Stacy Brown eeted Scott cordially. Come in and rest your et, Pearson."

"I had a fine time finding you," he said, utting his feet comfortably in her wastesket. "Is this solitary grandeur all yours?"

"Yes, it is," said Stacy. "It may be small, ut it means something."

It was remarkable how he cast ripples in he smooth stream of her assurance. She idn't care at all for the assertive voice she eard herself using. It made her careful.

"Stacy," said Pearson. "Stacy from what, lease, ma'am? That was what put me off."

"Stacy from Edna Stacy Brown, dope," aid Stacy, back in the light key. "Becoming, o?"

"Ah, *oui*," said Scott. "It's wonderful, it's narvelous"—because that's what they had een singing lately. "Do you still eat under he same name, though?"

"You bet," said Stacy, all folksy friendliess. "Let's go."

THEY went over to the Pennsylvania Hotel nd up to the roof for lunch. Stacy looked ut dreamily over her acres, New York.

"I'll tell you what," said Scott. "I always ad a feeling you and a career would be that ay about each other someday. What kind I idn't know, but local girl makes good I did oresee. In a modest way, I'm psychic."

"I'm glad," said Stacy, "you've sprouted touch of modesty somewhere. As a matter f fact"—and she made up her mind definitely at that moment, as though he had ouched a button—"I'm thinking of switching careers and being married."

"Tell me all," said Scott.

"Later. What are *you* doing? I thought I eard you were a rising young oil man in Oil ity."

"Baby," said Scott earnestly, "oil is without charm, without spark, without anything o offer except a living."

"Well, but after all," said Stacy, "a ving's the important ——"

"No, it isn't," said Scott promptly. "Besides, I don't care if it is. What's more, it's against my family tradition."

Stacy looked at him suspiciously, but he was apparently just enjoying himself in his own way. And looking very handsome. His hair had darkened to a light brown, but it still had the crisp springiness of curly hair cut very close. He grinned suddenly, and his hazel eyes flickered happily.

"I come from a long line of peddlers," he expounded. "My grandfather drove a notion wagon in Wisconsin—did you ever hear of a notion wagon?"

"No, but I get the idea."

"I CAN see you don't like it, but I'm crazy about it. Anyway, so I have this inherited talent and do you know how I'm going to use it? I'm going to sell condensed milk in China. Either that or camphor ointment for colds on the chest. I haven't quite decided which, but by five o'clock this afternoon I'll know. Some fun, huh?"

"China," said Stacy thoughtfully. Then she told him about Walter Adams, whom she was now sure she would marry.

"Solid," said Scott to the description. "Very solid."

"And nice," said Stacy firmly.

"I'm sure of that," said Scott politely. "Congratulate him for me, Stacy." It was the first time he'd used her edited name. He added reflectively, "Did you say he worked in a bank?"

Stacy nodded.

"He'll die president. He's a made man. You know—Stacy—you'll be the kind of wife that's a regular outboard motor for a man."

"What a pretty idea," said Stacy, irritated. "Walter would simply love that, I know. Any man would."

"Well meant, but expressed wrong," said Scott, undismayed. "I tell you the guy's in luck."

"Well, it's nice of you to insist," said Stacy, still with a faint frosty rime on her voice. "Good luck, yourself, along the condensed milk route."

"Thanks. I'll probably need it. Well, I'll be seeing you, Stacy."

"Who knows?" said Stacy. "But I forgot; you're psychic."

Three months later she married Walter Adams. It wasn't a stylish marriage, but it was a good solid bicycle built for two; a reliable vehicle, and Stacy climbed on with the honest satisfaction of a job well done. Walter Adams came from White Plains, and had graduated from Dartmouth into the training rounds of a large bank. Stacy wouldn't let him buy her an engagement ring; after all, they had an apartment to furnish. His parents praised her for a practical girl with a head on her shoulders and tried hard to be fond of her, feeling very guilty as they tried, because her manner toward them was perfect. She kept her job at the store until Walter was permanently assigned to the bank's foreign department. The apartment was furnished attractively, she was well supplied with clothes, and they had a small savings account. It seemed the right moment for Walter to take over.

"I'm glad it turned out to be the foreign department," Stacy said one night at dinner after Walter had gone through the domestic rite of recapitulating the day's events. "It's more interesting in a way, isn't it?"

"I'll say," said Walter Adams, who had a fresh, boyish quality of easy enthusiasm. "Stacy, you ought to come down someday and let me show you around. Do you know what I like, and you would too? The clocks on our office wall. There's a big one in the middle that's regular New York time, and all around it little ones with the time in London and Paris and Rome." He drew a long breath. "Wouldn't it be fun, Stacy, if someday ——"

"It would be wonderful," said Stacy, right with him. "Snap it up, darling, if a chance ever comes."

Women speak easily of platonic love; but, while they appear to esteem it highly, there is not a single ribbon of their toilette that does not drive platonism from our hearts.

—A. RICARD: Quoted in The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom, Edited by Norman Lockridge. (Black Hawk Press).

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

What is the secret of so many popular girls' fragrant appeal?

What makes a man murmur, "You're *very* alluring tonight"? If you bathed with Cashmere Bouquet Soap you might well give credit to its dainty, subtle perfume . . . the *fragrance men love*. This ravishing fragrance comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. For seventy-eight romantic years it has enhanced the appeal of popular girls. Let lovely Cashmere Bouquet Soap make *you* more exciting. Bathe with it every day. Use it for your complexion, too.

Cashmere Bouquet

Adorn your skin with the fragrance men love

Are you really sure of your present deodorant? Test it against Fresh
See for yourself why more and more women are switching to Fresh—the new cream deodorant they find the most effective and so gentle

Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.

When the chance came it was a place in the bank's Tientsin branch.

"Walter," said Stacy, "I think I like that." She smiled unexpectedly, reminded for the first time in ages of Scott Pearson, condensed milk and camphor rub.

"Sound good?" said Walter. His talent for enthusiasm had been affected by indoctrination in banking caution, so he expressed some doubts. "There's one thing to think about a little," he said. "You do get sort of out of sight of the head office in a foreign branch. Out of sight, out of mind, and all that."

Stacy quickly objected. The project was so favorable. At the moment they were just another youngish couple getting along, but with no striking . . . flavor. By the time they came back from China something new would have been added. That extra something that set off a person, as it did a dress from the ones that had been cut wholesale from the same pattern.

"That depends," she told Walter. "You could just as well think of it as a chance to stand out in a smaller group. And look how well you've done even in this big boiler factory of a place here in New York! You never give yourself enough credit."

"Well, you certainly do," he said gratefully. "I'll tell you what I do give myself credit for—having brains enough to marry you."

"Wal-ter," she teased him, "and all along I thought it was love!"

"You know it was," he said seriously, and pulled her to him.

She went willingly. She was fond of him in a quiet way, and pleased, within reason, with him and with life. "Me too," she said. "Oh, Walter, do let's go to China."

They went, rather wistfully waved off by the elder Adamses, who said comfortingly to each other that of course it would be an *experience*.

Stacy found it a charming one, heightened by a happy feeling that its value could be figured at a compound rate, personal as well as financial. Tientsin lacked the high aura of Peking, the racy dash of Hong Kong and life on the Peak, but that had its advantages too. She and Walter enjoyed themselves and had the pleasantest possible feeling of consequence; one that it was impossible, except for the very highly favored, to achieve against the uniformity of looks and level of living standards at home. They enjoyed having servants, they enjoyed the stepped-up round of entertaining and being entertained that they were a part of. Stacy thoroughly enjoyed the interestingly flawed emerald Walter had been able to buy her in place of the pure, modest stone it would have had to be in New York. Looking at her emerald, she visualized it on her finger after they were back in New York, the trademark of that unusual, that cosmopolitan young couple, the Walter Adamses. It was a good investment, and that sanctified her pleasure in it.

LIFE was going so well in general that she wasn't surprised when Walter turned up late one afternoon with Scott Pearson.

"The milk route!" she cried in welcome. "I never dreamed I'd be on it. Scott Pearson, you *were* psychic!"

"I still am," he said, taking her hand. "Stacy, you look more glamorous than ever."

"I am, dear," she said, contentedly aware of the finely rubbed finish life was giving her, as it could if you made proper use of its friction. "Isn't it fun? And you're looking very brisk yourself."

"I am," Scott assured her. "I'm marvelous. I love it. Do you know what? I've been telling your husband's bank all about how I'm thinking of taking on a side line of chewing gum."

STACY laughed helplessly, along with Scott. His teeth were whiter than ever, his hair crisper, his clothes very British, and he radiated the most cheerful energy.

"Oh, it's really wicked," he confided, "the fun I have selling things!" and laughed again at the thought of it.

Walter Adams looked a little ruffled by this breezy attitude toward the serious business of life, like a small, neat pond whose surface is unsettled by ripples from a carelessly skittered stone. Stacy saw that he looked uneasy, and he also struck her as looking rather small and neat, compared with Scott Pearson. Her whole setting, which had given her so much satisfaction looked neat, small and local in the reflection of Scott's conversation, his unrestricted forays up and down the China coast. And, Stacy had an envious suspicion, up and down the rungs of the careful social ladders that held the foreign colonies erect like spines.

Something disturbing and unregulated had blown in with him, left over from all the footloose peddlers gone with the springtime of the western world who had sold ribbons and laces, or wooden nutmegs, and now chewing gum. When he stole a kiss while strawberries ripened and grass glistened in the sun.

Inevitably, Scott had an engagement he stayed only an hour.

"He may crack jokes about it," said Walter, anxiously fitting him back into the groove, "but his credit rating's no joke. He makes money."

"Does he?" said Stacy rather absently. "It's so queer, the way he turns up in my life."

"But," went on Walter more cheerfully, "I'll bet he spends it."

"I'm sure of it," said Stacy, twisting her emerald, which was, after all, far from an important stone.

She stared into it, a fortuneteller's green crystal. She saw Walter back in New York belonging to a luncheon club called the Something Tiffin Club, fanning up the bright patch of earlier days with the bellows of conviviality on alternate Tuesdays. She couldn't see her own future very well, but she viewed her present with a fine new clarity—thanks somehow, to Scott Pearson. She identified with a certain wry courage, what she was feeling: that elevator drop in satisfaction between looking in the mirror at home, and facing the great mirror of the world that every woman has known.

Walter's voice penetrated. "—— pretty late, hurry up about dressing," he was saying.

"Wouldn't it be a treat," said Stacy, "if some of these people would change their faces with their clothes once in a while? Just for variety."

(Continued on Page 108)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Tears

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Tears of women are April pools
From darks of sudden cloud;
Or the slow rain of a long day,
The sky low-bowed;
The glint of a jeweled drop that clings
To a flower's face;
A lashing sheet the wind drives wild,
Bewildering space.

But the tears of men—oh, the tears of men
Are depths of ocean writhing,
When the final raft with a shriek is gone
And never a soul surviving;
A mountain at midnight and torrents down
Where a stream's low word was spoken—
Haste to the highland, all valley souls,
The dam has broken!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For the first time ever!

THREE REVLON REDS *are better than one!*

"FATAL APPLE"! "ULTRA VIOLET"! "BACHELOR'S CARNATION"!

NAIL ENAMEL · LIPSTICK · FACE POWDER, *TOO!*

Madly beautiful? Capricious? or . . . Tempting? Fashion can't choose any single *one* of these three great Revlon reds this Spring—loves them *all* with a deathless passion!

Matchless on matching lips and fingertips. *Now and forever* to the woman of taste Revlon is the very symbol of quality and fashion color.

Always, there is that *famed* Revlon "stay on".

A new way to take the chill off a room—

If a room seems chilly, don't go turning up the furnace.

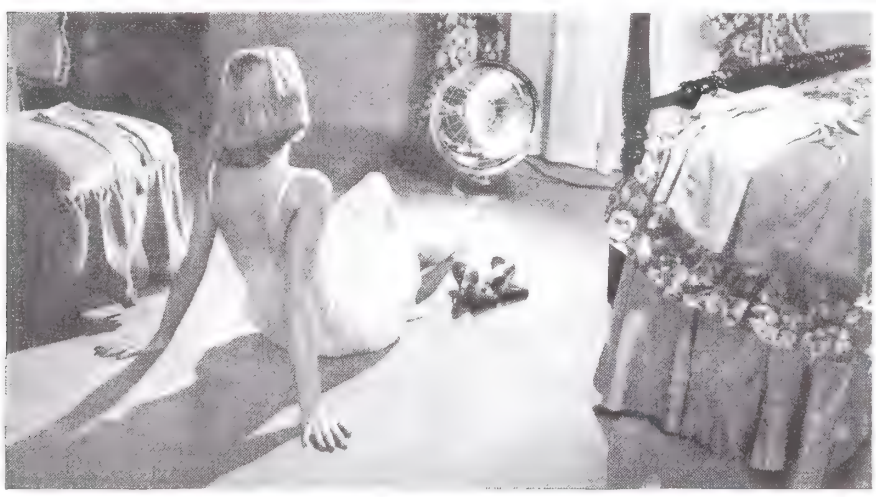
Be modern, save money—plug in General Electric's streamlined, portable Arizona Heater.

Instantly it fills the room with currents of warm, clean air. No noise. No moving parts. It's all done by natural-draft circulation.

Ever so light, the Arizona gives off an odorless, red-warm glow—so safe, even with children around.

Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, it's all precision built by G.E.

A new way to keep warm when dressing—



Glory be, what bliss—just plug in General Electric's Sunbowl Heater. Now, spot its heat right on yourself.

Keep warm all over when dressing on chilly mornings. Bathe in Sunbowl's spot of heat whenever you're cold.

P. S. *In The Early Spring*, turn off your central heating. Save money. Keep really warm, early mornings and late evenings, with G-E Space Heaters.

All the electricity that goes into any G-E Heater comes out as heat! Buy G.E.—a great value! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Always insist on G-E Space Heaters and be sure of the best!

THE ARIZONA—Only $14.95 plus tax

THE SUNBOWL—Just $8.25 plus tax

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 106)

"What's wrong with 'em?" said Walter, surprised at the whiff of criticism. "They're a good gang."

Gang, thought Stacy; *it might as well be Westchester.*

She went on about the business of dressing. But she also began to examine in new perspective the design of their life. One result of her examination was so clear that she shared it with Walter, pointing out to him the added importance, when living in a foreign country, of being discriminating about people. Mistakes in judgment were so easy to make. She quoted two or three they'd seen made, with unfortunate results. Walter agreed: he knew his bank held strongly the same point of view.

Scott Pearson reappeared several times, on occasion producing friends whom Stacy, always quick to learn, approved of as amusing.

As carefully as a painter arranges a still life, Stacy was one day arranging a party with an eye to every highlight of advantage when Walter interrupted her by coming home early, with a pain. The father and mother of all pains in the middle, Stacy was forced to admit, judging by his very peculiar color.

It was subsequently the opinion of the senior Mr. and Mrs. Adams until they died that appendicitis was managed much better in New York, but they always hastened to admit that a ruptured appendix was a great risk anywhere. They also said Stacy had been wonderful, with their old guilty offering of admiration in place of love. But they saw her only after she had come back to New York and was doggedly reweaving the raveled pattern of her life.

For at first Stacy had been shocked into numbness by the brutal irrelevancy of death. For the first time in her life she felt bitterly, instead of confidently, alone. All the small dependencies of marriage had built themselves into such a total that she confused her sense of their loss with that of Walter himself. It shook her badly to find her own emotions could go so wildly off the leash. Everything for a while seemed unreal, especially herself. People were kind, she found with dull surprise, but she was too bemused to make note of the useful implication that people can be kind only when they are allowed to be. Little by little she found her balance, and during the long transition of the journey home she began to fit into her new identity as an interesting, attractive widow and to see that it could be a becoming one.

She made it so. Walter's life insurance gave her a small capital for the first time in her life. She could afford, because of it, to take a job with an interior decorator that paid better in possibilities of desirable acquaintances than in money. The war came as a rude disruption, but she moved on to the Red Cross as a paid worker. Then Mr. and Mrs. Adams died in fairly rapid succession and left Stacy all they had, since they knew Walter would have wanted them to. Stacy found it such a novel experience to be standing on a margin of security that she had a brief period of uncertainty about what to do next. It was while she was hesitating on this plateau, without the push of necessity to give her direction, that she had met Grace Barnes.

She began to enjoy her new status, encouraged by the picture of herself that was reflected in Grace Barnes' admiration. Then Scott Pearson had to blunder in like a bull in a china shop of illusions.

"Stacy," said Scott, reaching over and swinging her hand reproachfully, "Stacy, come back. Very rude, going away like that when you have company."

"Rude," said Stacy. "I'm not the one who's rude."

"It can't be me," said Scott reasonably, "because I'm *never* rude. Now come on, what have I ever spoiled?"

"Oh—nothing," said Stacy. "It's just ——"

"Liver, dear," supplied Scott. "Don't worry about it; a touch of liver makes the whole world kin. You've put me more at ease right away."

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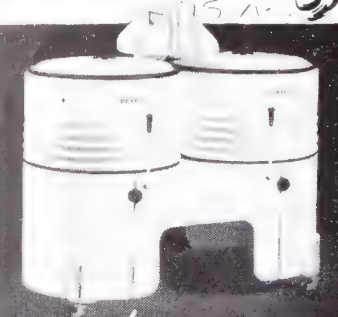

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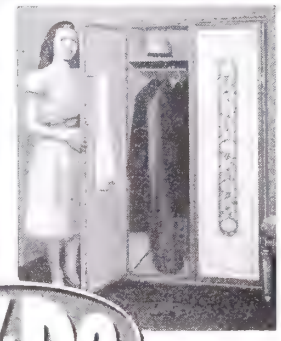

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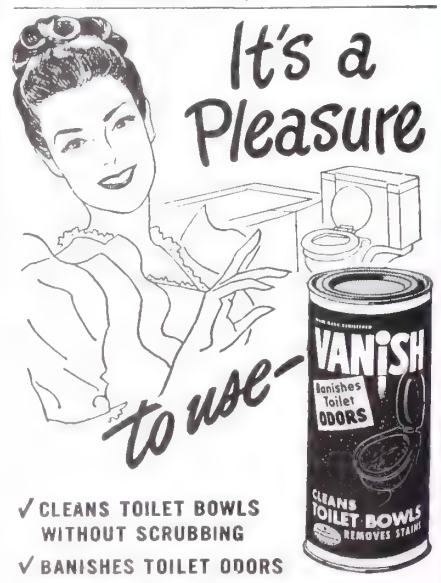

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Stacy said she could never remember see- him when he wasn't perfectly at ease.

"That only proves," said Scott, "that in ite of all the years you've known me you n't know any more about me than I do out you. You would be truly amazed at e amount of time I've put in wondering out you, Stacy."

"About me?"

"About you," he assured her. "Every me I see you I have a new attack. Tell me mething: do you *like* living alone?"

"Do you?" said Stacy. "Of course it's still man's world."

"Quaint," said Scott to that, "very quaint, ear. I suppose *you* don't do about as you ke?"

Stacy said distantly that she did what she ought sensible.

"That I can believe," said Scott. "You al- ays have."

"Haven't I had to?" demanded Stacy otly, stung to unanalyzed resentment. Haven't I always had to?"

"That's one of the things I've wondered bout," he said seriously, pulling out his igarette case and offering it to her.

He had excellent hands, smooth-knuckled nd long. They caught Stacy's eye. She tared at his hand and forgot to take a igarette. Involuntarily she drew a sudden, eavy breath.

"Stacy," said Scott, "now you do make me wonder. More than ever. If I thought, if I'd ever thought ——"

The bell broke in on what he'd thought.

"What would that be?" he said impatiently.

"That would be Grace and Charlie Barnes."

"Blast Grace and Charlie Barnes."

Stacy's first reaction had been impatience too. Then, more sensibly, she saw the value of diversion. She needed time; time to put in its place, its useful place, the tide of emotion that endangered her footing. "You'll like them," she promised in a nearly normal voice.

She watched Scott light a new cigarette, unconscious of the one he had laid down.

"They've been terribly kind to me," she said, and walked composedly across the room to push the button that released the catch on the street door.

She felt excited, but also a coolheaded confidence in her ability to go on pushing the right buttons. She knew now why Scott's opinion had always been such a goad. But it gave her a happy, feminine sense of power to think that he didn't know—yet—why he had always wondered so about her. It gave her an advantage. *Women have just so much to bargain with*, she thought, *and even a small advantage is a great help.*

She opened the door and greeted Grace and Charlie Barnes with an enthusiasm that startled them and helped her conceal a sudden burst of inner hilarity. She had just realized that for a moment she had forgotten the original point of asking Charlie Barnes to meet Scott. It was like found money now. She felt the exaltation of a gambler floating on a run of luck.

THE stir of introductions swept the traces of tension from the air. Scott was all amiable charm to Grace, who fluttered. He quickly found points of common interest with Charlie Barnes. He passed cocktails. Stacy watched him with almost luxurious satisfaction. Pink with suppressed admiration, Grace caught her eye and Stacy smiled back, but not possessively—hospitably. A gracious hostess glad to have pleased an appreciative friend.

"Stacy," said Charlie Barnes, "I don't know when I've seen you looking so well. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Oh, just living right, Charlie. You know, early to bed, good plain food ——"

"They never tell," said Scott Pearson confidentially. "It's the real secret weapon, I've decided after years of research."

"Happy, happy research!" said Stacy. "Can't you see he's enjoyed every minute of it, Grace?"

"He certainly doesn't look worn down by it," said Grace generously.

Stacy thought it was really generous of her. Compared with Scott, Charlie Barnes looked dusty. As though years of working, paying bills, rising to vice-president had sifted over him an impalpable fine dust of fatigue. His face was kind and lined and blurred and, at the moment, reflective.

"THAT'S a very interesting idea of his," Charlie Barnes said to Stacy. "This South American business."

"South America?"

"Stacy and I hadn't got that far," explained Scott. "I'm thinking of hitching up the old notion wagon again, Stacy. Only this time it's going to be all mine, if I can manage it. I'd like to peddle for myself."

"A small export company," Charlie Barnes phrased it more respectably, "might not do so badly right now."

"South America," said Stacy reverently. It was so perfect. She could see the great curl of surf bowing to the vast hotels along the sweep of beach near Rio. The opulent tango beat of Argentina. She said, "Why, Scott, how very bright and enterprising of you!"

"Oh, how exciting!" breathed Grace unselfishly.

"It would be fun, you know," said Scott.

Fun, thought Stacy, was a weak word. The accelerated projector of her imagination ran off a series of pictures that slid rapidly across the inner screen of her mind. Heads turning as she and Scott, a couple to turn heads anywhere, walked into a hotel, a restaurant, the best in Rio or Buenos. Yellow Brazilian diamonds. A long dinner table, herself at the head, with scope at last to show what she was capable of. A whole frame of life from which she could look out with the feeling, nobly heightened, of looking out a taxicab window, removed from the jostling pedestrian crowd.

We cannot tell how long love lasts. We cannot swear to that fidelity. But we can swear the fidelity of friends—whatever the emotional event, quarrel or separation, never to traduce the character or betray the secrets and intimacies of other people; to behave honorably, whatever the affective grievance.

—GEORGE BUCHANAN, *Words for Tonight* (Constable & Co., Ltd.).

Her disciplined social instincts automatically helped her make conversation, but inwardly she was so far away that Grace's hand on her arm startled her. A little tardily she took in what Grace had said.

She protested, "But Grace, you've just come!"

"Dear, we've been here hours," exaggerated Grace Barnes firmly. "And Charlie's tired." Grace always decided when Charlie Barnes was or was not tired, according to the demands of the occasion as she saw them.

She looked so small, loyal and determined as she rose from her chair that Stacy gave her a rare impulsive hug. "You're stubborn," she said warmly, "a stubborn little piece!"

"That's what Charlie says," said Grace, beaming. She linked her arm lightly in Stacy's, flattered and pleased by her unusual demonstrativeness, and they walked together toward the bedroom and Grace's coat. "I do love these roses," said Grace. "Every time I see them I like them even better."

"They're fun, aren't they?" agreed Stacy.

"*Stacy!*" said Grace, as soon as they were private and safe. "He's *so* attractive!"

Stacy smiled and dusted a large feather powder puff shieldingly across her face. "I thought that you'd enjoy him," she said casually.

"Stacy, I know you won't want to, now, but I promised Charlie to ask you. He wanted you to have dinner with us tomorrow night. A man—I *think* he's an investment banker—is coming from St. Louis and Charlie wants to give him sort of a special evening; he's somebody quite important. But I know you won't have time—it makes me so mad, the way everything always comes at once, or not at all! And Charlie says he's a widower too."

(Continued on Page 111)

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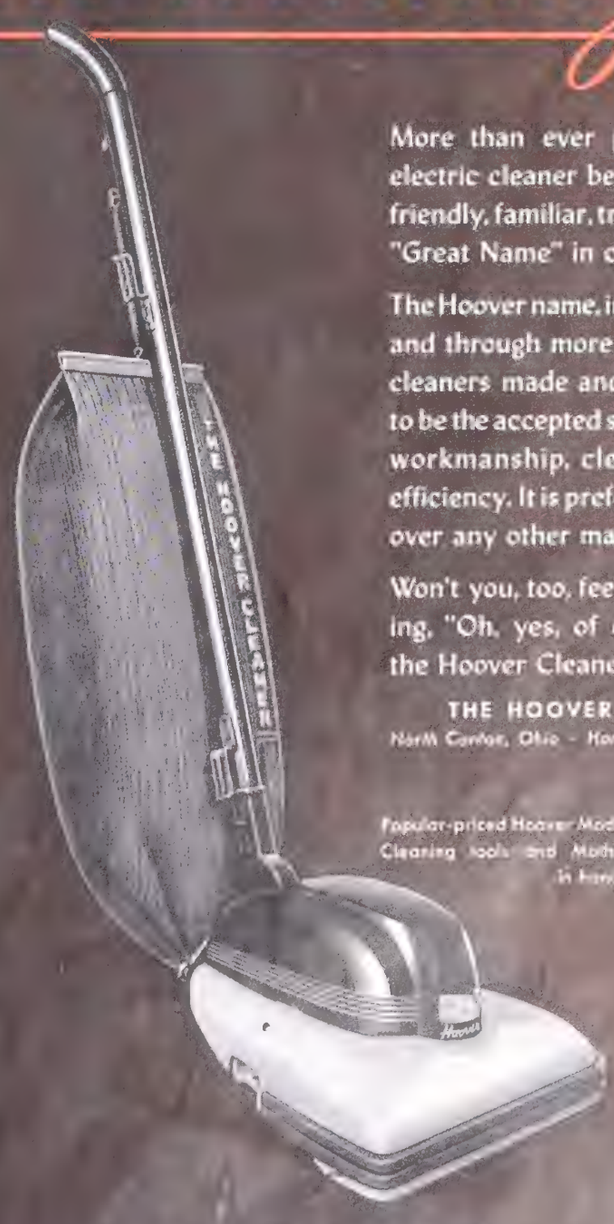
in cleaning



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(Continued from Page 109)

"Oh, Grace," laughed Stacy, "you *are* a goose, you really are!"

Instinctively she hedged her bet, superstitiously she avoided admitting her luck in case she should spoil it. So she assured Grace she'd probably love to have dinner.

"Scott's perfectly apt to light out tomorrow as suddenly as he came," she said, "and anyway, if I could ever be any help to you and Charlie! You *know* I'd be thrilled."

"Stacy," said Grace Barnes helplessly, "Stacy, you're—well, you're just wonderful."

"My dear!" said Stacy deprecatingly. "Suppose I call you in the morning, and we'll fix it, one way or another."

They went back to the other room in time to hear Charlie Barnes saying something hearty about lunch downtown to Scott.

"In the morning," murmured Grace, "let me know."

Stacy nodded, promising the answers to everything Grace's elliptical question asked, and closed the door behind the Barneses. She turned around, one hand still on the doorknob. The long cool curves of her body in the clever black dress were pulled into sharp relief against the white panels of the door.

"Aren't they nice?" she said.

"Very nice," said Scott. "They're fond of you, Stacy."

"I hope so," she said modestly. "I'm fond of them."

And so she was. Her friendship with Grace had turned out very well. It proved the wisdom of choosing for a friend a slightly older woman who was interested in helping, not competing. Stacy felt real love for Grace.

"Very nice," repeated Scott. "But you always have nice friends, don't you?" He began to prowl restlessly around the room. From over near the river windows he said, "I bet I'm the only bum you know!"

Stacy just looked at him derisively. The close-cut, crisp hair. The cuff link that gleamed as he put up a hand and gave the back of his head a quick, hard knuckling. The hang of his clothes, the manner he wore that she knew brought headwaiters running.

"This clean collar," Scott interrupted her as though she had spoken, "is a disguise. Protective coloring."

"It fooled Charlie Barnes," said Stacy, deciding to laugh. "I hope," she added, vexation ruffling her voice. "He's - Charlie's in a position to help you, Scott. I should *think* ——"

"I know you do," said Scott. "And you never take any time off either, I realize now. It impresses me. It's always impressed me, the way you use your head. That, and the way you always have not only nice friends but useful friends."

STACY caught the shift in his attitude toward her emotionally before her mind really battened on the implications of his words. She stepped away from the door, her body erect and collected. She was annoyed, righteously annoyed. After all, she had gone to considerable trouble to help Scott Pearson.

"It's always terribly amusing," she said, her voice as bright as sun on ice, "to see how perfectly naturally old friends can take so much for granted."

"Not you, dear," said Scott. "Never you, Stacy! Next to four-wheel brakes, you can bring an old friend out of a slight skid faster than —— Well, as I told you, I'm a shiftless type. In spite of the clean collar and South America."

"My dear," said Stacy absently, "you positively rattle."

She didn't understand what had thrown him into this odd mood, but she did understand that he was warning her he was a bad matrimonial risk. With the admirable courage that had never allowed her to yield easily Stacy informed herself firmly that Scott was fighting himself; thrashing around in an instinctive male struggle to escape the hook of responsibility, much as the bait attracted him.

"Do I rattle?" said Scott, and cocked an eyebrow at her. "I must have that fixed. What I'm getting at, though, is that no amount of repairing will ever bring me up to your high standard of efficiency. I don't run right. Just look at this evening: would you believe it, all the time I was talking to Charlie Barnes—and I do appreciate your thought in asking him, Stacy—all I could think of was that he'd interrupted *my* train of thought! How's that for shiftless?"

STACY felt chilly. The heat must have been turned off. That was the trouble with these old houses, they weren't managed properly. She asked Scott what train of thought the Barneses had interrupted. She knew he'd escaped her. He was wily, he'd had too much experience in protecting his freedom.

"Why," said Scott, walking over and standing near her, "I was thinking of kissing you! What do you think of that? Would you have kissed me back, I wonder?"

Her afternoon recollections of all his easy success with women came flooding back to Stacy. He was the kind of man, she thought severely, who'd never been made to understand that love wasn't a matter of lightly given kisses, that it was a fair bargain, that right-thinking men saw it so and paid up. It might still be useful, she thought, to show him she was a woman who didn't forget the value of her side of the bargain just because he looked at her with his bright, confident hazel eyes.

"I might have," she said indifferently, and waited to see how the novelty of indifference affected him.

Scott grinned at her. The lines of his face crinkled into rays of amusement. "Past tense!" he said. "You're wonderful, Stacy; you're the only completely consistent woman I've ever known! You know a bad bargain when you see one, don't you? You always have. I think I'll kiss you anyway, just for instance ——"

He gave her one brisk, innocuous buss. Turned her around and gave her a friendly spank. "Run put your hat on," he said. "Let's go find some dinner."

Stacy left him to put on her hat, feeling as though she had been driving a car and had someone, somehow, reach over and take the steering wheel bodily out of her hands. She couldn't figure it out and she never did, particularly since she agreed with Scott that she'd been perfectly consistent in everything she'd done.

By the time she had her hat on, though, she'd figured out the line she'd take with Grace Barnes when she called her in the morning to accept the invitation for dinner. She would say it was maddening, the way women always had to make a choice. That Scott had all the charm in the world, but when it came to a matter of marriage—there it was, charm and dependability never seemed to come in the same package.

Picking up her marten scarf, she glanced in the long mirror; she was pleased with her reflection, she really looked very smart. She couldn't do better, she decided, than to wear exactly the same costume for dinner the next evening. The St. Louis investment banker, the substantial widower, sounded very promising. Stacy's spirits rallied strongly as she pulled on her gloves and completely readjusted her plans for investment in the rising market of the future. THE END

We may all learn from the Chinese boy who reported that "I am now reading the Bible and behaving it."

—Religious Digest.

My wife and the woman next door have quit speaking because of trouble the children had. The children were playing together again in a few minutes, but the mothers are still mad.

—CLAUDE CALLEN.
Quoted in Capper's Weekly.

To enjoy a thing exclusively is to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it.

—THOREAU.

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WHY RELIGION HELPS MESS UP THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 40)

earthly ministry He stood out too big—much too big—for His contemporaries, with their legalisms, ritualisms and religious conventionalities, so now the impression made by Christ Himself of size and range, of universality of outlook and spirit, so that He needs the whole world to operate in and the whole world needs Him, stands in sharp and shameful contrast with the impressions which the churches make. I speak from inside the church, loving it, after a lifetime of ministry believing in it and loyal to it, but deeply troubled by its trivialities, its divisive littleness, its emphasis on small peculiarities that split and dissever the world it was meant to unify. To have a Master and Lord Who impresses even unbelievers with His universal range and sweep, so that H. G. Wells said, "His is easily the dominant figure in history," and then to have churches, supposed to represent Him, which impress even believers as much too petty and small-minded to meet the world's need, is indeed a tragedy.

One bedeviling factor that causes this evil is our scrambling of universals and local peculiarities as though they were equally important. They certainly are not, any more in religion than in family life. Our homes have local peculiarities: our special types of houses, our special diets, our methods of housekeeping, our gadgets, our cherished household traditions, and all the details that make a home our home, and not someone else's. But in fine family life there are universals, too, without which nothing else matters. True love and loyalty between man and woman, the fulfillment of romance in friendship, the desire for children and love of them, the creation of an abiding unity out of the sacred trinity—father, mother, child—such factors in a home know no boundaries of race or nation, and in comparison with them the special material our houses are built of, and the various gadgets they are furnished with, are of minor import.

Religion is like that. Its local peculiarities are to be cherished and enjoyed, but the big matters in religion are universals, and when they are made central religion begins to draw men together instead of ripping them apart.

To some this insistence on the priority of universals will suggest surrender of Christian conviction for the sake of liberality and breadth. They will think it leads to shallowness. This, however, is the very reverse of the truth. That a house is built of brick instead of bamboo is not the deep factor in a home while the true love of man and woman is but superficial; and no more in religion are the universals shallow and the local peculiarities profound. When we say that the truths of science are universal, are we not thinking of the profoundest scientific truths, the great laws true everywhere and for all? So, one who makes central, as Christ did, the spirit's universal laws is not so much spreading out as plunging deep. One God of all mankind—that's deep. One Spirit, strengthening us with power in the inner man; one moral law, of which the Sermon on the Mount is our noblest utterance; the dreadful fact of sin and the desperate need of saviorhood; the transiency of the seen and the eternity of the unseen—such faiths go deep.

The profoundest elements in Christianity, as in any religion, strike the universal note. It is utterly unrealistic to minimize the differences between the world's great faiths; they are real and critical; but when Jesus announces His profoundest insights, as for example when He describes prayer as solitary communion with the unseen Spirit, a Hindu answers, "I make prayer mine inmost friend," and a Moslem says, "Allah is nearer to you than the great vein of your neck." C. F. Andrews, a very influential missionary in India, was working on this basis when he said, concerning his approach to the Indian people: "I always assume that they are Christian; and after I have talked with them

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while I sometimes see the light of Christ
heir eyes." In presenting the universals
is faith, he knew he had the best chance
aving the old psalm come true: "Deep
th unto deep."
he importance of this matter appears not
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e. My radio mail for years has revealed
what keeps many people, especially
ng people, from being Christian is the
ndary trivialities which they hear
ssed in the churches. It is the local pe-
arities they balk at. They have identified
Christian Gospel with them. A physician,
said, having hung out his sign in a com-
nity and waited in vain for a practice, put
addition on it: "Small fevers gratefully
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at ship made to sail the seven seas, but so
ttered with small barnacles that it can
rdly move.
Yet of all eras in history this is the time
greatness in religion. Thank God for the
ristian leadership that today sees that,
d for the inclusive, ecumenical move-
nts of life and thought in the churches that
present it!

this endeavor to disentangle the Chris-
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nesions that have come from our local
tures, Christianity faces a competition on
e outcome of which the future of man-
d's religion depends. Confronting this
e world where isolation is no longer possible,
e best thinkers in all religions recognize
at their local peculiarities cannot persuade
e world—never!
When we think of Hinduism, or Bud-
ism, or Islam, we know that their details
cult, their differentia of thought and
actice peculiar to their special histories,
ve no chance of being even understood,
uch less accepted by us. As well try to
rsuade South Sea Islanders to live in
kimo igloos, or us here to live in bamboo houses. Thus local, thus peculiar to their special cultures are the "mint and anise and cummin" of all religions. Thoughtful Hindus, Buddhists and Moslems, therefore, are busy unscrambling the universals of their faiths from their local peculiarities, preparing to face the world saying:

"This is essential Hinduism, or Buddhism, or Mohammedanism, the profound gist of the matter with the superficial accretions stripped off."

I AM not saying that when this is done the essentials of these various religions will agree. They certainly will not. There are real differences. But I am saying that this endeavor to get at the universal essence of the great religions is one of the most momentous movements of thought that have taken place in our time; that we Christians must meet it; that we cannot meet it with our petty sectarianism; that Christianity's hope now depends on presenting to the world the universal profundities of the Gospel.

This does not mean that we must surrender our cherished habits of thought and worship. There is no use pretending to be bigger than we are. We cannot live on universals alone in religion any more than in family life. Our local peculiarities are often precious. So Kipling sang:

God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;

and then rejoiced in the one locality he loved best, his "Sussex by the sea"! Such delight in an accustomed and cherished locality is natural and right in every area of our lives, but Kipling also sang:

What should they know of England who only England know?

The special "Sussex" he cherished because of his peculiar heritage, dear as it was to him, had no business in the center of the total picture, as though he could persuade all mankind to love *that*.

So our sectarian peculiarities have their uses. The separate churches have performed an important function in history, representing minority convictions which the majority was denying or neglecting, and, often with creative vitality, playing the part of trail blazers and pioneers. Today, however, that emphasis is not enough. We are living in one world—one world, not only for the nations, but for religion too. To have religion go on as one of the most estranging and alienating forces on earth, as it is now, so that even in common speech religious prejudice is paired with racial prejudice as a major curse of mankind, will never do. "New occasions teach new duties," and our new era with desperate urgency calls for a kind of religion that will make for unity, mutual understanding, inclusiveness and brotherhood.

What that involves a great Protestant, Bossuet, once put into a ringing phrase: "Speak to me only of necessary truths." Let the various churches and religions answer that call, and our children might have some chance of living in a world where spiritual community undergirds the endeavors after international peace. So may God grant!

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Portrait

BY E. V. GRIFFITH

They thought my father, since he lived alone,
Distrustful of his fellows: yet he bore
Five sons with backs as strong as pasture stone,
God-fearing titans sturdy at the core.
My father lived apart from other men,
Was stern, and never sang, and rarely spoke,
And yet he planted in one mountain glen
Three orchards and a grove of towering oak.
My father's single passion was the land—
Whatever grew my stoic sire could grow.
Dead seeds found life beneath his nursing hand.
He reaped from slopes that no one else would sow.
And, dead, my father, like his seeds, each spring
Awakens in some green and growing thing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cotton and Color

. . . make a Tumble-Twist boy's room that's livable, lovable, and wonderfully tubbable!

At last! A boy's room you can keep soap'n water clean right down to the Tumble-Twist Rug on the floor. Of warm, all-woven cotton bouclé, Tumble-Twist Rugs have permanently twisted loops . . . are pre-shrunk and color-fast. They actually look lovelier with laundering! For room beauty that's practical, plan decorating around Tumble-Twist Rugs! In room sizes and scatter sizes, in refreshing, garden-gay pastels and deep tones. At America's smartest stores.

BOY'S ROOM WITH A FUTURE! A "pin-up" board for the moment's interests . . . a toy bin made from a clothes hamper . . . and bookcases with "boy-height" shelves make orderliness easy. Build up a new color scheme by re-dying the Tumble-Twist Rug . . . a new paint job . . . a few changes in accessories, and—presto!—a big boy's room or one for guests.

Room Plan Courtesy Better Homes and Gardens
Rug Illustrated Is Tumble-Twist No. 1111 Medium Blue

So Bright! So Right! Tumble-Twist Rugs come in a rainbow range of colors, all decorator-approved and color-fast. Their exclusive stagger-woven texture flatters any style of furniture.

So Easy to Keep Clean! Simply shake out the dirt from scatter-size Tumble-Twists. Use drapery attachment of vacuum for daily cleaning of room sizes . . . send to laundry for washing.

Tumble-Twist RUGS

"They look even lovelier with laundering"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LIBERTYVILLE TEXTILES, LIBERTYVILLE 1, ILLINOIS

"In 3 Minutes, this Simple Test Showed us How to buy a Radio-Phonograph"

say Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bos of Dolton, Ill.

1. **"We asked our radio dealer** to play one of our favorite records (an orchestral number we have at home) on any well-known radio-phonograph in his store *except* the new Zenith with the COBRA TONE ARM. We listened carefully to this music we know so well . . . ➟

2. **"Then we asked him to play the same record** on the new Zenith with the COBRA TONE ARM. The difference was breath-taking! Others make claims about fine tone, but here was our record as we'd *never* heard it before . . . with beautiful shadings we never realized were there...with all distracting surface noise and rattle gone—as if erased by magic! In 3 minutes, we knew we'd never be happy with anything but a COBRA TONE ARM Zenith!"

LATER, Mr. and Mrs. Bos found that even their *oldest* records gave them a brand new thrill through the COBRA's magic. For the COBRA uses no crystals, no magnets, but reproduces tones an entirely *new way*—on a Radionic Wave! And it floats so lightly in the groove (only ⅔ of an ounce) that records also *stay* like new—you enjoy them *hundreds* of plays longer. It's foolproof, too . . . drop the COBRA, even scrape it across records . . . its filament retracts so nothing's harmed!

What's more, Zenith's new Silent-Speed Record Changer gently, quietly, changes 10 inch records, 12 inch, or both sizes mixed—so quickly that you enjoy a practically *continuous* flow of music. Like Mr. and Mrs. Bos, you too will learn how to buy a radio-phonograph from this thrilling demonstration. In just 3 minutes, it will show the way to *years* of extra enjoyment that only a Zenith can give. Get the proof at your radio dealer's today!

NO OTHER INSTRUMENT . . . AT ANY PRICE . . . CAN GIVE YOU THIS SENSATIONAL *NEW* WAY TO PLAY RECORDS!

ONLY ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO HAS THE AMAZING

COBRA TONE ARM

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS • 30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

Vibrant red against white walls and woodwork. Red for the handmade carved wool rug, and flame-bright linings of silk damask draperies.

ROOM IN RED AND WHITE

By H. T. Williams

Red is a fine color, yet it has some pitfalls. It welcomes harmony with its happiest. The sophisticated red and white living room of this city house has proved that a room treated in striking color can be an amiable, pleasant background for living. The assured, spirited qualities of bright reds—depending, of course, on tall, stuffy interior relationship with city shades or country charm with silk or homespun—with polished rosewood or scrubbed pine.

Red, perfect, soft, not frantic, but splashed boldly and dramatically against white. Suppose the balance of power in white is given to the more red, warm and assertive. Use both of them in tone and texture for interest. White, of course, is variable in color. It may be: Hot red. Like an over-yellowed white while blue is a perfect cultured oyster or cool-shadowed white. Gilt and brass, as well as black painted metals, have an affinity for red—pink, a tentative, at the basic hue, may be used with great success.

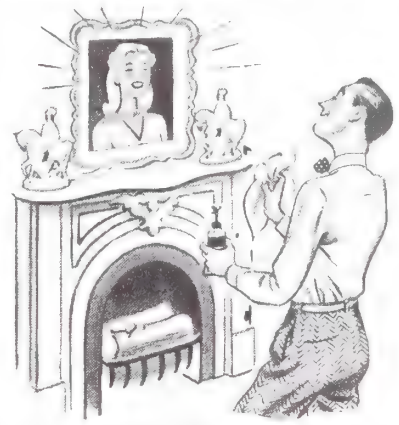
In this room, for example, the walls might have been pink, the draperies of pink, red and white patterned schantz. Or the room might have been pink, with sheer white curtains against red and white patterned wallpaper, with accents of clear fire engine red in furniture and in accessories introduced throughout the room.

Dark red-violet wool sofa in dramatic contrast to chairs of nail-studded white leather and red-striped chintz.

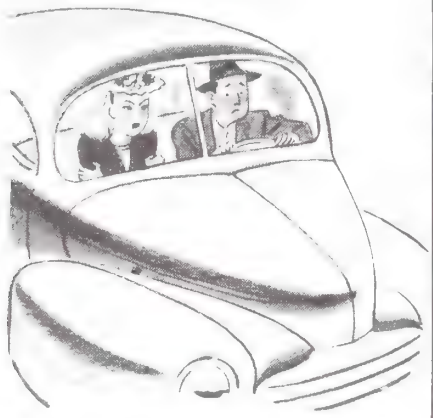
Johnny watched a passing shower,
Nose against the pane.

Mother sprayed some WINDEX and
The window's bright again!

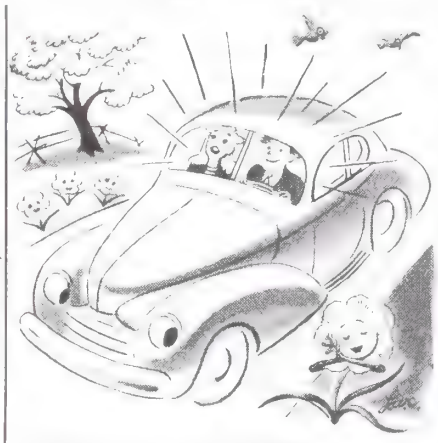
Dad was helping Mother, but
His fingers marked the glass.



A dash of WINDEX made it shine—
Dad knew his work would pass!

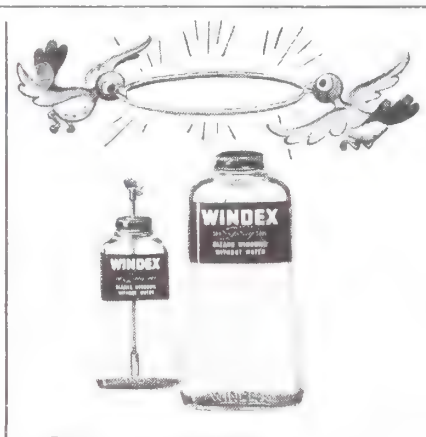


Driving in the early spring
Kate was bored for hours.



Walter used some WINDEX—
Now she sees the pretty flowers!

Picture glass and window panes
And windshields gleam for you.



Spray some WINDEX, wipe it off—
Your glass shines bright as new!

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this dustless, noninflammable, oil-free cleaner. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. by The Drackett Company

COSTS LESS THAN A PENNY PER WINDOW—EVEN THRIFTIER IN THE BIG 20-OUNCE SIZE

Copr. 1947, by The Drackett Co.

DESIGN FOR NOVEMBER

(Continued from Page 42)

so many offers from rival institutions of learning that he was promoted to the rank of full professor more quickly than anyone else had ever been since the founding of Creston University.

Before the two-o'clock race that sent him to Italy and into the arms of Leona, Leonard Maxwell lived in a brown-painted apartment house in the section of Creston that all good Crestonians do their best to forget. South of the river and fairly convenient to the campus, the streets lie close and thick, so that computed by area the Hollow, as it is called, covers only a tenth of Creston. It is in the Hollow that the students who do not live in the well-appointed dormitories cluster in little baching apartments. Between the Hollow and the campus live the young married instructors on their twenty-one hundred a year; also a few unmarried women of various academic ranks. But no faculty members live in the Hollow, none except graduate assistants, and they are a group apart. The faculty regard them as students and the students regard them as faculty. Everyone hopes that they will quickly earn their doctors' degrees and go away.

Creston is especially beautiful in October. The Triangle is hilly and rocky, and the vacant lots are blood red with sumac. On silent evenings the smoke rises from the smoldering heaps of leaves, and the sky over the Triangle hangs heavy with the sweet memory of the Maxwell cannas, the McCarroll begonias, and the humbler zinnias and marigolds.

It is then that the desire to live always in Creston rises most strongly in the heart, and the determination to move to another town slackens. Even at the opposite end of the year, in the restless spring, people are always saying, "Creston is a lovely place to live in"; "I don't see how I can live anywhere else now"; and "This is the place we've been looking for—this is it—this is home."

Sam Forester, graduate assistant in the Art Department, was a little afraid as he took Catharine down Collins Street and stopped outside No. 931 that she would think this place no better than Ryan's. He wanted her to be pleased and excited, to recognize that this move was in the right direction, a tiny edging nearer the way of living they were looking forward to, and which they considered their right. Sam knew very well that Catharine had married him in the full knowledge that for a few years she would have no luxury and not much comfort, and he considered himself a most fortunate man to have won her. He looked forward to the day when he might reward her with the news of a permanent appointment and a reasonably comfortable salary.

UNTIL that time it was a stretch to move from Ryan's to Foxy's. It would hurt a little financially, but if it meant some earnest of what he intended for Catharine's future, it was worth it for Sam.

"What's the rent?" asked Catharine.

"Thirty-seven-fifty."

"Couldn't you make it thirty-five?"

Foxy shook his head.

Sam looked at Catharine. She must be liking the appearance of it or she wouldn't haggle over two-fifty a month. It might be that she was wearing the severe and disapproving look in order to deceive Foxy. But Foxy seemed unimpressed. He was sucking a toothpick, the flat end of which he now and then prodded with a dirty forefinger and thumb.

"What do you say?" asked Sam.

CATHARINE surveyed the room from the buff-colored chair. Heavy raspberry-colored curtains hung at the edges of the only window. The walls were sandy, with three or four lighter rectangles where the pictures belonging to the previous renters had hung.

"It's cozy," said Sam, to break the silence.

Foxy looked unconcerned, pursed his lips as if to whistle, emitted no sound, and gazed into the street. "There's twelve other parties that'll be glad to take it if you don't," he observed.

After a little pause Catharine said, "Let's take it."

Sam was relieved. He liked this place better than any of the others, even the forty-five-dollar ones, but he wanted Catharine to have the final choice. At this moment it seemed a bit unsavory, but that was Foxy more than the apartment.

Foxy, with a yellow-toothed smile, closed the door behind them. They walked home, light of heart. It was a joy to go back to the fourth floor at Mrs. Ryan's now that they knew they would be out of it at the end of the month.

As they opened the door a warm smell of cabbage pushed itself out and dispersed into the sweet night air.

"That's one thing," said Sam, "the new place won't have."

"Isn't there a janitor in the basement?"

"Didn't you hear me ask? I checked on the amount of cooking he did."

Sam headed for the bathroom and Catharine searched along the bookshelves for Vanity Fair. Reading was a double pleasure at Ryan's. It took the mind off the cold in winter and off the heat in summer. It whisked you out of the drabness of the furnishings and it even quelled the smell of cabbage and washing and garbage.

When Sam came out of the bathroom Catharine was so deep in the Battle of Waterloo that she did not even raise her eyes. Sam glanced over at her and settled into his own chair with The Golden Bough.

Halfway through the evening the telephone bell rang.

"Where have you been? I've been calling all evening."

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Cornish."

Catharine put her book down and listened.

"She is? . . . Sure we can be there. . . . If you think it will help. . . . Three-fifty. . . . That'll be easy. . . . I know how you feel. . . . Well, you'll see tomorrow. . . . Don't worry about it. . . . Good-by!"

Sam put the receiver down thoughtfully.

"What on earth are you letting us in for? And what's going to cost us three-fifty?"

"Three-fifty is a train."

It annoyed Sam that Catharine's constant preoccupation with expense came out at such moments. But almost as soon as he was conscious of the annoyance he pushed it aside, remembering how poor he was and how little he had to give her.

"Where do we have to be?" she asked.

(Continued on Page 118)

Next Month

Norah watched them—Liz and her son—walking hand in hand. As she heard them laughing together, she remembered another time and another love. And, like the other one, this was all wrong. But only some chanced-upon letters, the note in a woman's voice, showed her finally what she must do.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

By Martha Albrand

condensed from the novel soon to be published by Random House, complete in the May JOURNAL.

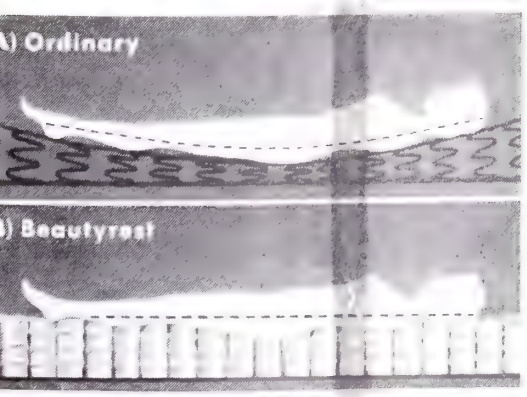
LOUISE ALLBRITTON, *featured in the Universal-International production,* "THE EGG AND I."

Louise Allbritton discovers the secret of "luxury sleeping comfort"

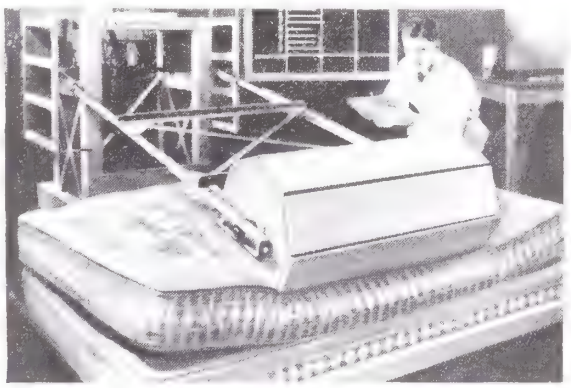
What gives a Beautyrest mattress the "luxury comfort" other mattresses *don't* seem to have? e answer is simple: *Inside*, Beautyrest is built *dif-ently!* To dramatize this difference, we asked Louise britton to make the "glass of water test."

2. First . . . notice what happens when Louise puts the water glass on the springs of an ordinary mattress, and presses near-by coils. The water spills. Why? Ordinary mattress coils are *all joined together* . . . go down *together* . . . form uncomfortable hollows.

3. Now see what happens when Louise puts the glass on a Beautyrest spring—and presses down, as above. Each of Beautyrest's 837 *individually pocketed* coil springs acts on its own . . . conforms to every curve and movement of your body—as springs *should.*



. Compare! Above, (a), see how an ordinary mattress often sags under you. But below, (b), notice w Beautyrest's *individual* springs give your back *ore restful support.* We know the difference—we make *th* kinds. That's why we recommend Beautyrest.



5. Lasts longer! In "torture tests" made by the U. S. Testing Co., Beautyrest lasted *far longer* than any other inner-spring mattress tested. P.S. Beautyrest's patented "no-sag" edge keeps edges neat, firm for the lifetime of the mattress, too!

6. "Luxury comfort"—*1¢ a night!* Beautyrest is guaranteed for ten years, costs only $49.50. This amounts to *little more than 1¢ a night!* Matching Beautyrest Box Spring also $49.50. For the world's *most luxurious* sleeping comfort, order *both* today!

Only SIMMONS makes *Beautyrest**

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET
AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING

G. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
947, SIMMONS CO., MDSE. MART, CHICAGO, ILL.

Tie this one!

it's keen...it's "Krene"
sensational new plastic apron!

- The same "KRENE" brand
- Ruffles stay ruffled and perky
- A gardenful of colors and a
- Won't rot, crack, peel,

Prices from $1.25 to $2.95.

A Krene PLASTIC PRODUCT

IN PLASTIC PRODUCTS
"Krene" is Queen!

"Mrs. Cornish's. Roger's wife is coming."

"Roger's wife?" Catharine drew in her breath sharply and Sam wished he had been able to soften the blow for her, for it was a blow; the way she had drawn her breath betrayed her. Sam felt that a sudden cloud had darkened their evening.

"It's something we have to face, honey," he told her. "As Roger's best friend, I've got to help out."

"She's coming ahead of Roger, then?"

"He's tied up in Europe. She's bringing the baby with her."

"Baby? Has she got a baby?"

"Sure. I told you."

"No, you didn't."

"But you knew."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I had -honest! Anyway, it all seemed so far away."

Sam floundered. He was unaccustomed to deception, and this was as close to guile as Sam ever got. It had been on the tip of his tongue to mention the news of the baby to Catharine, but each time he tried some little uneasiness stopped him.

Catharine was looking at him steadily and he thought it must be perfectly obvious to her why he was embarrassed. All this elaborate avoidance of a simple piece of news concerning one of her

so well, and because everyone had said couple Catharine and had stirred up a little resentment at the them together. Somehow, too, all the important events in Sam's life were tied in Cornishes. He remembered the day he had first met Catharine Mackenzie at one of Mrs. Cornish's Halloween parties. And going farther back, he remembered the day he first met Roger Cornish.

When Sam was eight years old he lived in Cannon Court, a row of small houses on the edge of town. On a fine October afternoon he was sitting on a wall pretending to fish with a stick and a long piece of string when his attention was diverted by a strong whiff of skunk. Sam looked around and saw approaching him a boy a little his junior walking slowly among the imaginary carp and pike. The boy was sniffing and occasionally his whole body shook with a sob. Sam looked at him without much interest until he realized that the powerful waves of skunk smell were coming from the boy.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"I'm lost."

"Don't you know your way home?"

"I ran away from Ellen. I can't find her anywhere."

"Who's Ellen?"

"She's my nurse."

"Are you sick?" Sam knew about nurses in hospitals.

"No."

"You are too. You smell awful."

The other boy began to whimper.

"What's your name?"

"Roger."

"Roger what?"

"I'm Sam Forester."

Roger stopped whimpering. "Are you fishing?"

"Sure. Want to help?"

"I can't. I'm lost." Roger began to whimper again. "I don't know my way home."

Sam put his rod and line on the wall and jumped down. Roger smelled fearful, but he looked a friendly little fellow and Sam fel sorry for him.

"Where do you live?"

"One-two-five Walnut."

"Walnut?"

"I don't know the way," confessed Roge

"See here, I'll take you."

Roger brightened. "I'll give you my re engine," he promised.

"What happened to you? Why do yo smell like a skunk?"

ROGER told him. He had run away fro Ellen in the woods near the bridge. In th thickest part of them he had tripped an fallen over a black-and-white animal wit beautiful fur. It was still warm when h discovered it, and although something in th woods smelled very strong, he clasped th pretty creature to his chest and continued Then he felt sick and the animal becam distasteful to him. He threw it away and ra out of the woods into the street, a street h had never seen before. He felt better whe he ran and some of the smell seemed to ge left behind, but every time he stopped fo breath, it surged up from his chest. When h grew tired of running he became frightene and then he found himself looking at San

Mrs. Cornish and Ellen were frantic an had already called the police when Sam, wh by now smelled a most as strong a Roger, dragged th unhappy and e hausted little boy t Walnut Street and u the broad steps the house at numb one-twenty-five.

Roger, who ha seemed a frail an pitiable object wh he was lost, now b gan to assert himse In spite of his e haustion and the e citement induced h the women, he clu to Sam and loud demanded that h red engine be fetche Sam was emba rassed. He wanted go, and he could s that the women wanted him to go too.

Roger stamped his foot and Sam looked him in amazement. "I will have my r engine," Roger cried. "I promised. Dad said I must always keep a promise."

Mrs. Cornish burst into tears, sent Ell for the red engine and asked Sam for h name and address. In a few moments Sa had shaken off his embarrassment and w hurrying home smelling strongly of sku but with the reddest, shiniest engine he h ever seen, a legitimate possession.

Life would probably have been ve different for Sam if Roger had been le spirited. Roger insisted that Sam be invit to his party, and because he always had h way, the note of thanks which Mrs. Corni penned to Mrs. Forester was accompanied a scrawled and decorated invitation Roger's Halloween party.

Sam had been so well scrubbed by h mother, who was no more partial to t smell of skunk than the dwellers in the T angle, that he created a favorable impressi at the Cornishes'. His manners were goo better indeed than Roger's, and Mrs. Corni saw no harm in letting the two boys contin their oddly begun friendship.

It was at one of the Cornishes' parties th Sam met Catharine. Being a year and a h older than Roger, Sam moved in a circle his own at school, but their independe friendship survived these shifting circ Catharine was aware of this friendship a she singled out Sam for her smile, only shade less welcoming than the ones she corded Roger. Her poise, for a high-sch freshman, was almost alarming, and she h a very mature trick of looking straight you. She was neither jumpy nor noisy, l many of the other girls. When she smilec Sam, Sam returned the smile, but he kn

(Continued on Page 120)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I Know It's Spring

By Mae Winkler Goodman

I know it's spring not by the sound
Of bird song quivering, April-sweet,
But by the music on the ground
Of skates that sing along the street.

No crocus need announce the spring
When I behold the magic sight
Of a lad whose heart flows with his string
Into the sky, pinned to a kite!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Our marriage is a perpetual date

I thought, when I married Ted, that I'd miss the fun of our having dates together. But I find it's like having a date every evening.

Best of all, I guess, are our twosome dinners. I dress up for them — I know I'm vain! — and I fuss over the table, wangling flowers from the budget, setting each precious piece of Sterling precisely. It's my Towle Sterling that makes my table so beautiful.

We still go out to exciting new places once in a while. I get all dressed up and I'm as lavish as ever with Ted's favorite perfume. But those *real* date evenings we linger long over coffee, Ted helps with the dishes, and then we sit in our living room, admiring our home — and each other.

• • •

You'll never lose the desire to 'fuss' if beautiful Towle Sterling makes your table lovely. Towle Sterling is fashioned by skilled craftsmen in *solid* silver to grace your table for all your lifetime.

See the Towle Sterling patterns—those below and many others including Louis XIV, Old Mirror, Cascade — at your jeweler's; and for new table-setting and Sterling ideas, write to Towle Silversmiths, Dept. J-4, Newburyport, Massachusetts, and ask for the 16-page book, *For Gracious Living*.

TOWLE
STERLING

OLD LACE

OLD MASTER

(Continued from Page 118)

that if it were a matter of competition with Roger, his only advantage was his age. Fifteen had charms that thirteen and a half lacked, and Sam felt instinctively that in a year or two this advantage would be dissipated. But he was wrong. In spite of the decision of the Creston biddies that Catharine and Roger were made for each other, in spite of the fact that people commented on them at football games, basketball games, dances, concerts and the fashionable eating places, the relationship had fizzled to nothing and Roger had gone to Europe and Catharine had stayed behind. Then the news of Roger's marriage had come, and shortly after that Catharine had consented to marry Sam. For some reason Sam wished that it had happened the other way around. There was the merest hint of second choice in Catharine's acceptance of him, and now, as he felt himself trying to explain why he had not told her about the baby, he seemed to be admitting his fear of it.

She had said, "Why didn't you tell me?" in that sharp, probing way she had, and his reply, "I thought I had. Honest!" sounded like a small boy lying about the stolen cake. And trailing weakly after the lame excuse came: "Anyway, it all seemed so far away."

Catharine let the matter drop as if it were not worthy of further discussion, but she picked up his last fumbling phrase. "It's not going to be far away any longer," she said. "What is it, a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"Does he have a name?"

"Roger."

"That's imaginative."

"I'll bet you Roger insisted on that," said Sam, trying to divert attention from known facts to conjecture, "for Grandma Cornish."

"And we're to be there to help out, I take it."

"That's the idea. Mrs. Cornish wants me to drive to the station and for you to stay with her. Ellen's going to have tea ready. They drink a lot of tea in Wales, and Mrs. Cornish figures it will make the girl feel at home."

"Jenny—isn't that her name?"

"Jenny Thomas."

"Jenny Cornish now."

"Jenny Cornish."

Catharine repeated the name slowly, as if she liked the sound of it, then abruptly she picked up Vanity Fair, tucked her legs up on the chair and said no more until bedtime.

But when they were in bed and he put his arm around her she murmured an excuse as if she were sleepy and turned her back to him.

"Any sign of them?"

"No." Catharine stood at the large window of Mrs. Cornish's living room, toying with the woolen fringe on the gray-and-brown curtains.

Mrs. Cornish glanced at her and her face softened. This was the girl she had intended for Roger, a quiet, cultured girl of good family whose mother was in agreement with Regina Cornish on almost every social, political and moral subject. What could have been better?

"I spoiled him," Mrs. Cornish went on. "You know very well I did. He was over twenty-one and he ought to have been able to take care of himself. But I suppose you don't think in the middle of a war. You just act."

Catharine turned from the window and Mrs. Cornish continued.

"There must be thousands of women in Europe ready to fasten on to the nearest American just to get themselves to the States."

"Oh, Mrs. Cornish, it may not be as bad as you think. She may be very sweet. I can't think that Roger ——" Catharine broke off and Mrs. Cornish glanced at her swiftly.

"Catharine darling, come here. Come here and sit by me."

Catharine sat down.

"Forgive me, Catharine, for saying this, and I don't mean to be disloyal to Sam ——"

She paused and Catharine eyed her steadily.

"I'm just a curious old woman," Mrs. Cornish went on, "but if it doesn't embarrass you to tell me, I wish you would. Did Roger ask you to marry him before he went overseas?"

Catharine gave a tiny, confident smile. "No."

"No?"

"No."

Mrs. Cornish looked surprised, and then, to cover her confusion, spoke very rapidly. "You must know, my dear, that Roger didn't confide in me much after he was sixteen or seventeen. I just had to guess things. Even in letters now he never tells me much. But at first it bothered me, and because it bothered me I kept it to myself. And when he went away I wanted to know about you, but somehow I couldn't ask him, and I didn't feel that it was right to ask you—you do understand, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Now that you're happily married to Sam it doesn't seem so hard to ask. You know, two years ago I really hoped that you and Roger—I don't regret it—don't think that—but I've always been so fond of you—I couldn't imagine anyone I'd rather have for a daughter-in-law."

"Thank you. It would have seemed very natural to call you mother."

"That's sweet of you."

The front door slammed shut.

"There they are!"

The women rose and braced themselves for the meeting, but when the door opened, a familiar and excitedly breathless Sam appeared.

"She wasn't there."

"Wasn't there?"

"I looked all over."

"What on earth has happened to her?"

Catharine came to Sam. "Are you sure? Did you look at everybody?"

"I personally inspected every woman with a baby."

Mrs. Cornish sat down and threw up her hands. "What in heaven's name do we do now? Call the police?"

The three of them were so busy contemplating this prospect that they were hardly conscious of a startled Ellen announcing, "Mrs. Cornish, ma'am, and a gentleman with her," when suddenly in their midst was Jenny, dressed in a dark-blue dress with salmon-colored buttons and a round white collar, a small black hat and a salmon-pink ribbon. She was not entirely as Sam had pictured her, but there was something about her that took his breath away as she passed him without a glance and made for Mrs. Cornish. Perhaps it was merely her speed.

"Mrs. Cornish! Mrs. Cornish!" she exclaimed. "How lovely to see you! How beautiful to be here!"

Sam smiled as the girl put her arms around Mrs. Cornish and kissed her warmly. The funny way she spoke was attractive.

Mrs. Cornish, taken aback and not expecting to have this well-prepared situation handled for her, held Jenny away from her and looked into her face. "Let me look at you."

For the first time Sam saw Jenny's face, a white face, too narrow to be pretty, with small blue eyes, a straight nose and a small straight mouth. The dark hair seemed a little overabundant for the little face and the hat was no help.

"You are just as I'd pictured you," said Jenny.

"And you are Jenny!"

"Yes. Do you like me?"

Mrs. Cornish was spared from answering so abrupt and personal a question by seeing for the first time a man in the hallway, a seedy-looking man of about thirty-five, with a baby in his arms and his hat politely dangling from the baby's seat where his firm red hand clasped both.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Cornish.

She: "I hear the chief of police is going to stop necking."

He: "I should think he would—a man of his age!"

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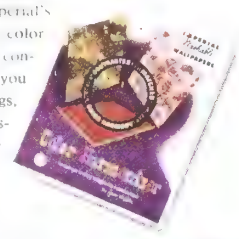

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"That's little Roger." Then Jenny laughed at the amazement on Mrs. Cornish's face and pulled the man gently into the room. "I don't know your name, do I? And you so kind to me. What is it?"

"Sims. Wally Sims," said the man awkwardly.

"Mr. Sims, this is Mrs. Cornish, my new mother."

"How do you do?" greeted Mrs. Cornish, and the relief that this man was not a brother shone all over her face.

"Maybe I should explain ——" he began, but Jenny was already shaking hands with Sam.

"You must be Sam Forester. Did you meet me at the station and I wasn't there?"

"I tried to. Where were you?"

"I was in such a hurry to see you all I got out at the other station, the one before this one."

"The East Station?"

"That's right," Mr. Sims put in.

"The East never entered my head," said Sam. "Nobody ever gets out there."

"I did," said Jenny with a touch of pride. Then, standing in front of Catharine, she held out her hand. "I suppose I ought to know who you are, but I don't."

Catharine took the proffered hand in silence and Mrs. Cornish came to the rescue.

"Excuse me. You took me by surprise. This is Catharine Forester, an old friend of Roger's."

"Fancy that now!" said Jenny. "I don't think he ever told me about you."

CATHARINE smiled as she answered, "Didn't he?"

"There wasn't much time, you see," explained Jenny hastily. "Just a few weeks and so many things to do and to talk about."

For a moment Sam was afraid that Catharine was going to say something sharp. He could hardly believe that this last remark of Jenny's was studied insolence, but with women you never knew.

"Mr. Sims, won't you sit down?" invited Mrs. Cornish.

"I'll be going, ma'am, just as soon as I ——"

Jenny laughed and took the baby from his arms deftly. Mr. Sims uncreased his sleeves and looked relieved.

"You were a dear," said Jenny. "Come and have tea with me now you know the way"; then, with a quick turn to Mrs. Cornish, "May he?"

"Of course."

Mrs. Cornish smiled indulgently, as if there were no thought in her mind that Mr. Sims would ever claim this invitation, and Mr. Sims, catching her eye, murmured his thanks and withdrew.

Now that Mr. Sims had been explained and settled, little Roger became the focus of attention.

"Isn't he exactly like his father?" said Jenny.

"Is he?" Mrs. Cornish sounded uncertain.

"You ought to know, I suppose," admitted Jenny. "You've known his father much longer than I have."

"Over twenty years."

Jenny looked up at Mrs. Cornish's face and Sam saw her quickly decide that this was neither the time nor the place for a heart-to-heart talk about Roger. She turned to Catharine.

"Do you want a look too?"

Catharine looked and said, "He's fine."

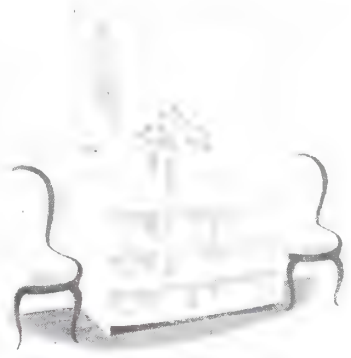
"Why leave me out?" asked Sam. "I'm his father's best friend."

"I know you are."

Sam noticed how her smile lit up her whole face so that he was no longer conscious of its pale narrowness, but simply knew that she smiled. Looking into her face now, he recalled what he had imagined her to be like the day the news of Roger's marriage had come. She was utterly different in appearance, shorter, older-looking and not nearly as pretty, and yet there was something almost familiar about the smile.

It was summer when the letter came, and ten of them were going on a picnic beyond

(Continued on Page 123)



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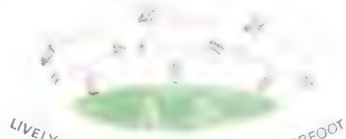

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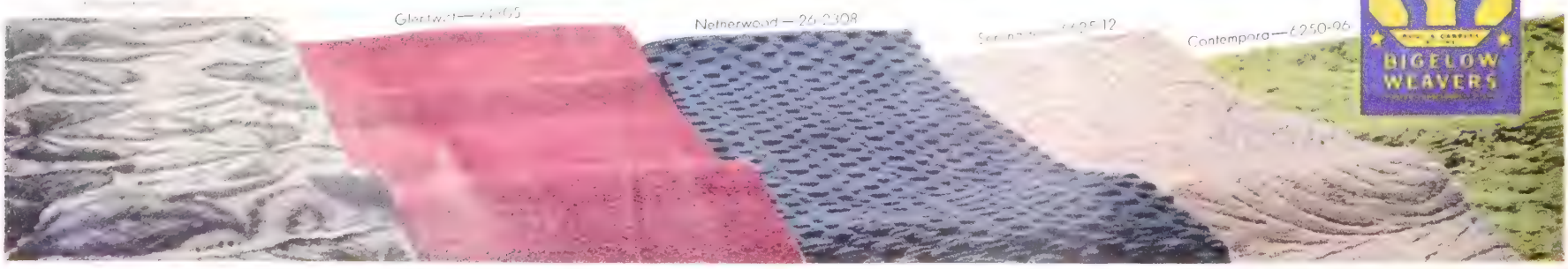

(Continued from Page 14)

River Heights. Catharine was there and they were starting from Mrs. Cornish's. Mrs. Cornish cried a little, but the ice cream was packed in dry ice and the picnickers were ready and Mrs. Cornish knew it would be game of her to go on the picnic nevertheless, so she went.

Sam had been discharged from the Army just a week before the picnic and the occasion was something of a celebration for him, a kind of welcome back to civilian life. But now that the news of Roger's marriage had come, they dropped their interest in Sam, who lay in a shady place, looking at Catharine and feeling confident that his silence would scarcely be noticed.

Until the picnic Catharine had puzzled him. Had she been in love with Roger or hadn't she?

He scrutinized her and wondered. Her behavior was normal. She was neither morose nor nervously chatty. She talked a little, she smiled, and yet there was something about her that struck Sam as odd. He could tell that she knew he was watching her and he wondered whether she knew what was going through his mind.

Then Sam realized that what was odd about Catharine was merely that he was regarding her as a desirable woman with the barrier removed, the gate open. Up to now he had looked at other girls in this way, but with Roger's girl, even though they were good friends, there had always been the gate. Catharine was powerfully attractive. Her tanned legs were bare and the short yellow dress and the yellow ankle socks accentuated their brownness. Her brown hair was no different in color from several hundred heads of hair in Creston, but she had natural ringlets, and she was independent enough to wear her hair in the way that suited her best, with only the faintest leaning toward popular fashion.

Sam saw that Mrs. Cornish was looking at him, so he turned his eyes from Catharine, but he went on thinking about her and the more he thought the more pleasurable his thinking became. On the way home they had to cross the creek by a stone crossing and he saw to it that he was there to take her hand. He held it longer than was necessary and it remained in his, firm but compliant.

It was perhaps because the realization that he was in love with Catharine dawned on him the day he heard of Roger's marriage that the memory of the picnic flashed through his mind as he stood looking at Jenny now. So this was the girl who had captivated Roger! The familiar dark little thought came to him again, the thought that perhaps, if it had not been for Jenny, Catharine would never have married him. What of it? What if Roger had been first? All that was over now.

Ellen came in with the tea.

"Are you Ellen?" asked Jenny, looking up from the davenport where she was tucking the sleeping baby.

Ellen put the tray down and looked startled.

"Roger told me all about you. You used to smack him when he was naughty."

"Not hard enough or often enough," said Sam.

Ellen gave a deprecating giggle and went out.

"There's a funny thing now," said Jenny. "She's known Roger ever since he was a baby and Roger's known her all his life. It makes me feel very new—almost like an egg."

"You'll feel at home when you come to know our ways," encouraged Mrs. Cornish. "Cream or lemon with your tea, Jenny?"

"Milk, please."

"Milk?"

"Don't bother if you haven't any. Cream will do fine, thank you."

"We ought to have remembered," said Mrs. Cornish. "Roger's father and I spent two summers in London and we had milk in our tea."

"Did you go to Wales?"

"No. We went to Scotland. It was beautiful."

"So is Wales." Jenny's voice showed eagerness and disappointment.

Mrs. Cornish smiled apologetically and sought a common bond. "We loved London. You must know it very well."

"I've never been to London."

"Never been to London and living only two hundred miles from it?"

"You stayed in London two summers and you never went to Wales," retorted Jenny.

Sam grinned at her. "You don't like England."

Jenny warmed to him instantly. "In Wales everybody sings," she explained. "In England they just talk."

"The Welsh don't do so badly at talking themselves," said Sam, and Jenny laughed.

She put her teacup down and addressed Mrs. Cornish boldly. "Tell me. Am I something like you expected?"

Mrs. Cornish hesitated. At that moment she would not have cared to admit how low she had sunk in her fears and expectations.

"Give her time, Jenny," Sam put in quietly.

Mrs. Cornish recovered speech. "I'm old, you know," she said with the kindest of smiles. "It takes me longer to know people."

"I'm quick," said Jenny. "Four weeks only I knew Roger. Then we were married."

There was a silence. Mrs Cornish was pouring the tea. Catharine clinked her spoon against the side of her cup. Sam was conscious of the loudness of the clock on the mantelshelf and of the distant whirr of the refrigerator in the kitchen.

Jenny looked straight at Mrs. Cornish and smiled. "Perhaps you think I'm too quick," she said.

(Continued on Page 125)

"I'm a postwar plan!"

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(Continued from Page 123)

To Sam it looked precisely as if it were with this thought that Mrs. Cornish had put the teapot down upon the Mexican-tile stand with a little more firmness than usual.

"Roger's a quick one, too," Jenny went on. "We had just three weeks and look you." She waved a hand toward the davenport.

When Catharine spoke it made Mrs. Cornish and Sam turn to look at her. She had hardly said a word all through tea. "You were very lucky, Jenny."

"Yes indeed I was lucky. Every night I thank God for giving me Roger and then I thank Him for giving us the baby."

Mrs. Cornish struck the little silver bell on the tray in front of her. "Wouldn't you like to see your room?" she asked.

Jenny put her cup and saucer down. "Oh yes, please—will you show it to me?"

"Ellen will show you up."

Ellen opened the door.

"Show Mrs. Cornish her room, Ellen."

"Yes, ma'am."

Jenny all but ran out of the room, and although the door was shut they knew that on the other side of it Jenny was holding a scandalized Ellen by the arm.

Mrs. Cornish took a deep breath, let it out on a gasp, and said, "Well!"

"She's like a little girl," said Sam.

"Little girl!" echoed Mrs. Cornish. "She's a lot older than Roger. She must be nearly thirty."

"She's like a little girl just the same."

"Did you notice her hands?"

"She's worked hard with them. I think she's very sweet."

Sam looked toward Catharine's chair for support, but Catharine had moved to the davenport.

"A little exhausting, don't you think?" said Mrs. Cornish.

Sam frowned. He was fond of Roger's mother, but once she had made up her mind ——

Then she noticed Catharine leaning over the davenport. "Why, Catharine," she said, "I believe you've fallen in love with him already."

As Catharine moved away from the baby Sam saw in her eyes the softness of wonder and the hardness of envy, and in that moment something leaped excitedly within him. Perhaps Jenny and Roger had done the more natural and satisfying thing. Was it a mistake to wait and be sure of his appointment before they had a child? Seeing the look on her face as she turned away from little Roger gave Sam the feeling that he had been selfish to demand security first. It was easier for him. He was working toward his appointment. Catharine was looking forward to it just as eagerly, but the prospect was naturally not so deeply satisfying to her. It meant security, a raising of living standards, a pride, a satisfaction. A child would mean far more than that to her, something that was hard to speak of but stirringly felt.

SAM gave Catharine an understanding smile, but she seemed too wrapped up in her thoughts to answer it. From above, in the room that had been Roger's nursery, came the sound of singing.

"Listen!" said Sam.

Jenny's fresh high voice seemed a dozen years younger than herself, and fifty years younger than the Cornish house. With the song upstairs and the stirring bundle on the davenport it seemed as if the forces of youth and life had burst once again into the gaunt old house.

"She has a pretty voice," said Catharine.

"Roger was always singing." Mrs. Cornish was remembering the gaiety of fifteen years ago.

"Look! He's waking," said Catharine. Mrs. Cornish lifted her hand to strike the bell, but Catharine stopped her. "Please don't ring. I'll take him up to her."

Sam smiled again. He was certain now, and rather proud. Catharine lifted little Roger from the davenport and carried him out and up the stairs.

WHEN the smell of cabbage at Ryan's became unbearable, Sam and Catharine used to take the bus to the northwest end of town and walk along Westover Creek, and they had not been living at Foxy's many weeks before Catharine suggested that they take a picnic lunch there.

That morning in bed she had told him, during the half hour between waking and getting up, "I'm five days overtime."

"I thought you must be."

"Are you keeping an account?"

"No, but a fellow can't help noticing."

Catharine giggled. "This isn't right," she said. "You ought to be surprised."

"You're not doing it right either," said Sam. "We should be in a big living room with windows overlooking the garden, and you should have your back to me."

"Do you want me to turn my back to you?"

"No."

"Would you rather I'd waited for the living room?"

"No. Here is just right. I think it's wonderful."

There are tiny moments in life that seem to stand out as being perfect in their blissful excitement, and this day for Sam held many such moments.

They ate the lunch just beyond a clump of birches. After lunch, Catharine stretched herself out on a grassy bank and Sam began to sketch.

"Do you want to snooze or may I talk?" he called over.

"Talk away!" she answered.

"This is my idea of a perfect life," said Sam. "A picnic with my wife and child, a lovely, sunny day ——"

"You've got your child in a very convenient place. In a year or two a picnic won't be so simple."

"It's still my idea," persisted Sam. "Quietness no people around except the ones I want around something to sketch! Leisure! Trouble with most people they don't know what to do with their spare time. It bothers them."

"I'm going to enjoy mine now," said Catharine. "In a year I won't have any."

"The secret of a good life," Sam went on, "is to be easily satisfied."

"I don't agree. People who are easily satisfied are deadly. No life! No ambition."

"What's the use of being ambitious? You never get what you really want in this world. Next best thing is to be contented with what you've got."

Catharine sat up and looked at him. "I hate the next best thing," she said.

"I'd rather have the best, naturally, but if I couldn't, I'd take what was left and be satisfied."

"And be satisfied?" There was more than a hint of scorn in her voice; Sam caught it.

"Oh, don't be so superior. I'm not the kind of guy who gives everything else up if I can't get what I set my heart on."

(Continued on Page 127)

CROCODILE TEARS

According to Sir John Mandeville, a grand old literary faker, the crocodile was supposed to entice his victims by pathetic moaning and groaning. Then he would hypocritically shed tears while devouring with relish and gusto the meal he made of those who fell for his "pitch." The fake tears shed by a person in the act of committing a crime are termed "crocodile tears." The idea that the crocodile had tears in his eyes while in the act of hunting and capturing his prey is not entirely without some basis in fact. Certain scientists have suggested that the tissue surrounding the eyes of the crocodile is so arranged that a cursory glance, which is about as much as one gets of a crocodile in action, gives the impression of a tear.

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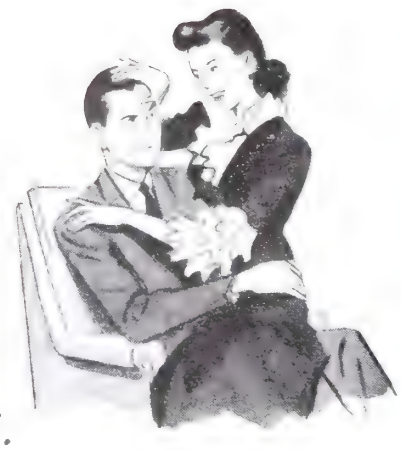
"There's a trick up my frilly sleeve!"

1.

Yep, I'm working my famous system again. Getting Joe in just the right mood before I break the news about [illegible] a certain pink hat, and [illegible] some luscious Cannon Percale Sheets I seem to have bought, today!

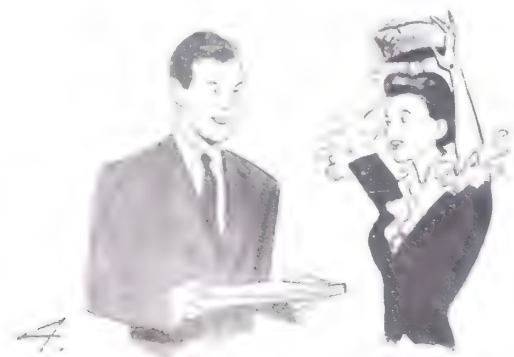
2.

Dressed in my dreamiest, I'll serve up Joe's favorite chicken pie. Then, when he's relaxing over coffee, I'll purr, "Dear, I saw the *most* beautiful Cannon Percale Sheets down town! Just as so-oft as moonlight and petals, and just just what we need!"



3.

Quickly, I'll smooth away Joe's budget-frown. "And *guess!*" I'll rush on. "The lovely things cost just a *little* more than best-grade muslin sheets! **Isn't it** simply too wonderful that *we* can afford Cannon Percales? Won't we be *luxurious?*



4.

"I try so-o hard to be a good housekeeper," I'll go on. "And Cannon Percale Sheets are so fine and light weight that bedmaking and washdays will be *easier* for me!" With that, I'll produce my prizes. And if I know Joe, he'll agree that such a smart wife *deserves* a new hat!

CANNON

Cannon Percale Sheets

Cannon Towels · Sheets · Blankets ★ Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.

Copr. 1947 Cannon Mills Inc

P. S. Another real Cannon value: Cannon Muslin Sheets. Woven of sturdy American cotton; well-made, long-wearing!

(Continued from Page 125)

tharine waited a moment before she ered him. "No, I don't think you are," aid.

ake this, for example," Sam went on. or seven years ago I thought I was going an artist, a real one, a great one. If one had told me then that I was going e no more than fifth-rate, I'd have ght my life over and my future damned. here I am, satisfied and happy, and I mind it any more. What does it matter mediocre? Most people are. I'd prob- feel uncomfortable with anyone who 't."

are you calling me mediocre?"

m laughed at the indignation in Cath- 's voice. "Honey!" he said cheerfully. u're the nicest person I know, and if you remarkable I wouldn't be so fond of .

ust nice and ordinary!"

Say just nice?"

Ordinary goes with nice," snapped arine.

Maybe it does. I never thought of it way before."

atharine was up and pacing across the s. "I don't want to be ordinary," she ned. "I want to be individual. Do you to be like the rabble?"

don't care," he answered lightly. "I get ble salary. Maybe I'd better wait until ke more money before I get individual."

atharine stood in front of him, obstruct- the clump of birches he was sketching, now he saw for the first time that she was y taking it all seri- .

You've got no more ition than a fly," she ned. "You don't care more. You're only in twenties and you've all the ambition you had."

he turned away angrily Sam found himself ing at the clump of n trees again, but their ry pattern was gray dull now. Until her last outburst he had ght she was joking. It was the mention oney, perhaps, that had set her off. She er reproached him with his humble posi- and pitiful income, but the eagerness which she spoke of his appointment and envious tone which crept into her voice n they talked of their more fortunate eagues told him more clearly than any ct reproaches that her mind was set upon ancing him. To Catharine it was just a erable lack of ambition that kept him tented.

When you come to think of it," he said, e ordinary things are the important gs. Look at what happened to us today! happens to half the people in the world. wouldn't call it remarkable, but it's derful, isn't it?"

Catharine made no reply for a moment, then asked, "Would you call Jenny inary?"

What made you think of her?"

Would you?"

am's answer was slow and a little puzzled. o, I suppose I wouldn't." Then he added tily, "But she's a foreigner. I've never anyone quite like her before. Maybe 's ordinary in Wales."

Catharine was silent for a long while and n, after a few moments, went on sketching. perceptibly the sky grew hazier and less e. The sun felt as warm, but the shadows ast, instead of being sharply defined, were rred, and soon it was hard to tell that re were shadows at all.

NNY had no difficulty in adapting herself life in Creston. As she said of herself, she s quick—quick to admire, quick to object, d quick to make friends. The Creston peo- liked her. The Chronicle interviewed her d got enough to run a serial each Thursday twelve weeks. All Creston was told quite nkly that Jenny's father was a tobacconist a rather ugly red-brick village called Llan- r, that she had eight sisters and four brothers her mother had been quick too and that she had spoken to Roger Cornish only a dozen or so times before they were married.

Jenny soon came to know every road in the Triangle and, being naturally curious, almost every homeowner's name. She met only a dozen of them, but she knew the professions and the characters of scores she had never seen, and she amused herself while she wheeled the baby buggy along the broad sidewalks by looking at each house and recollecting what people had said about the occupants.

"THERE'S lucky you are, Roger," she would murmur into the buggy, though Roger lay sleeping and unaware. "Your mother grew up as poor as a church mouse in a grubby little village and look at you, living from the age of one in the grandest big house and having the best of everything."

The more Jenny learned of Roger's life in Creston, the more she planned that little Roger's should be like it, partly because it could scarcely be improved on and partly because she saw herself living her husband's life over again with him as little Roger grew up doing the same things in the same places.

Jenny loved the Ridge Road, as it was called, and she astonished the lazy Creston people by vigorously pushing the baby buggy all the way along to the campus.

It was during one of these excursions in the late summer that she met Catharine Forester again. Today she had a letter from Roger, a fat one that must be at least twelve or fourteen pages long, and she slowed her walk after reaching the bridge, partly to have more breath to sing and partly because she liked to delay, wondering what was in the letter.

As she turned the buggy into the sunken garden she saw that her usual bench was occupied. There was another bench on the other side and she started for it when Catharine called over pleasantly:

"Jenny Cornish -don't you remember me?"

Jenny apologized, wheeled the buggy to the bench on which Catharine sat and gave the letter in her pocket a regretful pat.

To see Catharine again was a stroke of luck. As she sat down she thought to herself that perhaps this meeting would lead to others. Sam had been so friendly and kind. She asked after him immediately.

He was fine, Catharine assured her, working hard in the Art Department.

"It's all sunshine here," said Jenny. "Do you always have it so lovely?"

Catharine smiled at her enthusiasm. "Just before you came we had it cool and wet."

"It must have cleared up special for me."

"Are you homesick, Jenny?"

"Sometimes. Everything is so different here."

"You'll get used to us."

"It will be all right when Roger comes ."

"That will be a great day for all of us."

Jenny was reminded again that almost everyone she met in Creston had known Roger far longer than she. "There's funny it is," she said. "He's my husband and I've only seen him seven weeks. The rest of the time it's been just letters."

"Seven weeks!" said Catharine. "I've known him seven years."

"Seven years!"

"I suppose that seems very strange to you."

Catharine was looking away and Jenny suddenly had the uncomfortable feeling that it might matter to Catharine that Roger had married her so quickly and excitingly. There might be something that she, Jenny, did not know about. Her hand stole softly to her pocket and the feel of the padded letter reassured her. "No," she answered slowly,

(Continued on Page 129)

> Nobody is bored when he is trying to make something that is beautiful, or to discover something that is true. This is what Goethe meant when he said: "He who has science and art has also religion."
>
> —WILLIAM RALPH INGE, Outspoken Essays: Present Discontents. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London)

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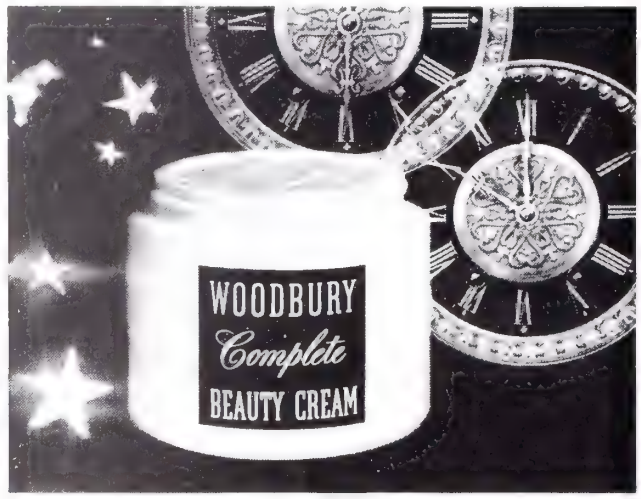

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around the clock...this Woodbury-Wonderful Way!

8 A.M. Morning, beautiful! Skin a-bl—m. Beverly reports for a film-full day. "Bright and early, I date with Woodbury," she says. "Cream-cleanse my skin so-o smooth." Be as beauty smart, girls. Follow this Woodbury-Wonderful care that cleanses, softens . . . *really beautifies your skin!*

7 P.M. Evening, lovely! High spot of a night spot is Beverly . . . with her "Always-Fresh Look"! "Skin sparkles," Bev tells you, "after Woodbury Cream cleansing. A second film is my powder base! Make-up glows!" Easy, girls, to revive *your* skin beauty with beautifying Woodbury Cream!

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11 P.M. Goodnight, sweet! "Before dreams, a thorough Woodbury cleansing," says Beverly. "Then my Beauty Nightcap . . . a cream-mist of Woodbury to *soften dryness* while I sleep!" By morning, skin's dewy! For that "Always-Fresh Look" . . . it's Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

(Continued from Page 127)

"there's no reason why that should be strange to me. It's more the other way around. You think it strange that I ——" She could not go on, and Catharine made no response to the trailing off of her words. Jenny was puzzled. Could it possibly be that Roger and Catharine had ever been in love with each other? Not reticent by nature, she immediately asked, "What was Roger like when you first met him?"

Catharine looked back at her. "He was in high school then. He was handsome and very popular."

"I'm glad. I suppose everyone liked him?"

"Oh, yes. All the girls lost their hearts to him."

"Not all!" hinted Jenny.

"Almost all," said Catharine with a slight smile, and Jenny felt that she had met her match.

"I think it's nice," said Jenny, "that Sam and Roger are such friends. It makes me feel that I have friends here, too, before Roger comes back. I don't feel so much that I'm intruding."

Roger caused a diversion by crying out.

"A bubble," Jenny explained, and she patted his back, feeling a great deal more comfortable now that she had something to do. For a single moment she had felt herself to be an intruder, and felt also that Catharine knew her feelings.

"This time next year," said Catharine, "I hope to be doing that job, Jenny."

"Really?" Jenny put Roger back abruptly and looked at Catharine.

"Unless something goes wrong."

"It won't. It won't," said Jenny. "Oh, I'm so glad for you and Sam."

"Sam is very pleased with himself."

"Of course! Oh, isn't it wonderful? I do hope Roger will be home by then."

The impulsive words came out. Not three minutes ago she had made a mental note to be tactful, just in case, and here she was! Then she became angry with herself. Why couldn't she mention her own husband if she wished? Did she have to be afraid of his friends just because they had known him longer?

Catharine was looking at little Roger, who, after turning his head first to the left and then to the right, decided to look directly upward.

"May I tell Mrs. Cornish?" Jenny asked.

"Why, yes. It's no secret. Half Creston is having babies."

"As soon as Roger comes home ——" started Jenny, then cut herself short.

Catharine had risen. "I've got to go start dinner for Sam. Tell Mrs. Cornish we'll call and see her one of these days."

JENNY watched her as she turned east. She walked with an easy grace and no one, thought Jenny, would have guessed that she had to scrimp and save to buy that dress. She wheeled the buggy out of the sunken garden. She might have made the dress. She was probably an excellent needlewoman. Jenny found herself wishing she knew more about Catharine.

She had reached the third lookout before she recollected her letter. Then, putting Catharine out of her thoughts, she fixed the buggy against a large stone, chose a flat piece of wall to sit on and gave herself up to the distant enjoyment of her husband. What she had needed was there on the last page:

You ask me why I never mentioned Catharine to you before. Now I come to think of it, that does seem rather odd. I knew her very well. All the boys in school were crazy about her. I saw more of her than the others because her mother was over to the house a lot and she brought Catharine with her. Maybe you think I was in love with her, but if you do you're barking up the wrong tree. We liked each other a lot, but maybe we were both a bit cautious because mother would have liked to see me and Catharine get married and Catharine's mother felt the same way. Anyway, the question never came up, and I guess Sam's the explanation. Sam's a great fellow. If you want to trace the gals I fell in love with, ply Sam with half-a-dozen beers and then mention Mamie Sloane, Peggy Pushover (her real name was something I've forgotten, but we all called her that) and the redheaded daughter of a biochem prof whose name also escapes me.

Jenny laughed, and little Roger gave a jump of surprise. Roger's letters made her feel gay and carefree. She had not remembered writing as if she suspected that Roger had been in love with Catharine, but somehow the idea had been transmitted. She thought that it was only just now, a few minutes ago, that it had first occurred to her. She tried to think back and she found herself wondering whether or not there had been the merest inkling of it that very first day in Creston. Not that it mattered, she decided briskly. There was too much to do and dream for the future—the past must take care of itself.

FOXY'S turned out to be only a meager improvement over Ryan's. Ryan's had been cold in winter and hot in summer. Foxy's was comfortably stuffy at all seasons. It smelled of dusty upholstery, and instead of a roof over their heads they had a ceiling which was the reverse side of Lulu Bronsky's floor. The first night they moved in, Lulu was celebrating her twenty-sixth birthday and Sam and Catharine nearly moved back to Ryan's at four o'clock in the morning. They consented to stay only when they discovered that Lulu spent most of her nights more quietly. They saw a great deal of Lulu because the only telephone in the house was in the hallway opposite their living-room entrance, and Lulu had complicated arrangements to make by telephone. The telephone was the faint kind, which made Lulu's conversations over it entirely one-sided for the Foresters, but left more to imagination and conjecture.

The average human being is sensible and just, but in warfare human nature reverts to the jungle, thus suffering a relapse more deplorable even than the physical horrors of war. We can only think in terms of peace when the man with the little shop on one side of the street ceases to hate the man in the little shop on the other side.

—COMPTON MACKENZIE

It was Catharine's job to handle the accounts, and Sam was full of admiration for her tidiness and efficiency. When she bent her head over her book, he watched her and now and then he threw in a hopeful or encouraging remark. He felt it showed interest. On sixty-five dollars a month they paid their rent, ate three meals a day, bought a book every two months and went to the concert and play series in Convocation Hall. The month they did not buy a book they ate out, by way of a treat.

It was on an evening when accounts were balanced that Mrs. Lawson came. When the doorbell rang, Lulu ran eagerly down the stairs, stopping for a moment to give Mrs. Lawson a curious stare before she started to her room again.

"What a dear little place!" Mrs. Lawson exclaimed.

"It is rather small," Catharine apologized.

"You've furnished it so nicely. It's cute."

Sam and Catharine looked uncomfortable. The place looked deadly and Mrs. Lawson knew it. Why did she have to pretend it was attractive?

It was better when Charlotte Garrity arrived, with an odd smile on her face, half of pleasure at seeing Catharine and half of surprise at seeing Mrs. Lawson.

"How nice that you've come!" Mrs. Lawson said. "I can kill two birds with one stone. I was going to call on you next. It's just a little idea some of us had." Mrs. Lawson's voice was deep and rich. She sang mezzo-soprano in the Episcopal church. "You know that we faculty women—the older ones, that is—have a little group of clubs. Well, it occurred to us that we need new blood and someone suggested a group of junior clubs, not exactly mixed with the senior ones, but under our auspices—affiliated, as it were. We

(Continued on Page 131)

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(Continued from Page 129)

pay twenty-five dollars a year in dues and we all felt that that was asking too much from some of the younger people—graduate assistants especially—so we made it seven-fifty a year for the junior members. It's a very reasonable offer, I think, and all the surplus, if there is any, goes toward entertaining visitors—foreigners, you know, and people like that."

"Have you had many people join?"

"You two are my first. Now, wait a moment. I must do this properly. Mr. Forester, you're an instructor in the Art Department. Isn't that so?"

"Oh no! I'm only a graduate assistant."

Mrs. Lawson gave a tiny stifled shriek and put a playful finger on her lips. "Mrs. McCarroll made a mistake on my list. I must certainly talk to her about it. Some people are very sensitive about their rank."

"It doesn't matter with us," said Sam.

"That's very charming of you. Now, Mr. Forester, we don't believe in pushing people. I want you to think it over."

Catharine took a breath, gripped the sides of her chair and spoke firmly. "I'd rather be frank with you, Mrs. Lawson. With seven-fifty to pay I couldn't possibly join. Graduate assistants don't get much."

Mrs. Lawson looked taken aback, but she smiled again and went on. "Of course. I quite understand. But surely some of your money goes into entertainment, doesn't it?"

Catharine's voice was calm and firm. "I'm afraid seven-fifty would still be too much; and anyway, I'm looking forward to being kept very busy. I'm having a baby in the spring."

Mrs. Lawson's eyes tilted downward for the merest glance, then brightened. "Why, how lovely! I'm so glad!"

Sam wondered why everyone said how glad they were. It was natural for the parents themselves to be glad if they wanted children, but why should the merest stranger charge into ecstasies as soon as Catharine's pregnancy was mentioned?

"I won't be outdone," declared Mrs. Lawson with a bantering air suited to the jolly mood of the moment. "Mrs. Garrity, your husband is a graduate assistant in physics. Is that right?"

"No. He's an instructor."

Mrs. Lawson was too stunned to shriek. "Bother Mrs. McCarroll!" she said.

"And it's chemistry, not physics."

"I beg your pardon. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Of course."

MRS. LAWSON again smiled broadly. "Do you know, last week someone wrote to Professor Lawson and called him a doctor of home economics. He was so amused." She laughed a little; then, pretending not to notice that no one else was very amused, she went on quickly: "Well, Mrs. Garrity, I've got you and your husband straightened out."

"Not entirely," said Charlotte. "I'm going to have a baby too."

"Really!"

"Sounds like a racket, doesn't it?" said Sam.

Mrs. Lawson quickly recovered her equanimity. "Isn't that a happy coincidence! I'm glad I came, just to learn the good news." She purred a little and then rose. "I'm disappointed, though, not to have you both as junior members." Under the dim light in the hallway she paused and asked, "Are there two steps here or only one?"

"Two. I'm afraid the light *is* poor."

Sam saw the anger in Catharine's face as she came back into the room, and he sought to lighten it by appealing to Charlotte. "You certainly squelched her with the unborn babes."

"She packed up and went as if she thought it was catching."

"Seven-fifty!" said Catharine venomously. "I wonder if she knows how many days seven-fifty keeps this family."

"She probably knew once," said Sam, "but she's forgotten. We'll be just the same at her age."

"Sure!" agreed Charlotte. "You forget very easily. When Fred got his job we said we'd never complain again—twenty-one hundred instead of seven hundred. We've done nothing but crab ever since, and we don't save a cent."

THE air was clearing a little. The uncomfortable sourness that Mrs. Lawson had brought with her was being dissipated. It was nice of Charlotte to lead the conversation into the cozy channel of academic advancement. He and Catharine often sweetened a dull evening with talk of a pleasanter life and more security ahead.

"I guess it's silly to count on it ourselves," he said, "but they seem to want us to stick around."

"Tell Charlotte about that job in South Dakota."

"There was a chance of a job in South Dakota, but Smithton said not to take it because something better was sure to turn up."

Catharine warmed to the subject. "It's unusual, isn't it, for the head of a department to tell a fellow not to take an offer?"

"Maybe he's been to South Dakota," said Charlotte.

"Most of them are only too glad to get their assistants placed anywhere," pursued Catharine.

Charlotte rose to go, murmuring something about Fred mixing something in his lab and leaving it to boil. Sam suddenly felt depressed again, as if maybe Charlotte didn't really want to talk about the future of the Foresters.

"Can't you get that thing moved some other place?" Charlotte was pointing to the telephone.

"It keeps the rent down," said Catharine.

"So do bedbugs," retorted Charlotte and went to the front door.

Catharine came back into the room and sat down, drumming her fingers on the arm of the buff-colored chair. Sam knew what she was thinking. Even Charlotte found the place depressing and she hadn't long been out of one just like it. Had Charlotte changed, he wondered, since Fred got his instructorship? Maybe when Fred became a full professor of chemistry, Charlotte would be more like Mrs. Lawson. Maybe Catharine would, when he became a full professor of art. The prospect glowed invitingly before him in the distant future.

The telephone bell brought him back to the immediate present. Yesterday he had said that he would let Lulu do all the answering, but ancient habit impelled him, and there was a certain childish pleasure in answering Doctor Smithton and using his name ostentatiously while he gave the eager Lulu a glance of dismissal.

Catharine listened and Sam glanced over to see disappointment overshadow her face. As he spoke a sudden fear leaped to his mind and he hoped that Catharine would not think of it too. He replaced the telephone and tried to look bright and unconcerned.

"Another lunch, I take it," she said.

"Yes, Monday."

"For what this time?"

"Konopka's brother."

"Who?"

"Konopka, the painter—his brother. He's visiting the college."

"Will it do you good to meet him?"

Sam smiled. That was Catharine, always looking for a chance to push him ahead. "Jan is the famous one," he found himself explaining. "The whole family is in art of some kind or other. This one is an older brother. Jaroslav, his name is. They had a lot of trouble getting out of Europe, I believe."

"He'll make a good catch for Mrs. Lawson and her cultural women," said Catharine. "I bet they ask him to speak to them."

You will find it true that the things that are eagerly followed and admired are of no use to them who have gained them; while they who have not yet gained them imagine that, if they are acquired, everything will come along with them.

—EPICTETUS.

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Mix 1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Measure out ⅔ cup Spry. *Step 1 for Tenderness:* Cut in about ¼ cup Spry until mixture looks like coarse meal. Notice how it creams. Spry cuts in!

Step 2 for Flakiness: Cut in remaining ⅓ cup Spry to size of large peas. Sprinkle 2½ tablespoons cold water over part of mixture. Mix thoroughly with fork. Add just enough more water, 1 tablespoon at a time, to hold pastry together. Gather all pastry together and form a ball of dough. Did you ever see pie dough so easy to handle?

So easy to roll out! Shape with fingers into smooth, flat round. Place on floured board; with floured rolling pin, roll toward edge with successive light strokes, keeping dough round. Roll into a circle ⅛ inch thick. Notice how lightly Spry dough rolls out, how easy it is to shape. No cracking, no crumbling. Place dough in 9-inch pie pan, pat with piece of dough to fit into pan. Trim pastry 1 inch larger than pan; turn back edge. Flute rim. Prick shell. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10-15 minutes.

Daffodil Chiffon Filling

2 teaspoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
3 egg yolks
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of ½ lemon
3 egg whites
1 baked Spry Pie Shell
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine egg yolks, ½ cup sugar, salt, lemon juice and rind; blend well. Cook over boiling water until thick and foamy, beating constantly with rotary beater (about 3 minutes). Remove from heat. Add gelatin mixture. Cool.

Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add remaining ¼ cup sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating after each addition until stiff. Fold carefully into gelatin mixture until well blended. Pile lightly into baked pie shell. Chill several hours, or until filling is set. Before serving spread with whipped cream; garnish with grated lemon rind, if desired.

Get more praise for *all* your cooking. Spry's magic cake-making secret makes possible the new easy, One-Bowl Cake Method and lighter, more delicious cake to do you proud . . . Fry with Spry and see how *good* fried foods look and taste. Digestible, too. No other type of shortening has all of Spry's wonderful qualities. Use it *regularly*.

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"BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL BE A Better Cook WITH Spry"

Sam was relieved. Catharine was taking it lightly. Suddenly she gave him a sharp look and he knew that she had guessed.

"This Konopka—is he poor?"

"Is that why he's here?"

"He's seeing the whole country. I guess he isn't leaving out the universities and colleges."

"But if he was asked to stay here—he would, wouldn't he?"

"How do I know?"

"Do you think he's going to ask them for a job?"

Sam stretched out his leg with exaggerated casualness. "There's one chance in a hundred he wants my job, and I can't see them changing their minds here without very good reason."

"I don't care about their reasons. Suppose they did. Suppose they changed their minds about you."

"They can't. Their minds were never made up. They'd have a right to take someone else if they wanted to."

"But what would you do?" persisted Catharine.

"Nothing. Except look for another job."

"You'd let them push you out?" Catharine's voice was rising and it had a sharp, hysterical edge to it.

"I couldn't stop them," Sam said.

"What would happen to us? Suppose it was too late to get another job? What about the baby?"

"Cut it out!"

Catharine was standing and her mouth was contorted with fear. Sam's order calmed her a little and she sat back in the chair, but her hands grasped the arms so that the half-moons on her nails were sharply white in contrast.

Sam spoke more gently. "Wait until there's something to worry about before you worry," he told her. "If things don't go the way we want, there's nothing we can do."

Catharine's hands relaxed their grip and came together in her lap. "I suppose there isn't," she said.

If tombstones told the truth, everybody would wish to be buried at sea.

From What This World Needs, by John W. Raper

(Copyright 1945 by The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York).

Jenny did not see Catharine for two or three weeks after the meeting in the sunken garden, and she had not seen Sam since that first day when he had tried to meet her train. When Mrs. Cornish announced at breakfast that they were coming that Saturday morning Jenny felt quite excited. Now that she knew of Catharine's pregnancy and added to that knowledge what she had read between the lines of Roger's letter, she would no longer feel uneasy. She sat in the window seat overlooking the front lawn while Ellen dusted. The leaves were reddening, but the sun shone with all the power and brilliance of summer. She hummed as she watched the leaves flutter gently without falling from the branches.

Ellen looked up from the elaborate turnings of a walnut chair leg. "You're a bit homesick, aren't you?" said Ellen.

"Everything is so different here."

"You'll get used to us, and when Mr. Roger comes home ——"

"Oh, Ellen!"

Jenny, suddenly feeling that Ellen in her slavish, impassive way knew the depths of her lonely heart, slid off the window seat and embraced her. There was something comfortable about Ellen. She was an old maid, but her bosom was motherly and her thick arms ready to enfold and pat.

"My dear Jenny," said Mrs. Cornish when Ellen had been asked to go, "there are some things you have to learn, and one of them is not to be quite so friendly with Ellen."

"But I like Ellen."

"So do I." Mrs. Cornish's voice was smooth and patronizing. "Ellen has been with us for thirty years. I don't know what we should do without her."

"Mustn't I be her friend?"

"It's a little hard to explain," said Mrs. Cornish, untying a knot in the long silver chain she wore around her neck. "Ellen is paid for her services and there's an understanding in our relations. She respects me because I treat her kindly but with dignity. Believe me, Jenny, she'd be embarrassed if I did otherwise."

"With you it's different," Jenny tried to explain. "You've always been a lady in a comfortable house, but I'm only Jenny Thomas and my father is a tobacconist in Llanfair."

"You're Jenny Cornish now, my dear. You're Roger's wife."

"It was Jenny Thomas he married," argued Jenny. "It's upset he'd be if I changed into someone else."

Mrs. Cornish smiled, as one smiles at a persistent child in need of gentle but firm correction. "When he comes home things are going to be different, you know, and you'll have to face it. He'll be the Roger Cornish we raised in this home for twenty-two years. He won't be quite the same boy you knew in Wales for just seven weeks. You can't expect that."

Jenny drew herself up a little. "I don't think he'll be any different at all."

Mrs. Cornish was not touching her now, nor was she smiling. "Don't you realize, my dear, that you met him and married him at a very unusual time of his life? He'd been gone from home two years. He was lonely and overexcited. He must have felt, like many of the boys, that he must live his life to the full that summer in the dreadful fear that it might be his last. But my boy was not like many of the others. I trained him well—perhaps too well. He was taught to despise everything cheap and dirty and dishonorable, so it was impossible for him to have dealings with any woman not his wife."

Jenny eyed her steadily and said nothing.

"I'm not saying that he married you because that was the only way to get what he had to have," continued Mrs. Cornish. "And I'm sure he loves you dearly—but I know that if it hadn't been for the war, two people of so different a background as you and Roger would never even have met."

"Of course not," said Jenny. "What would have brought him to an ugly little place like Llanfair?"

"But now that you're his wife, surely you must realize that you have to adapt yourself a little to the kind of living your husband has been used to all his life."

"Does that mean I mustn't be friendly with Ellen?"

Mrs. Cornish threw up her hands with a hopeless little gesture. "Oh, it's impossible to explain," she said.

"Then why do you try?" asked Jenny, a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"Here come Sam and Catharine," said Mrs. Cornish.

Sam and Catharine looked a little surprised at the hearty welcome Mrs. Cornish gave them, and Mrs. Cornish at once drew Catharine to the sofa and asked her questions in low, motherly tones.

"Getting to feel more at home in this crazy country?" asked Sam.

Jenny smiled at him gratefully. He really looked genuinely pleased to see her again. "Some things are funny," she answered. "But it wouldn't be natural to have everything the way you want it, would it?"

They talked easily and without the feeling that there must on no account be any pauses, until Mrs. Cornish interrupted them. Catharine said little directly to Jenny until Mrs. Cornish took Sam upstairs to settle an argument by referring to the books in Roger's room.

Jenny smiled at Catharine, and seeing her differently now from the day they met on the campus lookout, she suddenly thought of Peggy Pushover's name and the absurdity of Roger's letter.

"You are happy here?" asked Catharine.

"Yes, very."

"Mrs. Cornish tells me that you sing a lot."

For a hearty breakfast

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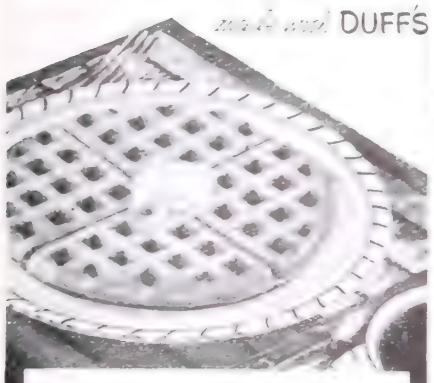

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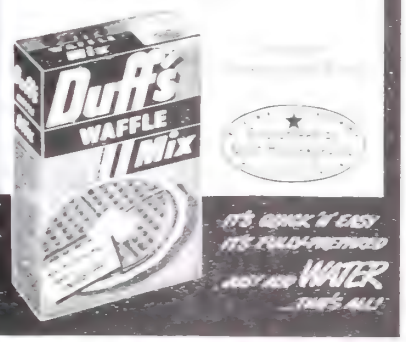

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"We Welsh are always singing."

"You must be a very lighthearted people.

"Oh no, no indeed!" protested Jenny. "Wanting to sing doesn't mean you're happy. We Welsh sing when we're sad, too, and we're often sad. Somehow it turns you sadness into something beautiful instead o keeping it inside you where it hurts."

Catharine looked at her for a moment an then said slowly, "You don't know hov lucky you are, Jenny."

"Oh yes, I do," said Jenny. "I thank Go every night for Roger and the baby. Some times I think I'm the luckiest girl in th world."

Catharine smiled, and Jenny, feeling tha she had let the expression of her content ment slip from her grasp again, looke quickly into her eyes to see if she could trac a shadow of disappointment in them. Bu Catharine's eyes were bright and all absorb ing.

"Tell me," Catharine said, "what a tracted you first to Roger?"

J[illegible] off-guard, and a again she felt the insecurity and the sense intrusion which had assailed her in th sunken garden. But it was absurd to fe so nervous. Americans were always askin questions and they meant it kindly.

"I was in the shop," she answered, and she went on she gained confidence. "H came in for some tobacco. He talked so ea and he seemed to like to listen to me. He get me talking sometimes and all the tir he'd watch me with a half-smile on his face Jenny raised her eyes, but Catharine ignor the look in them that said, "Is that enough

"When did you first go out together?"

"I met him in the village one evening. stays light in the summertime until te o'clock, you know."

"I know," said Catharine, and waited.

"He asked about the walks in the neig borhood," Jenny went on, "and I told hi one I liked very much. He asked m take him and I did. We went differe walks almost every evening."

"Did you fall in love with him righ away?"

"No. To tell you the truth, I didn't. liked two or three of the village boys bett

"Until what?"

Catharine's quickness was out of rhyth with her steady eyes and quiet hand Jenny thought she heard Sam and Mr Cornish coming down the stairs. If on they would come quickly!

"Until what?" repeated Catharine, m slowly now, and gently.

"Wouldn't you rather ——" began Jenn then, stammering a little, "I don't und stand why you ——"

"Tell me," urged Catharine. "Tell m Please!"

Jenny had the feeling of not being in M Cornish's living room at all, but of bei drawn up and into a great emptiness wh there were only Catharine and herself. T words came easily, and now she knew th they had to come it did not embarrass h to hear them fall from her lips. She spo slowly and in a low voice and Cathari watched her all the time she spoke.

"He didn't use any words. He kissed m and I knew exactly what he meant. On t way home we had to cross a little river. O the middle of the steppingstones he held m hand and he said, 'How would you like to li in America?' And I said, 'Someday I'd li to go there.' And then I think he said, you marry me you can either wait for m here or go to America and be ready for m when I come home.' And I said, 'I'll go America and get everything ready for yo Then he helped me off the last stone."

"And after that?"

Jenny was silent. The emptiness withdre and she felt herself firmly in possession of h strength once more. The dark eyes had power to force her against her will or to p out her treasured secrets. This time s looked steadily back at Catharine and wit out saying a word refused to speak. T silence was painfully long and it w Catharine who averted her eyes first.

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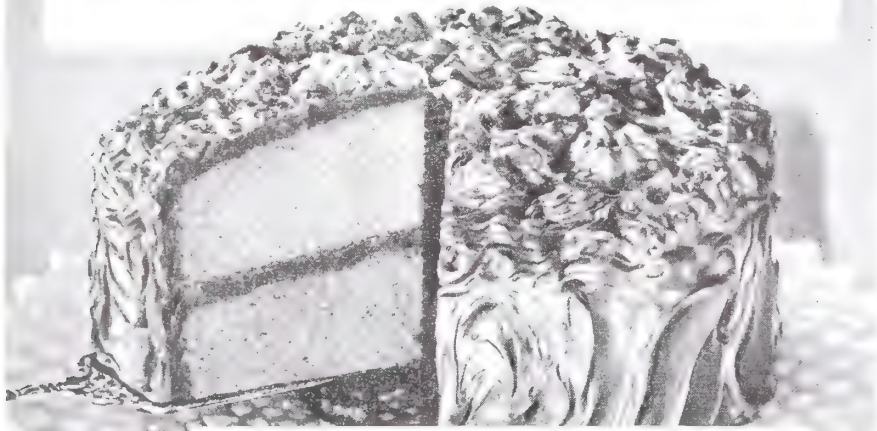

To Celebrate
Betty Crocker 25th Anniversary

Creamy Fudge Chocolate Cake

A fudgy chocolate cake—fine-textured and moist

Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Grease *generously* and dust with flour 2 round layer pans, 8-in. diameter, 1¼-in. deep. All measurements *level*. Spoon *sifted* SOFTASILK *lightly* into cup, level off. Due to soda, there should be *no delays* in the mixing or baking of this cake.

Mix to a smooth paste — **2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted**; **½ cup boiling water**

Sift together into bowl — **2⅛ cups (2 cups plus 2 tbsp.) *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour**; ***1⅓ cups sugar**; **1 tsp. soda**; **½ tsp. cream of tartar**; **1 tsp. salt**

Add ..... — **⅓ cup high grade vegetable shortening**; **⅔ cup milk**; **1 tsp. vanilla**

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per minute). *Or* mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium speed* for 2 minutes. Scrape sides, bottom of bowl frequently.

Add .....⅓ to ½ cup unbeaten egg whites (3 large)

Beat 1 more minute, scraping bowl frequently.

Add.....the chocolate paste

Beat 1 more minute. Pour into prepared pans. **Bake** *25 to 30 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°). **Frost** with Brown Beauty Icing, adding ½ cup chopped nuts to top icing.

***TO SAVE ON SUGAR:** Use ⅔ cup corn syrup and only ⅔ cup sugar. Reduce *water* to ¼ cup plus 1 tbsp. Add syrup with milk to dry ingredients.

BROWN BEAUTY ICING. Beat with a rotary beater until consistency to spread (3 to 5 minutes) *1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar, 3 egg yolks, 3 tbsp. milk, 2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted, 3 tbsp. softened shortening, ½ tsp. vanilla.*

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SUGAR SAVING HINTS WITH PACKAGE

SOFTASILK
CAKE FLOUR
A Product of General Mills

BARGAIN! AMAZING OFFER OF 14-PIECE CAKE-MAKING SET WITH PACKAGE!

(Continued from Page 134)

The other reason was a deeper secret. In the background of her thinking and feeling were other figures: Roger and Jenny and their baby. She thought she had known how she felt toward the man she had once loved, but when she met Jenny and saw the baby envy had welled up in her, so that now she was assailed with the fear that she had not conquered her love for Roger.

And yet, when he took his leave of her there was no hint of love in his good-by's. And when Sam came back from the Army she was sure she was in love with him, so sure that when the news came of Roger's marriage, that day of the picnic, it hardly stirred her. It was only when Jenny came to Creston that Catharine had begun to think of Roger again as he used to be. Because the child was Roger's, her old love for Roger surged up at once and she wanted to hold it in her arms. She could not look at Sam for the shame of her jealousy and she knew, then, that she must have a child, for she was confident that the child would cast out of her forever this foolish return of a youthful love.

But even now, with the knowledge of the baby and the excited looking forward, the feeling for Roger would not leave her. It was infuriating and absurd. She was sure that the instant she faced Roger when he returned, all the stirrings would be allayed.

By then, perhaps, her own child would be born and this would prize them still farther apart. She was likely to be so preoccupied by that time that Roger's return would be no more disturbing than that of the boy across the street a day or two ago. She tried to persuade herself, but deep down she knew that she dreaded Roger's return, in case the hurt would be too great. However great it was, she must keep it from Sam and Jenny. To keep it from Sam was easy, but from Jenny it was not so easy. She wondered if Jenny had suspected anything the day they had talked while Mrs. Cornish and Sam had gone upstairs.

After a plunge to all the dismal possibilities in her life Catharine felt almost lighthearted when she recovered her spirits, and it was so today. The chances were that Konopka would go away and not come back. And as for Roger, even if she found herself in love with him when he returned, the hurt would be a sharp experience, not like the dragging ache to which she was subjected now. It was something to look forward to, something she had to experience, like the recurring stabs of labor and the feverish birth that would mark the end of her pregnancy.

> Flattery pleases very generally. In the first place, the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but, in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SHE ate an egg for lunch to the jingling salon music the radio offered between twelve and one o'clock, and after washing the few dishes she checked her appointment with Doctor Prescott.

It was a raw day, not yet down to freezing, but feeling colder than midwinter. Only a few weeks ago she had been wearing a summer dress, and now she was shivering in her thin coat. Brown leaves clung to the street and the air was heavy with dampness. Catharine was glad when a large and shiny car drew up beside her.

"Hi, Katie!"

"Hello, Joe!"

"Going downtown? Can I give you a ride? Haven't seen you in months," said Joe Geyer, looking her up and down in a manner curiously reminiscent of those war years, when Creston was full of uniforms.

"How's your wife?" asked Catharine.

"Just fine. She's having a baby in the spring."

"So am I."

"Well!" Joe looked down as far as her knees and up again.

"Did you play much tennis last summer?" asked Catharine, recollecting Joe's bare chest and tight figured shorts.

"Every day," said Joe. "I'm going down for some handball right now." Then, with a glance that she didn't like, "What does Sam do for exercise?"

"He walks a lot."

"Walking's no exercise."

"He was in the Army, you know," said Catharine.

"That's all over now," said Joe. "Some of the boys got the only exercise they ever had in the Army, and now it's all over they're getting fat and lazy."

"Sam isn't fat and lazy," she argued back.

"What does he do with himself all day?"

"The department is keeping him busy right now. You'd be surprised what a lot of preparation goes into one week of classes."

"I sure would," said Joe.

SHE knew that Joe despised Sam. Eight years ago Sam was doing pretty well in college and Joe was working at the Everquick filling station, smiling at all the women in the cars. Sam was still "doing pretty well" in the university and no nearer his objective than he was eight years ago, while Joe, partly on his own account and partly because his father had seen a good business venture in taxis, was one of the richest men in Creston. People like Mrs. Cornish called him *nouveau riche*, but Joe had an easy shamelessness that blunted the barbs. "I'd rather be *nouveau riche* than never *riche*"—and the way he drew out the Frenchiness of *riche* had his companions convulsed with merriment.

"Who's this Konopka guy?" asked Joe presently.

Catharine answered with a smile. She was too proud to let Joe Geyer see her bitterness. Indeed, she drew a faint pleasure from describing a background of which Joe knew nothing, until she was taken aback when Joe volunteered a piece of information that Sam, if he knew of it, had not told her.

"Did you hear what Maxwell did? Wired from Florida and handed his house over to this new fellow! Can you beat that?"

"Handed it over?"

For a moment Catharine thought that he meant that Konopka was staying, that already he had been offered their job, that Joe Geyer and everybody but them knew of it. Her whole skin tingled with fear, and it was only when Joe went on to explain that she eased back and breathed a great sigh of relief.

"Told him to live in it for the three weeks or whatever it is he's here. Said he'd be honored to have a guy with that name stay in his house and use it."

"Well, it was just sitting around empty," said Catharine.

"Sure, but you know how fussy old Maxwell is. What kind of a reputation does this guy have, though, to get an offer like that? I'd never heard of him before—had you?"

"Of course," lied Catharine.

"That's something," said Joe admiringly, "when you go to a foreign country and people know you're somebody and offer you a house to stay in."

And Catharine felt a fellow feeling. With all his swift success, his pretty wife, his biceps and his glass brick, Joe's heart was yearning for importance. Was anybody satisfied, she wondered, or did everyone envy everyone else?

She suddenly felt guilty and ashamed, she who had Sam whom she loved and who loved her. She thought of the people who had every reason to envy her: Miss Jacoby, the old maid who lived with and quarreled with another old maid ten years her junior; Mrs. Dunham, who had been wanting a child for thirteen years and who had only about three more years to go. She shuddered.

"Cold?" asked Joe.

"No, thanks. I'm quite warm."

"Got to take care of yourself. You've got two to think about now."

"Three," she answered. "I think about Sam too."

(Continued on Page 138)

Something different in cake? How's this?

No baking skilled! But a rare flavor with Del Monte Brand Pineapple!

1—We put extra care here

How would *you* like the job of keeping tabs on the descendants of 25,000 different pineapple plants? Then selecting and eliminating among them year by year for texture, color and flavor of fruit—till you got down to just seven superior types? Quite a task—when you consider that each plant takes almost two years to produce a ripe pineapple!

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2—You get extra flavor here

Watch eyes brighten any time you bring on any style of Del Monte Pineapple! That same authentic tropic flavor—lively, tart-sweet, completely refreshing—is deliciously yours in tender juicy Slices, sparkling golden Juice, ever-so-handy Crushed. Have it your own way—or in this decidedly different dessert:

PINEAPPLE NUT CRISP

- 1 No. 2½ can Del Monte Sliced Pineapple
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1½ tsps. unflavored gelatin
- Dash of salt
- 3½ cups Rice Krispies
- 1 cup walnuts, coarsely chopped
- Whipped cream

Pour ½ cup syrup from Del Monte Pineapple into small saucepan; add sugar, cook over low heat, stirring constantly, till sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking to 240° F. (soft ball in cold water). Soften gelatin in 3 tbsps. pineapple syrup, add with salt to hot syrup; stir till dissolved. Beat with rotary beater till white and fluffy. Heat Rice Krispies and nuts in oven; place in buttered bowl, add syrup mixture and stir till well-mixed. Press lightly into buttered 9-inch cake pan, chill in refrigerator. When ready to serve, spread with sweetened, flavored whipped cream and top with pineapple slices. Garnish with nuts and cherries if desired. Serves 6.

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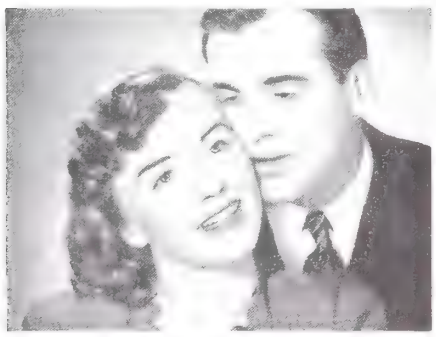

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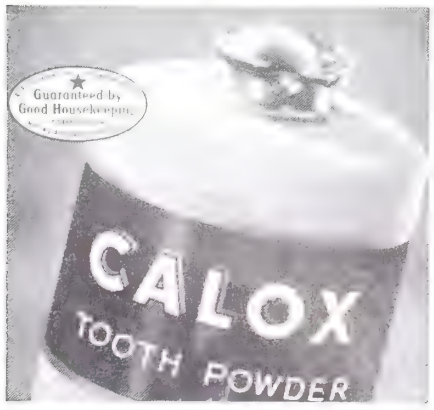

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(Continued from Page 136)

Joe smiled and drew the car to a standstill a few yards from the central crossing of Creston. "Will this be okay?" he asked.

She tried to sound airy, but she failed. She knew that he was looking at her legs as she scrambled sideways out of the car, and as she walked to the Inglis Building, where Doctor Prescott's office was, she smarted beneath Joe Geyer's smiling scorn of Sam and everything Sam stood for.

As she waited for the slow, squeaking elevator of the Inglis Building she told herself angrily that Sam was worth a dozen Joe Geyers with their loudness and flashiness. A man with the promise and sensitiveness of Sam Forester had to work his way steadily for years before he could hope to gain the position that made all his study worth while. And Joe Geyer, this loudmouthed grinning oaf, was an established success.

They would see, she stormed to herself as the gate clanked open, they would see that Sam had it in him to be a success too. If only she knew for certain! Poor Sam! Once he got the appointment, perhaps he would be different. It might be the making of him. He might even be seen at the country club now and again. All he wanted was to be given his chance to show his capabilities. She was sure of that. Joe Geyer had the push and Konopka had the influence. As an unknown American, Sam had to have one of these. She would have to help him.

The gray-faced old man who operated the elevator brought it to several stops slightly above and slightly below the fourth floor and finally opened the gate with a "Watch your step, lady!" Catharine stepped down and turned toward the door labeled RANDOLPH PRESCOTT.

Doctor Prescott was uncommunicative and Catharine's mind was more on what Joe Geyer had told her. How easy to be a foreigner with a famous name! Already, even though he was staying only three weeks, he was settled in the big house between the rivers.

"Be sure you drink plenty of water," said Doctor Prescott.

"I do. Plenty," said Catharine.

"And milk."

"Yes, of course. Milk."

Doctor Prescott looked at her oddly and Catharine flushed. She had scarcely listened to what he said, but the mention of water and milk had called out familiar responses and she had uttered them mechanically while she went on thinking of something else. And Doctor Prescott had caught her at it.

That evening, with pretended casualness, she told Sam what Joe Geyer had said about Konopka and the house.

"Isn't that swell!" was Sam's response.

The great gulf that lay between her way of thinking and Sam's revealed itself to her so suddenly that she laughed, and Sam looked up at her, puzzled.

"Never mind," she said. "You go on with your homework."

SAM bent his head over a pile of student themes, dating from the beginning of the semester, entitled "Why I have elected a course in the history of art." Dear Sam! If only she could be possessed with such generous thoughts! It was odd, she mused. How different she and Sam were in their reactions! She had brooded and fumed all day, her anger pointed alternately at Joe Geyer and Jaroslav Konopka. And all Sam felt was a gladness that his rival was comfortably settled for his stay in Creston. Her heart seemed suddenly to overflow and she longed to put her arms about Sam and tell him how much she loved him and how much better he was than she.

Her attention was arrested by a large black spider that was crawling up the wall. Saying nothing to Sam, she got up, fetched an old rag, rolled it into a pad and stalked the creature along the wall.

"Why didn't you tell me? I'd have done it," said Sam.

Catharine said nothing, but with a quick motion, to spare the wall, brushed the spider to the floor, and as it hurried for shelter she pounced on it with the rag. The rag was loose and the creature was only partially squashed at the first blow. It limped, crablike, from the side of the rag, and for a moment Catharine let it limp, watching it with triumph and hatred, its ugly black hairiness awry and awkward, the terrifying beauty of its speed and skill and co-ordination wrecked.

"Finish it off," said Sam.

Catharine hesitated, watching the spasmodic movement that grew weaker with the effort of each struggle; then, with a final stroke, she crushed the life out of it. She felt as well as heard, through the rag, the breaking of the body.

When she had washed her hands with disinfectant-smelling soap, she came back to sip her coffee. And in some odd way the dissatisfaction had gone and it was not long before they were chatting in the coziest way over the pot of coffee and the scattered themes.

It was quite by accident that Jenny came to sing at the Academy Club. It all started when Professor Small, of the Music Department, drove Mrs. Cornish home from shopping and was invited in for tea. Jenny was singing when he entered the hallway, and he stopped to listen, his hand on Mrs. Cornish's arm.

"Good voice," he said. "A bit undisciplined, but it has a nice ping."

Jenny stopped when she heard the door shut, but Professor Small hurried into the room and took her by the hands.

"Sing some more," he asked her.

Jenny, always pleased to be singing, sang again.

"Would you sing at the club for us?"

Mrs. Cornish began to protest, and Jenny, who was about to protest on her own account, immediately folded her hands and said, "Thank you. I'd very much like to sing for you."

It was arranged that Jenny should sing half a dozen Welsh songs. Professor Small was sure that Doctor Konopka, who, in addition to being an art historian, was a more than acceptable pianist, would accompany her. The program could be of the folk variety, Welsh and Bohemian. He thought she would enjoy it.

Jenny welcomed the rehearsals that Professor Small suggested, and she could see that Mrs. Cornish wished she had never invited him in for tea. Four of the songs were in collections in the university library, but the two others were only in Jenny's head and fingers. Doctor Konopka would have to listen to Jenny accompanying herself and then copy and arrange the accompaniment.

"Why don't you make it easier for everyone by singing the songs that are in the book?" asked Mrs. Cornish. But Jenny insisted on the other two and Professor Small, when she had sung them, wanted them on the program. "It means so much more practice," complained Mrs. Cornish.

"But if Doctor Konopka has the time and doesn't mind."

"I'm thinking of Roger," said Mrs. Cornish.

Jenny flushed. "Why should Roger mind?" she demanded.

"Little Roger," explained Mrs. Cornish.

"I wheel him out every day," said Jenny, feeling that she was made to seem neglectful in front of Professor Small. "Besides, Ellen loves to look after him."

"I don't think it's quite fair to Ellen, either."

Professor Small smiled and Jenny caught it and turned to him quickly. "Would Doctor Konopka mind if I brought the baby along?" she asked.

"I'm sure he wouldn't."

"Jenny—you mustn't think of doing such a thing!" Mrs. Cornish's voice went up on "think" in a circumflex of horror.

"Doctor Maxwell's house is very large," observed Professor Small.

"I forbid it," said Mrs. Cornish. "You go and practice, Jenny. I'll look after Roger."

"Thank you. Thank you."

Mrs. Cornish turned away before Jenny could kiss her. Jenny gave a little skip of delight.

"When shall I start, professor?"

"I'll take you and introduce you to him first. Will tomorrow be all right?"

"Will tomorrow be all right?" echoed Jenny.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Cornish. "I'll cancel my shopping trip."

"THEN I'll be saving you money," said Jenny cheerfully. "What time, professor?"

"Three o'clock. And cut the 'professor.' Everyone calls me Jake."

Jenny liked Jaroslav Konopka the minute she set eyes on him. His face was round and the corners of his mouth were turned up as if he often smiled. His eyebrows slanted Slavically and attractively and his whole face had an alertness and a concentration that were flattering to other people. The first thing he did was to ask Jenny questions about Wales, and she answered readily and felt perfectly at home with him. Jake Small sat in a large armchair and twiddled his thumbs, smiling benignly and not seeming to be at all in a hurry.

Jenny quickly threw off the nervousness that had assailed her on the way, and after Konopka had played a little she sang. Once or twice, delighted by some phrase, he joined in with her and the clock struck five when Jenny felt she had been there no more than half an hour.

"Two hours I said to Mrs. Cornish," she said, looking around for her handbag.

"Oh, but we are going to have some tea," said Konopka. "I rang for it several minutes ago."

"I didn't hear you," Jenny protested.

"That was when you were holding on to that A-flat," said Konopka. "See?"

Jenny laughed and saw him point to an old-fashioned bell pull to the left of the piano. She was thoroughly and excitedly happy.

Professor Small did not come to any of the three subsequent rehearsals, and each time Jenny and Konopka had tea together. He played her the Bohemian pieces he had chosen for the concert and some other pieces that made him very sad, and Jenny knew how he felt. Each time she saw him she liked him more, and her rehearsal afternoons were made the more delightful by Mrs. Cornish's silent disapproval.

But even Mrs. Cornish admitted that the songs that Jenny sang all over the gaunt house were pretty, and once or twice she heard Ellen humming them in the kitchen at the end of the day's work in a cracked, uneven voice.

Sam, usually so good-natured, showed a little annoyance when Catharine refused to go to the Academy Club concert. He thought it absurd that she should hold it against

(Continued on Page 140)

WITH THE CHILDREN

Gazing at the clouds as they rolled by, our young daughter said, "I know just what clouds feel like. They feel just like I do when I walk barefooted up grandfather's sinky, soft stairway."

"There are some houses that do not have rocking chairs in them. What do people in those houses do when their children feel a little sick and the baby is fussy?"

"I can say 'umbrella' but 'underbrella' sounds right to me because I like to be under it."

The little boy was asked his name. He replied, "I don't know." Then he was asked his father's name. Again he said he did not know. The grownup did not give up and continued, "What does your mommy say when she calls your daddy?" Quickly the small lad spoke up, "Oh, she calls him Hurry Joe."

–KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

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(Continued from Page 138)

Konopka because he might possibly come into the good fortune which they thought should be theirs.

"He's leaving town next Tuesday," he argued. "Come on, be a sport!"

"How can I listen to that man and enjoy it?" she asked. "I'll be thinking all the time is he after our job or isn't he?"

"It isn't his fault if he is. And if he was offered it, it wouldn't be his fault either, even if he said yes."

"I don't want to meet him."

"If he plays very well they may offer him a job in the Music Department." It was no time to joke, and Sam realized it after it was out. "Come for Jenny's sake," he urged, being serious again. "She'll be disappointed if you don't."

"Leave me alone," Catharine screamed suddenly and then buried her head in the cushion at the end of the davenport.

Never in her life had she behaved like this. Sam was overwhelmed. He comforted her, apologized for worrying her about a trivial matter, and before he went he made her a pot of coffee by way of a special treat. She sipped the coffee slowly in the loneliness of the dingy apartment.

It seemed odd that Jenny and Konopka were performing together. They almost formed a subtle league against her contentment. She wondered what Jenny looked like this evening. Her thought drifted to Konopka. She admitted to herself that in her obstinacy about the concert, in her determination not to see this man lay a strong desire to meet him and satisfy her curiosity. But she dreaded the first time and she hated the thought of people looking at her, nudging each other and saying, "I wonder what she thinks about it?" and "Look! There's Catharine Forester talking to the man who's after the job her husband wants. I wonder which of them will get it?"

THERE must be no one around when she met him, not even Sam. After her behavior the night of the telephone call and Sam's impatience and quick forgiveness this evening, there would be a self-consciousness about meeting Konopka. She would have to do it alone. It would not be difficult. He was in Sam's department and it would be the most natural thing in the world. Well, now was her chance. If necessary she could explain it to Sam afterward. The main thing was to go to the house and see him and get it over with.

She took a second cup of coffee. This was all very silly, she mused, and she was behaving like a high-school girl. No wonder Sam had been irritated. She was ashamed of herself and angry with Sam for forgiving her so readily. What would he say if she dressed and went along now? She put down her cup and started to her feet. No, she decided. Too late for that. Besides, she wanted to see Konopka alone.

Feeling calmer now, she began to reason with herself. Perhaps Sam was right. After all, he might be a decent-enough fellow, this Konopka. He might have no idea of asking for a job in Creston. The whole thing might easily originate in Creston itself. It would be just like Creston, knowing how much it meant to the Foresters, to put the idea of asking for a job into Konopka's head and to conceal from him the fact that the job was almost promised already.

Perhaps the Smithtons — Now her anger flared against this gentle, mild-mannered pair, but smug in their mildness as Catharine saw them now. They knew all about Sam, and Konopka was merely the instrument of their guile. Perhaps they had deliberately invited him there, and it might even have been in their minds to give him the job before they ever set eyes on him. The Art Department would be put on the map with a name like Konopka, but Forester would hardly boost the registration anywhere.

She was exhausted with anger and it angered her still further that it was all useless. Nothing had yet happened to arouse her resentment, but her resentment had started up in anticipation. It had pulsated in her throat, had misted her eyes, and weakened her hands so that they were limp and wet with grasping nothing but each other. She sat facing the buff wall until Sam came home from the concert.

"How was it?" she asked.

"It was fine," said Sam. "Jenny was disappointed .hat you weren't there."

Catharine asked no more questions about the concert and Sam made no further reference to it. He made no comment about the coffee cup and the percolator, and when she took them to the kitchen to wash them he followed in silence and dried them for her. After that they went to bed.

Jenny came home from the concert in a daze of delight. Everyone had been so kind to her she hardly knew how to express her appreciation. The whole day had been packed with pleasure and success. It had started well in the morning when Jenny, suddenly feeling grateful to Mrs. Cornish for the rehearsal afternoons, went downtown and bought her a dozen yellow roses. Mrs. Cornish was touched and of her own accord embraced her. Then she took her upstairs and showed her the white dress she had bought her especially for the concert. It was Jenny's turn to burst into tears and embrace Mrs. Cornish. That was the kind of day it was.

When, in the late afternoon, a corsage of red roses came for Jenny from Doctor Konopka, her first impulse was to hide them. The sweetness of the new and rather strained understanding might so easily be soured, and Mrs. Cornish had never concealed her disapproval of the rehearsal teas. But today of all days Jenny was ill-prepared for deceit. So she sought Mrs. Cornish out immediately and showed her the red roses.

Mrs. Cornish smiled and told her how nice Doctor Konopka had been about it. He had written to her, asking her permission before sending flowers to her son's wife, and when Mrs. Cornish granted him the permission he had called her on the telephone to thank her and to ask, in such a pleasant voice, what color and kind of dress Jenny would be wearing.

Jenny decided never to deceive again and went back to the full enjoyment of her day, which was one of the loveliest she had ever lived. Only one thing was missing, and that was Roger's presence. Up in her room she sang a little to his picture as if to give him the first of her voice just as she gave him the first of everything.

It all went so fast: the drive to the Academy Club, the crowd at the entrance, the handshakes, the silence, and then into the air above the white still faces the lovely familiar songs. Far too soon for Jenny it was all over. People were applauding generously and some were standing. Jenny could see Mrs. Cornish smiling proudly six rows back, and two rows behind her Sam Forester.

Then tables at the back of the room were set with coffee and cakes and people talked and laughed and praised, and Jenny's eyes were very bright. She could feel that they were.

JENNY had only a moment to speak to Sam, who apologized for Catharine's absence, and then she was whisked off to meet two elegantly dressed ladies, a Mrs. Lawson and a Mrs. Patten. Mrs. Patten was accompanied by a plump daughter who had fidgeted in the middle of *Dafydd y Garreg Wen*. But Jenny was in no mood to carp and she even smiled at the little brat.

Ellen had come to the concert and hurried home at the end. She opened the door for them, said she had never heard such beautiful singing and reported that the girl who had been hired for the evening said she had never seen a finer-looking baby than Roger. Ellen's shining face seemed to reflect the warm glow of the whole day.

The next morning the sky was gray and a little rain fell. Jenny decided to put off her walk with the buggy until the afternoon. After the excitement it was rather dull sitting in the living room.

"Let's have a fire, Ellen," said Mrs. Cornish. "It's the first of November and it's a gloomy-looking day."

Ellen set the logs over the andirons, stuffed paper and kindling beneath them, and as soon as the flames caught and rose everything seemed more cheerful and interesting. Jenny hummed over her knitting and Mrs. Cornish began to tidy her writing table, shuffling papers and pausing between the rustling sounds she made to read a letter through or to examine an ancient receipted bill.

It was then that the news came. The door chimes echoed softly in the hallway, the vacuum cleaner whirred down and into silence somewhat sooner than Jenny expected, as if Ellen had seen the man from the telegraph office as he turned into the driveway and anticipated him. Jenny did not glance up as Ellen came into the room. She felt her standing by Mrs. Cornish and waiting for an answer. Messages, letters, menus, they all came into the living room in this quiet and genteel way.

Mrs. Cornish was silent. She seemed to be taking longer than usual to reply or give an order in her careful, decided, ladylike voice. Jenny glanced at her. Mrs. Cornish was staring at the paper in her hand. Her face was strangely taut. Then Mrs. Cornish drew in her breath with a long and fearful sob. Jenny let fall the yellow wool and the needles.

"What is it? What has happened?"

Mrs. Cornish could not speak, but she held out the paper and there it was, clear and cruel, and Jenny read that Roger had been killed.

(Continued on Page 142)

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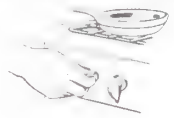

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CREAM CHEESE is made only by KRAFT

(Continued from Page 140)

Ellen turned and ran to the kitchen. Jenny put her arms around Mrs. Cornish, who was sobbing without tears, and the great, racking sobs seemed to run through her whole body.

At first an uncomprehending bewilderment supported Jenny and she was able to comfort Mrs. Cornish. She could not cry, though her eyes were hot and tears would have relieved them. The words she had read danced before her vision. Could it be possible that the sender had made a mistake? Sometimes things like that happened. She picked up the paper again and read, hoping to see something different, an error, a loophole for a tiny desperate hope. It was almost a minute before she spoke.

"It says killed." She spoke the words with dry lips. Then the merciful tears were upon her. She walked slowly out of the room and up the stairs. She shut the door of her room and without looking at the picture or at the roses beside it, she threw herself on the bed and gave herself up to grief.

It was afternoon when Ellen telephoned Catharine and in a voice that was shaken with crying told her the news. She said something about a train that had been derailed near Freiburg, but after that Catharine heard nothing until she was conscious of Ellen saying, "Are you there, Mrs. Forester? Can you hear me? Are you still there?"

"Yes, Ellen, I heard you. Tell Mrs. Cornish I'll come to see her."

She put down the receiver and walked back to her chair. She had been having tea by herself when the message came. Now she pushed the cup away from her and stared at the wall. Roger was dead. Poor Jenny!

Beyond her pity was a fearful questioning. A woman could not fail to be shaken by such news, but even while she bit her lower lip and stared, unseeing, at the wall of the apartment, she could not tell whether her grief was for a friend or for a man she loved.

She rose mechanically, cleared the table and washed the dishes. She had to be doing something, and for once the menial, dreary tasks of the horrid little apartment were blessed. Moving briskly from one thing to another, it was as if her eyes and hands forced her brain away from every thought of the man who had died.

When she went into the bedroom to change her dress she paused to look at herself in the mirror. She smiled and her face creased normally except for a slight trembling of the mouth. Roger dead! She could not bear to stay in the apartment now that the work was done.

She walked quickly down the street and turned north toward the bridge that led into the Triangle. Sam had an evening lecture and would not be home to supper. She would have Ellen telephone him at the university and he could fetch her from the Cornishes'.

Ellen opened the door for her and she went straight into the living room to Mrs. Cornish. In silence she put her arms around the older woman and they clung to each other without crying.

When they separated, Mrs. Cornish said, "It was sweet of you to come. You'll have dinner with us, won't you?"

Catharine accepted the invitation gladly. The grief that she was staving off was less likely to engulf her if she were in company, but she was afraid to be left alone with it.

"Where's Jenny?" she asked.

"Giving Roger his bath. She's been wonderful, Catharine."

"What is she going to do?" asked Catharine.

"What do you mean?"

"She came over here for Roger's sake," Catharine said.

"And for Roger's sake she'll stay and raise his boy."

"Have you asked her if she will?"

"What else is there for her?"

"She might be homesick. She might want to go back to Wales."

Mrs. Cornish rose from the davenport and faced Catharine, who thought she had never seen her look so determined. "Roger's son growing up in some remote and barbarous Welsh village—a shopkeeper's grandson! Surely she must realize that for the boy's own good ——" She broke off, as if there were no argument to refute this statement.

"She may not see it that way," said Catharine.

"But if she loved Roger—if she loved him at all ——"

"She did," said Catharine.

"Then," decided Mrs. Cornish, "she must want to do as Roger would have wished. Why, we've spoken of it together and there are Roger's letters with all the plans. How can he go to Princeton if Jenny takes him to Wales? He's my grandson. Surely I have a right ——"

"Jenny is free to choose," said Catharine quietly.

"But you say she loved Roger. She'll devote herself to his son, won't she? Oh, Catharine, if she leaves me, if she takes him away from me, what shall I do?"

Catharine felt sorry for her now. "Perhaps she'll want to stay," she comforted. "Give her a chance to decide for herself. I think she'll do what is best for Roger."

From above, in a little voice, sweet to listen to but frail with sorrow, came the sound of Roger's lullaby.

"Listen!" said Mrs. Cornish. "Everything just the same, as if nothing had happened. Has the girl no feeling?"

"That's the best way," said Catharine. "But she told me once that she sometimes wanted to sing when she was sad."

The two women listened, their heads raised a little, as Jenny's lullaby floated softly beyond the walls of the nursery and came down the staircase.

As Catharine listened she envied the girl who could sing her sorrow out of her and who had Roger's child to sing to. Her own hurt was like a well of poison, and although she could hear herself saying comforting things in a voice matching the mood of quiet and controlled grief, she knew that beneath it all there was something that gnawed furiously at her heart and turned what there was of love in it into the blackest hate. The ugly apartment, the struggle to be well dressed and well fed on the miserable allowance that Sam could give her, the fear that Sam was never destined for success, the pleasant affluence of the Cornish house, all these had betrayed her into a traitorous envy of Jenny.

She reddened, as if Mrs. Cornish could read her thoughts on her face. She thought of Sam as second-best, and it was a shameful thought. He was worthy of better. She wanted to start up immediately and do something to help him, something practical, something he would never think of doing for himself. Roger was dead. From now on there must be no straying from the path she had chosen for herself, not even in thought.

By the time Jenny's song had ceased, Catharine knew what she must do.

Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. McCarroll and Mrs. Norkas called on Doctor Konopka together. The ladies were on their way to their club meeting and had no more than half an hour to spare, and at the precise moment they rang the bell at the door and set their faces for a welcome, Jaroslav Konopka was stepping into a freshly drawn tub of hot water.

"Why do they have telephones in America," he growled through the bathroom door, "if they won't use them?"

"I'll tell them you'll be right down," said Mrs. Walsh firmly.

"If he has to dress," said Emmy Norkas, "I guess I have time for a dozen rows." She opened her sewing bag, without which she

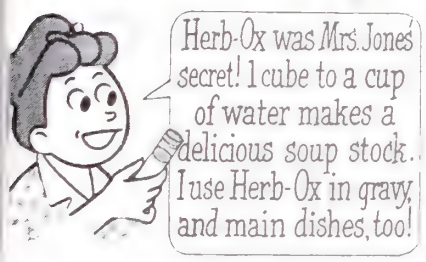
Two rural ladies of one of the hill counties of Tennessee were discussing their domestic affairs and marital life. One of them said to the other: "Don't ever say your husband whupped you; say 'we fit.'"

—F. T. WILSON:
Select After Dinner Stories.
(The Lebanon Democrat, Inc.).

IE SMITHS SAID— "No Soup"

ust don't feel
ke soup tonight,
guess.
It's sissy stuff, anyway!
I don't see why you never eat soup! I'll get Mrs Jones' recipe; her family loves soup!

'IL MRS. SMITH DISCOVERED THIS FLAVOR SECRET!



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was seldom seen, and drew out half a pink baby jacket.

"Wouldn't it be marvelous," said Mrs. Lawson suddenly, "if the Art Department could get Doctor Konopka to stay permanently?"

"He certainly has a wonderful background," said Mrs. McCarroll. "All those years in Europe with all those art galleries!"

Mrs. Lawson suddenly leaned forward and lowered her voice. "Did you know that since he came to America his life has been threatened? He's very outspoken, you know, and he's made a lot of enemies. You mustn't breathe a word of this to anyone—it's very confidential."

Mrs. Norkas clicked her needles rapidly. "If he's outspoken it can't stay confidential long," she observed.

While Mrs. Lawson was thinking up a suitable reply, Doctor Konopka appeared. He had lost his irritation and was now in a very smiling mood. Mrs. Lawson glanced at her watch and decided that they had exactly fifteen minutes.

"Does my knitting bother you?" asked Emmy Norkas.

"Not at all," said Konopka, staring at the pink wool. "I was a baby myself."

The conversation suddenly lagged. Mrs. Lawson realized that, having met him at the lectures, she had already asked him how he liked Creston and he had answered that he thought it a charming town. The beauty of the campus had been thoroughly discussed, together with the color of the leaves in the fall, the topography of Creston, and its advantages over other cities of its size. Mrs. Lawson plunged with something that could not be too often repeated.

"Doctor Konopka, we want to tell you how much we are enjoying your lectures."

"Thank you very much."

"We don't know what we're going to do when they're over," added Mrs. Lawson.

The conversation flagged again and was only restored to brightness when Konopka, modestly shifting off the subject of his lectures, praised Professor Maxwell and his generosity. "A gentleman," he said, "who not only gives me his house to stay in, but who also provides it with a housekeeper to make life easier for me, is a gentleman indeed."

"We Americans are a funny lot, Doctor Konopka," said Mrs. Norkas. "We do things to death."

"Do things to death? What do you mean?"

MRS. NORKAS laughed at the look on his face, and when she saw the looks on the ladies' faces she laughed again. "Oh, it isn't as unpleasant as it sounds. To do a thing to death is to make a big fuss over anything that's novel. When your kind of foreigner isn't novel any longer you can expect to be dropped like a hot potato."

Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. McCarroll both started to protest at once, but Doctor Konopka laughed and his laugh stopped them.

"You have picturesque expressions. A hot potato. I like that."

"We really must be going," said Mrs. Lawson, and all three women rose immediately. While Emmy put her knitting in her bag Mrs. Lawson produced a little jar of strawberry preserve and put it into Konopka's hand. "I know you have only a week left with us," she murmured, "but I'm sure you can get through this."

"This is nothing at all," said Mrs. McCarroll, pushing a small envelope into Konopka's other hand. "Just a few herbs from my garden, but they're nice in soups."

"You're very kind. Mrs. Walsh will be delighted."

Emmy Norkas smiled apologetically. "I'm embarrassed to admit I'm empty-handed," she confessed, "but you find a wife and have a baby and I'll knit you the cutest pair of soakers you ever saw."

"What are soakers?" asked Doctor Konopka.

But Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. McCarroll swept Emmy Norkas away and down the front steps and into Sycamore Lane.

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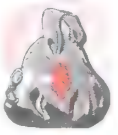

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Konopka handed the preserve and the herbs to Mrs. Walsh.

"Aren't you ashamed now for what you said in the bathroom?" she demanded.

"They're very attentive to me," he admitted, but there was a hint of satirical stress on the word "attentive" that Mrs. Walsh did not like. She spoke severely.

"You had a promise of blueberry muffins and ice cream from Mrs. Obendorf, her own making, and I have to call for them at five-thirty. I'll go over there now."

Konopka glanced downward at the bulging ankles. "How are your feet?" he asked.

"My feet?" Mrs. Walsh looked surprised.

"You walk as if they hurt you."

"It's my arches. They're all right." Mrs. Walsh prodded the silver-gray curtains into two graceful folds. "There's another of them," she said suddenly.

"Another what?"

"Another woman to fuss over you." Mrs. Walsh stood behind the curtain and watched the visitor walk up the pathway. "I don't know this one," she said as she went to open the door. "She looks as if she's going to ask you to speak someplace."

Konopka groaned.

Catharine had seen the three club ladies leave the house, cross Sycamore Lane and turn the corner into Oak Street. It was a stroke of luck that had delayed her, waiting for a bus to the north bridge, and prevented her from walking in on Mrs. Lawson and her friends. When she reached the steps a nervous excitement seized her and she paused to steady herself. It was too late to change her mind. She would have to say something, even if she did not have the courage to ask him what she came to ask.

"Mrs. Forester," she told the housekeeper. "Don't let me disturb him if he's busy."

"Mrs. Forester to see you," announced Mrs. Walsh, and the next moment Catharine was in the living room. She had expected someone bigger, fiercer, more determined-looking, with attributes to match her resentment of him, and for a moment she had no words to greet him. He was a little under medium height, with a round face, brown eyes and rather thin lips. He welcomed her in, indicated a chair for her to sit in and left for a moment to recover while he listened to Mrs. Walsh. "I'll get the muffins and the ice cream now," she was saying. "It's ten after five."

"Will you have a cigarette?" asked Konopka, turning to Catharine.

"No, thanks."

HER mind was a blank and she could see that Doctor Konopka thought her very odd.

"You know the Maxwells?" Doctor Konopka asked.

"I know them by sight, but they don't know me."

Konopka smiled a little. It was like a parlor game in which her job was to bring all conversation to a stop. She was winning. This time he waited to see if she would say something on her own account, but she stayed silent, only fingering her purse, running her fingers across the alternate strips of rough and smooth material until she saw him looking at her hands; then she stopped.

"Were you never in this house before?" he asked.

"Never."

"It's very handsome, don't you think?"

Catharine looked around. "It's beautiful," she said.

"I really think it is most kind of Professor Maxwell to let me stay in this lovely house." Konopka went on quickly, as if determined not to let this shred of conversation be cast out after the others. "Ever since I landed in this country you Americans have been so kind to me. I am not finding it hard to m my home here."

Catharine saw how this might lead what she wanted to say. "You are going make your home in America?"

"Yes. My whole family is here."

"My husband tells me that the wh Konopka family is very distinguished."

Konopka smiled again, not teasingly t time, but warmly. "He must be a specialis

Catharine felt insulted. He did not ev realize that she was Sam's wife. "He's assistant in the Art Department here," s said quietly, though she was raging. "I do suppose you remember him."

"Mr. ——" Konopka started vaguely.

"Forester," said Catharine and closed h lips tightly. She hated him for making h explain to him who Sam was.

"Forester!" echoed Konopka hearti "Oh, excuse me, please! He is my very go colleague and of course I know him we This Mrs. Walsh, she swallows her words thought she said Foster."

CATHARINE forced a smile, but she was n entirely convinced. This Konopka looked t kind to talk his way out of anything. "Y like Creston?" she asked, knowing as s did so that every woman he had met mu have asked him the same wearisome que tion.

"Very much. The campus is beautif especially in the fall, I understand."

"We like it," sa Catharine, and th added, "I don't su pose it's the kind place you would enj after all the cities you' lived in." A loopho presented itself, a co ardly one. Perhaps s could get him to a mit, without knowi it, that he had no i tention of staying Creston.

"I wouldn't sa that," said Konopk with a tolerant smile.

"But cities are muc more satisfying, don you think?"

Konopka looked a her as if she were a eager student wanting to be an actress an asking what to do about it. "If you like th more exciting life, why do you stay in Cre ton?" he asked.

"I have no choice."

"Of course. Your husband's job is here."

Catharine pounced. It would have to b the direct question before she could be satis fied. "We hope it will be," she said. "H isn't permanently appointed yet." It wa out. It should be clear now to anyone tha she had come for a purpose.

"Oh! Indeed!" Konopka was watchin her keenly, and the cold way in which h spoke and drew his lips in against his teeth told her that she might expect a struggle.

"Doctor Konopka, may I ask you a very straightforward question?"

"Certainly."

"Has Doctor Smithton asked you to stay in Creston—on the staff, I mean?"

Konopka showed no surprise at her question, nor did he avert his eyes in embarrassment. "No. Not yet."

"But you expect him to."

This time her eagerness confused him. "My dear young lady, I can hardly ——" he began.

"I'm sorry," Catharine interrupted. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"May I ask why you are putting these questions to me?" he asked, and his voice was cold and businesslike.

"There is so much talk going around," explained Catharine. "So many people are saying how wonderful it would be for Creston if you accepted a position in the Art Department."

Konopka's face relaxed into a slight smile as if in acknowledgment of Creston's appreciation of him. "That is very gratifying to me," he said.

The celebrated poet and professor, Buschin, who was very careless in his dress, went out in his dressing gown, and met in the street a citizen with whom he was acquainted. The gentleman, however, passed him without even raising his hat. Divining the cause, the poet hastened home, and put on a cloak of velvet and ermine, in which he again went out, and contrived once more to meet the same citizen, who this time raised his hat, and bowed profoundly. This made the poet still more angry. He hastened home, threw his cloak on the floor, and stamped on it, saying, "Art thou Buschin, or am I?"

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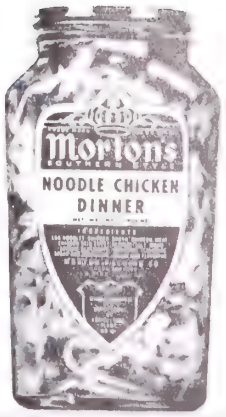

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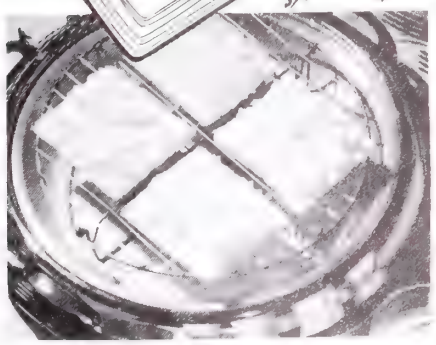

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Catharine eyed him steadily. "The position here. There are many Americans who would be glad of it."

It was done now and the barb had struck home. Konopka's eyes narrowed and a little furrow of displeasure appeared between them. "That must be true of any position," he said.

Catharine hesitated for a moment. Good taste and good sense hung in the balance. She could still give the impression that she was speaking for young Americans as a whole.

Konopka rose to fetch the packet of matches that lay a few feet from his chair. Instead of sitting down again, he remained standing, and this tacit invitation to make her excuses and go filled her with anger. He stood expectantly, looking at her with unfriendly eyes; behind him were the rich curtains of silver gray, smirking at her as if to call attention to his good fortune and their own voluminousness.

Catharine thought of Sam's face as she saw it very often, outlined against the raspberry-colored curtains at Foxy's. Her anger welled into a fury.

"Of course it's true of any position," she said. "But of this one in particular."

"Why in particular?"

She drew pleasure from the resigned way in which he went back to his chair and sat down, acknowledging her right to go on. "Doctor Konopka, I will be quite honest with you."

"Very well."

"We are very poor. As a graduate assistant my husband earns seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. That job in the department my husband has worked for years to fit himself for. The war set him back two years, but this last year and a half we've planned on it, because we have been led to expect it. Doctor Smithton said so almost in as many words. He even stopped my husband from taking a job in South Dakota."

Konopka looked doubtful. "You say Doctor Smithton promised your husband a position here?"

"The heads of departments never commit themselves, but he *did* say he wanted Sam to stay, and everyone knows that there's to be an opening in the Art Department soon."

Konopka leaned forward. "Then what difference will it make if they offer me a job too?"

"The department can't make two appointments. If they ask you to stay and you accept, my husband is out. And he's counted on it so, Doctor Konopka, he's counted on it."

KONOPKA watched her a moment, and his look was uncomfortably keen. "But what if Professor Smithton and the Board of Regents think otherwise?"

Then Catharine's anger blazed out. "They'll only think otherwise because you've come to a small town with a name that carries an international reputation. You have a chance of a hundred jobs in this country, and yet you have to come to Creston and try to take ours."

"Yours?"

"Yes, ours! It was ours for certain until you wrote here and used influence to get an invitation here and then impressed them all with your background and culture, all the things you've done, the people you've known, and the places you've lived in. How can we compete with all that?"

Konopka had put his pipe down and now he left his chair and stood by the piano, looking out the window. For a moment or two he did not speak; then, without turning, he asked, "Why doesn't your husband go to Professor Smithton and ask him what he intends to do?"

"My husband doesn't know I've come to see you," answered Catharine.

"When you go home, will you tell him you came? Or don't you think he would approve?"

Catharine looked up at him. Her anger had carried her along with it, but now that it was spent she felt foolish and ashamed.

"Why don't *you* go to Professor Smithton?" suggested Konopka. "He knows the whole situation and it is he who will have to make the decision."

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"I couldn't go to him. If Sam found out he'd never forgive me; and even if he didn't, it might spoil his chances for another job."

She was so spent now that the very thought brought tears to her eyes and she dabbed them again with her ridiculously tiny handkerchief. She had made an utter fool of herself. Somehow she must make him understand that her outburst was not as cheaply envious as it sounded. When she had brooded on it at home, her anger had possessed a dignity and a universal quality. There were hundreds of others, thousands, just like Sam, just like herself. She must speak for them, too, and then he would understand and perhaps not despise her so much.

"Mrs. Forester," said Konopka gently, "I honestly see no reason why I should give up a position before I am offered it because you think your husband needs it more than I do. You have not consulted your husband, and you admit that you think he would disapprove if he knew of your coming here. Nobody has consulted Doctor Smithton."

Catharine rose to her feet, despairing of finding the right thing to say. "If you need a job," she said bitterly, "why should you care who else is disappointed?"

"Sit down!" Konopka spoke so sharply that Catharine stopped still on her way toward the door. His voice was so quiet and his eyes so serious that Catharine obeyed. "I am determined that you shall understand why I came here and why it is important to me, too, to have security and a salary. When people are curious I avoid talking about my troubles, but I am going to tell you some of them, so that you can see that other people have disappointments too. I shall make it very brief. There are four of us in America. Of the other three, my two youngest brothers were students in Prague. They were both killed. My sister, the older one, killed herself soon afterward. The four of us here are my brother Jan, the artist, my father, my widowed sister and myself. Jan was the first to get a job, and for a while he kept us, but I could not be a drag on my younger brother all his life. As an art historian, I am not known at all, except to a small circle, and therefore it is harder for me to get ahead. I am also rather old to be starting afresh, as it were. I am thirty-eight. Jan, the famous one, is thirty-four. I wish I did not have to tell you all this. Somehow it seems unfair, as if I were begging for your sympathy. But I want you to know that with a broken family and no way to earn a living except by teaching, an offer from Professor Smithton would come as a new hope in life, a chance to build on the wreckage, to forget the terrible past and look to the future. Can you wonder that we do not want to go back to Europe? You Americans, even now you do not realize how very fortunate you have been."

People always fancy that we must become old to become wise: but in truth as years advance it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes in the different stages of his life a different being, but he cannot say a better one: in certain matters he is as likely to be right at twenty as at sixty. —GOETHE.

The art of conversation consists of the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate and you must sympathize; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible. —DISRAELI: Quoted in The Public Speaker's Scrapbook, Wm. G. Hoffman (Whittlesey House).

Positiveness is a most absurd feature. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if you are in the wrong it adds to your defeat. —LAURENCE STERNE.

FOR a moment Catharine said nothing. Then the words seemed to sort themselves into fluency and Konopka's story made it easier for her to tell him hers.

"I think you're right when you say you are unfair—unfair to win my sympathy," she told him. "I have no story like yours. Mine is so commonplace and shared by so many others that no one thinks it a very sad story. I have never been prosperous and my husband has always been poor. We live in a poky little apartment, we eat cheap food and we wear cheap clothes, doing without this, cutting out that—and hating it, longing for the day of freedom from poverty, the day that we've been thinking might come for us in September."

"But you and your husband," protested Konopka, "surely you have every chance of another position."

"Sam stood a good chance here, the best he's likely to have. He's well known and well liked. He grew up in this town and it's his home. Now, just for the sake of security we'll have to take the first job that's offered to us, whether it's good or bad. We can't even move more than fifty miles without borrowing."

"If they're looking for an older man," Konopka went on, "a man with a broader background, they'll find one, even if they don't ask me. I shan't be changing their minds."

"I suppose there are others to be had just now, just like you, for very little money, people who have been rich and famous."

"Yes, there are others," said Konopka.

"AND because they have no money any more they're taking jobs that ten years ago they would have laughed at, little jobs at two thousand a year—just enough to be safe and comfortable on—people who used to be rich."

"We didn't want to be made poor."

"Oh, it's not your fault," said Catharine. "But what about the young Americans who've never been rich, who've never had the chance to travel and see things and pick up this precious background? What are they going to do when their jobs are taken from them?" The tears came to her eyes and she could see that Konopka was embarrassed by the exhibition she was making of herself. "I can't help it. I want to give my husband and child a chance."

Konopka seemed surprised. "You have a child?" he asked.

"We shall have one in the spring."

He looked at her thoughtfully and she could see what he was thinking. There was her way out. "I think I understand better now," he said.

Catharine gained control of herself immediately. This was the right time to leave. She could not tell whether she had failed or not; but if she had failed, she was leaving him now with the feeling that it was just an emotional lapse of the sort to be expected in pregnancy, and he might take a generous view of it. She brightened.

"I'm sorry I embarrassed you by crying. I don't know what got into me today. I don't behave like that often, really I don't." She looked quite different now. She could tell it by the surprise and relief on his face. It would be good to go, leaving this more favorable impression. "I've used up too much of your time. I'm so sorry it happened. Look! There's your housekeeper coming back."

"I am sorry if I seem unsympathetic." He held out his hand and she took it for a moment and held it.

"Doctor Konopka, if they offer you this job, you will think, won't you, before you take it?"

Konopka did not flinch from her pleading and he did not smile as he replied. "Yes. I promise you that. I will think before I take it."

"And would you be kind enough not to tell anyone of this? I shouldn't have come here at all this afternoon. You must think I behaved very badly. Sam would be horrified."

He smiled now, rather kindly, Catharine thought. "I shall say nothing to anyone. You may trust me."

An enormous load fell from her shoulders. "Thank you," she said; and then, "Don't come to the door."

(Continued on Page 148)

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*Acc. to Surveys

Mennen

Baby Oil.. Baby Powder

(Continued from Page 146)

Catharine felt curiously elated by her experience. Konopka had clearly been telling her the truth when he said that they had not yet asked him to stay in Creston. She had embarrassed him and herself, but now she felt the partial satisfaction of one who has dropped the seed of scandal, confident that it will sprout.

She began to think that she had not done so badly after all. She had broken down and pleaded her case lamely. And yet, walking down Collins Street, her heart pounding with excitement, she had the sense of having done better than she had planned. Her stammering even had lent an air of spontaneity and genuineness to the scene. She had noticed the solicitousness with which he treated her after she told him about the baby. Unwittingly, that had been her trump card.

"I think I understand better now," he had said, and that was after his refusal and his protestations. It was significant the way he had said, "I am sorry if I seem unsympathetic"; or was it, "I am sorry if I seemed unsympathetic"? It might, indeed, have been the second, with its clear message of retraction. Either she had failed to hear the *d* or he, being a foreigner, had not been able to make clear the distinction between the two meanings. And he had smiled at her kindly. His whole manner had changed. His relaxed smile made him seem better-looking and younger than he was.

SAM came home soon after Catharine had started cooking their supper. She explained to him that she had been out for a walk. To be sure of not being caught, she said she had taken the bus to the edge of the Triangle and walked along the winding wooded roads there.

"It certainly was a swell afternoon."

Catharine tried to recollect just what the afternoon had been like. She had been so excited she had barely noticed, except that it was mild and sunny.

"Don't you love Creston?" she asked Sam at supper. "Wouldn't you hate to have to leave it?"

"It would be almost like losing a part of myself," said Sam. "I hope we never have to go."

"Something tells me that we never shall," said Catharine.

She hugged her secret to herself and a week later the burden slackened and she felt more cheerful than she had felt in months. It was the day of Konopka's departure from Creston. Nothing had been said about his staying, and now, according to schedule, he was departing. Sam had told her, and although they said little about it, Catharine could see that he was enormously relieved.

It was a day of blustering wind and driving rain. She went shopping for groceries, and it seemed to her that the white market was cleaner and more gleaming than usual. She even spent a dollar more than she had planned, adding three items to her regular requirement for the week end, items that were luxuries and unnecessary: a can of clams for chowder, a small ham steak, and a box of some favorite sandwich cookies.

As she stepped out of the market and turned her face into the wind she heard a screaming whistle from the railroad station and in a moment or two the great engine moved slowly across the street.

Catharine never forgot the pure joy of that moment. The cars on the street slowed down and waited, their windshield wipers moving from side to side, the smoke from the engine swirling down and about their wheels and up again. Everything, it seemed to Catharine, was paying tribute to that triumphant moment.

The last coach passed, the warning lights went out, the cars honked impatiently at the foremost one of their number, who was in no hurry to start.

Catharine stayed on the sidewalk, savoring the moment, while the rain spattered her groceries and the wind worried her hair over one eye. Then, when the sound of the train was drowned, she crossed the street and went happily home, planning to give

Stomach acting up a bit, seeks relief in vain.
EMPTY!
Not a tablet in the house, to ease an ache or pain.
Hates discomforts of a COLD: Has no Quick Relief.
An EXTRA package on the shelf could save a lot of grief.
Be Wise—BUY AN EXTRA PACKAGE!
That EXTRA package means you're looking ahead—being prepared for relief if your stomach upsets or an occasional headache comes along. Yes, it's wise to keep 2 packages of Alka-Seltzer on hand: One at home, the other in your car, grip or where you work. And don't forget Alka-Seltzer for those other everyday ailments: muscular aches and pains, and the discomforts of a cold. "When your tablets get down to 4, That's the time to buy some more."
Alka-Seltzer
Alka-Seltzer
At All Drug Stores

RENGO BELT FOUNDATIONS have become famous because of the outstanding values they long have offered. This is true of Rengo Belts for *all* figures, but it is especially true of those for the heavier types. A typical example of this leadership is Style 345, illustrated above. This is a 16-inch front-clasp-girdle, made of brocade, with side panels of knitted elastic, rubber top, well boned. Six hose supporters. Sizes 28 to 44.

Made by the
Crown Corset
Company
775 Fifth Avenue
New York

Sam an extra-special lunch and dinner so that the day might always be remembered with pleasure.

Sam, too, was happier now that Konopka had left Creston. He found it easier than Catharine to thrust aside unpleasant thoughts, and since the wet and windy morning when Konopka's train had steamed out of town hardly anyone had mentioned the man's name. It was odd, he mused, how quickly people forgot. One week Konopka's name was to be heard in every living room in Creston, in every gathering of faculty. Even students of the intellectual sort discussed him airily over morning coffee and afternoon Cokes. Now, a few days after his departure, it was as if he had never been there. By the following Monday Sam was whistling as he stopped at the faculty mailboxes to pick up his mail.

The little penciled note on blue paper from Doctor Smithton's secretary asking Sam to step into the office that afternoon after class was placed casually between an insurance-company blotter, decorated with autumn leaves and flatteringly printed with Samuel Forester's very own name, and a sharp request from the library that the same Samuel Forester return immediately (second request) the copy of Post-Impressionism borrowed six weeks ago and now urgently needed by one of his own students.

At first the note did no more to him than the blotter or the library notice, but half-a-dozen paces from the box he was struck with

A little chap who thinks a watch is the one thing which makes life worth living was told that a watch could not be given to him. He continued to tease for one until the whole family was wearied. Then his father, after explaining that he should certainly have a watch when he was older, forbade him to mention the subject again. The next Sunday, the children repeated Bible verses at the breakfast table. Richard astonished everyone by saying: "What I say unto you, I say unto all: Watch!"

a sudden disagreeable thought. He had a fleeting vision of Catharine standing in front of her chair, her mouth contorted, her hands pressed anxiously together, and he knew that what he was about to hear in the academic serenity of Doctor Smithton's office would either strip off that anxiety like an unwanted skin or tighten it about Catharine and himself. If only it could be himself alone! He could bear anxiety and uncertainty. There would be other jobs, better ones perhaps, even though he had set his heart on Creston. Well, many other people had set their hearts and many had been disappointed. It was as easy as that for Sam, but for Catharine it was not so easy.

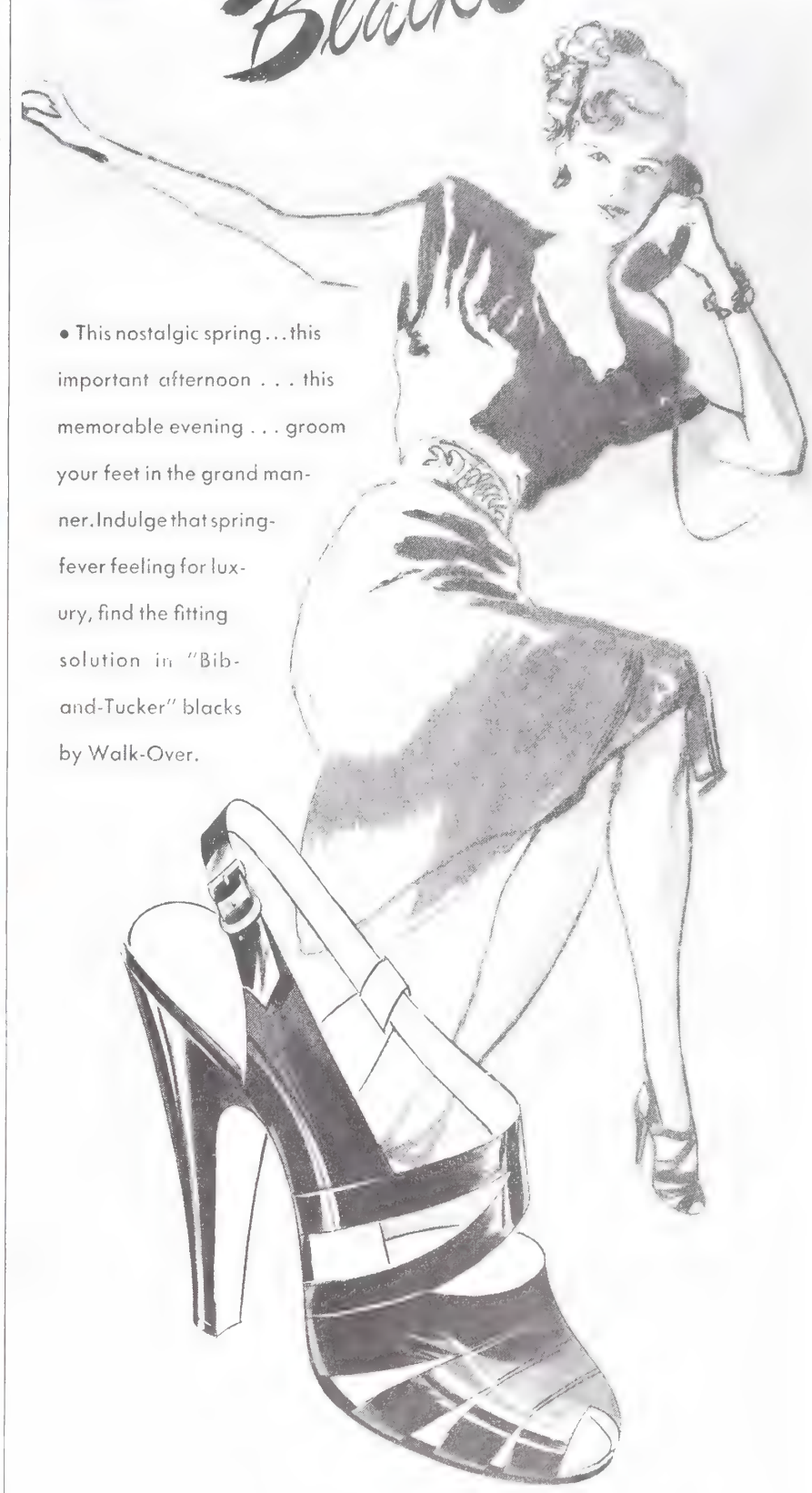
Sam was thinking of her as he knocked at the office door and heard Doctor Smithton's genial "Come in." Catharine was probably at Doctor Prescott's now. It was her appointment this afternoon.

Sam's anxiety was not dispelled by the older man's warm smile. These turned-on smiles were familiar and by no means guaranteed promotions or encouragement. He took a chair in silence and his heart was beating so fiercely that he felt it pump somewhere beneath his throat. A drop of sweat trickled out of his left armpit and lost itself in his undershirt. Doctor Smithton was speaking, but his eyes turned toward the cold and passive radiator, and his fingers, lightly holding a letter opener, were tracing figures on a green blotter pad. Sam moistened his lips and tried to look as if he were paying close attention. A second drop of sweat coursed after the first.

"It's an opportunity we can't very well afford to pass up," Doctor Smithton was saying. "But we don't want to lose you and we shall see that you have something to do for us. Your present position is one that

(Continued on Page 151)

"Bib-and-Tucker" Blacks



• This nostalgic spring . . . this important afternoon . . . this memorable evening . . . groom your feet in the grand manner. Indulge that spring-fever feeling for luxury, find the fitting solution in "Bib-and-Tucker" blacks by Walk-Over.

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Canadian Government Travel Bureau
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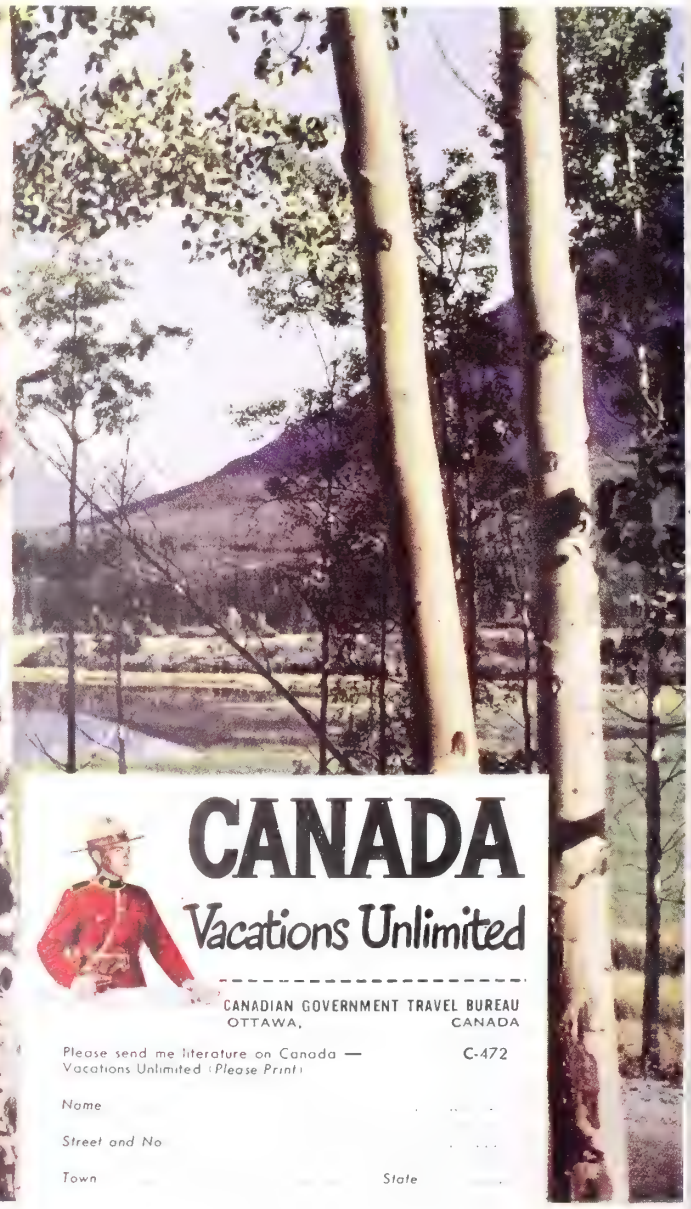

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(Continued from Page 149)

would ordinarily lapse with Doctor Konopka's appointment, but the president was most co-operative. And between you and me, I doubt if we shall keep Konopka more than a couple of years. Other institutions are sure to compete with us for him."

So that was it. Sam wondered why he thanked Doctor Smithton, smiled slightly and went out calmly. He supposed it must have been because it seemed natural to say thank you at the end of an interview with an older person; thank you for sparing your valuable time, he supposed.

Downstairs in the lower corridor there suddenly flooded over him the memory of all his hopes and plans, of the house set upon the green lawn, of Catharine and the baby. His eyes suddenly filled with tears so that Miss Gadd and her favorite student, emerging from a classroom, looked like four people.

Ashamed that he, a full-grown man, had tears in his eyes, Sam turned in the other direction and walked down the cement pathway toward the river. At the flagpole at the edge of the sunken garden he paused for a moment and looked down at the water. On the Maxwell lawn a sprinkler was turning slowly and a fountain of spray drifted slowly eastward. At each half revolution the sunlight caught the blade of water beneath the mist of drops with a tiny radiant flash.

Sam watched it for a dozen revolutions, and as he watched, the campus carillon began to beat a tune into the afternoon air—*Fight on, Creston; win that game.* Sam turned and started down the long hill that led to the Hollow, his feet unconsciously keeping the rhythm which the practicing player beat out three times.

Schirer's grocery store at the bottom of the hill had a stone jar set in front of the potatoes, and in the jar were white and yellow daisies. Sam hesitated, made up his mind, and went in to buy a dozen, white and yellow mixed, to give to Catharine. It was very little, but it might serve to dull the sharpness of disappointment and in some way make the life ahead of them seem to promise pleasure of a modest sort.

Mrs. Schirer, a red-faced peasant woman, smiled a Lithuanian smile and said, "Mrs. Forester will like them. They are so gay."

"Yes," said Sam, and smiled back. Life wasn't so bad when people were friendly and kind.

In the little living room at 931, Charlotte and Fred Garrity had been waiting only a few minutes when Catharine came in.

"Been here long?" she asked.

"Ten minutes," said Fred.

"Mata Hari let us in," added Charlotte.

"Who? . . . Oh, Lulu!"

"She sure has a taste for the sensational," Charlotte went on. "She was on that phone telling her boy friend a long story about a woman who poisoned the father of her child. I think the boy friend took it personally. He got off the wire in an awful hurry.'

CATHARINE smiled slightly and Charlotte, sensing confidences, got rid of Fred. "Darling," she said, "I want a woman-to-woman talk with Catharine. Would you be an angel and go down to the drugstore? We need toothpaste, talcum and cod-liver oil."

"Why bother to be subtle?" said Fred and went to the door.

"Keep an eye out for Sam," said Catharine. "He ought to be on his way."

"Now tell me," said Charlotte, the instant the door was closed. "I noticed it the minute you came in."

"Noticed what?"

"You look depressed. What's the matter?"

Catharine hesitated for a minute, though she longed to be comforted. "There's something wrong with me," she said. "It may not be easy."

"Did he say that or are you just making it up?"

"Of course I'm not making it up. He as good as told me it would be hard. It isn't that I'm a coward. It's the money I'm thinking of."

Charlotte pushed Catharine's head from her impatiently. "Quit worrying about money. To hear you anyone would think you were the only needy couple in the world."

"It's Sam I'm thinking of," said Catharine miserably.

"It's Sam you're thinking of," echoed Charlotte. "It's money you're thinking of. Think of yourself for a change, why don't you? You do more worrying over things that don't happen than anyone else I know. It wouldn't surprise me if you worried all night wondering if the sun was going to rise the next morning."

CATHARINE smiled a little at this, though she knew that Charlotte was exaggerating just to cheer her up. "Do you know how much a Caesarean costs?" she asked, as casually as she could.

"No," said Charlotte.

"Betty Niemeyer had one. It was two hundred dollars on top of all the rest and she didn't get out under a thousand."

Charlotte took her hands between hers. "It's worth it," she said. "It's worth it every cent. The money always comes from somewhere—somehow. Dozens of times we thought we were at the end of our rope, but we came through, and here we are! It's the way you look at it."

Catharine cheered up then and they spoke of other things until Charlotte had her laughing with a story of Elsie the maid's stupidity. Elsie, it seemed, was away sick. "Probably scared sick," Charlotte said. "Why, the other day, she left the door of Fred's lab unlocked, and there was Jimmy sitting in the middle of bottles and test tubes, wrecking everything. Even I got sick when I thought of what Fred had up there. Some of those plant drugs will kill an army." After this, it came out that Charlotte had hoped to go to bridge tea the following afternoon, and Catharine immediately offered to come again and sit with Jimmy. Charlotte demurred and protested, but it was so obvious that that was precisely why Charlotte had come that Catharine laughed again and said that it would do her all the good in the world to come.

By the time Sam came in with Fred, Catharine felt that she had allowed Doctor Prescott to depress her too readily. She caught sight of the flowers immediately. Perhaps it was news of the job. Sam would want to wait until Charlotte and Fred had gone. Then she would take the flowers and kiss him for them and they would hold each other very tightly and talk about everything delightful that was in store for them. Instantly she put away the thought of the Caesarean. Sam's good news must not be spoiled.

She flashed a warning glance at Charlotte, but Charlotte was saying "Hi" and looking at Sam.

Then Fred spoke. He had gone out smiling, but now it seemed as if something were the matter. "We've got to be going, Charlotte."

Sam put his hand on Fred's arm. "Stay a minute, will you, Fred? It's easier with you here."

"What's easier?" demanded Charlotte, looking from one to the other.

Sam brought the white and yellow daisies to Catharine and she took them with her hands, but said nothing, and her eyes did not leave his face.

The popular belief, that however careless a man may be while in health, he is appalled at the prospect of dying, is erroneous. I have careful records of about 500 deathbeds studied particularly with reference to the sensations of the dying. Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or another; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting.

—SIR WILLIAM OSLER The Student Life and Other Essays (Constable & Company, Ltd.).

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Margaret and Marcella Heyd are lively, party-going twins. They live in Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Heyd says, "I feel real proud of Margaret's *Rinso White* dresses and Marcella's *Rinso Bright* ones.

RINSO'S TRIPLE-ACTION SUDS GETS OUT STUBBORN DIRT—FAST!

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You, too, will be proud every time you hang out a wash that's *Rinso White—Rinso Bright*. Since there's no need for hard scrubbing, clothes stay new-looking longer when they're washed the safe, easy Rinso way.

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"Consolation prize, honey," he said; and then, "Can you take it, darling? Konopka's been appointed."

Catharine neither cried nor laughed hysterically. She sat with the daisies against her breasts, and as she breathed, the faintly bitter fall scent of the simple flowers was all around her and inside her too.

The others were talking. Sam was explaining how it had happened, and how Konopka was to be recalled from just a hundred miles away. Fred and Charlotte spoke in low, sympathetic tones, and soon said they must go. Catharine felt for them. There was nothing they could say that would really do any good.

So Konopka had taken the job! She wondered if he had thought for an instant of her and Sam before he decided. Or had he forgotten her visit to him altogether? A great wave of hate poured into her, and her heart pounded with rage. It pounded so hard that something in her throat and something else in her head pounded, too, until she could have screamed aloud. But instead, she sat perfectly still, smelling the flowers, and the smell of them reminded her of the end of summer sweetness and the unmistakable coming of winter and cold and death.

"I guess we don't have to pretend with each other," said Sam.

"No."

"It's pretty serious, honey."

She looked at his worried little-boy's face and in that instant she determined to help him, whatever it might cost her. She did not know how she could possibly keep her own bad news from him, but she would find a way—somehow.

She put the flowers aside and stroked his head. "We'll get through," she said softly.

"It's good to have you feel this way, funny, sort of."

"Why funny?" Sam's head was in her lap and her hand moved rhythmically over the wiry brown hair.

"You worry so much about little things and I'm easygoing about them," he said. "Then, when it comes to the big things, you're the one that has the strength."

Catharine's hand stopped in its motion. "The strength," she said, and as she spoke she began to tremble. Fearful that Sam would feel her trembling and worm out of her the fierce and dreadful thought which had come to her, she resumed her stroking of his hair; then, when she could bear it no longer, she lifted his head and kissed him.

"You're a great gal," said Sam, "and we're not going to brood about this. We're going to act as if nothing had happened to us. I'm free tomorrow between two and five and we're going out together. To blazes with Konopka!"

"I can't tomorrow," said Catharine. "I promised to go to Charlotte's and look after Jimmy. She's going downtown."

"Couldn't you put her off?"

"No," said Catharine. "I promised. I've got to go." She did not mean to betray her resolution, but now, in her excitement, she came near to doing so. When she had had time to think it would be easier.

Sam looked at her in surprise. "Okay," he said. "If it's as important as that."

Catharine fetched water for the flowers and began to dip the stalks into it, one by one.

"I just thought," added Sam, "that she might be able to get a girl if she tried, but that's all right. We'll make it the day after tomorrow instead."

"That will be lovely," said Catharine; then, coming to him, "It was sweet of you to bring me the flowers. I don't feel nearly so let-down."

Sam kissed her again.

Then, when she thought it must be out of his mind how she had insisted so firmly that going to Charlotte's was important, she asked, "When is Konopka coming back?"

"Next week." And as an afterthought Sam added, "Smithton says he's going back into Maxwell's house until the spring."

The carpeted room, the rich draperies and the dimly glowing pictures flowed into her vision, although she was standing at the window looking onto the bleakness of Collins Street.

"Isn't Creston good to him?" she said jealously.

"Yeah! He's a lucky guy," said Sam, and there was no rancor in his voice.

Catharine turned to look at him and in that moment she knew that what she had to do she must do alone, absolutely alone.

Catharine walked to the Garritys' house with the full knowledge that the opportunity was there for her to take, if she dared. In a few days Konopka would be back, standing between Sam and his future. Every time she recollected the afternoon she called on him, humiliation overwhelmed her. How could she bear to meet him now? She had detested the thought of meeting him in someone else's presence before that day; now the detestation was ten times stronger. She knew that she would redden and give everything away at once and it would be clear to everyone that there was something between them, something of which they were both ashamed. Konopka might sense that, and in his own defense he might tell someone what she had said to him, and the news would spread through Creston like cackling through a farmyard.

She thought as she walked how absurd it was that she should redden and betray her secret when she had in mind far greater secrets that she knew she could keep. The improbability of it would be her greatest help. Things of the kind she contemplated now were not expected to happen in Creston, and if they did, surely people of her type were the last to be suspected. All it needed was a certain technical dexterity. She was clever enough and secret enough. The only other thing she needed was ruthlessness. Without a thought for the man himself, but viewing him only as an object in her way, she must sweep him aside at one cunningly contrived stroke. But to deal that stroke she must call upon all her reserves of strength and determination.

She found herself nearly two blocks beyond the Garritys' house. Turning around, she sought to invent an excuse in case Charlotte had seen her from the window. The mailbox, of course! She had gone the extra blocks to mail a letter. Charlotte made no mention of having seen her pass the house and Catharine discarded the invention with a little touch of regret.

She was alone in the house except for the three-year-old Jimmy, who was happily occupied. Catharine sat for a while and watched him, wondering whether he would notice if she went into the lab. He had been punished for going into it himself, and her going there might register strongly with him.

Jimmy put down the beads and began to bring her all his toys and books from a corner, and it looked as if he expected her full attention for the rest of the afternoon. He was showing off like every child of his age with a stranger. She read him a story, she played with a circus of cardboard clowns, and she made him half a dozen paper darts.

But beneath her thinking, stirred only slightly by the demands of these trivial activities, there lay the temptation, like an uneasy pain that was waiting to be assuaged.

The afternoon was half over when she suddenly rose to her feet with determination. After all, what she was going to do now was

(Continued on Page 155)

She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious chest of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon the fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in that fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

—CHARLES LAMB.

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Or have BOTH combined in ONE THOR AUTOMAGIC WASHER!

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Instead of spending half the evening "washing up," you'll wash and rinse china, glassware, silver—a service for six—in just 5 minutes with a Thor. It uses only 4 to 6 quarts of hot water (a teakettle full!), provides plenty of space and ample power for washing pots and pans. Your hands never touch water, yet you couldn't be gentler with your dishes. Only the water moves in the Thor!

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With a simple change of tubs (1½ minutes) the Thor Automagic Combination gives you the advantages of both clothes washer *and* dishwasher. Streamlined, compact, it brings the laundry upstairs for easier, pleasanter washdays—then seven days a week takes over the dishwashing chores.

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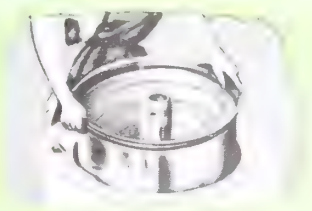
1. Lift the clothes tub and attachments from your Thor Automagic. The power unit below is now ready to serve the Dishwasher day after day . . . efficiently and silently.



2. Slip in the dish drum and racks and in 1½ minutes the Thor is a Dishwasher to revel in 7 days a week. No part of the machine that touches clothes ever touches dishes.

3. A 2-foot square of floor space in kitchen or laundry is all that's needed for the Thor Automagic Combination. No bolting down, no excessive weight because there's no vibration.

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Not a cake make-up—
No water! Not drying!

Easier to apply! No water with this new make-up! Just circle the velvety puffet over Angel Face. Then smooth it over your face. *At once,* little skin imperfections hide beneath smooth, heaven-soft color!

New!
Stays on longer than powder

A smoothing "cling" ingredient is blended into Angel Face under terrific pressure. This pressure-fused "cling" ingredient makes Pond's new Angel Face go on evenly—and *stay on* angelically!

New!
Can't spill in your handbag

Angel Face is so *tidy!* It won't spill in your handbag—doesn't "snow" over your clothes. It's always ready to give you a fresh, perfect new make-up—anytime, anywhere!

Choose from 5 angel-sweet shades!

With luxurious puffet.

At better beauty counters—
89¢ plus tax.

Society Beauties say:

"Pond's Angel Face is the cleverest make-up I've ever tried—flattering as can be, and so easy to use. And the case is a darling to tuck right into your handbag!"
THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU

"To me, Angel Face has all the virtues of other types of make-up—with none of the handicaps—no water . . . no greasiness! It's a perfect delight—smooth, soft-toned, clinging!"
MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE

"I really never expected to find a make-up as completely satisfactory as Pond's new Angel Face! It's a wonderful complexion flatterer—and so *easy!* With just a flip of the puffet, my skin is tinted with heavenly soft color—that clings for hours and *hours!*"
MISS THEODORA ROOSEVELT

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(Continued from Page 152)

nothing compared with what she hid in the depths of her secret thought. All she had to do was to steal the stuff, and if she changed her mind she could throw it away. It was easy to get rid of a tiny bottle and no one need ever know. If she had no resolution now she could hardly hope to have enough for the moment of real and desperate action.

Jimmy was throwing paper darts in every direction, squealing with delight, pouncing on them to hurl again. He seemed to have forgotten her altogether. She stepped out into the hallway and waited a moment to see if he would notice that she had gone. The squeals continued. She grew bolder and walked into the kitchen. She drew herself a glass of water and noisily replaced the glass, so that Jimmy might show her whether he could be relied upon to play by himself for a while. He seemed content to be alone. She slipped the key off the hook by the sink and started toward the lab door. In the hallway she saw her gloves on the table. They reminded her that she must think of everything now and she quickly put them on. She went back into the kitchen, rubbed the key with a damp cloth, opened the lab door and closed it softly behind her.

The little room was a model of neatness, and as she looked along the shelves she marveled that so much danger could twinkle so innocently. In the corner by the window she saw a copy of the same book she had consulted in the stacks of the library. She had not been so foolish as to draw a book out in her own name. Instead, she had stood between the shelves during the noon hour when most of the students were at lunch. She knew the three deadliest poisons and half-a-dozen adequate ones if Fred's lab should be limited in its offerings. She looked along the shelves, reading each label. There was one—nux vomica, a horrible name but a most potent poison. As she stretched out her hand for it she saw another. She had read about this one, too, and it had a more agreeable name—aconitine. This was the bitter-tasting one, she recollected, and a very little sufficed, very little indeed. She drew from her pocket a tiny perfume bottle which she had fitted with a strong cork. It was no easy matter to pour from the larger bottle into the little one without spilling some of the liquid, but her hands were steady and she poured carefully. She was thankful that Jimmy did not call out and that the telephone did not ring while she handled this delicate operation. She cleaned the side of the larger bottle with her handkerchief, and after checking to be sure the bottom was dry, she returned it to its place on the shelf. She washed out the sink, using the same handkerchief to dry the porcelain so that it would not look as if it had been used. The place looked exactly the same and only the most negligible reduction had been made in the aconitine bottle. She locked the door and returned the key to the kitchen. The kitchen clock informed her that the entire process had taken six minutes.

JIMMY had torn one paper dart into tiny pieces and was starting on a second. He grinned at her and went on tearing. She went to the bathroom and flushed the handkerchief down the toilet. Then she put the little perfume bottle in her handbag and went into the living room again.

She was pleased with the way she played so gaily with Jimmy, so that he gave Charlotte the impression when she came home that the nice lady had played with him all the afternoon.

"You didn't have to play with him, but it was sweet of you," said Charlotte, and Catharine, keeping her triumph secret, smiled and said she had enjoyed it.

She walked home excitedly. Now she must think of a place to hide the poison, a cunning place that nobody else would ever think of. She hit upon a place before she reached Collins Street, and it seemed to her that her brain was whirling along at a keyed-up speed, and yet she was in full control. It was an exhilarating feeling. She had always liked to have a secret all to herself.

SAM was not in, so she went straight to the closet where behind everything else were kept the dreary pictures that Sam had insisted on taking down. When she was thinking of little tiny spaces big enough to hold the deadly perfume bottle, she remembered that in the dry heat of the apartment the corner of the paper back in one picture was coming unstuck. She now opened the flap. She tore out a piece of the newspaper stuffing, wrapped part of it around the bottle and slipped the bottle into the picture frame. Then, with a touch of Sam's paste, she stuck the paper back firmly down and replaced the picture at the back of the closet.

The elaborateness pleased her more than anything else, and she began to think of her project as something in a highly intricate pattern. She must, like any artist, see each tiny detail and forget nothing, but she must see it whole, too, and never let a trivial piece of decoration draw her from the main purpose. She knew instinctively that after today's activity there would be a lull. One did not rush things.

She scrubbed her hands before she started to prepare the supper, and when Sam came home he commented on the brightness of her eyes.

"I played all afternoon with Jimmy Garrity," she said.

Jenny needed friends now. When Roger was alive she had been willing to wait until his coming home, and because she thought always of their life together in Creston beginning with his coming home, she had intentionally kept herself free of entanglements. It was going to be so much more fun for Roger if her social life were not fully organized by the time he came. And now she was left with no real friends at all. She had received many notes of sympathy from Mrs. Cornish's friends, but they were worded cautiously and aloofly and she knew that their writers would be embarrassed if she flung her arms around them or cried on their davenport cushions.

Jaroslav Konopka had written her a brief and friendly note and she felt sure that he would be glad to see her. They had something in common. They were both foreigners, both new to Creston, and they both liked to sing and play the piano. Feeling that this, together with personal thanks for his note,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Windflower and Boulder

By Ethel Romig Fuller

O my beloved, in the shifting silt
  Of once dear certitudes, you are
    a rock,
A steadfast verity, whereon I've
    built
  The windflower structure of a
    life. I mock
Both man's and elements'
    inclemency
  Because you bear their brunt, and
    still you stand
Impervious in your integrity. . . .
  What if, instead, I'd put my faith
    in sand?

Too, as the fragile wildling, where
    it's creviced,
  Must drink stone-hoarded rain
    for blossoming,
My fissured roots tap love from
    spring to spring—
  In you; all joy, all song, all
    beauty, chaliced—
So I, in April, petaled at your
    shoulder,
Am life-sustained, a windflower on
    a boulder.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

Lily-the perfect Easter flower!
Beau Brummell -
the perfect tie!

Pace the Easter style parade! Radiate the confident, well-dressed air inspired by a Beau Brummell Tie. Hundreds of brilliant designs in striking new spring colors...fabrics that are distinctively luxurious. New Beau Brummell Ties for spring are now featured at better men's shops and department stores. Up to $7.50.

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BEAU BRUMMELL
Ties the best

Beau Brummell Ties

AS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES GO SO GOES THE FASHION

made a good-enough excuse to visit him, she started out, leaving Roger with Ellen.

"Where are you going, dear?" called Mrs. Cornish from her writing desk.

"Just for a breath of air," answered Jenny, feeling a little ashamed but all the same not wanting to tell. Jenny had a shrewd notion that she would disapprove of this visit to Konopka.

Konopka seemed genuinely pleased to see her and at once she felt that she had come to the right person. Konopka's Creston background was even slighter than her own, and although his work at the university brought him into closer contact with more people, his reactions were still fresh and there were people she knew about that he had never heard of.

They talked of Creston for a while and of Creston people, and Jenny mentioned Sam Forester. Konopka spoke eagerly of him and Jenny was delighted that they knew each other. Then, like a sudden shadow, the thought of Catharine came to her. *Even here,* she mused, *the woman haunts me.* It was silly of her to mind because Catharine, being Sam's wife, must have met Konopka, but she had to admit to herself that she did.

"You have met Mrs. Forester, I suppose?" she asked, certain that he would say, "Oh yes," and perhaps he would add how pretty she was, or at least she would see him thinking it.

"No. I have not met her," he answered, looking at her a little more intently than was really necessary. She wondered about that look, but she quickly forgot the wonder in the pleasure she felt that here was a house in which Catharine had extended none of her influence.

He started for the kitchen to put the kettle on the stove for tea.

"Where's Mrs. Walsh?" Jenny asked.

"She goes to her brother's on Wednesdays. It's her day off."

"I shouldn't have called today."

"I'm glad you did," Konopka told her. "Don't bother about tea, then."

"I think it will be very nice, just the two of us."

He said it in such a natural, friendly way that she, too, felt that it was pleasant. Mrs. Walsh gave tea a formal air, wheeling it through the archway on a mahogany wagon with large smooth wheels. Konopka merely carried it in on a tray and set it between them on a low table.

THE loveliness of the room, the comfort of the hot tea, and Konopka listening gravely to everything she said loosened Jenny's tongue. She said nothing about Catharine, but she found herself talking a great deal about Roger and finding an immense relief in doing so to a sympathetic listener who had never known him. Konopka did not seem in the least uncomfortable or embarrassed when she told him how deeply she had loved Roger and how she missed him now. Everything she said he seemed to understand, and although he spoke little, what he said was sensitive and right.

Then she told him of her difficulties with Mrs. Cornish, of how at first she had resented her and criticized her, of how they had suddenly come closer at the time of the concert, and of how after that Mrs. Cornish had become more and more possessive, as if she feared that Jenny would leave her and take little Roger with her.

"Are you thinking of leaving her?" asked Konopka.

"No."

"You're not going home to Wales, then?" he asked.

Jenny smiled and shook her head.

"But I thought you were so homesick," said Konopka.

"I am getting over it as time goes on."

"I would have expected it to be worse now than before."

"It comes over me now and then until I can hardly bear it, but if I do something it goes off again."

Konopka smiled. "Why don't you go home for a holiday? Take Roger with you and let Mrs. Cornish get used to being alone again."

Jenny hesitated and then, unable to hold it in any longer, she burst out, "I can't go home. They'd be ashamed to have me."

Konopka opened his eyes the merest shade wider, but he said nothing.

JENNY went on quickly, to be sure of beating caution. "Nobody in Creston knows anything about it, and it's right that they shouldn't, but you don't belong here. Do you mind if I tell you everything?"

"If it makes you feel better, tell me."

"You'll think badly of me," she warned, but Konopka shook his head with a smile. "It seems so funny here," she said. "Everyone looking at me as if I was something Roger Cornish had picked up, nice enough but a bit of a mistake just the same. At home, you see, it was Roger who was the mistake."

"I can see how that might be," said Konopka.

Jenny was delighted with his sympathy and understanding. Somehow he made everything seem more dignified than it was. And he had said, "Anything I did not want known," taking it as a personal responsibility instead of a tiresome duty which had been imposed on him against his will.

They spoke of other things and then Jenny rose to go.

"When will you come again?" asked Konopka.

"I'd like to. May I?"

"Why not next Wednesday? That is Mrs. Walsh's day off."

"It's nice, isn't it, without her?"

She smiled at him and went. On her way back along Walnut Street she wondered whether Konopka had guessed that Mrs. Cornish did not know of this visit. Was that why he had suggested next Wednesday, to make it easier for her? It would be just like him. Roger would have liked Konopka.

But by Wednesday, there was a fog so thick in Creston that it disrupted the traffic, and everyone was talking about how in some places you could hardly see ten yards ahead. Students came late to classes and blamed the fog, and lights were on in houses and stores and offices from early morning through the whole day. The phenomenon carried a little extra bustle and laughter and excitement with it until an occasional reminder of the dangers of fog came with the clanging of the ambulance bell along Main Street.

Jenny realized by noon that she would have to forgo the afternoon visit to which she had looked forward all week.

It would have to be next week, she decided. For a little while after lunch she stared gloomily out the window at the fog, but the firelight swirled in the windowpanes and she was too exuberant to be disappointed for long. Jenny would have liked to phone Konopka, but the only telephone was in the hallway and Mrs. Cornish was too near and too unoccupied. He would understand, she assured herself, and she was so certain that he had guessed her secretiveness in the Cornish house that the thought of his telephoning her never occurred to her.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Cornish decided to change for dinner, and at last Jenny had her chance to telephone. Jenny called Konopka's number and waited. There was the rhythmic, impersonal on-and-off-ness of the buzzer and nothing else. Even the operator was too interested in something else to make the stock announcement that she is sorry but no one answers. Jenny put the receiver down quietly and went back

(Continued on Page 158)

A small girl owned a canary, and when it died she insisted on a proper funeral. Her father therefore dug a hole in the garden and, comfortably packed in a cigar box, Timmy's body was reverently interred. Then, as Mary returned up the garden path, hand in hand with her father, she said, "Daddy, wouldn't you like to see St. Peter's face when he thinks he's got a box of cigars and finds it's only Timmy?"

—The Methodist Recorder.

Since Nassau...It's "We, Us & Co."

I was breakfasting alone my very first morning and you asked if you might join me. You weren't very talkative, darling. "*My heart was doing the talking*" you say. "*It said look at these feminine, soft little hands.*" How smart I was to have Jergens Lotion with me! . . . The most attractive women care for their hands with Jergens Lotion.

Sailing – one heavenly day. "*For an Old Salt, sweetheart*" you whisper, "*you have the softest hands.*"...Jergens-cared-for hands feel even smoother and softer now. Because Jergens Lotion is more effective than ever—a result of wartime research.

Dinner-dance Wednesdays at the Royal Victoria—a girl can't go without a man. "*I'll be your man, sweet,*" you said, "*tonight—and always, if you'll always have such holdable hands.*" Of course I will, darling. We'll have Jergens Lotion in our house. . . .Your hands are protected even longer by this finer-than-ever Jergens. Two ingredients many doctors use for lovely skin-smoothing effect are part of its service to you.

The most delightful women prefer Jergens Lotion hand care.
Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.
Young Marrieds vote nearly 4 to 1 for Jergens.
Models in New York prefer Jergens Lotion nearly 5 to 1.

You, too? Feel even surer, now, of dear-to-hold hands. Use Jergens Lotion—now more effective than ever. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

FREE! **YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now finer than ever.**

Mail coupon today for 9-fl. bottle.
(Please use penny postcard if you will.)
Mail to: Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
Dept. LHJ

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Sales offer good in U. S. A. only

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

I felt so "dowdy" IN MY OLD FUR COAT

Honest-to-goodness, it looked as if I'd been in a dog fight with a couple of *very* muddy dogs. The fur was matted, dull, actually *dirty*-looking. I was ashamed to be seen wearing it on the street.

UNTIL I HAD IT Hollanderized

My favorite store told me about Hollanderizing — how it treats each individual fur as a special cleaning and rejuvenating problem, using the very same methods Hollander has found best for the original pelts. My coat came back looking for all the world like new again — *even the lining was shimmeringly lovely.*

ASK to have your furs or fur-trimmed cloth coats Hollanderized when you bring them to your furrier, department store or specialty shop for storage.

Cleaning is not enough!
Your furs need

Hollanderizing

Unless you see this tag sealed to your coat, it has NOT been Hollanderized

(Continued from Page 156)

into the living room. Doctor Konopka must have guessed that she had no chance to leave the house.

Sam came home from his Tuesday classes coughing and sneezing and looking miserable. Catharine made him a hot lemon drink and put a couple of aspirins in it. But by morning he had not thrown off the cold, and telephoned the university that he would not be teaching any classes today but would certainly be back tomorrow. Then he settled down in the living room, dressed in a pair of old pants, a thick blue sweater, bedroom slippers and a woolen bathrobe.

A flickering excitement had possessed Catharine all morning, but for an hour or two she was too busy with Sam to understand the gradual shaping of her plan, as if it were something apart from herself over which she exerted only a partial control. The fog that clutched at the windows isolated them, wrapped them around mysteriously and separately and made a tiny world of the fog-colored apartment, a world into which no one else could see. All over Creston the fog hung today, making separate little tiny worlds of every house, hiding, smoothing, cloaking in mystery.

Then she knew that the day had come, the day for which she had been waiting. It was easy and she was well prepared. She had thought out every step of it from the beginning to the end a dozen times, but now her thinking was clear and hard, and she knew what she had instinctively been waiting for. It was fog. It was concealment.

Toward the middle of the afternoon Sam felt sleepy.

"You had a bad night," she said. "Why don't you go to bed and take a nap? You'll feel a lot better for it."

Sam obeyed without protest.

Sam went to the bathroom and it took Catharine only a minute to take the little bottle out of the picture frame. Within half an hour Sam was asleep and Catharine put on her hat and coat and went out into the fog.

It was exciting. She could hardly see across the street and people coming toward her looked large and unreal. She bought six lemons at Schirer's, took a bus across the bridge into town, transferred into a crowded bus going west and was thankful for the crowd. She had to stand near the front of the bus between two men, and if there had been anyone on the bus who knew her they would scarcely have had an opportunit of glimpsing her.

She walked across the north bridge an turned east along Pine Street. Two blocks t the south was Mrs. Cornish's house, an Catharine wondered what Mrs. Cornish wa doing now. Having an early tea perhap And Jenny! Something made her try not t think of Jenny.

Once she had turned into Pine Street sh did not meet anyone. A man had stepped o the bus behind her and had crossed and gon west along Pine, but this section of a doze blocks, the most elegant section of the Tri angle, was silent, remote and lifeless. Th trees dripped and once or twice she half felt half heard a plop of water on her hat. As she neared the end of Pine Street the humiliation of her last visit to Konopka surged into he consciousness and she grew warm and angry with the thought.

Even now she might fail. He might not be at home, or someone might be visiting him and she would have to rely on her quick invention. Without a glance to left or right she walked up the driveway and rang the bell. She hardly had to wait at all.

Konopka came to the door eagerly, and after the merest fraction of the surprised pause, "How do you do? Come in!" he said.

"Only for a little while," Catharine told him.

He shut the door and she listened to hear if there were voices in the living room. She heard none. But there still might be one person there to spoil her plan.

"Isn't it gloomy today?" said Konopka. "Do you often have this kind of weather?"

"No," said Catharine, "it's unusual." She saw to her satisfaction that there was no one in the living room. "I've come to apologize, Doctor Konopka, for my last visit to you."

Doctor Konopka looked relieved. "Put it out of your mind," he said.

"It was silly and hysterical of me. One should always keep perfect control."

"There are times when it feels good to blow off a little steam," he said with a smile.

Catharine let the statement alone. She must do it and do it quickly. She must do it and get back to Sam. "It's quiet here this afternoon," she observed. "Is your housekeeper away?"

"Mrs. Walsh? Yes, she has Wednesdays off. I thought all Creston knew that. She goes to visit her brother." Konopka glanced toward the window, a glance that might have

(Continued on Page 160)

"We decided he should have complete freedom in choosing his own career."

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage Still Acute
Crowds Queue Up... Millions Try Different Brands...Smoke Whatever They Can Get.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Result: *Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.*

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

Their "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—tested more different brands than they'd normally try in a lifetime.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—*the brand named most was Camel!*

It beats the Band

how grand it is to walk

the RHYTHM STEP way

in spanking-new

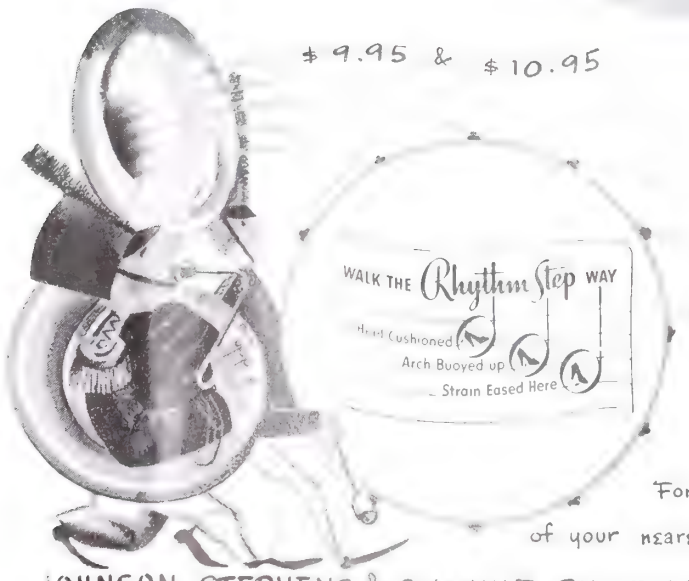
Brown & Whites

with Invisible Rhythm Treads

to make YOU

the Big Attraction!

$9.95 & $10.95



For the name of your nearest store, write

JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., St. Louis

(Continued from Page 158)

been self-consciously illustrative of his statement, but Catharine had to make sure.

"You aren't expecting anyone, are you?" she asked.

"No one at all," he answered briskly.

"Will you tell me one thing, Doctor Konopka? You didn't tell anyone that I came to see you that other time, did you?"

"I promised you, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"I keep my promises."

Catharine felt like a berated schoolgirl. She could see now that she had a sharp and determined rival.

"It's silly of me to be so fussy," she apologized. "But I'm rather sensitive. I wouldn't want my husband to know."

"Naturally."

"I acted on a foolish impulse."

Konopka raised his eyebrows a little and there was a half-smile on his face. His head was a little on one side. "I don't think it was exactly that," he said.

"How do you know?"

Konopka's gaze was penetrating, but Catharine looked back at him steadily. "You are not the sort of woman who acts upon a foolish impulse."

"No?"

"No! You are like me. You are not easily thrust aside when you are after something you want."

For a moment Catharine thought that he had guessed her purpose. Perhaps her hatred showed too clearly in her face.

"The only trouble was that we were after the same thing," said Konopka lightly, and Catharine knew that he had not guessed.

SHE thought rapidly how it must be managed. She had refused whisky, but he had made no attempt to offer her anything else, something for which he would have to go into the kitchen. He had played into her hands by telling her his favorite drink. Over his shoulder she could see the cabinet, its edges gleaming in the firelight. But he sat perfectly still as if he expected her to make her excuses and go. It flashed into her mind that there was a chance in this for her to put her determination from her, to run into safety.

She pressed her free hand against her body and thought of Sam at home, deep asleep in the dimness of the horrid little apartment. If she did not do it now she would never forgive herself.

"Doctor Konopka, I understand you've been sketching down by the railroad tracks."

"Yes, it amuses me."

"I'm not a connoisseur, but I've always been interested in drawing and painting, and having a husband who ——"

Konopka rose. "Would you like to see a few of them?"

Catharine's heart suddenly began beating loudly. "Is it convenient? I'd be very interested."

"They're in the study upstairs. I use it as a studio."

This was the moment. She looked at him with an expression that bore a slight smile, half teasing, half reproving. She could see that its implication was understood.

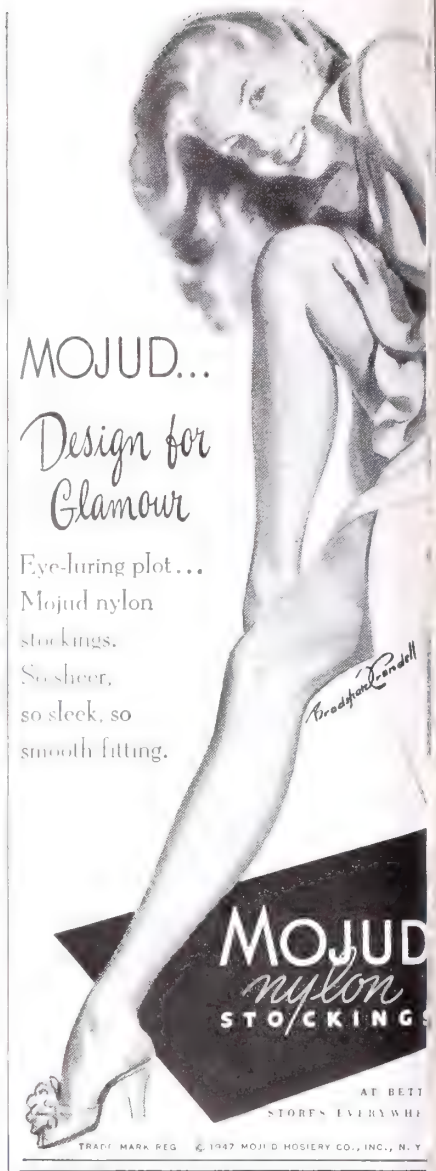
"Excuse me," he said. "I'll bring them."

She watched him go out into the hall, turn the light on for the upper landing, and she gave him three seconds once he was out of sight. Then, swiftly, but with the minutest precision, as if she had rehearsed it to the ticking of a clock, she rose, opened her bag, took out the little bottle and put her bag down. Then she went straight to the cabinet. It was gin he had said. Gin and tonic. She unscrewed the top of the bottle, uncorked the aconitine and poured it into the gin. It was colorless and made no change in the appearance of the gin. She was back in her place a full minute before Konopka returned with a handful of sketches.

"I think I'll change my mind and have a drink," she said. "Then you can have your favorite."

"That's really noble of you," he said, handing her the sketches.

"Just whisky and a little soda," she directed.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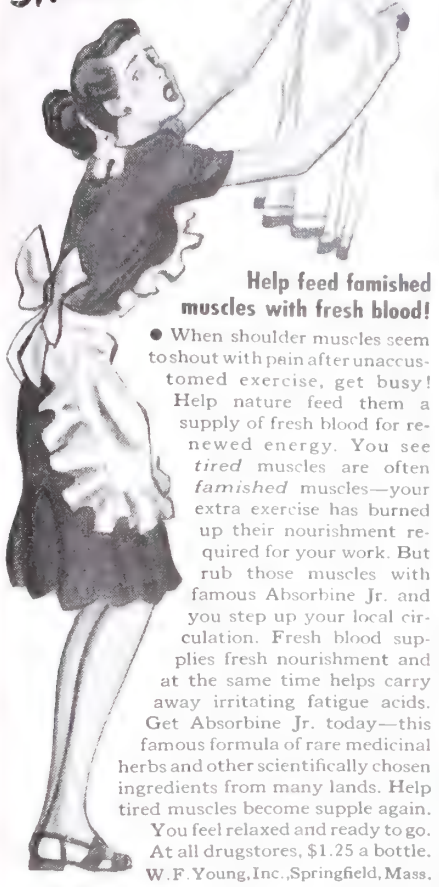
Oh! my aching shoulder!



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She could feel the pulse at her throat hammering as she looked over the sketches and watched him pour her drink first and set it aside while he made his own.

She was dizzy with the triumph and terror of that moment. There could be no turning back now. The first step had been so long ago it seemed years, and all her plans had been laid for this one instant. She knew that the hard part was to come and that everything beyond this moment would be utterly and agonizingly different from all that had gone before.

Konopka came toward her and handed her a glass. She took it and watched him closely. With a smile he raised his glass and drank. Immediately she put her own glass down on the little table in front of her, and what she saw then filled her with horror.

Konopka dropped the glass and it bounced on the carpet and spilled its contents but did not break. His face was contorted and both hands grasped his throat. She caught one glance from his eyes at her and she quickly averted her own. He was trying to speak. She put her hands over her face and let her breath come and go so that it made choking noises in her throat. She hardly knew which sounds were hers and which were his. She crouched against the back of the love seat and she dared not look again until the convulsive thumping noise was over and she sensed rather than heard that the sounds that continued came from herself alone. She silenced them, waited a moment, and then looked. The creature she had destroyed was twenty feet away from her, and he lay twisted and noiseless and fearfully still.

> Infinite power might as easily blow this whole earth up and dissipate every part of it into the first atoms, from which it may be supposed to have been made, as He could, by the power of His word, form this beautiful figure from the unshaped chaos: but this, we say, is out of the present question.
>
> —DANIEL DEFOE The Destruction of the Isle of St. Vincent.

She stared at what she had done, then the thought of what she had to do galvanized her into action. Feverishly she threw the sketches on the fire. With her gloved hands she smoothed out the cushion of the love seat she had sat in. She looked at the glass of whisky and soda and decided to leave it alone. Then she picked up her purse, looked inside to see if she had the little bottle there, took up the brown-paper bag, and without another glance at Konopka's body, she stepped around the wet patch on the carpet and went out into the hallway.

She opened the door and faced it as she closed it quietly. Then she turned to walk down the driveway. She stood stock-still with fear when she saw a car drawn up at the curb and between it and her was a man, a tall thin man wearing a raincoat and coming toward her. She was caught. She heard the car chugging quietly and she could see its front door hanging open.

The man stopped a yard or two from her and it was a second or two before he spoke. What would he do? What would he say? How could she prevent him from going into the house and seeing that horrible thing on the great luxurious carpet?

"Excuse me," said the man, "I'm completely lost. I was coming into Creston from the west and this seems to be a dead end."

He stuttered on "seems" and "dead" but he did not want to enter the house. He was lost. He was a total stranger. The relief was so great she nearly burst into tears.

"I'll show you the way," she said. "I was going to take the bus."

The man did not even know what part of Creston he was in.

As she climbed into the car Catharine was afraid that he would see, not her fear, but her excitement. They drove west along Pine Street, and although he drove slowly because of the fog it seemed to Catharine that he sped.

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She thanked him for the ride at the corner of Collins Street and he thanked her for directing him. Halfway to Foxy's she opened her bag without stopping, took out the little perfume bottle and threw it into a clump of bushes. Then she let herself in quietly and listened at the bedroom door. How safe and remote it seemed here! She wondered if Sam had been asleep all the time. She thought once again of Konopka and then forced the thought out of her mind. For a few days, weeks even, that recollection would haunt her, but it would fade with time. At first it would be hard, but she had already done two hard things. She hung up her coat and left her hat on the bamboo table with the bag of lemons. Then she went to the bathroom and scrubbed her hands.

Sam awoke and called her. "How long did I sleep?" he asked.

She could see at a glance that he had not wakened before. "Most of the afternoon," she answered.

"You must have been very quiet," he said.

"Not the way you sleep," she mocked. "I went out and got the lemons for you."

Sam sat up and scratched his head. "I think I feel better," he announced. "I'll be all right tomorrow"; and then he added, "How's the fog?"

"Still there," said Catharine.

It was a strange evening and it seemed endless. Sam did not want to go to bed early because he had slept so long in the afternoon. After the rush and terror of the hour and a half there was a ghastly peace in the apartment, and Catharine told herself that this was the hardest part of all. Once the hue and cry was raised there would be the distraction and wonder, horror and excitement for those around her, and for her the fearful joy of cunning and deception.

She took out her week's mending and marveled at the steadiness of her hands. It might never have happened at all, the quiet way they were sitting there. Her alibi was almost perfect and her behavior exemplary. Sam was honest and easily deceived, and if he believed that she went no farther than Schirer's grocery store, it would help her to believe it too. Besides, when people like Sam gave testimony, everyone believed them. She had been lucky, wonderfully lucky. If that man with the car had been a visitor She shuddered, not daring to think what would have happened.

Sam, concentrating on his book, did not even look up at her when she moved. In the distance over the Tenth Street crossing, she could hear the slow and melancholy bell of the eastbound train. Catharine glanced at the clock. It was five past ten. The tram was over an hour late.

She thought of Mrs. Walsh sitting on the dark green plush of the coach seat, glancing idly at the familiar lights of Creston. In less than half an hour she would be walking along Pine Street, anticipating a little chat with Doctor Konopka about the thickness of the fog in Harlan Center and the lateness of the tram. Then she would walk up the driveway and turn along the path to the front door. Did she have a key or did she ring the bell? Or did she perhaps use the back door? At all events there would be the discovery, the shriek or the calling out of his name, a running to the door to cry for help or a breathless, uncontrolled telephone call. Then Creston would know.

THERE would be the difficult moment of the dreadful news impinging on the little apartment at Foxy's, and after that it would grow steadily easier. She had left no trail and the fog had enveloped her actions with secrecy. Even the horrors of the death convulsion were wrapped in a vague sense of remoteness, as if they were news of a distant battle in which thousands had been killed.

> In most affairs the successful man is the one who has the happy faculty of deciding right three out of every five questions, and of not letting the other two keep him awake even if he has decided them wrong. The insistence that all questions must be decided right only defeats, as a rule, its own end. For the persistent fusser over trifles I recommend the inelegant but forceful maxim: "This rag is not worth chewing."
>
> —From Peg Along, by George L. Walton. Copyright 1915, 1943, by Alice Walton. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company).

Catharine went to bed in the same mechanical way, brushing her teeth, wriggling her toes when she got them out of her shoes, doing the usual dull, insignificant things, just as if she had spent all the afternoon reading a book in the living room. She said a poem to herself to help her lose consciousness quickly. She was confident that she would sleep soundly and have no dreams.

CATHARINE awoke to find sunlight on her face. Had there been a fog? The memory of yesterday rushed to her mind before she opened her eyes, but when she opened them and found that the light on her lids was real sunlight, she wondered whether she had dreamed the fog, the killing and the long slow evening. And yet she clearly remembered going to bed and saying to herself over and over, *I shall sleep soundly. I shall have no dreams*, and then the poem about gathering rosebuds. But the moment had come to begin living the day ahead. If only by shutting her eyes again she could sink back into unconsciousness! With a quick, determined movement, she slid out of bed and sat for a moment on the edge of it, peering out at the sun itself shining clearly in the eastern sky.

It was a good beginning. The phenomenon of the fog and its sudden disappearance set a mark to yesterday's dark activities. A trace of the fog today would have depressed her, but the brilliant sunshine made this day belong to another life altogether.

She dressed quickly and quietly. She wanted a few minutes to herself before Sam awoke. She set the coffee percolator on the stove and put a cloth on the small table by the living-room window. Just another working day with Sam off to a ten-o'clock class!

Sam heard the preparations for breakfast and walked sleepily to the bathroom.

When the shower was turned off Catharine called out, "How's your cold?"

"It's better. The lemon fixed it."

Catharine thought briefly of the journey the lemons had taken yesterday and of the other draught she had mixed for Sam's sake.

They sat down to breakfast in the ordinary way and Catharine decided that Sam would hear the news when he reached the university. By then she might have heard it too. She might even pretend she had heard it and she could call him up and ask if it were true, this dreadful rumor that was going about the neighborhood. Then she suddenly thought how foolish that would be. Suppose Mrs. Walsh had been delayed. Suppose she had not been on last night's train at all. What a stupid, fatal thing it would be if she called Sam up and told him about the rumor, just because she wanted to ease into the uncomfortable subject over the telephone! She could wait and simulate shock and surprise over the telephone, but it would be easier if she knew by the time he called her, and it would help if she had some idea how people were taking it. Why not go down to Schirer's grocery store as soon as Sam had gone? The Schirers would be sure to have heard, if anyone in Creston knew. The radio was always on in the little living room behind the store, belching soap operas, concerts, talks and news broadcasts with impartial hollowness. Her going there and perhaps making some remark about Sam's cold being better would remind them that she had just run out for a few minutes yesterday afternoon in the thick of the fog.

When the doorbell rang, Catharine jumped. It was with exaggerated calm that she went to the door, neither hurrying nervously nor hanging back timidly. She felt that she was doing rather well.

"Hello, darling!" said Charlotte. "Isn't it terrible! Did you hear?"

(Continued on Page 165)

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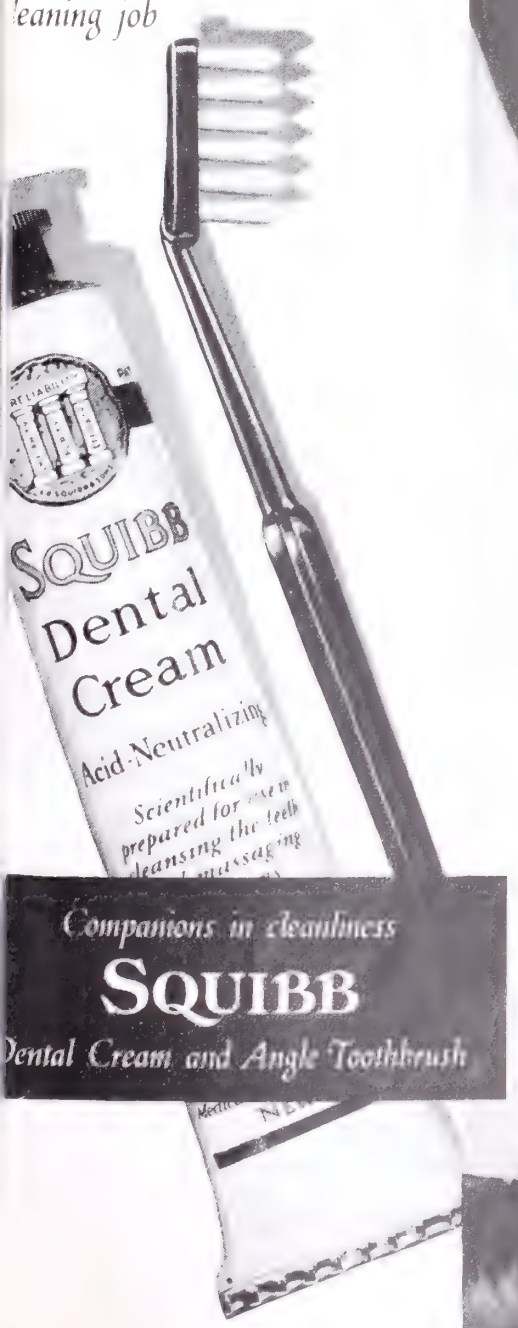

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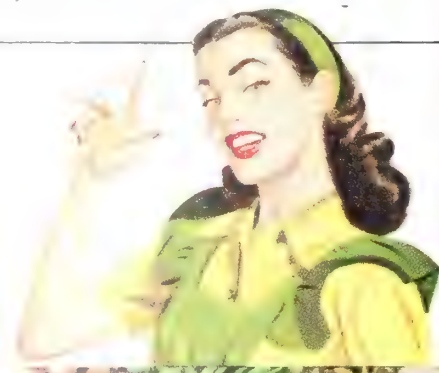

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(Continued from Page 162)

id we hear what?" asked Catharine.
ou haven't heard a thing about it?" ex-ed Charlotte joyfully. "Where's Sam? up? I must tell you two together."
e's having his breakfast," said Catha-

arlotte walked into the living room and up a position in the center, facing the She was tremendously excited, and Sam saw immediately that she was the r of important news.
/hat is it?" he asked. "Don't keep us in nse."
onopka," said Charlotte. "Found dead axwell's house last night."
lo!" cried Catharine, but Sam said ng. He was looking at Charlotte and ce was a perfect blank, showing neither ishment nor concern. Catharine won- whether her own reaction was too , but Sam and Charlotte were too con- d to notice it.
t was on the eleven-o'clock news," lotte went on. "His housekeeper found Poison, they said. Suicide or mur-

Ve didn't listen to the news last night," arine explained. "Sam was reading and de him a hot drink for his cold and we in bed before eleven."
he town's buzzing with rumors," said lotte. "People say there was a car ing along Oak Street and that it turned ycamore and around Pine and Cypress at the people in ast block on Oak t twice."
low could they see r in yesterday's ' asked Catharine.
guess they'd e a car yesterday," Sam. "There prob- weren't so many nd."
But the fog was so ," Catharine said. ely they couldn't clearly."
He was threatened ne East before he e out here," Char- put in. "It looks dirty business."
t couldn't be sui-
He was such a cheerful guy," said Sam. Around four o'clock they said about the ' said Charlotte.
Only the day before yesterday at lunch- I saw him," said Sam. "I was blowing nose and he grinned and said, 'Take care nat cold now.' He was perfectly well and by and unsuspecting!"
I called Peg Anderson," Charlotte went "You know, she lives on the corner of and Cypress. She saw the car and she she noticed it specially."
I don't suppose the car even stopped," Sam. "That going around twice is the keep-moving trick."
It did stop," said Charlotte, and Catha- pulled the napkin that lay in her lap and eezed it tight.
How do you know?" asked Sam.
Peg Anderson had been calling the Pat- and Eva Patten's little girl says she saw oman come out of the house."

THARINE'S tongue suddenly seemed to tract in her mouth and she could not have ken if they had turned to her and asked a simple question. She clenched her ds tight and endured.
Eva tried to argue her out of it, but oline insisted. She was looking out the dow at the fog and she saw a woman come of the Maxwells', and she and a man got the car and drove away."
The child saw all that in yesterday's ?" Sam sounded incredulous, wonder- y and comfortingly incredulous. Catha- forced saliva from her jaws and mois- ed her tongue and her teeth. Sam turned n Charlotte and looked at her. "You ld hardly see across the street, could ?" he asked.
'Were you out in it?" asked Charlotte.

"I just went to the grocery for lemons," said Catharine. "It was very thick around here."

"Maybe it wasn't as thick in the Triangle," suggested Charlotte. "Peg said Eva said Caroline didn't sound as if she were imagining things."

"So what!"

"Doesn't it make it all twice as exciting? A strange woman coming out of the house and stepping into a car all ready and waiting for her? They were experienced killers. That's what!"

"Charlotte, you've been steeping yourself in crime stories from the library. It's written all over you. Garrity the amateur sleuth!"

"You can laugh," returned Charlotte good-naturedly. "But I wouldn't let an art historian do my detection for me."

"It's not much in my line, I admit," said Sam; and then added in a different tone, "Poor fellow!"

"But this case ought to interest you," she said with a knowing smile. "It's an ill wind ——"

Catharine knew in an instant what she meant, and it was something that would be sure to occur to many people in Creston. The patness of it! There lay the almost incredible boldness of the whole scheme.

"What do you mean?" demanded Sam.

"Now don't tell me you haven't thought of it!" mocked Charlotte.

"Charlotte, what are you getting at?"

Charlotte's expression turned to one of admiring surprise. "I guess you haven't, at that," she said. "Well, the first thing I thought of when I saw the paper was here's the job that was to have been Sam Forester's going right back to where it belongs—to Sam."

Sam's face hardly changed, but Catharine could see that Charlotte's words had struck him like a blow between the eyes. Even Charlotte sensed something of the enormity of her levity.

"What's the harm?" she said, trying to sound undismayed. "It's natural. It's nothing to be ashamed of." Embarrassed by her own protesting, she turned on Catharine. "I'll bet Catharine thought of it," she said with a touch of defiance.

"Catharine never saw him," said Sam, and his voice sounded as if he had been hurt. "I didn't think of him as the fellow who got my job. I'll never have the background he had. I liked him too."

Catharine felt nearer to an outburst of tears then than at any time since she heard of Roger's death, and the tears, if they had come, would have been for envy of Sam's unenvious nature. He was naturally good, just as she was naturally evil.

Charlotte made a recovery from her embarrassment. "Even so," she said, "now he's dead you can't help wondering what Smithton will do about the job. And I don't think it's indecent, either. Just practical!"

But neither Sam nor Catharine answered her. Catharine sat perfectly still. Surely it would soon be time for Sam to say he had to go. She had endured this much and now she wanted to be by herself again. The thought of having Charlotte in the apartment half the morning was unendurable. Catharine wished she would go. There she was talking again.

"I know what's bothering you," she was saying. "You're afraid of what people will say. If you seem to be too sorry about it they'll say you're putting it on, and if you're not sorry enough, they'll say you're glad it happened. You know how small-town people love to talk."

"We have a rough idea," said Sam, but Charlotte missed the prod and went on:

"But you'll come through it all right. You two are so dignified. You can carry off a

---

A man and his wife used to have an occasional friendly fight. One night after an unusually warm session the man was sitting on one side of the fire and the good wife on the other. Between them lay the cat and the dog, lazily blinking at the fire. After a while the wife ventured to remark:

"Now, dear, just you look at that cat and dog. See how quietly and peacefully they get along together—why can't we do that?"

"That is all right," said the man, "but you just tie them together and see what will happen!"

—L. O. DAWSON

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situation like that. I couldn't. Fred and I have no dignity. Only this morning, just after I'd been talking to Peg, we got into a terrific argument as to whether a murder on the campus boosts the student registration or cuts it down. What do you think?"

"I think you should go home and do your morning's work," said Sam, getting up from the table.

"Talking of work, did I tell you that Elsie is leaving me?"

"No."

"She wasn't as sick as she gave herself out to be. I met her down in the market—then she told me she was leaving me. So you drop in on me for a change. I shan't be getting out of the house for a day or two. Fred's taking the noon train to Chicago. The pharmacologists are having a convention and all that stuff is right up Fred's alley. What he really wants is to get away from me and Jimmy."

Catharine did not know how they got rid of Charlotte, but after minutes that seemed like hours she was saying good-by and going down the steps into Collins Street, her nose tilted upward in the sunshine.

Sam was almost ready to go to his ten-o'clock class. When he had a minute or two to spare he usually helped her a little, and now he piled the breakfast dishes on a tray and started to carry them to the kitchen.

"Catharine," he said, picking up her crumpled napkin, "your napkin's all wet."

"I spilled some water on it."

Sam went out into the kitchen. Catharine steadied herself against the archway and wiped her hands on her skirt.

The news reached Jenny and Mrs. Cornish a little before noon. Mrs. Cornish shook her head, murmured something about Europe and presently left Jenny to herself. It was a horrible shock to Jenny, made more horrible by the memory of the telephone call she had made. The mere fact of calling the house when Konopka must have been lying dead in it made the whole thing seem terribly close to her. She shuddered.

She blamed herself for telling Konopka so much of her troubles last week and giving him no time to tell her his. Perhaps if he had talked he would have given her information enough to put the police on the right track. Then she would not care about Mrs. Cornish. She would go and tell them immediately. But now, with nothing to offer, the temptation to remain silent was too strong. Her only connection with the man was through the concert and the rehearsals necessary for it. She had visited him once since the concert, and there was nothing remarkable in that. The only risk was the faint possibility that Konopka had written down in some diary or notebook the Wednesday call or the following Wednesday's invitation, or both. It was so slight a risk that Jenny resolved to take it and remain silent.

For a day or two she experienced a flutter of agitation each time she opened the newspaper or heard someone discussing the murder, but no one seemed to have discovered any evidence of the invitation for tea, and no one came to the Cornish house to ask any questions. But while the thought lay uneasily in her mind, she gained an insight into the feelings of the person who had committed the murder. How horrible to have done something like that, she thought, and to be watching for the first rustle of suspicion! Better to confess immediately than suffer the slow torture of watching, bit by bit, the truth asserting itself, a jigsaw puzzle gradually taking shape, being transformed from a set of disconnected pieces into a total, meaningful picture.

All the people in Creston were excited and full of conjecture. A couple of university instructors started an argument at the Academy Club by saying that Konopka had committed suicide but had wished to give the appearance of murder. The majority thought it a clear case of murder and referred knowingly to Konopka's difficulties in Europe. Caroline Patten was regarded as somehow remarkably intelligent because she happened to be looking out the window at the time. She stuck to her story and all Creston buzzed with talk about the mystery woman, the car that cruised around the Triangle as if it had lost its way in the fog—a cunning device—and the man who had driven the woman away.

Now that a month had elapsed since the news of Roger's death, Jenny and Mrs. Cornish went visiting together more frequently, and wherever they went, someone was sure to mention the Konopka case. He was a foreigner and on that account it was easier to speak of his misfortune objectively. His life had been threatened before, so it was really not such a dreadful shock to most of them. Some even went so far as to criticize the president, the Art Department and the Board of Regents for bringing him there. It was asking for trouble, they said, and some of the very same people who had hailed his appointment most enthusiastically now said that they had felt all along that there was an element of risk in it.

During the two weeks following that foggy Wednesday, Jenny came home with Mrs. Cornish at least six or seven times, able to conceal her emotions only as far as the house. After that she would run up to her room, throw herself on her bed and cry without restraint. After crying she usually felt better, and then she would play with Roger until he had to have his supper and go to bed.

Sam and Catharine seldom mentioned the Konopka affair to each other. Sam supposed that Catharine felt even more shamefaced than he, especially when she remembered her foolish behavior at the time of the concert. So, to spare her feelings, Sam refrained from mentioning Konopka's name except when it was necessary, and to spare his own he started no discussion of his future at Creston. What Charlotte had said that Thursday morning in her poking, irritating way made sense, but it bothered him to speak of it. It was unnatural that he should feel this way with Catharine, but he supposed that her resentment of Konopka had something to do with it.

There was no lack of other things to talk about, and Catharine had plenty to say when he came home after his classes. She had always been fond of reading, but of late she was bringing home four or five books at once. She read them very quickly and then exchanged them for others. She was looking pale and tired. He suggested that she visit her parents for a few days at Henrichs. At home she would derive some benefit from the change of scene, and when she came bac refreshed, it would be only a week or tw until Christmas.

Catharine agreed at once and Sam w certain then that she needed the chan badly. A suggestion of this sort usually i volved them in a protracted argument, b this time there was none at all and Catharir agreed to go the following day.

Sam took her to the bus station. "Have good time now," he said, "and don't wor about anything."

She smiled and waved, and in a few mi utes the bus was gone.

It was the first time she had left him ove night since they had been married, and h was certainly going to miss her. He an Catharine had plenty to be thankful fo They were living peaceably in their nativ land and their life stretched before ther pleasantly like gentle countryside. Ther would be some disappointments ahead, an sorrows, too, but in compensation ther would be the quiet joys of family life an daily work. He wondered whether Konopka during the few weeks of his life in Crestor had envied him. He thought of that fogg Wednesday afternoon and marveled at th difference in their fortunes. The dimness tha brought comfort to him had brought stealth and death to Konopka. The peculiar quality of the day drifted back into his senses, an he felt once more its closed-in heaviness, th blurriness of the lights and the intens pleasure of dozing and knowing that Cath arine was close to him, moving about in th kitchen making him a hot lemon drink o sitting quietly in the living room waiting fo him to wake up. Poor Konopka!

Sam walked up the cement path and int the Arts Library Building. There was a not in his mailbox asking him to step int Doctor Smithton's office sometime during the day. He tried to tell himself that it wa about Friday's assignment for the art-appreciation course or about the three students who had been absent from the examination in Renaissance painting. But even while he busied himself collecting reasons why Doctor Smithton should want to see him he knew, just as he had known before, what Doctor Smithton was going to tell him. Three of his students passed him on the way to the office and he tried to look unconcerned as he greeted them.

Doctor Smithton was all smiles in his mild, unobtrusive way, and it seemed an

(Continued on Page 168)

"Maybe I like it. How much did it cost?"

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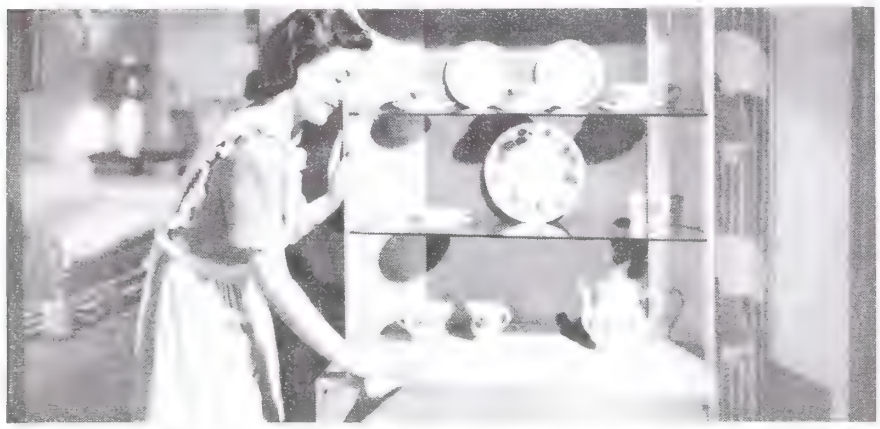
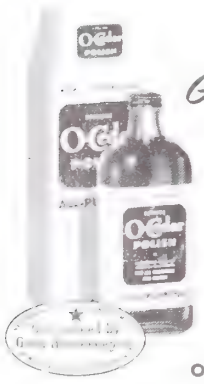
One good "feeding" polish job will outlast many quickies, experts say. Apply O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish sparingly, and let it clean, polish, and *nourish* the wood, all at once. (Many women let this rich polish "feed" into the wood for 15 minutes before polishing. It helps prevent cracking, and gives a *super* gleam!)



Dust the "dustless" way. Treat a clean, slightly damp cloth with a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish. Then dust with straight "gather-in" strokes. The O-Cedar Polish keeps dust from scattering—cleans and polishes at the same time. (Hint: Always dust *last*, after you've finished your rugs, floors, and tidy-ups.)

Prompt first aid for accidents will save a lot of work later. A quick rub with O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish will often wipe out fresh alcohol rings, water marks, minor scratches. It's one more reason why more homemakers use this all-purpose polish than any other brand. For deeper scratches, use O-Cedar Touch-up.



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O-CEDAR—"THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

(Continued from Page 166)

hour before he came to the point, though it was only a minute or two. "A dreadful thing to have happened," he said, shaking his head and wiping the smile off his face. "I suppose we might have known."

Sam murmured something about Konopka and how gratified everyone was when he first came to the campus and Doctor Smithton went on:

"After the publicity has died down we want to continue the work we had in mind for him to do. I think it would be to our advantage to go ahead quietly with our program and make no attempt to get anyone with a name. I have spoken to President Fuller and he feels as I do: that perhaps now is the logical time to advance one of our own young instructors, one who knows our methods and who can, in his own way, do just as good a job of teaching as someone from another institution."

The preamble continued for a while, then Doctor Smithton smiled and offered Sam an instructorship at $2175 a year.

Sam was conscious of grinning widely, of shaking Doctor Smithton's hand and of greeting once more the three students in the corridor who were returning from their business just as he was returning from his. They passed in the same place as before and smiled a little more broadly.

He was glad that the news would not be out until the day Catharine planned to return. He would meet her at the bus station, but would say nothing until they reached the apartment. They would celebrate. He would have a drink waiting for her and they would eat steaks at the Gateway, and come home afterward to a discussion of where they would move to, and when. And after that they would go to bed. It seemed a long time to wait, but he could help to make it pass quickly by sticking to his painting of Westover Creek.

This pleasant train of thinking bore him over the tedium of cooking his own supper and eating it by himself. After washing the dishes he decided to call Mrs. Cornish and ask whether it would be convenient if he came over for an hour or so. She seemed to welcome his offer, and a little after eight o'clock he started out in the snow, which was falling thickly now.

THEY talked in platitudes of how good it was to see each other, of how long it had been, of how busy they had been what with one thing and another, and Mrs. Cornish seated him beside her in front of the fire. Jenny sat to one side and was rather quiet.

How pretty she was in her piquant, unusual way, with the firelight shining on one side of her face and a flickering shadow on the other. It was Jenny's simplicity that made her attractive. When she was lively and excited she was like a child, but in repose there was a dignity and restfulness about her that made her seem almost ageless.

Jenny looked so calm. Sam wondered if in a year's time Catharine would look as calm. Repose gave beauty to a face, and lately there had been little repose in Catharine's face or body. He supposed that no woman looked forward to childbirth itself with eagerness and that many dreaded it. Somehow he felt that everything came more easily to Jenny than to Catharine.

They spoke of Catharine because she was not there and they all agreed that it would do her a world of good to have this brief vacation.

Sam felt pleased at having thought of it, and then, unable to keep it any longer, he swore them to secrecy and told them about the job. They congratulated him. Sam glowed under their approval and Mrs. Cornish said it was a pity he came so seldom. As soon as Catharine returned they must both come. Would they? Sam said that they would and presently he rose to go. It required an effort to leave the cozy, handsomely furnished room for the lonely little apartment on the other side of town. But he had pleasant thoughts to cheer him as he walked, and the softness and the mutedness of the roads were somehow conducive to hugging these thoughts to himself.

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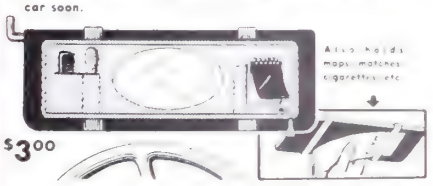

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EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.

WON'T CHIP OR CRACK

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KVP Shelf PAPER

The apartment felt very lonely without Catharine, and he took off his clothes slowly and thoughtfully. Gay curtains, plenty of room for the youngster to play, window boxes and a flower bed for Catharine, and the unflaunting vegetable plot for himself! Friends would drop in on them, and instead of the hot little apartment, there would be a cool porch where they could all drink coffee on summer evenings. Jenny would come with Mrs. Cornish and they would get to know her better. The poor girl seemed lonely and strange now. Lonely was how Sam felt now, this first night without Catharine. Jenny must feel like this every night.

The bus from Henrichs was an hour late, and when it came it splashed muddy slush from its wheels. A dozen nondescript people stepped from the bus and gathered at the rear for their suitcases. Then Catharine stepped out and came to him. He could feel the softness of her body through her black winter coat, and it made him tingle with pleasurable excitement. His voice trembled a little as he spoke the commonplaces he used as substitutes for what he wished he could say:

"Did you have a good rest? How are the folks?"

Catharine answered him with similar commonplaces, but she was smiling as he took up her suitcase with one hand and seized her arm with the other.

"Anyone from town on the bus?" he asked casually.

"Not a soul I knew," said Catharine.

He squeezed her arm and they trudged across the street. The South Side bus station

One of the good things that come of a true marriage is that there is one face in which changes come without your seeing them; or rather there is one face which you can still see the same, through all the shadows which have gathered upon it.

—G. MACDONALD: The Golden Treasury of the World's Wit and Wisdom, Edited by Norman Lockridge (Black Hawk Press).

was only four blocks from Collins Street and it was unlikely that they would meet anyone who would spoil everything by congratulating him before he had a chance to tell Catharine. Sam was nearly choking with pride and excitement as he opened the door and let her pass him in the hallway.

"Look over here!" said Sam, enjoying the elaboration of his surprise for her. Catharine looked at the gin bottle and her face darkened for a moment. "Yes, I've been extravagant," said Sam. "Scold me."

She drew her breath sharply and Sam did not quite understand why her face, smooth and rested after her holiday, was suddenly pinched and strained again. *Poor kid*, he thought. *Just buying a bottle of liquor starts her counting her pennies again! Well, there'll soon be an end to that.* She let out her breath and tried to smile.

"It's a celebration," she said.

Sam walked over to her and held her by the shoulders. "I got my job, honey," he said, "I got my job."

Catharine's eyes widened, and for a moment she seemed to be struggling with her rising emotions, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Sam, darling!" came out in a high, excited voice, and she pressed her face against his chest.

He could feel his heart beating not more than a few inches from where she sobbed and breathed and made strange little inarticulate noises. He felt especially protective at such moments because Catharine was usually so poised and controlled. Now and again a fellow likes to feel himself a pillar of strength.

Catharine withdrew and looked up at him. She was smiling now and more controlled, but for all her attempts at quiet dignity he could sense her suppressed excitement and he loved her for it.

(Continued on Page 174)

Apex Cleaners

ARE BUILT TO GET THE DIRT

An abundance of time-saving, energy-saving convenience is yours when you buy a new, top-quality Apex home cleaner. But most important is the wonderfully thorough way your Apex cleaner will remove dirt from rugs, upholstery, drapes and other furnishings...help you to enjoy the satisfaction of a really clean home. And—after all—isn't this what you really want?

APEX "WIND TUNNEL" ACTION—powerful straight-flow sealed suction combines with motor-driven forward-revolving brush for effective cleaning of even deep-nap carpets. Special low-speed is ideal for cleaning small "throw" rugs.

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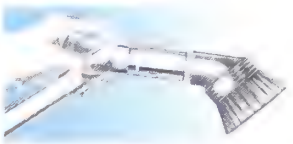
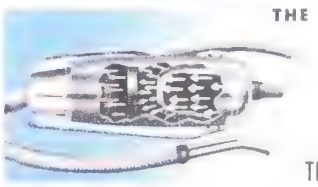


EXCLUSIVE APEX SWIVEL ADAPTER enables every home cleaning tool to swivel or turn in all directions, for maximum convenience in cleaning upholstery, crevices and other hard-to-reach places.



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SOON...NEW AUTOMATIC WASHER

Two . . . in a world of music . . .

two . . . in a world of their own . . .
two who have discovered each other . . . *for keeps!*
For Keeps, too — through all their days — the two
will treasure the sparkling, hospitality-inviting
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If it's Community . . . it's correct

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(Continued from Page 169)

'It's lovely, Sam. I'm so pleased and ud of you."

'I knew it would be a relief to you."

'Why didn't you call me? Or wire me?"

'I wanted to see your face light up—here, ere we longed for it so much. It nearly st me to keep it from you at the bus tion, but I held together."

Catharine was actually trembling with itement. Sam led her to the buff chair d she sat down and looked at him. "Everyng will be wonderful after this, won't it?" said.

He supposed that she was so tensed with asure and excitement that she could not herself go. That was how Catharine was. e tightened up and nothing could make let go of herself.

'Now we'll have a Martini," he said, sying himself at the table and letting tharine uncoil at her leisure. He must ve her alone and not try to push against nature. The drinks and dinner at the teway and a long evening together would ax and mellow her.

Just as they were about to sip their drinks doorbell rang and Sam went to answer it. 'ou can take over tomorrow," he said. t's still holidaytime you."

It was a woman Sam ly half knew at the or. For a moment he istered, hoping that would remember o she was, but nothg came.

"I've only brought u a parcel, sir," the man said as she en- ed the living room. Then Sam remembered who she must be. Mrs. Walsh is Profes- Maxwell's housekeeper," he said to atharine, who had en and was standing front of her chair. Mrs. Walsh, this is y wife."

"How do you do?" id Catharine.

"How do you do?" plied Mrs. Walsh, id added, "We've met fore, haven't we?"

"Oh, have you?" id Sam. Probably atharine had met her downtown or seen r helping at some function or other. "Sit wn, Mrs. Walsh," invited Sam.

"It's just some of these I have to give u," said Mrs. Walsh.

"Make yourself comfortable for a minute two," said Sam.

"Well, maybe I will take the load off my et," said Mrs. Walsh, sitting down and gging at the string. "I have some things re for other people, too—borrowed things all these are for you."

Sam took the prints and a box of slides id stood awkwardly with them. Catharine t down and took up her glass. "Thank u," Sam said. "It was good of you to ing them. I could easily have called." Mrs. Walsh looked as if she were going to ake her excuses and go, but instead she miled at Catharine and said, "Remember iat afternoon you called, Mrs. Forester?"

IT WAS a surprise to Sam that Catharine ad ever called on Konopka, and it was clear iat Catharine found the revelation a disgreeable one.

"I don't know whether he told you," Mrs. Walsh went on, "but three ladies—Mrs. orkas was one of them—had been in with ings to give him, and I had to go to Mrs. bendorf's the same afternoon to fetch some lueberry muffins for him. That's the sort of an he was."

"Everyone liked him," said Sam.

"It's going to be a great loss to the uniersity," lamented Mrs. Walsh. "There's obody who can quite take his place, is here?"

"That would be difficult," said Sam, and when Mrs. Walsh was not looking he winked at Catharine. It ran through his thoughts that it bothered her to have Mrs. Walsh tell something she must have wanted to keep hidden, but what did it matter?

"In Creston of all places," said Mrs. Walsh. "You'd think a man could find peace and quietness and safety in Creston, wouldn't you?" She creaked to a standing position. "What is the world coming to is what my brother says, and I think he's right."

WITH this remark Mrs. Walsh made her departure and Sam came back into the room. He could feel Catharine bracing herself for his question and it disturbed him that she thought it important enough to worry about. It was secretive and a little silly of her not to tell him, but if that was the way she felt! There was nothing serious in it.

Sam said, "I didn't know you knew her."

"I don't," said Catharine. "I just saw her once. That's all."

"You went to the house, then?"

"Just that once—yes."

"You never told me." There was no hint of reproof in his voice, but he tried to convey the idea that if she had told him at the time they would not be having this foolish and embarrassing discussion now.

"There was nothing to tell," said Catharine. "It was just a casual visit. Everyone else was doing the same."

"Was it curiosity?"

"Partly that, I suppose," she admitted.

"Why did you hide it from me?"

"I wasn't hiding it." She stressed "hiding" as if she despised the word. "I just didn't think it worth while telling you," she explained.

"But why?" persisted Sam. "What harm was there in it?"

"I had no special reason."

"Were you ashamed of going to his house?"

"Of course not." She looked up and faced him. "Yes, I suppose I was ashamed," she said frankly. "He was a foreigner and all the women in town were making a fuss over him. I guess I'm just as silly as the rest of them." Her assumed frankness was not entirely convincing.

"You can't fool me," said Sam. "You're not silly. You never were. You never made any stupid fuss over a foreigner, especially one you took a dislike to from the first."

"I didn't," protested Catharine, and then remembered.

"You disliked him before you saw him. He was taking our job away from us, you said. I'll never forget the night of his concert, either." This last was a cruel jab, but she had asked for it. There were times when a fellow could be too gentle. "Did you go with someone or alone?"

"I went alone." Catharine surprised him by not fighting back. Her eyes looked as if they were about to brim over with tears. "I shouldn't have done it. I felt ashamed afterward and I didn't want you to know I'd been so foolish."

It was so unlike Catharine to be meek and apologetic that Sam had the notion that she was still lying to him. It irritated him that she thought he was foolish enough to be deceived by a third-rate display of histrionics.

"I still don't think you're telling me the truth," he said.

"But I am. I am. What can I say to prove it to you?"

"You've done things before you've been ashamed of," said Sam, "but you always saw the funny side. If you did as harmless a thing as go to see Konopka and take him a

"Remember this," wrote Marcus Aurelius, "that very little is needed to make a happy home."

Any home can be happy, if—

1. The husband will avoid faultfinding.
2. The wife will avoid faultfinding.
3. The parents will respect the right of their children.
4. The children will respect the right of their parents.
5. Everyone will speak in a soft voice.
6. The husband will appear for dinner on time.
7. The wife will serve dinner on time.
8. Each will do his duties cheerfully and promptly.
9. Nobody will abuse his telephone, bathroom, automobile or radio privileges.

We trust the foregoing proves how "very little is needed to make a happy home."

Through The Meshes; Volume 38, Number 6; The W. S. Tyler Company.

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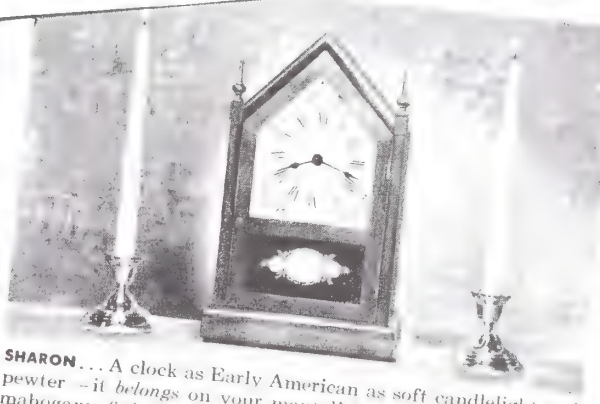

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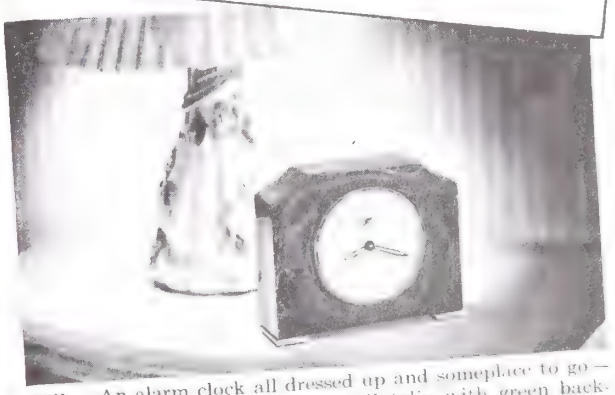

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It is a startling fact that most of our favorite vegetables lose vitamins at an alarming rate *while they are in the store*—unless they are constantly protected with *ice*.

Let this fact—established by extensive scientific research—be your guide to more satisfactory marketing and better meals.

Don't waste good money on wilted, dried out, vitamin-starved vegetables. *For the sake of your family's health*, buy only at progressive stores where vegetables are given modern protection with pure, sparkling *crushed ice*.

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box of cookies or something, you'd have laughed at it a week later. What's behind it all?"

"Nothing—except that I ——" Catharine's voice broke a little. Then she gained control of it and went on. "Oh, what difference does it make that my sense of humor wasn't working? With the baby coming and all our anxiety, I haven't taken anything as a joke in the last three months."

Her reference to anxiety suddenly made Sam think of what she could have said to Konopka if, as she claimed, her sense of humor had gone and she was desperate with worry.

"What did you talk to him about?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

"About the usual things," said Catharine. "Creston—his background—painting."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in that," said Sam. "What else?"

"Nothing that I remember."

Sam waited a moment and Catharine looked at him frankly. "You went alone," he said sharply. "When was it?"

Catharine looked vague. "I don't clearly remember," she said, as if the visit had not occupied an important place in her mind.

"Was it just a few days before he died?"

"No," said Catharine quickly. "It was when he was here before."

"Two days before he died I mentioned you to him. I told him I'd like him to meet you. That must have been after he'd already met you, unless you met him the very day before he was poisoned or ——"

"No," interrupted Catharine. "No, I didn't." Then, as if she were afraid she had sounded too excited, she took up her glass and drank a little.

Sam watched her hand and he saw that it shook. "Why did you ask him not to tell me that you'd called on him?"

Catharine opened her hands with a little gesture of defeat. "Did he tell you?"

"No, but isn't it obvious?"

"Sam, I'll tell you everything."

"That's better."

He sat back and listened to her confession. Why did it have to happen this afternoon, when he had wanted everything to be gay? Humiliation overwhelmed him as he listened to her. She had gone to him with a sob story. Konopka, of all people! They would never know what troubles he had suffered before he came to Creston. Why couldn't she have left the man alone?

Catharine began to sob a little as she went on with her story, and her tears only angered him.

"Don't you realize what you've done?" he stormed. "If I thought for one moment that he told anyone what you said I'd leave Creston."

"He didn't tell. I'm sure he didn't tell anyone."

"No," said Sam, "if he said he wouldn't, he didn't. You could trust him."

CATHARINE leaned forward eagerly. "No one knows, Sam. No one knows what I said to him."

Sam wondered a moment. It seemed an awful thing to admit, but he was glad Konopka was dead. He looked at Catharine and his anger gave way to a great pity. It was partly his own fault. He had been spending too many evenings away from home and the girl was lonely and worried. It was all very well for him to have his mind on his work but even his work had its place.

"Let's say no more about it. Let's put it out of our minds," he said, getting out of his chair and taking her glass. "Let me give you another."

"No. No more, thanks," said Catharine but the relief in her eyes reassured him.

"Let's get back to celebrating. It's time to go to the Gateway."

The clock of the church in the next block began to strike six. The dismalness of the day outside, Catharine's silence and the dull clanging brought back to his mind with startling clarity the day he had stayed at home with a cold.

THE week before Christmas was unusually cold for Creston and no more snow fell to cover the grayish packed ice and the speckled snow that was hard and thick on the streets. The traffic lanes were clear, but the sides of Main Street were heaped and across the dirty heaps were passageways of frozen foot prints. Wreaths of great red ribbons hung on the lamp standards and at the main intersection, festoons were arranged from building to building and every store had something festive in its windows.

Jenny enjoyed Christmas shopping. The country and its customs were still new to her, and there were so many things in the stores which she never saw at home that she had more energy and enthusiasm for her tasks than any Crestonian.

It was in the book store that she met Jake Small. He called her over to help him choose books for his grandchildren. His attitude was so different from Mrs. Cornish's that Jenny was delighted and she carefully chose three books for him and they chatted while they waited for the salesgirl to attend to them.

"And now," said Jake Small, "you are coming across the street to have coffee with me. Or, if you must be insular—tea."

Jenny accepted the invitation readily. They found a table tucked their parcels under their chairs, and settled down to chat. It was not long before they were talking about Konopka, and Jenny found a great relief in telling him that she had been to tea with Konopka a week before the dreadful day of fog. She said nothing about the second Wednesday or the telephone call.

Professor Small cocked his head on one side and looked at Jenny thoughtfully. It was a mannerism she remembered from the day she first met him. "I saw Sam Forester a week or two ago," he said. "He was on his way out to your place."

"That must have been the evening he came when Catharine was visiting her parents."

"It was snowing. I remember that."

"It was a lovely night—everything soft and white. I remember how happy Mrs. Cornish was to see Sam. She's very fond of him, you know. He was Roger's best friend."

"Sam is a fine young fellow. What do you think of his wife?"

The question came so abruptly that Jenny was startled into a moment's pause.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," said Jake.

"I don't feel I know her," said Jenny. "I don't feel I know the first thing about her."

"That's interesting," said Jake. "I've known her slightly ever since she came

VERBAL LAPSES

Most of the classic examples are attached to Doctor Spooner, the Oxford don famed for putting the cart before the horse in his speech. How he delighted to ride "a well-boiled icycle"; how he carried "two rags and a bug" with him on train journeys; how he greeted the servant when he called on the Dean of Christ Church with the remark, "Is the bean dizzy?"; how at the station refreshment room he demanded a "bath of milk and a glass bun"; how when visiting a friend who had built a country cottage, he congratulated him "on the nosey little cook he had secured"; how when accosted by the verger while searching the aisle of the church he explained his actions by saying he was looking for a "glutton dropt from above"; and so on. It was Doctor Spooner who asked the congregation to sing with him "From Iceland's Greasy Mountains"; and who referred to the "tearful chidings" of the evangelist. To the goodly company of which he is head belongs the curate who informed an astonished congregation that "Rabaras was a bobber"; the vicar who in a funeral sermon described a confrere as one who had been a "shoving leopard" to his flock; the archdeacon who hoped that the congregation would be filled with "fresh veal and new zigor."

—Manchester Guardian

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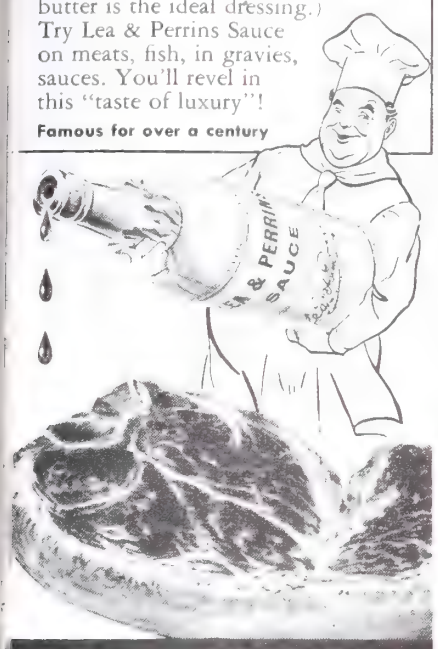

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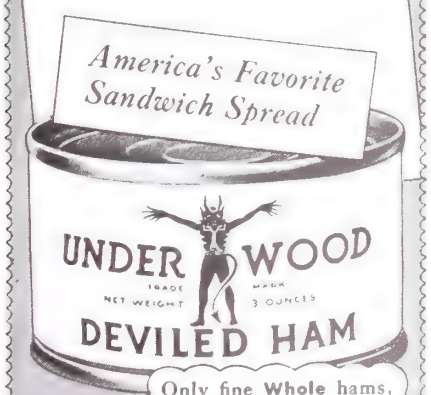

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Creston as a high-school freshman, and I never could make her out. There seems to be a tremendous drive about her. I was watching her the other day, that day there was the thick fog. She was on my bus and she got off ahead of me. She was walking very fast, as if she was late for something."

Jenny, reminded of that afternoon, stiffened a little, but Jake seemed not to notice. He went on:

"Her purposefulness interested me. I wondered what social engagement was so important that she had to put her head down and hurry the way she did. At first I thought she was going to your house, but she went along Pine instead."

"She knows quite a few people in the Triangle," said Jenny, but as she said it, although it seemed the most natural thing in the world for Catharine to be visiting along Pine Street, a strangely uncomfortable feeling possessed her and all through tea she could not get rid of it. The very faintest curiosity was aroused in her. Where was Catharine going in such a hurry that foggy afternoon? The day was associated in her mind with such gloom and terror that she found it hard to contemplate a pleasant and ordinary social call. And yet it was precisely a call of this kind that she herself had intended to make. Again she felt the horror that crept close to her whenever she thought of her contact with the house in which Konopka lay dead.

Jake began to ask her questions about Welsh songs, and with an effort Jenny thrust the unpleasant thoughts aside and chatted with him. They went home on the bus together and separated at the Pine Street crossing.

Jenny thought once or twice in the next few days of what Jake had said about Catharine, and each time her uneasiness grew easier to dismiss until Christmas Eve, when Sam and Catharine called at the Cornish house with a toy dog for Roger. There was no Christmas party this year, but all Mrs. Cornish's friends were calling on her, most of them with gifts, and all were brought into the living room to sit before the fire.

All four of them went upstairs to observe Roger's reaction to the dog. He liked it immediately and hugged it. Sam and Catharine looked pleased and Jenny laughed aloud. Ellen came upstairs to call Mrs. Cornish to the telephone and the others stayed in the nursery. Sam sat on the floor and put his hand between the bars of the crib. Every now and then he would make the dog jump and Roger was delighted with the proceedings.

They talked of Sam's new job and of the house Sam and Catharine were going to live in. Jenny was conscious of a certain eagerness and excitement in Sam, but Catharine looked tired. She did not mean to mention Konopka, but it seemed to her poorer tact to avoid his name when everyone knew that Sam was taking his place at the university.

"You knew him fairly well, didn't you?" asked Sam.

"I went to the house once or twice to practice for the concert," said Jenny.

Catharine laughed suddenly as Roger hugged the dog so high that it stuck between the back of his neck and the headboard of the crib. "Isn't he funny? I love to watch them."

"Everybody's pretty sure now," said Sam, picking up the conversation again. "It was a carefully planned job. They couldn't have planned the fog—they're too rare in these parts—but I guess the opportunity was too good to miss. People stay home in weather like that."

Jenny glanced at Catharine, who, unless Jake had mistaken someone else for her, was visiting that Wednesday afternoon in spite of the weather. "Not everyone," said Jenny. "Most people had their work as usual and I dare say some went visiting their friends, fog or no fog."

"It cleared the streets," insisted Sam. "People didn't go out that day unless they had to."

"Did you two stay at home?" asked Jenny directly.

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"Sure," said Sam. "I didn't even go to classes."

"Sam was sick in bed and I stayed in and looked after him," said Catharine.

They both looked at her because until then she had seemed oblivious of them. Two thoughts spun oddly in Jenny's mind. Catharine had been listening to every word, even though she had seemed to be watching Roger with all her attention. And how was it possible that Catharine had looked after Sam when Jake had seen her in the Triangle?

"Didn't you go out at all?"

Catharine looked at her calmly. "I went to get some lemons for Sam's cold."

Jenny let the statement alone. She could have queried it. She could have wondered aloud why Catharine chose to go two miles for lemons to a suburb instead of two blocks to Schirer's. It was not worth it. If Catharine had reasons for visiting the Triangle without telling Sam, that was her business. But Sam was hardly so naïve as to accept the lemon story for a trip that, when the weather was clear, took three quarters of an hour without counting the length of time she must have stayed where she visited. Jenny was almost certain now that Jake Small had been wrong. He was probably nearsighted. And yet the uneasiness rose up in her again, and to quell it she suggested that they go downstairs.

At the foot of the stairs Ellen was showing Mrs. Patten and her daughter Caroline in, and Mrs. Cornish was coming out of the living room with an outstretched hand and a welcoming smile.

It seemed to Jenny as if Catharine drew back sharply when Caroline sat down. It was only a momentary withdrawal, but Jenny noticed it and so did Caroline, who looked at Catharine doubtfully and flushed a little. The look on Catharine's face arrested Jenny. For a moment so brief that it was scarcely perceptible Jenny saw unmistakably a look of fear.

She chatted with Caroline, hoping to restore the child's confidence and ease, but a part of her thinking was still concerned with the infinitesimal fear she had discovered in Catharine. Presently Catharine entered the conversation with animation, as if she were eager to be friendly, but it was clear that Caroline was not ready to forgive her.

It was just as Catharine was preparing to go that a startling thought occurred to Jenny. She cast it out, but it returned again and yet again with increasing force as she watched Catharine leaning forward to kiss Mrs. Cornish good-by. Jenny remembered now that Caroline was the girl who had spoken of seeing a woman come out of the Konopka house on the Wednesday afternoon she would never forget. And there was only one woman who had reason to fear to meet Caroline. Jenny thought of what Jake Small had said and added it to the testimony Catharine herself had unwittingly given as Caroline seated herself in front of them.

"Good-by," Catharine called as she went out toward the front door.

Jenny looked at Caroline, but there was not a flicker of recognition or recollection on the stolid round face. Then she went back over what Sam had said about that Wednesday afternoon and of Catharine's story of the lemons.

Jenny began to see a path of action, not entirely a clear one, but at least a continuous one, and the more she considered the evidence the more certain she was that Catharine was the woman who went to Konopka's house that afternoon.

And now it began to dawn on her how Catharine must have suffered since that day. Like herself, Catharine had been caught in the meshes of this dreadful thing, but caught more deeply and more dangerously. She could even fear a little, too, for herself. Just as she had concealed her visits to the house, so Catharine had been concealing too. Doubtless she had as good reasons for being secretive as Jenny herself, but Jenny could not help wondering what Catharine was doing at Konopka's that afternoon.

The Pattens rose to go and Jenny was left with Mrs. Cornish. She began to think that

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perhaps her own anxiety was making her imagine fantastic things.

"Did you notice anything odd about Catharine this afternoon?" she asked.

"No, I can't say that I did," said Mrs. Cornish. "Why?"

"I don't know," replied Jenny.

"I think she's pleased and excited about Sam's job," said Mrs. Cornish. "But who wouldn't be?"

"I suppose that's it," said Jenny.

It was one of those brilliant January days with a flaunting sun and a crusty whiteness of freshly fallen snow to dazzle the eyes. Jenny longed to walk, and after lunch she asked Mrs. Cornish whether she would mind looking after Roger. She said, "Of course not, dear." Jenny changed into her warmest clothes and went out the back way so that she might pass between the Douglas firs and take a short cut to Chestnut Avenue. She glanced back once at Roger's nursery window and her breath steamed deliciously in the cold air. What fun they could all have had if the other Roger had come home! She thought of Roger a great deal of the time, not mournfully or sentimentally, but as a precious thing which had been taken away from her. She thought of him more on joyful days than on depressing ones, and she judged that this must be because all that was joyful in her life she owed to him.

She walked for two hours and then turned north toward the highway where she knew she could get an approximation of tea. Tea alone was not as comforting as tea with someone you liked, but hot tea was good on a cold day and she recollected dozens of teas and friends and comforts and surrounded her lonely half hour in the Turkey Dinner Tavern with them. Then she walked home the same way, and in some places she mechanically put her feet in her own outward footprints. She found herself going back between the Douglas firs and toward the back door.

The hallway seemed as dark as a tunnel after the blinding snow of the roads and the roofs, and the house was silent except for a muffled noise that came from the direction of the living room, a noise that sounded like sobbing. Jenny opened her eyes and went into the living room to fling her arms around Mrs. Cornish. It was natural for the older woman, denied the activity of the younger, to grieve aloud occasionally when she was left alone

The figure on the sofa started up as Jenny entered, and Jenny could tell by the briskness of the movement that it was not Mrs. Cornish, and in a moment she saw that it was Catharine. Neither of them had a word to say.

EYES IN THE DARK

Everyone who has driven along country roads at night has had the experience of seeing the eyes of a cat or dog or deer glow like twin coals when struck by the beams of a headlight.

These eyes are equipped with a crystalline layer at the back which functions much like the polished reflector of a locomotive headlight. It reflects the rays that strike it so they pass twice through the lens of the animal's eye. This enables the creature to see dim images with greater distinctness. The glow we perceive is the light sent back from this crystalline layer.

Research in connection with the varying colors with which eyes shine in the dark shows the wide variety of hues to be found . . . the animal world. They range from dull orange to amber, ruby red and brilliant lemon. —*Edwin Way Teale.*

JENNY was reminded of once before when they had faced each other without words, of the time in this same living room when she had felt drawn into an emptiness where Catharine's eyes looked into her deepest feelings and tried to draw out her secrets. This time it was Catharine who held a secret, and Jenny saw no power in the sharp eyes - only fear again. And now it was Konopka's face that flashed before her vision, and the empty, disappointed feeling she had had when she tried to telephone him that foggy Wednesday came back to her.

Catharine spoke and her voice was tense. Mrs. Cornish had remembered after Jenny's departure that Mrs. Fuller, the president's wife, had asked her to pour tea with her. Mrs. Cornish was put into a flutter and immediately telephoned Catharine to look after Roger.

As Jenny watched and listened, the thought of Konopka and the horror of the telephone ringing unanswered in the house pounded through her brain. It was as if she were on the verge of realizing something she had only partly understood before.

She could never forgive herself for what she did then. Instead of saying a word to Catharine, instead of smiling at her or thanking her, Jenny turned and ran upstairs to the nursery. Roger had been asleep, but he awoke as she ran to his crib and looked at him. As he raised his face toward her and smiled, Jenny clutched the white knobs of the crib and then slid to the floor. For the first time in her life she was fainting.

SAM and Catharine chose a house on Marigold Street, two blocks south of the long hill running between the campus and the hollow. It was a fresh and joyous little house, with pale-tinted inside walls, a built-in bookcase, a fireplace that looked as if it might work, an attached garage, gleaming light fixtures, and a kitchen lined with pale green cupboards decorated with oranges and tomatoes. Sam borrowed a vast sum of money, and felt as he did so that he had committed himself to Creston forever and that he would not be free of debt until the hair had departed from his head and the teeth from his gums. It all happened so quickly that they had very little chance to show the new house to their friends before the day came around for them to move.

"We'll have a housewarming party," said Sam. "We'll get the place all fixed up first and then we'll ask all our friends in to admire."

"The house won't hold all our friends," argued Catharine. "Besides, a party's going to cost so much, and with what we owe ——"

"Forget it," said Sam. "A party will be only a drop in the bucket, we owe so much."

They disagreed about some things and they argued hotly, but Sam enjoyed the preparations and he felt that the activity was good for Catharine too.

Their last evening at Foxy's had a feverish quality of excitement, as if they felt that the evidences of moving were so great that they could hardly believe that tomorrow evening would find them actually settled on Marigold Street.

"Are you sure you're putting enough paper around those dishes, dear?" fussed Catharine.

"It's only thirteen blocks," said Sam.

"You can break a set of dishes in thirteen feet."

Sam whistled as he packed dishes and cups and saucers in the last six weeks of the Creston Chronicle, and he thought of the summer with lettuces and radishes and tomatoes in his vegetable garden, cosmos and petunias in Catharine's flower border, and a row of diapers fluttering on the washline.

"When we're through I'll make some coffee," said Catharine.

After this Sam and Catharine packed with greater zest than ever and were almost at the point when they could say with a clear conscience that the packing was finished and only the tidying up to do when the doorbell rang and Charlotte appeared. Sam wel-

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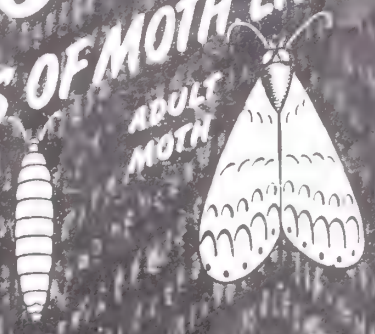

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comed her and for a moment he did not notice how serious she looked.

"We've finished the last drink," he said, "and if we hadn't we'd have packed it. But Catharine's going to make some coffee."

"What's the matter?" asked Catharine, and Sam followed her eyes to Charlotte's face.

Charlotte told them. It was about Elsie, the girl who used to work for her, the girl who pretended to be sick and never came back to the Garrity house after the day Jimmy got inside the lab and broke Fred's crucibles. Charlotte had met her in the market and Elsie had behaved shiftily, as indeed any girl pretending to be sick and being caught at the market might behave. Sam wondered why Charlotte made such an elaborate story out of a negligible domestic mishap and was on the point of saying so when Charlotte slowed down her account and said:

"Now this is where it all ties up and makes sense. This morning Fred was checking on his materials and he found more than a fluid ounce of aconitine was missing."

Catharine's hand moved up toward her face and Sam glanced at her, but she was only smoothing her hair.

"You know how methodical Fred is. He never fails to check his materials. He writes down weights and volumes in a little book and he knows he's right."

"Well?" asked Sam.

"It was almost that amount of aconitine that was found in the bottle on Konopka's table."

"Good heavens!"

Charlotte went on to say how she believed that Elsie was in the pay of the men who murdered Konopka, how she must have taken the poison to them or let them into the house to take it themselves. She pointed out that no one else had access to the lab, not a soul, except Catharine herself, when she looked after Jimmy.

Catharine faced them with more defiance than Sam thought necessary. Charlotte was not accusing her. She merely mentioned the fact that, apart from Elsie, the only other person with access to the lab was Catharine herself.

"Have you reported it?" asked Sam.

CHARLOTTE reddened a little and looked embarrassed. Then the truth came out.

Fred had called the police and told them of his discovery. The inspector had come to the lab and asked a number of questions. One of them was who had been in the house, and Catharine's name was mentioned. Another was, assuming that someone in Creston was involved, who in the town stood to gain anything by Konopka's death. And Sam's name had come up. Even if Charlotte and Fred had said nothing about it, the police would have ferreted it out of somebody else, but Charlotte had felt so unhappy about the whole thing that without Fred knowing where she was going she had come over to tell them, so that at least they might be prepared.

Sam was not much troubled by the thought of the police, though he was grateful to Charlotte for preparing them. It was absurd to trace any connection between him and Konopka's poisoning, but it was not going to be comfortable to know that people were linking them in theory and hypothesis, if not in actual suspicion or accusation.

"They've got no right," said Catharine angrily. "Besides, Fred might have made a mistake."

"He didn't. He knows he didn't," said Charlotte.

"Anyone can," Catharine went on. "It isn't fair to drag Sam into a horrible thing like this."

Catharine was badly upset. Sam could see that. Catharine was thinking of the consequences, of what it would do to his reputation, of how they would live it down.

"I've done nothing," said Sam. "The clue won't lead to me."

"Why didn't you tell us first instead of going to the police?" demanded Catharine.

Charlotte looked hurt. "You talk as if you wanted the whole thing hushed up," she

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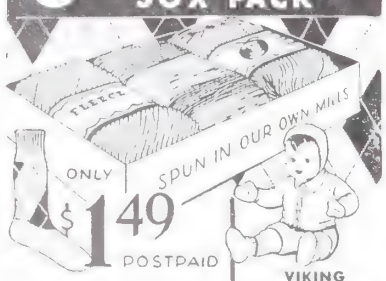

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said sulkily, and Sam saw Catharine draw back.

"I don't want us to be dragged into it, that's all," Catharine said, and it was clear that she sensed that she had gone too far. Swayed by an emotion, she expressed herself with brutal violence.

"It won't hurt you any more than it's hurting us," Charlotte was saying. "How do you imagine Fred felt explaining why on earth he didn't check on his materials as soon as he read in the papers what caused Konopka's death?"

"Why didn't he?" asked Catharine.

"He didn't think of it. It was the day he went to the convention in Chicago."

Catharine looked scornfully triumphant. "If he's so careless," she asked, "why do they believe him now?"

"His measurements are right," insisted Charlotte. "I know it sounds silly to say that it didn't occur to him at the time, but it didn't. If someone in Creston was murdered with an ax, would you go right down cellar to see if the murderer had used yours?" Even at her most earnest, Charlotte could not help sounding flippant.

Sam interposed and helped Charlotte to ease herself to the door. She must understand that Catharine was upset and did not mean to sound ungrateful. It came as a shock, however, especially this evening, when they were looking forward to tomorrow and

China's old music was of most ancient origin—it dated back to the year 2600 B.C., when a Chinese emperor established a scale for instruments which has retained a cast-iron hold on Chinese music up to the present, preventing the free development of Chinese music along Western lines. Only five tones were used: The major notes do, re, mi, sol, la. Ancient prototypes of modern instruments such as the harmonica, two-string fiddle, guitar and lute were used.

the new house on Marigold Street. Charlotte squeezed his hand in understanding and went out quickly. They sat for a while among the boxes and packages.

"Are you afraid?" asked Sam presently.

Catharine looked at him and, without lowering her eyes, said, "Yes."

"They won't question you," Sam reassured her, "except about that afternoon. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Catharine. "If they believe me."

"Is there any reason why they shouldn't?" Sam asked.

Catharine stood up, and her hands were clasped together and her fingers worked nervously. "Oh, Sam! Suppose they come and accuse us—what shall we do?"

"Who's talking about accusing us?" asked Sam. "They only want to ask a few straightforward questions."

"I don't want to be questioned, the way I am," she pleaded. "I want to be left alone. Something might happen if they worry and upset me."

"You can answer a simple question, can't you?" Sam asked shortly.

"You're always fussing over me. I want to be left alone. I don't want anybody to question me." She turned away from him and fought to control herself.

What was she making all the fuss about? Sam wondered. To be questioned, to endure unsavory publicity for a week or two! Surely they were little things. They had no reason to be worried.

He told himself this twice, but the third time he began to sense the fear and the doubt beneath his protestation. Had Catharine any reason to be worried? She acted as if she had. Indeed, for several weeks she had behaved as if she were afraid of something. Something was wrong. He had tried to make allowances, but she had been so strange. Ever since that day she had lied to him about Konopka.

(Continued on Page 179)

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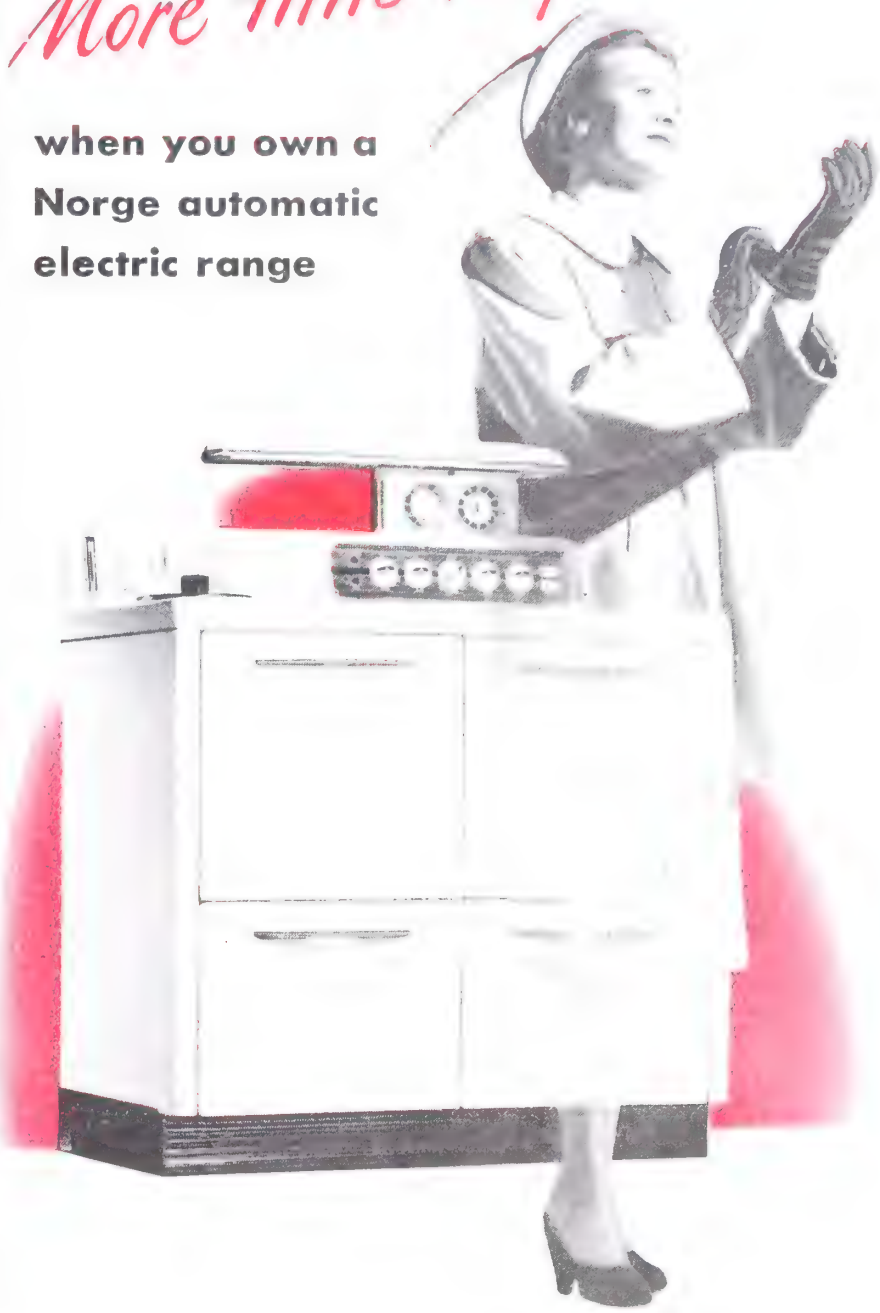

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Golden Dream Cheese Soufflé

(with Meat, Sea Food, and Vegetable variations)

Melt . . . . . **4 tbsp. butter**

Blend in . . . . . **4 tbsp. GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour**, **½ tsp. salt**

Remove from heat.

Stir in . . . . . **1 cup milk**

Cook over low heat until thickened (about 5 min.), stirring constantly.

Stir in until melted. . . . . **1 cup grated mild American cheese**

Remove from heat.

Stir in slowly. . . . **3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored**

Beat until frothy . . . **3 egg whites**

Add and continue beating until still enough to hold a point . . . . . **¼ tsp. cream of tartar**

Fold in carefully . . . **the cheese mixture**

Pour into a well greased 8-in. casserole (1½ qt. capacity). Set casserole in pan of hot water (having water reach well up on casserole).

Bake *50 to 60 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°). The soufflé will puff way up, and become golden brown on top. When done, a silver knife thrust into the center comes out clean. Serve *immediately* . . . preferably with cream sauce to which sautéed mushrooms, shrimp, cut-up green or ripe olives, capers or chopped chives have been added.

Serves 6.

Note: The addition of a little mustard or Worcestershire sauce (about ½ tsp.) gives a piquant flavor to Cheese Soufflé.

Meat or Sea Food Soufflé. Use 1 cup finely ground, cooked meat (chicken, lamb, veal, etc.) or sea food (shrimp, crab meat, salmon, etc., seasoned with 1 tbsp. lemon juice) in place of cheese.

Vegetable Soufflé. Substitute 1 cup finely cut, well drained, cooked vegetables, seasoned to taste, in place of the cheese.

Clip . . . file in loose-leaf notebook

(Continued from Page 177)

sudden cold fear ran through him. Sup- e she had —— Suppose in some way —— Catharine!"

he turned, and he could see that she had ght for control and won.

You didn't meet that man, did you?"

What man?" Her voice was firm. She ld lie. She would say anything to keep secret. It was almost useless to ask her. The man who got the poison out of d's lab."

I never met any man. I don't know any- g about it."

You tried to bluff your way out when I id out that you had seen Konopka. It's ise, Catharine. I know you too well."

There's nothing to find out," said Cath- e.

If you know something, tell me and tell police. Be open about it."

atharine moistened her lips, and Sam d see that she was struggling between and the longing for relief.

Tell me the whole thing. I'll help you," aid.

atharine moistened her lips again. "It that dreadful afternoon at Charlotte's. an came to the door. It all happened so kly. A car drove up and the man came He said he was a friend of Fred's." She sed a moment and her eyes were anxious, f she were wondering whether he would ve her.

Yes?" he said, encouraging her and try- to keep the rising ation out of his e.

We talked a while then he asked if he ht go inside the It seemed a funny g to ask, but you w how you never k of those things at time. He said he l to be at school Fred; they worked a lab together. I ved him in and then my fell down and d out. I ran out of room to Jimmy then I came back in time to see him." Catharine's voice ered. She looked away from Sam, put her ds to her face and sobbed, "Oh, it's hor- e!"

was pitiful to watch her. For a moment forgot that she was his wife. He saw a an of keen intelligence resorting in her eration to a pathetic imitation of horror, n the greater horror she tried to conceal k out and showed up her imitation as a n.

Go on," Sam said.

He was pouring something into a little le," Catharine said. "I asked him what as doing. He caught me by the arm and he'd kill me if I told anyone he'd been e. It's the most fearful thing that ever pened to me. I was terrified. I looked at bottle and it said 'aconitine.' I'd heard conite and I looked up the alkaloid in of Fred's books. It will kill a man in a seconds."

You went through this and told me noth- '" asked Sam.

I was too frightened. It was something I to keep to myself. I knew my life wasn't if they got to hear of it. And then, when news about Konopka came out, I was ified again. It was too late to tell the ce then. Oh, it's all a horrible, horrible ıtmare, but I'm not to blame, Sam! I'm to blame!"

I said nothing for a moment or two, nor he go over to comfort her. A most dread- hought had come into his mind. He was id to go on, but he knew there could be urning back. That evening Mrs. Walsh called he had turned back, refused to see ond, thrust the whole thing from his d as well as he could. But the recollec- of his unwillingness to probe out the h had prodded him at unexpected mo- ıts, and covered his contentment with an uneasy film of doubt. This time he must go through with it.

"Now tell me the truth," was all he said.

Catharine looked shocked at his unwillingness to be deceived. "I swear that what I ——" she began.

"You'd swear anything, you're so frightened," said Sam. "You've been in a state of terror ever since Konopka died."

"Haven't I reason to be frightened?" she argued. "When the man threatened me ——"

"There *was* no man."

"There was! There was!" cried Catharine desperately. "I could describe him to you if you'd only listen. And the car! There was the car too!" Her haste was betraying her. "It was the car that stood outside the house in the fog. It was the same car ——" She broke off, knowing that she had plunged too far already.

"How did you know? Did you see it?"

CATHARINE tried again, facing him and lying hopelessly. "Yes. Yes, I saw it. I didn't tell you because I was afraid. It passed me at Schirer's corner when I was getting the lemons for your cold. And when I heard the next morning that it had been standing outside the house ——"

Sam seized her by the arm and shook her. "Stop thinking up these lies. They wouldn't deceive a child. What did you do?"

"I told you."

His fingers were biting into the soft flesh of Catharine's arms, and she whimpered.

"You're hurting me," she told him.

"I want to know the truth—the whole truth," he insisted.

A great sob convulsed her whole body and he knew that she would tell him. He had brought her to the point of confessing the truth and now that she was ready to tell, there was no need of it. He knew. Vague premonitions had disturbed him weeks ago, and it seemed to him that what he was about to hear was not an utterly new thing.

"You did it yourself," said Sam, in a voice that was ludicrously calm for the terrifying substance it carried.

Catharine was calm, too, now. She looked at him, and although her face was still contorted, there was a relief coming back into it. "Yes," she said.

Without realizing that he was doing it, Sam began to withdraw from Catharine. At once she started up, her calm dispersed, her fear giving place to anger.

"It was for you I did it—for you," she told him. "You never cared or worried. I had to do it *for* you. I was desperate. I saw you let them take your job away from you without a fight. We had nowhere to turn and you weren't doing anything. I saw our debts grow heavier all summer long. I saw the baby born in poverty and you without a job."

She was out of her mind. She had given him no time to get a job. She had murdered a man for this job of his. Because he was in their way she had snuffed him out. She had planned it cunningly and deliberately, and luck had been with her. Charlotte had left her alone in the house. Fred had gone to Chicago. The fog had come. He would never know what she had suffered in her poor mistaken blindness for his sake. And now she was arguing and defending herself.

"What's the life of one man worth? Hundreds and thousands were slaughtered in the war and you never turned a hair."

"There's no comparison," Sam argued. "That was in Europe and they were our enemies."

"This is America and *he* was *my* enemy," blazed Catharine. "I fought him and I won."

Won! Did she think she would never be found out? Did she think he could stay in Creston now, knowing how he had come by

(Continued on Page 181)

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THE ROUND SHREDDED WHEAT

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(Continued from Page 179)

his job? Even now she did not realize the enormity of her deed, nor understand its consequences. He could see the whole pattern of her thinking and feeling from the beginning. She never meant him to know. And then her strength began to fail. From never meaning to let him know she had come to wanting to share it and yet fearing to tell. To her this confession had brought relief. She did not recognize it as a step toward her destruction. She was ready to bluff it through, even though they knew now where the poison came from and that she was alone in the house.

"I'll answer all their questions," said Catharine. "I shan't weaken or tremble or faint—you shall see. They can take me to the house—put me in the very room, stand me where he fell ——"

The telephone bell rang and Catharine screamed. Her nerves were all in pieces. Sam looked at her for a moment before answering, and in that moment they both knew it was no good going on with it.

When Catharine heard that it was the police inspector, she sat down slowly. Sam put the receiver down and went over to her. Kneeling beside her and knowing how everything was closing about her, all his love for her surged into him. He could not speak, and in his agony he pressed his face against her breast.

Mechanically, as she had often caressed him before, her hands moved slowly and gently over his head. Her fingers were light and delicate and he could hardly believe that these were the hands which had fulfilled what the poor tormented brain had commanded.

"It's not so dreadful," she was saying, and now she sounded spent and sincere. "It was worse when no one knew. When do they want to see us?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" echoed Catharine.

There was a silence and each knew that the other was thinking of the new life they were to have started, of the red-and-white house on Marigold Street.

The crowding sunny thoughts seemed to press Catharine to a decision. She made as if to rise.

"Let's get it over with."

"Tonight?"

CATHARINE looked into his eyes and for the first time she smiled a little. "Now."

Sam rose to his feet and gently pulled Catharine up. He took her into his arms and held her.

"Will you come down with me?" she whispered.

"I won't leave you until I have to," said Sam.

"Let's go—now."

In the entrance, standing by the bamboo telephone table, Sam saw her look back into the little room and then, because she was accustomed to saving and cutting down the light bill, she stepped into the room and switched off the lights.

It was over in a few minutes. Mary Cooper, next door, called to them from the sidewalk.

"Wait a second if you're going out! I want to get rid of these." She was on her way to them with a mixing bowl and three books. "I don't want to lug them over to Marigold Street," she said.

By instinct Sam and Catharine smiled at her as if suddenly everything were normal and safe and ordinary once more. It was then that Catharine took a pace forward and fell, face downward, on the steps.

THEY called the ambulance and Sam saw the Coopers like bewildered walk-ons forced into a play they did not even know the story of, standing on the sidewalk of Collins Street, their faces drawn and anxious, as if it were their fault that the accident had happened, as if they, with their mixing bowl and their three books and something else that Sam never bothered about which they had borrowed, were somehow responsible.

The ambulance shrilled along the streets and turned into the dimly lighted courtyard of the hospital. Catharine looked up at him as the ambulance slowed down, stopped, and backed toward a door in the great red brick wall.

A nurse, accustomed to bodies in pain, supervised with detached efficiency the carrying into the hospital, and Sam was allowed to follow. A woman at a desk insisted upon asking questions and writing words and figures on a white card, and when she had finished with him, Catharine was gone.

Sam looked around, bewildered. A nurse led him into a small square waiting room. "When may I see her again?" he asked.

"I'll come and tell you. It may be a few hours."

She gave him a slight smile and walked briskly away. The sound of her footsteps echoed on a section of tiled floor and then stopped suddenly. There were long silences, then small sounds, and then more silences. He wondered where Catharine was and what they were doing to her. He prayed that it would be brief. If Catharine were determined to die, they had no hope of making her live.

In all the hours of waiting in the bleak square room it never occurred to Sam that she might live. If only they would let him see her before she died. They said that as death approached there was an end of pain, that numbness took hold and relieved the racked body, that features were relaxed and even eased into smiles again. He did not want his last glimpse of her to be the look of pleading through pain that she had given him in the ambulance. He wanted to see her just once more as she was in the old, gay life that seemed so long ago, before anyone in Creston had ever heard of Konopka.

Sam let his head rest in his hands and in the loneliness of the little room he cried. Then he wiped the tears from his eyes and sat still, staring at the brown wall.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song for a Four Year Old

By Eunice Mildred Londoske

Oh, I had long forgotten many
things,
Which she has now made known
again to me.
We breathless watch a whirring
flash of wings
Caught in the white flame of the
cherry tree.
I see her stare in sudden disbelief
At tadpoles swimming in a large
round glass;
She leans to touch a snail upon a
leaf,
To find a fairy forest in the grass.
Oh, all the world is luminous for
her;
Fresh-made as on creation's first
bright morn.
She finds a miracle in soft gray fur;
In silver wimples tied to tasseled
corn.
Oh, she has found that something
I have lost
And knew not I had lost it . . .
until now,
In frail and delicate etchings of
the frost;
In sticks and stones; in apples
on a bough.
And I may walk with her so
far . . . no more;
For I am barred forever from
the wild
Sweet raptures, locked behind a
rose-red door,
Which opens only to a little
child!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

a Wealth of
garden goodness
in every
delicious sip!
V-8
Cocktail
VEGETABLE JUICES
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
There's a bracing freshness in the flavor of chilled V-8* Vegetable Juices that wakes up your taste for breakfast; there's a tempting cocktail goodness that keens the appetite for any meal. And in taller glasses of V-8 there's a mother's answer to the quest for something wholesome and good with children's sandwiches and snacks. For, remarkably, V-8 has only a whisper of added seasoning—the right combination of many fresh-vegetable juices creates that distinctive wealth of garden flavor. So for this abundance of vegetable goodness, as tasty as it is nourishing, keep extra cans of V-8 on ice. Serve it often—and generously.
Juices of
LETTUCE
BEETS
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Sometimes—YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF—

It's a perfect day . . . and there you are, looking your romantic best . . . in a swirling frock just made for garden-partying. Then—*imagine* getting your hair caught in a rosebush! Embarrassed? Perhaps . . . and perh. ps you can't help perspiring. But no need to be embarrassed by tell-tale under-arm stains. Let Kleinert's Dress Shields guard all your lovely clothes . . . because sometimes you can't help yourself!

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The nurse came back and stood in the dim light, looking like a frail ghost. "You may come now," she said.

She led him along a corridor, past rows of tall brown doors, and the faint hospital smell of the waiting room grew stronger and fresher. The door of a small room at the end stood open and the nurse showed Sam into it.

"Only a minute or so," she whispered. "She's very weak."

Sam stepped to the side of the bed, and it was as people had said. Catharine lay quite still with her eyes closed. He had seen her hundreds of times looking just like that.

She opened her eyes, and to save her having to turn her head he leaned over and looked down at her. The pain had gone, and the fear and anxiety had gone too. There was a great tiredness and a great sorrow in her eyes now.

"Sam," she whispered, and once more, "Sam!"

He bent down and kissed her and his hand stroked her forehead and her hair. She seemed to smile a little but she said nothing more and her eyes were closed again.

They brought the news of Catharine's death and of the child's death at half past six in the morning.

The new house on Marigold Street was a lonely place without Catharine. Sam took care of it and found the unaccustomed work a help in putting out of his mind the memories of the last dreadful night at Foxy's, of the hospital, and of the blurry dawn of the next day.

He worked hard at the university and had no time to brood when he came home. He read at all the meals he ate alone, and when he ate in the campus cafeteria the noise and bustle were a comfort even when he sat alone, and when students or colleagues joined him he was happier still. At first people avoided him. They were self-conscious and did not know what to say once the stumbling condolences had been expressed. But after a week or so they were all able to converse naturally and Sam found, to his surprise, that it came easily to him too.

Marriage should combat without respite or mercy that monster that devours everything—habit. —BALZAC.

He thought seriously once of unburdening his conscience and telling Inspector Nodler the whole truth, but then he began to wonder what use it would be. It would make wretched until they died the lives of Catharine's mother and father. It was not a question of keeping his job. He meant to leave Creston and change his mode of life entirely. And no amount of confession or truthtelling could wipe out the wrong Catharine had done. If only they did not arrest some stranger and charge him with Konopka's death. Then Sam would have to come forward and declare the truth. With this reservation in mind he held back and told what he knew up to the last night at Foxy's.

Inspector Nodler was embarrassed at having to question Sam so soon after his wife's death, but they were simply following every lead they had. The Garritys had told about the missing aconitine and very unwillingly mentioned Catharine as one who had been in the house, and Sam as the person most likely to benefit by Konopka's death.

Doctor and Mrs. Mackenzie came for the funeral and stayed five days. During their stay Sam went to the Cornish house with them, and at one time in the evening found himself with Mrs. Cornish while across the wide room Jenny was showing Mrs. Mackenzie a sweater she was knitting for Roger, together with other little things treasured and admired by mothers young and old.

"Sam," said Mrs. Cornish suddenly, "I must tell you, because it worried me at the time. Inspector Nodler was here, asking questions."

"Yes?" Sam did his best to look and sound unexcited, but his heart was suddenly loud and his fingers moist.

"I don't know what he was after, except that he was trying to find out about Konopka and the dreadful thing that happened."

"What did he ask you?"

"To tell you the truth, I was so upset he hardly asked me a thing, but he asked Jenny a great deal because you know she had gone there to practice once or twice."

"She couldn't give him any help, could she?"

"Of course not. She only saw him those few times. And then he asked about Catharine."

"About Catharine?"

"Yes. That's what struck me as so odd. I couldn't see what she had to do with Doctor Konopka at all. She never met him, did she?"

Sam shook his head. "He knew, just as everybody else in Creston knew, that we benefited greatly by Konopka's death, and he had to find out where we were the day it happened to him."

"You mean he —— Oh! It's absurd!" Mrs. Cornish's eyes were indignant as they searched Sam's face.

"Yes, he had to know for sure."

"I'd no idea. I never realized. In a way I'm glad I didn't. I don't suppose Jenny did either, or she wouldn't have remembered so clearly."

"Remembered what?"

"Everything that happened that foggy day. She remembered everything. It must have shown him beyond a doubt that you and Catharine ——" Mrs. Cornish broke off and looked keenly at Sam.

"What did Jenny tell him?" he asked, not caring whether he sounded calm or not.

"She told him about the telephone conversation she and Catharine had at half pas four and how she knew it was half past fou because Ellen was in the kitchen making tea and I'd gone up to my room. She says she told me about it when I came down to tea, but then I'm so forgetful these days. Did Catharine tell you about it?"

The question came so suddenly that Sam had to blurt out like a badly lying schoolboy, "Yes, of course. I remember she did say something about it. That was the day I was sick in bed."

"That's what Jenny said to the inspector. Catharine told her you had stayed home from classes and that she had been looking after you. She said something about getting lemons for your cold."

"Yes, she did get lemons that day. I remember."

Sam did not dare look across the room at Jenny. It was impossible that she should have guessed the truth, and yet she could not have helped him more if she had been an accomplice. Could Catharine have telephoned from Doctor Maxwell's house in order to establish an alibi? That tortuous cunning was not beyond her, and it was later that she had begun to go to pieces.

Then he remembered Christmas Eve and how he had been sitting on the nursery floor watching Roger play with the toy dog he and Catharine had brought him. He could hear her now saying that they had stayed at home all day, except for the lemons. Had Jenny been asking simple questions or had she at that time harbored suspicions that ——

Suddenly it struck him with all the force of the obvious that if Jenny had conversed with Catharine that afternoon, there was no need for her questions at the crib on Christmas Eve. Jenny knew! Knew enough, at least, to have willfully misdirected the inspector in what must have been a conscious effort to furnish Catharine with an alibi. But surely Jenny had no suspicions of the whole truth! How could she have? She must have lied in her naïve, impetuous way only to spare him pain. He wished that it was something she had done for which he could thank her. He felt like going right over to her and putting his hands out, raising her to her feet and telling her what she had done for him. He became conscious again of the loneliness of secrecy. When he went away that evening he took Jenny's hand in his, but

(Continued on Page 184)

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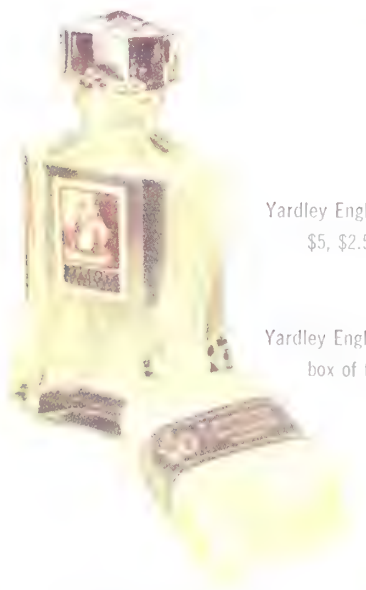
...the gladness in the air
is irresistible when you're wearing
the gay-hearted fragrance—
YARDLEY English Lavender.



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(Continued from Page 182)

he did not dare let her know that Mrs. Cornish had told him of her lie.

On the way home he discovered that Mrs. Cornish had had the good sense to say nothing to Mrs. Mackenzie about Nodler's inquiries, and a day or two later the Mackenzies went back to Henrichs. It was harder in some ways to be alone, but it was with enormous relief that Sam saw them off at the bus station.

People were good to him. The Smithtons had him to dinner, then to lunch a few days later, and then to dinner again. Mrs. Cornish sent Jenny to Marigold Street with good things. It cheered him greatly to see the baby buggy standing on the square plot of grass while Jenny, making excuses to stay a little longer, brewed tea for him and never failed to stay and have it with him.

If it had not been for the secret, he could have lived like this forever, but it was time to begin a new life with fresh contacts, to get to know different people, to put Creston as far out of his memory as it would go. He knew that it would never go utterly, but new sounds and sights would diminish the frequency and pain of his recollections.

The melancholy with which he wrote one evening to a decorator's establishment in New York was mingled with a stirring curiosity that almost amounted to pleasure. He was young enough to begin life over again and he wondered with active interest what sort of life it would turn out to be.

He went out to mail the letter before he went to bed. It was a cold night and the frozen snow crunched as he walked down the unswept driveway and along the three blocks to the mailbox. Sam felt terribly lonely for Catharine when he thought of all the untroubled couples in all the tiny, respectable houses. It eased his loneliness a little to plan for the future, and he had acquired the habit of working out in the greatest detail the things he might do in a city, even to what he might read in the morning paper and what he would eat for lunch. To conquer the feeling of loneliness that had assailed him, he busied himself, as he crunched over the snow, with imagining a trip to a house that was full of nineteenth-century ornaments and which the owners had suddenly decided to redecorate in Elizabethan style, with copper warming pans and refectory tables and mullioned windows. By the time he had argued them toward a modern style and they had compromised on Edwardian opulence, Sam was back in the house and half undressed for bed.

THE Academy Club exhibit had been postponed to late February and three judges from the great world beyond the Creston city limits came to look the pictures over. When they had decided on the winners, little colored plaques and contrasting rosettes were placed beneath the works which had impressed them most. After that the pictures hung for three weeks so that Creston might view and discuss them.

Jenny came often to the exhibits by way of escape from the heavy Cornish house. Once again Creston was stifling her and this afternoon, before she looked at any of the pictures in the exhibit, she sat in a corner to think things out.

After a while Jenny began to think about Sam and Catharine. The last time she saw Catharine was the day she fainted. She had murmured something about the dazzling light on the snow and it had satisfied Mrs. Cornish. She never knew whether it satisfied Catharine.

Why do women seem to put on good looks with good clothes? Dressing her up has a more marked effect upon her face than it does on a man. It kindles the soul behind it.

—THE HEART OF JOHN BURROUGHS' JOURNALS Edited by Clara Barrus (Houghton Mifflin Company).

Why are so many stingy with affection? Is it because we are like the old Vermonter who said to his wife, "When I think of all you mean to me, it's almost more than I can do not to tell you?"

—DR. DONALD A. LAIRD: The Technique of Personal Analysis (Whittlesey House).

One part of the science of living is to learn just what our own responsibility is, and to let other people's alone.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: Flowers and Fruit From the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe Compiled by A. H. Fairfield (Houghton Mifflin).

At first Jenny half feared that Sam ar Catharine had plotted Konopka's death t gether. Then she decided, more by instin than by logic, that Sam knew nothing of until that last night in the apartment.

She remembered how she herself ha longed to share her closest secret and ho she had gone to Konopka with it and ho much better she felt afterward. If only sh could let Sam know in some way that sh knew it too! If she could just give him tha much comfort and understanding! She ha been to the Marigold Street house thre times in the past two weeks, but she had n dared to tell him. In the late afternoons, sh knew, he often came up the stairs in th Academy Club for a glance at the pictures.

"Hello," said Sam.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you."

THE smile of greeting was still on his fac and it shocked her to see how much older h looked than at Christmas. It was hard fo him to keep silent all he knew. He hated i but it was wiser, so he kept silent, and it wa as if part of him were shut away from th outside world altogether. But Jenny kne that she would have to open that secret roor and help him to bear the horrid burden.

"I'm leaving Creston," he told her.

"You are? When?

"At the end of th semester. I got a jo in New York."

"A good one?"

"It's all right," h told her. "It's with decorating firm."

"I hope it will b something you get t like very much."

"I think I shall lik it. It will be quite dif ferent from the worl here, and that is how want it."

"Yes, I suppose.' Jenny took hold o Sam's arm and led hin toward the stairs. "Ma I have dinner with you or would you rathe be by yourself?" sh asked.

"Sure! I could d with some company.'

"You're not working again tonight?"

Sam had turned west with her across the campus. "No. I'm playing hooky with you."

On the way home later, they passed the sunken garden and the place where in summer the flagpole stood. Jenny remembered the bench where only six months ago she used to sit and unfold the soft thick letters that came to her from Roger. She remembered, too, the day she found Catharine sitting there in a pretty patterned dress. It was too snowy to sit on now, but they stood in the moonlight, looking over the river. Below them, edged with gleaming wet ice, was the Maxwells' house, dark and empty, only its roof and its windows catching the gray light of the moon.

"Sam," said Jenny suddenly, "I've got to talk to you. I've got to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"You're lonely, Sam. I can see the loneliness all around you like a great mist. You've lost Catharine and you never had the baby you looked forward to. You think your life is nearly over, the happy part of it, that is ——" She broke off and looked at him, to see how he was taking it, to see if she dared go on. But she could read nothing in his face. He was simply staring at the frozen river. "I thought my life was over when I lost Roger, but I know now that he would want me to go on and be happy, and if it only made you happy too, what a blessed, blessed thing it would be!" The words came tumbling over one another excitedly, so excitedly that she left out the climax of her speech and went on passionately: "We could go away from here and never see Creston or any of the people here again. You could be Roger's

(Continued on Page 187)

STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *Half its Beauty!*

You can't see or feel this stubborn film . . .
and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

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This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

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Martex

Martex Towels

A Product of West Point Manufacturing Company

(Continued from Page 184)

her and we'd have children of our own and spend the rest of my life making you ppy."

Sam was looking at her, a half smile of wilderment on his face, and she could see it the barrier was still there. Before he uld tell her that things could never be the y she imagined, that she could never fully derstand, that he was going away alone, e gathered up all her courage.

"I want to help you with your secret," e said. "I'm the only one who knows what atharine did. Don't be afraid. I've kept y own secret and I'll keep yours. Let me lp you!"

Sam was still looking at her, and even in e faintness of the moonlight she could see at his eyes were shining with tears and his s were trembling. Fearful and ashamed, e turned and ran down the winding road d she did not stop until she reached the idge that led into the Triangle. She had ne it. She had either spoiled everything or e had crashed open that awful barrier be-veen herself and Sam.

She clung to the rail of the bridge until she ıd regained her breath. Then she straight-ıed and walked toward the Cornish house.

Jenny made her announcement to Mrs. ornish that very evening. "You've been ery kind to me," she said, "but I want to ad a different kind of life. I have enough live on, and when Roger is old enough to to school I'd like to work."

Mrs. Cornish burst into tears. "Oh, Jenny, nny, you mustn't!" she cried.

"I shall be happier that way," said Jenny.

"But what about Roger? Will he be appy? Aren't you being selfish, Jenny?"

Jenny had to admit that in a way she was eing selfish. Roger was not old enough to ay whether he preferred going away with is mother to staying in the Cornish house ith three women to look after him and atisfy his whims.

"How can you say such a thing?" Mrs. ornish went on. "Where else could he have ıe care and attention and love that we can ive him here?"

"Maybe he gets too much with the three f us," suggested Jenny.

"My son had his grandmother and me and llen to raise him. What was wrong with im?" demanded Mrs. Cornish, her beauti-il mother's eyes flashing as she spoke.

Naturally Jenny found it difficult to sug-est that there had been anything at all wrong with Roger, especially as she had to admit that for a spoiled only son Roger had turned out exceptionally well.

"Don't let me hear any more of such talk," said Mrs. Cornish; then, looking fixedly and tenderly at Jenny's mutinous face, "Aren't we making you happy here, my dear? We're doing our very best, Ellen and I."

It was true. They had done their best and Jenny felt ashamed. But now that Roger had not returned, there was a great deal that was missing from her life. She thought of what she had said to Sam earlier in the evening and she reddened.

Mrs. Cornish was still looking at her and Jenny saw a satisfied look on her face. Jenny's blush had pleased her. Jenny almost laughed when she realized what Mrs. Cornish was thinking and how little she really knew of what was going on inside her daughter-in-law's head.

Jenny said no more about leaving Creston, and presently Ellen came in with a tray of cocoa and tiny crackers on a plate. The cocoa smelled good and it was pleasant to nibble the crackers. The spacious room looked especially handsome in the firelight and Jenny was drowsy enough to feel the pull of security.

Mrs. Cornish smiled at her as if she guessed that Jenny was thinking how peaceful and luxurious and tasteful these evening occasions were. Jenny smiled back, but in her secret heart she saw night after night of solemn cocoa drinking, with good black dresses and tender smiles and spiraling steam and shining cups in firelight. Years of this could turn a girl of flesh and blood into a cup of cocoa herself.

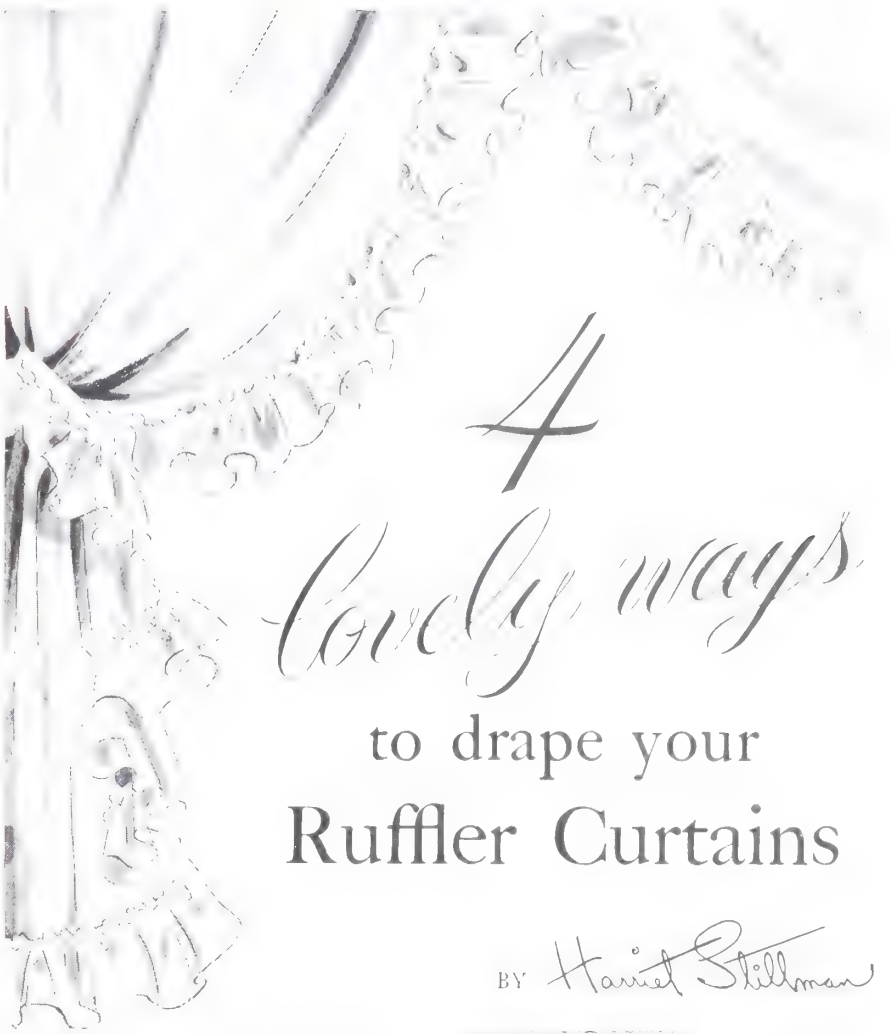
"Well, don't you think it's time we went to bed?" said Mrs. Cornish in her soft sweet voice.

She even sounds like cocoa, thought Jenny, but she rose without a word and the two women kissed each other good night on the upper landing.

Jenny went into the nursery and took Roger to the bathroom. *Granny wants to have you*, she thought as she held him. *She wants you to stay here with her so that you can take your father's place and do everything she meant him to do. Only*, she added, *she didn't mean him to marry me.*

She laughed a little and Roger, sensing that he was not the immediate center of her attention, began to wail. "Oh, come on," she scolded, "don't be silly. Finish what you're doing and get back to bed."

"It's a farewell party for Hamilton—he's running away tomorrow."



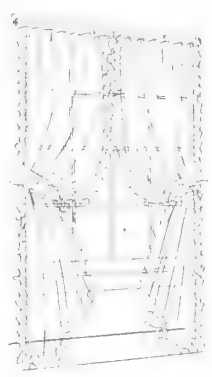
4 Lovely ways to drape your Ruffler Curtains

BY Harriet Stillman

I'm one of those artistic people, like most decorators, just crazy about ruffled curtains . . . especially when they're Vogue Ruffler Curtains . . . for their Ruffler style can be used in so many attractive ways.

Draped Swagger — two pairs

Sometimes, to make a lavish, dressed-up look, I like two pairs of Vogue Rufflers draped swagger fashion. See how graceful this can be.



Draped Priscilla style

Here it's draped Priscilla style—crisp and dainty—a natural for informal decoration — inviting every ray of sunshine.

Then, there is the really simple and beautiful Ruffler hung straight, especially useful at French doors. If sewn to the bottom rod, it will open with the door like a straight hanging panel.

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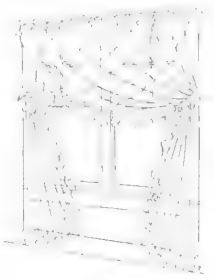
Draped Crisscross

In the wide widths, the Ruffler hung crisscross—in sheer, billowing folds—is a dream for picture windows, and just as charming across two small, side-by-side windows.



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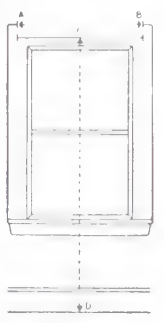

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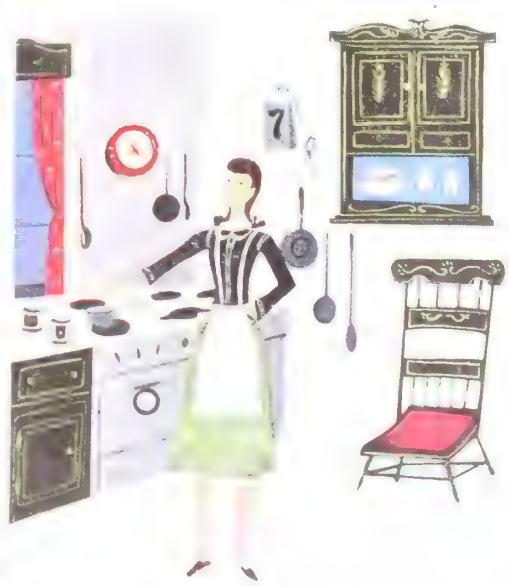

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But Roger was enjoying the sensation of opening his mouth, and on their way back to the bedroom, Jenny saw Mrs. Cornish at her door.

"What's the matter, honey?" Mrs. Cornish called, and Roger, bawling even more, went to her, the tears popping out of his half-shut eyes.

Jenny waited while Mrs. Cornish patted Roger and drew him into her room for a funny little rhyme he always liked to hear. By the time Roger was back in his crib, Jenny had made up her mind.

In the morning after breakfast she went downtown, called at the bank, withdrew two hundred dollars, and made arrangements for transferring her account, after which she went to the station and bought her ticket. Then she ordered a taxi to come for her at four o'clock and went home, highly pleased with herself.

She thought it only fair to let Mrs. Cornish eat her lunch before she told her. She was determined to get the bank and station and taxi business all settled so that only packing stood in the way, and she could easily go on packing while Mrs. Cornish talked. She had cast out the temptation to wait until Mrs. Cornish was out for a full afternoon. It was the cowardly way out to run away, she decided. She would go away, but she would do it openly.

She had managed, a little before lunch, to pack some of Roger's things, and there was plenty of time to pack the rest. She waited until Ellen had brought the coffee, then she spoke.

"Mother Cornish, I've decided to go away for a while."

Mrs. Cornish's face puckered with annoyance. "Jenny darling, please don't start that all over again."

"I've got to tell you. I can't just go," Jenny said.

"We'll talk about it later on. You upset me quite enough last night."

Jenny began to lose patience. "There won't be time to talk later on. Roger and I are going today."

Mrs. Cornish looked at her sharply, as if she sensed the determination in Jenny's voice and everything it boded. "Where are you going?"

"New York."

"You're not going to take Roger with you!"

"Yes indeed I am. I wouldn't think of leaving him behind."

"To New York! You must be crazy."

"Why? Don't they allow babies in New York?"

Mrs. Cornish put down her coffee and came to sit by Jenny. "Jenny, you must put this silly notion of taking Roger to New York with you out of your mind. I know exactly how it is. You're tired and restless and it is a strain for a young girl like you, especially after everything that's happened, living in a house with an old lady. Go to New York, Jenny, or anywhere else you please. I'll give you any kind of holiday you want. Just send your bills to me. But please, please, don't take Roger with you. You won't have anything like a holiday with him to look after. Take several weeks, take until the spring if you like, and when you come back ——"

Jenny wrested herself away and walked over to the window. It was gray and cheerless outside. The half-thawed snow was dirty and the patches of grass were not yet the strong, pushing green of April.

"We're not coming back. Roger and I are going away to live. It may not be in New York, but that is where we shall start."

"I forbid it."

"You can't forbid me. I'm getting on for thirty."

"Oh! What would Roger have said?"

"Someday I've got to learn to look after myself. This life is too sheltered for me."

The foreman of a logging camp where 100 men and two women were employed was inclined to write lengthy reports. When some well-directed hints did not reach the foreman, the manager issued orders:

"Pat, I am a busy man. I haven't time to read long reports. Boil your reports down. Give me the facts in percentages."

Thus in the next report the manager read the following significant story:

"Last month 1 per cent of the men married 50 per cent of the women."

"It's the life you asked for when you married my son. He would have expected his own son to have his chances in life, his background. You don't understand what those things mean."

"I understand more than you think, Mother Cornish. You've been kind to me while I've been here, but lately I've felt that you've begun to expect me to stay here always, and that won't do. Someday, I might want a different kind of life. I might even want to marry again. We've got to be free to choose of our own accord."

There seemed to be nothing more to say at the moment, so Jenny walked out of the room and went upstairs to pack her suitcases. When she looked into the nursery and saw the white crib and the gay curtains looking so oddly out of place in the somber mansion, she cried a little for Mrs. Cornish's sake. It would be easy to soften and stay another year or two, but then it would be harder still to get away. There was no reason at all why she should feel obliged to stay in Creston.

She went on with her packing. Presently she heard Mrs. Cornish coming up the stairs, and in a moment she saw her standing in the doorway.

"I suppose everything is arranged," Mrs. Cornish said tonelessly.

"Yes, I did everything this morning," Jenny told her.

"You don't need any help then?"

"No, thank you. I really don't. The taxi is coming at four."

"Do you have anywhere to stay in New York?"

"I'll try the only place I know. I stayed there one night when I got off the boat."

"You'll let me know where you are?"

"Of course. I'm not running away from you. I just think it will be better for me and Roger to be independent."

"You realize that it is only because my son left you comfortably situated that you can afford to be so independent?"

"Yes indeed, although I like to think of him as my husband."

Mrs. Cornish came into the room and sat down. "Jenny, you hurt me terribly when you spoke so glibly of marrying again."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you, but you made me so angry."

Mrs. Cornish looked at the picture of Roger that still stood on the dressing table. "Do you think he would have liked to hear you speak as you did?"

Jenny took the picture in her hand and looked at it. "Mother Cornish," she said, "I loved Roger as much as I believe he loved me. If he had come back to me I would never have spoken or thought of other men like that. But just as a woman can have another child and not rob the first of any love, but have the love in her doubled for the two of them, so I believe I could love another man, now that Roger has been taken from me, without losing my love for Roger. If I had died when my baby was born, I believe Roger would have felt the same toward me. And yet, wouldn't it have been wrong for me, being dead, to expect him never to love another woman in the least?"

But Mrs. Cornish was hardly listening to what Jenny was saying. "We'll have tea a little earlier today so that you can have a last cup with me," she said, and she went downstairs to tell Ellen what had happened.

Jenny never forgot the somber, guilty quality of that last tea in the Cornish house. Ellen, the impeccable domestic, sniffed as she set down the tray, and Mrs. Cornish, bravely attempting to speak of other things, stabbed Jenny with every smile and every gracious handing of cup and plate and cake. It was so sorrowful and wearing that Jenny's heart seemed to leap for excitement when she

(Continued on Page 190)

"Want to see something New in furniture?"

A beautiful *piece?* My dear, you're looking at four separate pieces, *grouped* . . . two commodes and two shelf units. I simply chose units I wanted to combine. Mengel Furniture made it easy to express our ideas.

Now, look at this! See something familiar? Right . . . the two commodes again! But here they frame a chest with a shelf unit on top to make a buffet. I can separate these units to adapt them for almost any room.

Here again . . . in the bedroom . . . see what I mean! Two commodes, joined by a table and plate glass mirror, give me this lovely vanity. We chose these from a big variety of pieces that Mengel makes in this design.

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ALWAYS BETTER...BETTER ALL WAYS

(Continued from Page 188)

heard the taxi draw up at the front gate. She sprang to her feet. Ellen was in the hallway, trying to smile a cheerful good-by and not succeeding very well. Jenny had a sudden vision of the first afternoon she had come into this house, of Catharine, of Sam! She had made a fool of herself last night. Sam was not likely to come near her any more. She wished it might have been otherwise.

The cab driver was carrying her suitcases. She turned in the hallway to kiss Mrs. Cornish good-by. For the first time it struck her now how very like the older Roger she was. She had noticed the resemblance before, but never so intensely. She gulped a little. It was, however, only a moment, and then it passed, and then she was down the steps and across the sidewalk into the cab, clutching Roger tightly. The great house slid back out of view and a whole part of her life seemed to go with it. She was suddenly older and yet in a curious way she felt more buoyant than she had felt for months.

She saw no one she knew as she followed the porter to the train and there were no more good-by's to say. She looked out the window at the gray-and-white street, just in case Sam might be there. But of course he had no idea that she was leaving, and after last night ——

Last night it had seemed so necessary that she tell him that she knew his secret. Today it had seemed not such a good idea. At least, she decided, her going away would be a relief to him. He would not have to see her again, unless he particularly wanted to, and after her stumbling offer to him it was more than likely that he would do his best to avoid her.

"Your mother's a clumsy idiot," she whispered to Roger. "She rushes at everything and blows it over before she can get it."

The train spurted a derisive whistle and Roger jumped. Then it started across the street lined with waiting cars and then behind the dingy houses of Collins Street, over the Tenth Street crossing, and presently into the thin dark woods on the outskirts of the town.

Roger fell asleep and Jenny sat and gazed at the darkening countryside, wondering what the life ahead of her would bring.

SAM pondered most of the night and all next day over Jenny's confession. There had been gladness and fear and relief in his first reaction, and it took him a while to sort it all out and separate his real feelings from the numbness of surprise.

By the late afternoon he had come to his decision, and after a dinner alone downtown, avoiding the Academy Club, he took the westbound bus to the Triangle, crossed the bridge and walked to the Cornish house.

Ellen told him in the hallway of Jenny's flight, and Sam was not surprised to find Mrs. Cornish in an aggrieved and indignant mood.

As Sam came into the room she rose to greet him. "Oh, Sam! I'm so glad you've come," she said. "The most dreadful thing has happened."

"Ellen told me."

"Why did she do it? What mistake did I make? Wasn't I kind to her?"

Sam tried to comfort Mrs. Cornish and at the same time reason independently Jenny's thinking and feeling and purpose in giving him no chance to tell her how he felt.

"She's so irresponsible," Mrs. Cornish went on. "There's no knowing what she'll do or what dreadful people she'll get mixed up with, and when I think what could happen to poor little Roger ——" Mrs. Cornish's lips quivered and Sam felt sorry for her.

"Jenny can take care of herself better than any other person I know. Remember that day she first landed here with that odd little fellow she picked up at the E... Station?"

"That's what I'm afraid of," said M... Cornish. "There's no knowing what s... might encourage in New York."

"I tell you what I'll do," said Sam, su... denly making up his mind. "I'll call and s... her just as soon as she lets you know wh... she is."

Mrs. Cornish stared. "But you are... going east until June."

"I have to go there about my job," Sa... lied. "I was thinking of going next week er... I'd have to miss a couple of classes, that's al... Then Sam, beginning to understand h... Jenny must have felt, trod cautiously a... with cunning. "I think," he said slowl... "that when you get over the shock of h... leaving so suddenly, you'll see the wh... thing from her point of view. This w... where she expected Roger to come for h... and complete their life together. Oh, ... know you have associations and memori... too, far more of them than Jenny, but you'... seen him here, you raised him in this hous... It's different for her. She never saw hi... here at all and every time she looks at y... she's reminded of her loss."

Mrs. Cornish nodded sympathetically, ... if she partly understood what he was driving a...

"This afternoon when you let her go... Sam went on, "you did the most sel... sacrificing thing you have ever done, a... I'm sure Jenny will always remember that."

Mrs. Cornish looke... surprised and there wa... a hint of pleasurab... appreciation in her fac... Sam felt encouraged.

"I can't help think... ing of the days lon... ago when you gav... those wonderfu... parties. That was be... fore I knew you, bu... people talked abou... them and about ho... you made yourself g... through with them, fo... Roger's sake, eve... though it hurt. An... now you're doing some... thing that hurts again... for Roger's wife, an... for his son."

By ten o'clock, over steaming cups o... cocoa, Mrs. Cornish was patiently and beau... tifully resigned to Jenny's desertion, an... Sam was triumphant and mildly surprise... that his conscience was not bothering him a... much as he expected.

It was a mild, windless night, and San... walked home to Marigold Street by way o... the south bridge, the winding road past th... lookouts, and the silent buildings of th... campus. He had kept Mrs. Cornish up a... hour or more later than her usual bedtime... and as he reached the sunken garden th... Arts Library Building clock struck twelve... The twelfth stroke clanged and diminishe... on the air, marking the close of the old lif... and the beginning of the new. It shocke... him how easily he had transferred his loneli... ness from Catharine to Jenny, but it was... natural enough, he argued. Catharine be... longed to the old life he longed to forget,... Jenny to the new, of which he longed to... be a part.

His impatience would protract this slum... berous winter into a dozen dragging years... before the stirring spring and fully awakened... summer came to release him from the bonds... of things done, the irrevocable things that... had enmeshed him and from which only... Jenny could take him far, so that he might... not be deeply hurt by them again.

In the motionless air every twig was still... and black, but against this wintry melan... choly Sam's visions danced gaily and... brightly. Yesterday and today had set a seal... upon the past. The last flourish had been put... to a pattern that was now finished and done... with. He could look to this past, but no... longer did he and Jenny belong to it. To... night he was cutting them wholly free.

(THE END)

NOTHING IS EASIER THAN—

Misunderstanding people.
Putting the worst construction on whatever anyone says.
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Assuming that we are right.
Putting two and two together to make five.
Finding fault.
Jumping to wrong conclusions.
Forgetting what we have told everyone else to remember.

—H. L. GEE Another Cheerful Day (Methuen & Co., Ltd.).

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IN YOUTH PREPARE FOR OLD AGE

Old age can bring with it pleasures • By George Lawton, Ph.D.

Consulting Psychologist, New York City

AT six, Johnny balks at eating rice pudding, makes a face and pushes away his plate. At 70, grandpa snorts, "Rice pudding!" flings down his napkin and stamps from the table. Threescore years apart, Johnny and grandpa are brothers. Years ago, the problem of raising a suitable crop of granddads wasn't important. Old age was rare. But Johnny has a life expectancy of 60, and in the year 2000, when he reaches that age, if present trends continue, there will be 30,000,000 persons over 60 in this country. Johnny will have plenty of company, and his behavior and that of other grandpas will be important.

If we do something about it now and help Johnny get emotionally in gear for smoother and happier going over life's rough road, we may hope to keep him from becoming like grandpa.

There is a story told about Aristotle: that a mother brought her child to him with a view of obtaining the benefit of his wisdom as to its upbringing.

"How old is your child, woman?"

"Three" was the reply.

"Alas," said Aristotle, "you are two years too late!"

Today psychologists are agreed that undesirable patterns of feeling and behaving, set up very early and reinforced by later childhood experiences, will show their effects over the entire life span, even sixty or seventy years later. It is in childhood, when we are most plastic, that we must do whatever we can to insure the proper adjustments later on.

Mrs. Peterson, faced by the immediate task of getting her Johnny fed, clothed and educated, may feel that the year 2000 is a long way off. It requires an immense effort of the imagination for her to think of what Johnny may be like at the age of her own father, and to speculate on whether some particular training he is getting now will be a hindrance or a help to him as a parent or grandparent. She is apt to feel all will be well *once* he is in high school, *or* when he goes to college, *or* once he is married. But life is a continuous experience, a succession of situations to be met. And Johnny is being equipped for this task, well or badly—now.

If it is hard for Johnny's mother to imagine what he will be like in old age, think of Johnny himself contemplating it. Ask him, "Have you ever thought of what you might be doing at sixty?" and he will laugh, "Oh, go 'way! That's a million years from now." To Johnny old age starts at that incredibly remote period of age 30. In fact, most of us, even Johnny's mother and father, regard later maturity as something that generally happens to other people.

What situations in old age, what problems of adjustment can we prepare for? Old people, in order to be healthy, physically and mentally, need to be active, and activity is best if it is a definite vocation, or an interest pursued seriously and systematically. Johnny will be fortunate if he has a trade in which his skills improve as he grows older, and where age will be an asset instead of a handicap. If he is trained for a profession or craft, he is not likely to find age a vocational bugaboo.

But most young people, as is perfectly natural, think of a job in terms solely of wage and of interest, and not about the obsolescence rate of skills used in a particular vocational field or whether or not it has a hiring-age dead line.

Psychologists talk about two different kinds of abilities: speed and power. We can consider a task solely in terms of the time necessary to complete it (speed), or we can think only of its completion regardless of the time it may take (power). Now we find that as a rule older people do *not* do so well as younger ones on speed tests. On power tests, older workers do almost as well as and sometimes even better than younger ones. Most work in this world is of a manual character, precisely the kind requiring abilities that decline rapidly with age. For this reason, every boy or girl who learns a trade the success of which depends mainly on speed, like a job on the assembly line, should be trained in one or two auxiliary occupations where power is the chief factor.

If economic conditions and American folkways remain in 2000 A.D. what they are today, we can expect most older men and women at that time to have even more leisure than they do at present. Since it is not easy to acquire new hobbies after 60, we should come into the homestretch equipped with devices for our spare time appropriate to our physical and mental needs.

No one now living can predict what kind of world Johnny will face in 2000. Nor can anyone tell what he himself will be like at 60. Yet there is one ability we know he will need, and that is the ability to face changes. We have to prepare not only for what is likely to happen, but for what *now* seems most unlikely.

It is fine for Johnny to play tennis. It also is fine if he can keep chasing around the courts even in his 40's or 50's. However, the years may present Johnny with arthritis, or proneness to back strains, or a heart condition. He may suffer a considerable impairment of vision and hearing. Changes like these will mean that if Johnny is to have an adequate recreational life, he must be willing and glad to learn new interests. If Johnny quite properly likes strenuous games in early maturity, he will most certainly have to replace them later on with less taxing ones, say golf. He may even be reduced to such a very tame and innocent sport as croquet, horseshoe pitching or shuffleboard.

THERE are penalties attached to the good fortune of having lived long, just as there are penalties connected with being alive at all. Perhaps they are not penalties; merely consequences. But whatever our attitude here, think of what it means for the solitary or incapacitated older person to know how to entertain himself. The man or woman over 60 is unusually fortunate who finds inside himself a means of contact with the world, some way of securing for himself a sense of achievement and personal worth. The older person who has no sedentary hobbies is poorly prepared for all those periods in which he may not be able to get about. If we are to anticipate all our needs as older people we must plan for this "bedtime" story, however hard it may be to render it heroic or adventurous.

Young people need to work off energy in strenuous sports. They also should join in games of a group nature. But over and above this, they should learn some hobbies and sports which require little bodily exertion and involve few or no other persons: walking, hiking, shuffleboard, horseshoes, quoits.

Knowledge of simple handicrafts such as weaving, carving, potterymaking proves useful, as does an acquaintance with card games and games like checkers, chess, solitaire, anagrams. Photography is another hobby which the older man can pursue with pleasure and which he can learn when he is young.

Though the aging process may bring severe losses of many kinds to us, imaginative and creative ability shows relatively little decline. If we look at this from the side of interest, the need for self-expression remains as keen over the life span as the need to love and be loved.

There is one legacy we can leave Johnny. We can equip our son with different devices for creation and *(Continued on Page 195)*

Reprinted from George Lawton's Aging Successfully. Copyright, 1944, by Columbia University Press.

lf-projection, and develop in him whatever
fts he may have for performance and ap-
eciation in music, painting, and so
e can teach him to find beauty in nature,
books, in people. He can learn to appre-
ate dawns and sunsets, sand dunes and leaf
tterns. The life of the imagination is as
portant as any real one we can lead. It is
nen we are young that the full resources
our imagination should be developed.
Only the old man dreams dreams who has
en visions in his youth."

An old proverb holds: "Beware of the
ung man who cannot cry and the old one
o cannot laugh." It is good to encourage
interest in the humorous programs on the
dio and in humor generally, since this will
a great outlet in old age.

The more flexible Johnny's skills, the
der his interests, the better able will he be
face the world when he is older. But
xibility in *emotional reactions* and *attitudes*
ll be equally important to him later on.
What makes a mind youthful? Princi-
lly, it is the love of a new experience for its
vn sake, a love strong enough to render all
it major hazards worth facing. The young
rson is curious, and it is this curiosity
nich gives him his flexibility of mind and
notion. Johnny turned adolescent, and
sappointed in love, may vow never to look
another girl as long as he lives. But then
sees a new girl at school and his resolution
es by the board—all because of his imagi-
ation and investigatory
ipulse.

The youthful mentality
so judges each day in its
vn terms. Here is Johnny
bbing his sleep out of
s eyes in a sunny room-
g and all set to visit the
each with some friends. If he is normal, he
oesn't waste any time comparing this visit
ith his previous ones. Nor will he stay
ome because he is sure that the trip can't
ossibly measure up to the others which he
as taken.

This search for novelty, this pleasure and
st in new and present experience, is what
e mean by the youthful mind. With age,
ne love of a challenge, the impulse to take
o a scent and follow it no matter where—
is mostly disappears. In one way, such a
ss of mental bounce-and-go is desirable.
therwise we should never know the equally
eat pleasures of stability and maturity.

BUT this preference for comfort instead of
ovelty, and safety instead of adventure, is
ten overdone. There are men and women,
ren at 80 and 90, of whom we all say, "They
ill never grow old." These are people who
ways will retain the thrill that comes with
scovery and exploration. If a person can
o through life saluting each new situation
e faces, his mind and spirit will never grow
d, no matter how weak and wasted his
hysical frame may become.

On the other hand, we find some teen-age
oys and girls whose minds are prematurely
d, for they greet a new experience with,
This is going to be terrible. I wish I were
ome other place."

In raising Johnny, Mrs. Peterson should
m to encourage fixed attitudes where funda-
ental principles of living and basic in-
grities of the person are involved. But to
sist on conformity in less major matters of
rsonal regimen and habits of daily routine
ill unfit him for later life, since aging in
self tends to make us more rigid and un-
elding.

Mrs. Peterson should teach Johnny to
ugh it and to like roughing it. He should
e able to sleep in beds other than his own
d to eat and enjoy cooking *not* like "mother
ed to make." Johnny should be able on
casion to watch calmly his daily routine go
smash. Mrs. Peterson, of course, may
ass out at such a critical moment, yet
ven she will agree that grandpa would be
uch more bearable if he realized there
an be many different ways of doing a thing
ell.

Life is full of detested rice pudding, and
ohnny can do one of two things. He can take and like it or he can say "No"—provided he does not lose more by this refusal than he gains.

Johnny, in the pantaloon stage, may be living with his daughter-in-law. And suppose she is a normal, kind person busy with her own home, husband and children, and simply hasn't the time to cater to all her father-in-law's caprices or even legitimate likes and dislikes? Many a child goes from a doting mother to a wife who, in order to avoid constant squabbles, gives in to all the whims of a domineering husband. When the mate goes, he expects whoever replaces her as his caretaker to behave the same way.

BUT that is asking too much of nonmothers and nonwives, and so Mr. John Xavier Peterson (our Johnny, now age 6) in 2000 is hurt and confused by his daughter-in-law's neglect. He will continually face situations where things are done differently from what he had been accustomed to. There will be times when he should speak up in defense of his likes and dislikes, and times when group living or practical necessities do not allow any individual to be catered to. Mr. Peterson would be wiser to adapt himself to reality than to sulk. He should have learned that years before.

A complete preparation of Johnny for grandparenthood must include a philosophy of life to help him assimilate his later experiences. It will prove a great help to him if he learned as a very young child that life is a series of episodes the nature of which is unpredictable. "Time takes away these things and replaces them by other things." Whether one's present experience is happy or not, there is a fifty-fifty chance that it will be followed by one of an opposite kind. As a little poem, author unknown, put it:

> Humility is to make a right estimate of one's self.
> —C. H. SPURGEON.

This emotional flexibility is extremely important in the second half of life, since startling changes in [illegible] occur then.

There is one man ready for the worst old age can do. Disappointments and demotions cause him pain; they may even throw him off balance temporarily. But he survives and learns to accept each defeat as it comes, once he is sure that struggle is unavailing. This man always has believed his importance lay in what he is as a person and not in what he owns or whom he can impress. Some of us are born with such a philosophy, some acquire it, and some of us had it thrust upon us, but it is best if this attitude is bred in the bone when we are young.

While any particular problem we face in later life may seem quite different from those of our early years, the *way* we handle it often remains unchanged. Meet Mrs. Turner, age 67, upon whose judgment and resourcefulness every member of her family depends. Mrs. Turner is always glad to assume responsibility, but she was that way even as a little girl.

Now turn to Mr. Martin Robinson, 74, who is just as eager to avoid responsibility as Mrs. Turner is to assume it. Mr. Robinson has been doing this "getting from under" act for seventy years. At 4, when he let every other kid get at the sand pile and stood by watching helplessly, little Martin already had started making excuses for his defeats instead of learning from them.

Johnny today will never fight his own battles if he can get his parents and other grownups to extricate him from a difficult situation.

Let us press the button that will shift the scene ahead threescore years. Before us we see John X. Peterson in all his crotchety grandeur. Note how he enjoys the comforts of "life with his daughter-in-law." But he is taking his pleasures sadly and grudgingly.

Sometimes we face experiences in the same way at both ends of the life span; sometimes we repeat the very same experience. We saw that in the case of food prejudices. It is true

April Showers
PERFUME
The fragrance of youth!
Discover the new secret of April Showers . . . a dash of recklessness, a murmur of mystery, a breath of romance. Enchanting fragrance for enchanted hours!
Eau de Toilette $2.00
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PERFUMERS TO ROMANCE
It's for . . . the young . . . at heart, like you!
There's fresh bright magic in this gay perfume. Frolic whispers to you of night-hearted moments—joy that lingers in your heart and his!
Eau de Toilette $2.00 Dusting Powder $1.00 Talcum Powder 50c Perfume $7.50 $4.50 decorative size $1.25 —plus tax

Fashions for Kitchens

One glance at Daystrom's new kitchen sets will set your heartstrings a-strumming! Plastic table tops decorated with original Walter Dorwin Teague designs—each as gay and colorful as an ice ballet. *Plus* an exciting new decorating idea—a free kit of decals to match your table top motif—so you can be your own decorator and custom-style your kitchen.

Daystrom sets are heavily chrome plated. The tops are decorated laminated plastic—chip-proof, heat and stain resistant, washable. Set consists of extension table and 4 chairs luxury-upholstered in red, green or blue Duran.

Swedish Peasant Design Shown—a sophisticated interpretation of a provincial theme. Also, Strawberry Festival, Trojan, Nightingale, Floral Lace.

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TUBULAR CHROME KITCHEN Sets

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also of fears, temper tantrums, and so on. [illegible] Grandpa Peterson may have as great trouble in keeping himself occupied as does Johnny during the week ends and summers.

The chances are that any problem we leave unsolved in our childhood will remain unsolved until the end—however late this may come. Johnny, afraid of other boys and ready to attack them with words when he is safe out of reach, may turn into a sarcastic old man still using words as weapons.

Each stage of our life requires certain experiences for emotional growth and development. If we don't have them at the proper time, we will try to substitute similar experiences later on when they are entirely inappropriate. Grandpa Peterson is a good example.

Tom Peterson, as a child, had lost his mother and the kind of love that is all-accepting and all-forgiving. Thenceforth he lived among strangers. As an adult man he sought to get this uncritical lavish maternal love from a series of women he married. Unfortunately for men like Peterson, the love of a mate is not the same as the love of a mother. Mate love is the relationship of equals, it makes demands and sets standards. It is not all-accepting and all-forgiving. Unable to earn love by the giving of himself or by his kind acts, Peterson tried force and power instead. When we meet him battling with the rice pudding, he has been reduced to using petty situations to express resentment that "no one loves me" and to channel off his aggressive impulses. In old age, Peterson is still trying to enjoy an experience and satisfy a need that belonged to his childhood.

> Courage is not the absence of fear, but its conquest.
> —REV. JOSEPH DEGEN.

Children need to have their questions answered satisfactorily. They also need as tiny tots to have certain real experiences. The persistent search for answers and experiences belonging to our earliest years occurs not only in the sex field, but in other areas of human behavior as well. For example, our religious attitudes, the way we face death and what lies beyond the grave, are to be explained by what happened to our questions and our attempt at experimentation when we were very young.

A SURPRISING fact about human development is that the childhood of any particular person is mirrored more closely by his old age than by the years 20-60, though the latter are nearer to it in time. In a sense, maturity is a detour on the road from childhood to old age. There is profound truth in the saying, "Old age is a second childhood." Indeed, it is a first childhood over again.

Here is Helen, age 12, lonely, living almost entirely in her daydreams and achieving all her successes in that twilight zone. Helen wants friends, not only as comrades, but as subjects of the Queen. Alas, her kingdom contains none of these.

Certain people are what we call "isolates." Throw them into the very center of a group, and through some sort of social centrifugal force they soon end up on the side lines; they have no apparatus for taking hold in group situations and hanging on. Other people, placed in a strange environment, soon send out feelers and become a definite part of the new little world.

Helen is an "isolate" at least until she reaches 21 and she marries. Then for the next twenty-five years, Helen undergoes what seems to be quite a transformation. "You would never know Helen," her former schoolmates exclaim to one another. "She seems so secure and happy." Because Helen receives the homage of the world, her husband and three children and is so busy raising a family and entertaining the friends and business associates of her husband, she never notices her essential loneliness.

But the children grow up and leave the kingdom. The royal consort passes away, or the royal exchequer is not what it used to be.

At 65 or 70, Helen is back where she was at 12. Once again she is a lonely little queen. If you look hard, you will discover, underneath her gray hair, the scared little girl of fifty years before. Thrown back upon her own inner resources, something she never had, Helen leads an empty, bitter life. Though she tries to extract some strength and glory from her memories, these offer little nourishment.

The life of man resembles very much the familiar comment on history, "The more it changes, the more it remains the same thing." Helen should blame her loneliness, not on the years she has lived, but on the kind of person she is and has always been. *We are personalities, strategies, philosophies facing the world—not hourglasses or calendars.*

WE all have met dramatic examples of the "all-or-none" type of person who won't "play" unless every condition he lays down is granted. There is no objection to moral heroes. They have their time and place, and it is a fine and noble thing that people should be willing to sacrifice and, if necessary, die for certain ideals. But the well-adjusted person economizes on the number of things he will die for. Otherwise, he will always be living beyond his moral budget. No one can afford to do that.

The happiest old person is one who can take hold or let go of situations quickly as the need may arise. His emotions and interests are strong and relatively permanent when going full force, but they can be regulated in a way to make for satisfactory relationships with people. When no tremendous principle is at stake, the well-adjusted person is willing to compromise and follow a "live and let live" philosophy. This ability to discriminate between issues on which we may yield, and those on which we should stand firm, is one of the gifts of maturity in many people. But it is an ability which parents and adults might try to cultivate in the young.

Two thirds of the people over 65 in this country are financially dependent, and the same number also suffer from some chronic illness. The great problems of old age, therefore, are economic and medical. It would be impossible to anticipate all the medical needs we may have as old people. Proper dietary and living habits, as well as regular medical and dental examinations throughout the life span—these represent a minimum of preparation.

As for the economic requirements, it is easy to tell people to save for their old age and in that way avoid dependence on children, private charity or public assistance. Building up an adequate reserve is enormously difficult even though we try our hardest. Man proposes; our economic system disposes.

Children and young adults should have as good a time as possible, and we must be moderate in all things—even in preparing for old age.

Yet consider this: Johnny is only 12. By the grace of God and the life-expectancy tables, he should live a long time. He will still want some fun and comfort when he is 40, and he will want the same thing when he is 70. The saying, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," might be worth following if the prophecy really were fulfilled. Generally, we don't die. We merely suffer or enjoy, and what we hope for but don't expect actually happens: we live long. Without any real preparation we have reached later maturity.

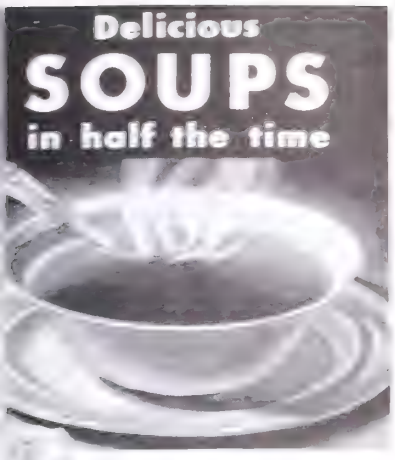
For centuries we have repeated, "If youth only knew and age only could."

Perhaps if we were to study the situations which we face as old people and then see how certain childhood experiences either help or hurt our chances of meeting these situations successfully, age might be a period in which we not only "knew" but also "could."

From the poets come two messages for youth. The first is none too certain:

To One Yet Young

How can I tell you what you wish to know
My youth, my hopes, the way my parents had
me grow?



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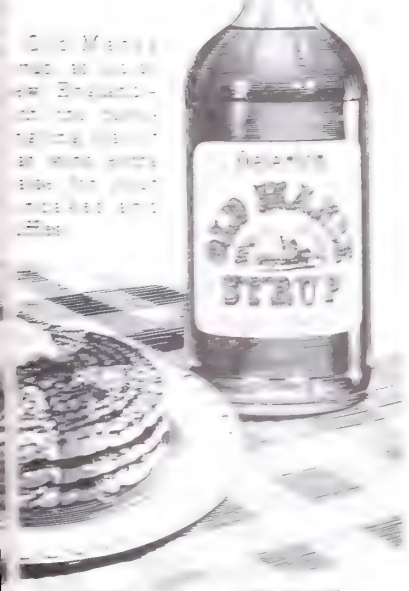

OLD MANSE
SYRUP

THE CHORE GIRL

Got a Cat?
CATS MAGAZINE

EARLY VARIETIES

TOMATO-AND-CLAM
CONSOMME

BROILED STUFFED
LAMB PATTIES

Ever Bake a Picture Cake?

TRY THIS RECIPE FOR EASTER. IT'S FUN WHEN YOU DO IT ALL WITH SPARKLING PYREX WARE

Sift flour once, then measure. Sift flour and dry ingredients together. Add egg yolk to sugar. Now mix well. Pour boiling water over shortening in PYREX measure. Add to mixture and beat . . . POUR into greased PYREX CAKE DISH and bake.

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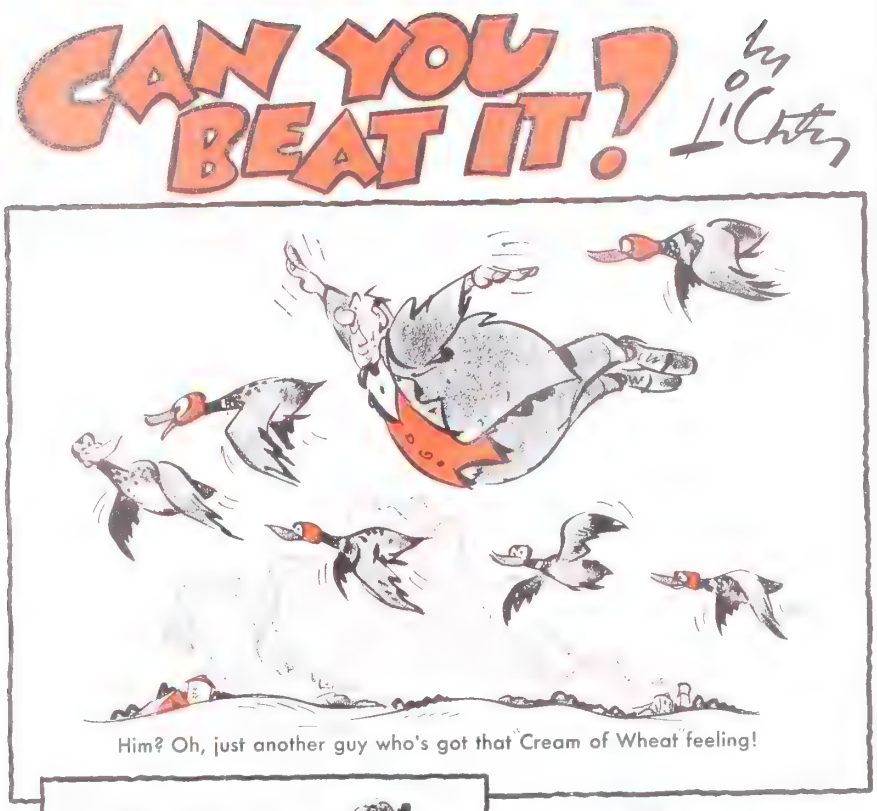
CAN YOU BEAT IT?
Him? Oh, just another guy who's got that Cream of Wheat feeling!
It's the only way Pop can get some Cream of Wheat for himself!
Sorry, Snodgrass—must be the Iron in your "Enriched 5 Minute Cream of Wheat!"
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PLUS EXTRA CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND VITAMIN B1
PLUS HEAPS OF "GET-UP-AND-GO" FOOD-ENERGY!
—AND ALL FOR LESS THAN 1¢ A SERVING!
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT... GET THAT
CREAM OF WHEAT
FEELING!

ready to broil. Peel and separate 2 oranges for garnishing the platter.

Not special—but good. I don't care what teacher says, I think potatoes are top-flight. Cook them most any way, and if they're cooked right, you can't make *me* mad. Why, do you know that not so long ago the governor of Idaho, himself in person, sent me a box of Idaho's gift to a better world? Each potato weighed at least a pound, all done up in their paper Mother Hubbards, scrubbed and just screaming to be baked. They were—and eaten. It was a present to make the eyes shine, and I guess Idaho must be a pretty wonderful place, with a wonderful governor.

The cream does it. No potato is better than the way it's cooked. Take a baked potato now. (Take two, but not two Idahos—you'd fail on the second round.) When it is baked so a fork goes in like a knife through butter, you should split it lengthwise—up and down, you know, for no baked potato does as well cut open crossways. Now take a silver fork and break up—not *mash*—the meat inside the crackling shell; but break it lightly and firmly and apply a large square of sweet butter or margarine, salt and pepper it. Then pour in a tablespoon or so of hot heavy cream. Mix with the fork once more. Reheat for five minutes. That, dear friends, is a baked potato.

This is not that. To go with the lamb patties, serve the new and very young potatoes creamed. Don't hesitate. Done well, they're delicious, also they supply that very necessary sauce. But—when there's a steak coming up, or a loin of pork or pork chops, get out my few words on the baked potato—and go thou and do likewise!

CREAMED NEW POTATOES WITH CHIVES

Allow at least 3 small new potatoes for each service—might have a few extra too; don't do too much counting. Scrape or peel them thinly. Cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and add 1 quart rich well-seasoned cream sauce, of the *light* kind. Let's not have any paste. You know how I feel about *that*. Add 2 tablespoons finely minced chives. Oh, by the way, the smaller the new potato, the better it is. Little immature things, they have much to commend them. They must never be baked. It goes to their heads and they become totally uninhibited.

There was a time. Quite some years back I embarked on a regime of dieting. You see, I had purchased at great agony of mind and pocketbook a perfectly divine evening dress. It was a honey. It still is. One of those gowns that are never out of style, one to steal the show and attract the spotlight as Edison's invention gets the moths spinnin of a summer evening. *That* sort of dress.

Shutting my eyes to consequences. Well, naturally with such a dress I *also* em barked on a splurge of dinners and partie and goings on that involved rich food an plenty of it. And the day came, creeping u on me all unawares, the awful day cam when bursting from the seams, an unsightl bulge appeared where no bulge was intende And dieting loomed like a specter out of haunted house. And *that* meant salads. N the salads *we* know, just greens with salt an pepper and hot-foot it to the scales. Bu finally it worked; I grew the other way, bu fast. Out of the drawer came my dress an lo, it fitted! Ups and downs have come upo me since, but I can still wear that gow When I get a chance. I felt you should kno how close I am to your problems and how have shared them through the years. You understand, don't you?

An early salad. This is a salad right i season—and good at any time. But to g along with our story, let's call it somethin Let's call it ——

EARLY VARIETY SALAD

For the salad use the Boston lettuce (I yours ready yet? If not, use lettuce tha *isn't* Boston. It *all* has leaves), slice radishes and chopped scallions. Plenty o lettuce, a bunch of radishes and a bunc of scallions ought to do it. Season wit salt and pepper and toss with French mushroom dressing: ½ cup finely choppe raw mushrooms added to 1 cup Frenc dressing. As usual, the salad has to be col as icicles and dressed the last thing. Bu you know all that.

Someday I shall discuss it. I mean th question, hard-cooked versus hard-boile eggs. A hard-*cooked* egg might be a fried egg yes, I know about that—a poached egg, a omelet or a scrambled egg. Would you pl any of these unfortunate things *in* anythin especially in a dish of greens? No, it has be hard-boiled, and on that premise I tal my stand and stand like the minuteman Concord. (Or is it Lexington?) Anywa that's the stand I take.

BEET GREENS WITH EGGS

Wash 2 or 3 pounds young tender be greens. Never spare the water—they co lect sand like spinach. And I guess y know about that. Cook in a small qua tity of boiling salted water until just te der. They take just a little longer tha spinach, so keep an eye on them. Remen ber this is their first time out and they' flighty. Drain them very well indeed. Se son with salt and pepper and 2 tablespoo vinegar. Slice 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs a garnish the greens.

"The one with the bow tie—he's chapter ten in my diary!"

OR COFFEE WITH THAT
"Master Chef" Flavor
E SURE YOU BREW IT IN
Vaculator
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TOMATIC
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ilter

nous chefs from coast to coast
Make GOOD coffee, and proudly boast:
o make your coffee rich in flavor,
Always brew it in VACULATOR!"

Vaculator
CHICAGO 6, U. S. A.

Many a time and oft. How many times I've strung my lyre and warbled a piece about rolls. I admire always the maker of first-rate rolls. It's curious that so many people think they're hard to make, take forever, are fussy and frivolous, when they are about as simple as anything I can name. And from the "setting" to the eating, among the most delicious things to come out of the oven. Quick too. The secret is in using enough yeast. And there are one or two other secrets too. But, as I said, I've told you about all I know, over and over again. However, here's another version, and may all good luck attend you.

CHEESE REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

Break up 2 cakes fresh yeast. Add ¼ cup sugar. Let stand 20 minutes. Scald 1 cup milk. Add ½ cup butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add the yeast mixture and 3 well-beaten eggs. Add 1 cup dry grated sharp cheese. Work in 4½ cups flour. Mix thoroughly. This is quite a stiff dough, and that's all right *this* time. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead until satiny. Place in a greased bowl. Cover and let it rise until twice the bulk. Keep it in a warm room. Punch down. Form into a smooth ball. Grease the dough with butter or margarine. Cover with a cloth *and* a cover and put the dough in the refrigerator. When wanted, take a piece out of the refrigerator and let it stand, covered, in a warm room about an hour before shaping into rolls. Make them in any shapes you like. Let them rise until twice the bulk. (That's an old bread-making cliché. It means twice what they started out to be.) Bake at 375° F., about 15 minutes. This receipt gets you around fifty rolls, so figure how much you need to cut off each time, for this dough will keep a week in the refrigerator. But keep it covered.

Flowers and flowerpots. Just what you transplant those tiny seedlings into, those are what the dessert has shown up in, and a very smart idea it is too. Right in line with spring and everything. Be sure to buy brand-new and small flowerpots. They ought to hold a sherbet glass of ice cream. Then a nice idea is to cover the ice cream with stiff whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, then go ahead with a *real* layer of chocolate "shot" or grated chocolate. Vanilla is the best ice cream for this, I think—goes best with chocolate. What do you think of it? Dying to know.

FIRST FLOWERS DESSERT

Scrub the flowerpots and dry them inside and out. Line them with paper linings bought or made by you. Fill with ice cream and sprinkle tops with grated unsweetened chocolate. And sprinkle it *thick*; don't skimp on this. Make flower cookies from any good sugar-cooky dough. Stick the stems of the cookies in the ice cream. *To make the cookies:* Roll out the dough; cut in the shape of a flower with a strip for the stems. Lay on a greased cooky sheet several inches apart. Cut a little of the dough for leaves. Stick to the stems. Cut out by hand or with a scalloped cutter for the flowers and attach stem strip and leaves. Use pieces of candied cherries to make the centers of the flowers. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until barely brown and very crisp.

Happy April to you. It does seem that to keep "happy" bottled up for New Year's is just too silly. April's a lot more exciting than any old January first. As for me, I'm in favor of starting a new year whenever I see fit. If I want to say "Happy April Fools' Day" that's *my* business. Or isn't it? I think so.

I've started you off on your seed packages and seed beds and flowerpots in great shape, so now all I have to add is—"Happy gardening!" Have fun showing up with the things you like best, cooked as you like them. Boast all you want to—I'm with you. An old hand at it—and at nothing do I do a better job than when I get my hands on half a pound of early peas, some string beans and that midget corn from my own garden. Then watch me go. Hear me brag. See the cutworms run.

THE END

fish THAT'S delish

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WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE
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For Baked Fish: Pour off all but 2 tbs. of the drippings from the fish and blend in 1 or 2 tbs. flour. Add slowly 1 cup hot stock or bouillon. Season with 3 tsp. French's Worcestershire Sauce.

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It took months of warm summer sunshine to bring this dish of prunes to your breakfast table. Months of summer sunshine that packed them full of wholesome goodness . . . made them rich in sweet prune flavor.

For these are SUNSWEET Prunes!

They were *not picked* like other fruit, but were allowed to hang in the sunshine until so plump and heavy with juicy goodness they dropped from the trees of their own weight.

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ONCE AND FOR ALL

... got to be the one to take care of him. You'll ... have to be the one to train him to stay at ... leg drop awkwardly. It must be uncomfort- ... able." She looked down at him tenderly. ... "If you hate ... you must ... and "like the Wil- ...

No, he was not there. She stood irreso- ... lute in the roadless, green-walled triangular ... pasture, wondering what to do next.

Then before she knew what thought had ... come into her mind its emotional impact ... knocked her down. At least her knees ... crumpled under her. The Wilsons had, last ... Wednesday, brought their sheep down from ... the far upper pasture, to the home farm. ... They were—she herself had seen them on her ... way to school, and like an idiot had not ... thought of Rollie—on the river meadow.

SHE was off like a racer at the crack of the ... starting pistol, her long, strong legs stretched ... in great leaps, her pigtails flying. She took ... the short cut, regardless of the brambles. ... Their thorn-spiked, wiry stems tore at her ... flesh, but she did not care. She welcomed ... the pain. It was something she was doing ... for Rollie, for her Rollie.

She ... in the next words ... rushing ... down the steep, stony path, tripping over ... roots ... recovering herself just in ... time, ... slackening her ... speed. She burst out on ... the open knoll above the ... river ... calling ... wildly. "Rollie, here, ... Rollie, here, boy! Here! ... Here!" She tried to ... whistle, but she was cry- ... ing too hard to pucker her ...

There was nobody to ... see ... Twi- ... light was ... over the ... bare, grassy knoll. The ... sunless evening wind slid ... down the mountain like ... an invisible river, engulf- ... ing her in cold. Her teeth ... began to chatter. "Here, ... Rollie, here, boy, here!" ... She strained her eyes to ... look down into the mead- ... ow to see if the sheep ... were there. She could not ... be sure. She stopped ... calling him as she would ... a dog, and called out his ... name despairingly, as if ... he were her child. "Rol- ... lie! Oh, *Rollie*, where are ...

The tears ran down ... her cheeks in streams. ... She sobbed loudly, ter- ... ribly; she did not try ... to control herself, since ... there was no one to ... hear. "Hou! Hou! Hou!" she sobbed, her ... face contorted grotesquely. "Oh, Rollie! ... Rollie! Rollie!" She had wanted something ... to cry about. Oh, how terribly now she had ... something to cry about.

She saw him as clearly as if he were there ... beside her, his muzzle and gaping mouth all ... [illegible] the ... [illegible] But he didn't know it was ... wrong!" she screamed like a wild creature. ... [illegible] It was my ... fault. I should have made better ... him ... I will now, I will!"

But ... she screamed she ... could not make herself heard. In the cold ... gathering darkness, she saw him stand, poor, ... guiltless victim of his ignorance, who should ... have been protected from his own nature, his ... beautiful soft eyes looking at her with love, ... his splendid plumed tail waving gently. "It ... was my fault. I promised I would bring him ... up. I should have *made* him stay at home. I ... was responsible for him. It was my fault."

But she could not make his executioners ... hear her. The shot rang out. Rollie sank ... down, his beautiful liquid eyes glazed, the ... blood spurting from the hole in his head— ... like the Wilsons' collie. She gave a wild ... shriek, long and sustaining, frantic. It was ... the scream at sudden, unendurable tragedy ... of a mature, full-blooded woman. It drained ... dry the girl of thirteen. She came to herself

Moon Lost

By Patricia McDonald

... Lady of the Snow, ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

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You feel fresh... and look fresh... when you wake up rested and relaxed. Enjoy that supremely soothing SEALY feeling.
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Sealy
Sleeping on a Sealy is like sleeping on a cloud

(Continued from Page 200)

She was standing on the knoll, trembling and quaking with cold, the darkness closing in on her.

Her breath had given out. For once in her life she had wept all the tears there were in her body. Her hands were so stiff with cold she could scarcely close them. How her nose was running! Simply streaming down her upper lip. And she had no handkerchief. She lifted her skirt, fumbled for her slip, stooped, blew her nose on it, wiped her eyes, drew a long quavering breath—and heard something! Far off in the distance, a faint sound, like a dog's muffled bark.

She whirled on her heels and bent her head to listen. The sound did not come from the meadow below the knoll. It came from back of her, from the Wilsons' maple grove higher up. She held her breath. Yes, it came from there. She began to run again, but now she was not sobbing. She was silent, absorbed in her effort to cover ground. If she could only live to get there, to see if it really were Rollie. She ran steadily till she came to the fence, and went over this in a great plunge. Her skirt caught on a nail. She impatiently pulled at it, not hearing or not heeding the long sibilant tear as it came loose. She was in the dusky maple woods, stumbling over the rocks as she ran. As she tore on up the slope she knew it was Rollie's bark.

She stopped short and leaned weakly against a tree, sick with the breathlessness of her straining lungs, sick in the reaction of relief, sick with anger at Rollie, who had been here having a wonderful time while she had been dying, just dying in terror about him.

For she could now not only hear that it was Rollie's bark; she could hear, in the dog language she knew as well as he, what he was saying in those excited yips: that he had run a woodchuck into a hole in the tumbled stone wall, that he almost had him, that the intoxicating wild-animal smell was as close to him—almost—as if he had his jaws on his quarry. Yip! Woof! Yip! Yip!

Carlyle says, "My father had one virtue which I should try to imitate—he never spoke of what was disagreeable and past, and my mother was the same: she turned her back at once upon the last months, which she put away forever like a sealed volume."

—AUGUSTUS HARE: The Story of My Life: Quoted in Character and Conduct (Henry Young & Sons).

The wild, joyful quality of the dog talk enraged the girl. She was trembling in exhaustion, in indignation. So that was where he had been, when she was killing herself trying to take care of him. Plenty near enough to hear her calling and whistling to him, if he had paid attention. Just so set on having his foolish good time, he never thought to listen for her call.

She stooped to pick up a stout stick. She would teach him! It was time he had something to make him remember to listen. She started forward.

But she stopped, stood thinking. One of the things to remember about collies—everybody knew that—was their sensitiveness. A collie who had been beaten was never "right" again. His spirit was broken. "Anything but a broken-spirited collie," the farmers often said. They were no good after that.

She threw down her stick. Anyhow, she thought, he was too young to know, really, that he had done wrong. He was still only a puppy. Like all puppies, he got perfectly crazy over wild-animal smells. Probably he really and truly hadn't heard her calling and whistling.

All the same, all the same—she stared intently into the twilight—he couldn't be let to grow up just as he wanted to. She would have to make him understand that he mustn't go off this way by himself. He must be trained to know how to do what a good dog does—not because *she* wanted him to, but for his own sake.

She walked on now, steady, purposeful, gathering her inner strength together, Olympian in her understanding of the full meaning of the event.

When he heard his own special young god approaching, he turned delightedly and ran to meet her, panting, his tongue hanging out. His eyes shone. He jumped up on her in an ecstasy of welcome and licked her face.

But she pushed him away. Her face and voice were grave. "No, Rollie, *no!*" she said severely. "You're *bad*. You know you're not to go off in the woods without me! You are—a—*bad dog*."

He was horrified. Stricken into misery. He stood facing her, frozen, the gladness going out of his eyes, the erect waving plume of his tail slowly lowered to slinking, guilty dejection.

"I know you were all wrapped up in that woodchuck. But that's no excuse. You *could* have heard me, calling you, whistling for you, if you'd paid attention," she went on. "You've got to learn, and I've got to teach you."

With a shudder of misery he lay down, his tail stretched out limp on the ground, his head flat on his paws, his ears drooping—ears ringing with the doomsday awfulness of the voice he so loved and revered. He must have been utterly wicked. He trembled, and turned his head away from her august look of blame, groveling in remorse for whatever mysterious sin he had committed.

She sat down by him, as miserable as he. "I don't *want* to scold you. But I have to! I have to bring you up right, or you'll get shot, Rollie. You *mustn't* go away from the house without me, do you hear, *never!*"

Catching, with his sharp ears yearning for her approval, a faint overtone of relenting affection in her voice, he lifted his eyes to her, humbly, soft in imploring fondness.

"Oh, Rollie!" she said stooping low over him. "I *do* love you. I do. But I *have* to bring you up. I'm responsible for you, don't you see?"

He did not see. Hearing sternness, or something else he did not recognize, in the beloved voice, he shut his eyes tight in sorrow, and made a little whimpering lament in his throat.

She had never heard him cry before. It was too much. She sat down by him and drew his head to her, rocking him in her arms, soothing him with inarticulate small murmurs.

He leaped in her arms and wriggled happily as he had when he was a baby; he reached up to lick her face as he had then. But he was no baby now. He was half as big as she, a great, warm, pulsing, living armful of love. She clasped him closely. Her heart was brimming full, but calmed, quiet. The blood flowed in equable gentleness all over her body. She was deliciously warm. Her nose was still running a little. She sniffed and wiped it on her sleeve.

It was almost dark now. "We'll be late to supper, Rollie," she said responsibly. Pushing him gently off, she stood up. "Home, Rollie, home!"

Here was a command he could understand. At once he trotted along the path toward home. His plumed tail, held high, waved cheerfully. His short dog memory had dropped into oblivion the suffering just back of him.

Her human memory was longer. His prancing gait was as carefree as a young child's. Plodding heavily like a serious adult, she trod behind him. Her very shoulders seemed bowed by what she had lived through. She felt, she thought, like an old, old woman of thirty. But it was all right now. She knew she had made an impression on him.

When they came out into the open pasture, Rollie ran back to get her to play with him. He leaped around her in circles, barking in cheerful yawps, jumping up on her, inviting her to run a race with him, to throw him a stick, to come alive.

His high spirits were ridiculous. But infectious. She gave one little leap to match his. Rollie pretended that this was a threat to him, planted his forepaws low and barked loudly at her, laughing between yips. He

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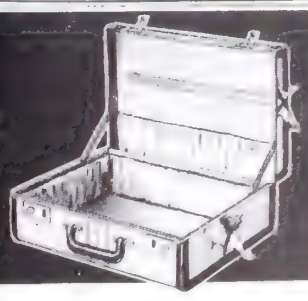

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NOT JUST A COLOR

was so funny, she thought, when he grinned that way. She laughed back, and gave another mock-threatening leap at him. Radiant that his sky was once more clear, he sprang high on his steel-spring muscles in an explosion of happiness, and bounded in circles around her.

Following him, not noting in the dusk where she was going, she felt the grassy slope drop steeply. Oh, yes, she knew where she was. They had come to the rolling-down hill just back of the house. All the kids rolled down there, even the little ones, because it was soft grass without a stone. She had rolled down that slope a million times—years and years ago, when she was a kid herself. It was fun. She remembered well the whirling dizziness of the descent, all the world turning over and over crazily. And the delicious giddy staggering when you first stood up, the earth still spinning under your feet.

"All right, Rollie, let's go," she cried, and flung herself down in the rolling position, her arms straight up over her head.

Rollie had never seen this skylarking before. It threw him into almost hysterical amusement. He capered around the rapidly rolling figure, half scared, mystified, enchanted.

His wild frolicsome barking might have come from her own throat, so accurately did it sound the way she felt—crazy, foolish, like a little kid, no more than five years old, the age she had been when she had last rolled down that hill.

At the bottom she sprang up, on muscles as steel-strong as Rollie's. She staggered a little, and laughed aloud.

The living-room windows were just before them. How yellow lighted windows looked when you were in the darkness going home. How nice and yellow. Maybe mother had waffles for supper. She was a swell cook, mother was, and she certainly gave her family all the breaks, when it came to meals.

"Home, Rollie, home!" She burst open the door to the living room. "Hi, mom, what you got for supper?"

From the kitchen her mother announced coolly, "I hate to break the news to you, but it's waffles."

"Oh, *mom!*" she shouted in ecstasy.

Her mother could not see her. She did not need to. "For goodness' sakes, go and wash," she called.

In the long mirror across the room she saw herself, her hair hanging wild, her long bare legs scratched, her broadly smiling face dirt-streaked, her torn skirt dangling, her dog laughing up at her. Gosh, was it a relief to feel your own age, just exactly thirteen years old!

IS GRAN'PA REALLY DEAD?

(Continued from Page 57)

him queerly when he entered the kitchen. They didn't say anything, and that made him feel worse. His mother was washing the dishes, and she was wearing—he frowned—a black dress, just like the kind Mrs. Horton wore. She didn't look pretty this morning, either. She had her hair all tight under a white cap. And her eyes weren't bright and blue. They looked as if she had been crying. She didn't smile at him the way she always did. He saw her try, and then he tried. But it didn't work. So he sat down quickly in his place at the kitchen table. Mrs. Horton was sitting at the other end, an empty coffee cup in front of her. She had a big brown coat on, and a black shawl over her head. Her mouth was twitching and she had her eyes all screwed up as though she were going to cry too. He didn't like her at all, and he couldn't understand why gran'pa had been sorry for her—why he had done so many chores for her.

Mother put a steaming dish of porridge in front of him. There was more than usual, as much as father had. "'Morning, son." She kissed the top of his head lightly. He felt something wet drip on his forehead. It

"Even if I don't wear pink satin negligees—"

. . . and even if high heels and fancy clothes don't belong in her down-to-earth wardrobe . . .

Mrs. Edward Normand of Lakeside, Oregon, is just as fussy as any city gal about the niceties of living.

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Nor is it surprising that "this logger's wife demands *daintiness* along with sturdiness."

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JELLY-GLAZED VEAL SAUTÉ

1½ lbs. veal steak
Salt and pepper
Flour
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
3 tablespoons Wesson Oil
¼ cup currant jelly
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
4 tablespoons lemon juice

Cut steak into 1-inch cubes and roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Sauté in sunshiny Wesson Oil until golden brown. Cover and cook slowly 20 minutes, turning frequently. Add mustard, Worcestershire sauce, jelly, and lemon juice. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until veal is coated with a glaze of jelly. Try this savory dish for supper some night soon. You'll see why famous cooks all over the land say *there's nothing like America's favorite salad oil for frying meat or fish! Serves* 4.

Add to baking, whenever the recipe calls for melted shortening, fry clear, pure Wesson Oil. Far more convenient. Just pour to measure, *pure* to use. If you haven't discovered how much easier, quicker all cooking is with versatile Wesson Oil—do so today! Yes, discover today why more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil!

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AH! SHRIMP SALAD A LA NEW ORLEANS

4 tablespoons Wesson Oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
Salt, pepper to taste
1 can (7 oz.) shrimp, or 1 lb. fresh shrimp, cooked, peeled, cleaned
½ stalk celery, minced
2 young onions with green tops, minced

Put all dressing ingredients in a jar and shake vigorously. When thoroughly blended, pour dressing over the shrimp, celery, and onions. Mix salad gently, but thoroughly, with two forks so that each piece is lightly coated. Put in refrigerator and allow to marinate for 2 hours. When ready to serve, arrange on fresh, crisp greens and garnish with tomato quarters. Note what a deliciously flavorful dressing this is with shrimp or other seafood. But *all* dressings are flavorful, taste just right, when made with light, delicate Wesson Oil...because *unobtrusive* Wesson Oil never drowns delicious seasonings under a heavy, oily taste. *Serves* 4.

made his throat choke up again, and he swallowed the hot porridge fast so it would burn out the choking feeling.

Mrs. Horton leaned over and patted his cheek. "Poor little tyke!"

He shrank to one side and ate his porridge faster and faster.

"Would you like to stay with me a few days, Adam?" she asked eagerly.

He turned toward his mother. She had her back to him, cleaning the coal stove, but she turned at the question and he stared at her. She understood.

"I think Adam would like to stay here and take care of gran'ma," she said. "Gran'ma won't feel like getting around much and there will be chores to do."

Gran'ma! Adam's heart doubled its beat again. She was upstairs now with gran'pa—a dead person.

There was the sound of milk pails in the barn.

"Guess Aaron's back from the undertaker," said his mother, glancing out the window. "He's got to milk now, and—and bring in the wood."

Adam felt his face get hot. The wood was his job, and fetching water from the well too. "I'll go," he mumbled, getting up quickly and rushing to the door.

"Wait, Adam!" His mother's voice was strangely shrill. "Get your jacket. You mustn't get cold, the way gran'pa did!" He stopped short.

Mrs. Horton nodded at him solemnly. "It was just this time of morning, Adam, when your gran'pa got the pneumonia," she admonished him. "He went milking without his coat on."

His mother half sighed, half wept. "That was just it. You'd think he *had* to milk those cows. Aaron kept telling him to stay in bed these cold mornings. But gran'pa thought Aaron had too much to do, what with the farm getting bigger, and more cows to milk, and only one strong man on the place ——" She shook her head.

> Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. —SPANISH PROVERB.

"It will be hard this summer," Mrs. Horton said slowly and sadly. "Only Aaron to do all the haying and the vegetables, and the cows."

Adam stared at both of them. "Is—is that how gran'pa . . . died?" he whispered.

His mother came over to him and put her arm around his shoulder. Her eyes were tired and troubled. "Yes, Adam. That's why I keep after you to dress warmly these winter days. Gran'pa went out to the barn to milk without his coat and caught a bad cold. You remember, Adam, it was that blowy morning two weeks ago ——"

He broke away from her and ran to the back stairs. Tears poured down his white cheeks. "It's my fault!" he sobbed, stumbling up the steps. "Gran'pa's dead, 'cause it's my fault!" His voice rose to a scream.

"Adam!" his mother's frightened voice trailed after him.

"It is it is it's my fault!" he cried over and over again.

He sped up to his room and slammed the door. There on the rumpled bed he poured out floods of tears in heartsick despair. He wished he could die himself for what he had done, all because he was so scared. Maybe if he had gritted his teeth and tried real hard gran'pa would be here today, and father wouldn't have to work so hard and mother wouldn't be so pale and sad, and that awful Mrs. Horton wouldn't be around to touch him.

He was sobbing so violently that he didn't hear his mother come in, didn't even feel her touch him until she began to shake his shoulders.

"You'll be sick, Adam; you mustn't give way like this!" she exclaimed.

"Go away! I don't want to see you or anybody!" he moaned.

"But Adam, we all feel badly, only we've got to keep going, keep working and doing things. It won't do any good to carry on like this. What kind of a little man are you? What will your father think? He expects you to be down there helping him, and here you are bawling like a baby. Shame on you!"

She talked fast and loud, but Adam knew that her scolding covered up fear and her own sorrow. He didn't look at her or stop crying.

"And you haven't asked for your gran'ma, or been in to help her. How do you think *she* feels?"

These words stabbed him mercilessly. He stopped crying. He sat up and stared at his mother with such a haunted look that she clutched her throat, terrified.

"I know how she feels!" he whispered. "She hates me! I can't ever see her again!"

His mother dropped on her knees in front of him and put her arms around his small waist.

"What are you saying, Adam! She loves you! How could sweet, old gran'ma hate anyone? And what's all this foolish talk about gran'pa's death being your fault? You're so worked up you don't know what you're saying!"

She looked down and saw that he hadn't buttoned his shoes. As she talked she did them up nervously, her hands trembling as much as his had only a short time ago.

"I think maybe it would be good for you to go with Mrs. Horton until after—until after things straighten out."

"No, I don't want to go. I *won't* go!" Adam resolutely declared, tears welling up again.

Mother sat back on her heels. Adam saw bewildered exasperation getting the better of her good temper. She stood up and turned to go.

"Then you'd better stay here, out of people's way," she ordered. "Folks will be coming. We've a lot to do."

Suddenly mother was gone. She had left him and quietly closed the door.

As soon as she left he knew he was in the wrong; that he should have obeyed mother and gone to Mrs. Horton's or gone down to help mother and father—and—and—gran'ma. But the thought of gran'ma frightened him all over again. He leaned his head against the bedpost and whimpered softly.

There seemed to be no time in his lonely frightened mind, until the sound of approaching sleigh bells broke through his miserable gray cloud of sorrow. Their cheerful tinkling drew him to the window. Then he realized it was midday—the sun was so high and shone so brightly on the dazzling snow. From a securely hidden spot behind a curtain he watched friends and relatives make their way from their sleighs to the house.

One of the first visitors to arrive was their fierce-looking white-haired minister, whose towering height and angry eyebrows always made Adam quake. A strange man with black hair, black clothes and black hat hurried in: most likely the mysterious undertaker whom father had gone to fetch. His fat aunt from the wonderful rich farm with the ponies and peach trees waddled out of a big sleigh with fur robes. She carried a big basket of food. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she had brought some of those marvelous peach pies! In spite of his troubles Adam's mouth began to water.

The low drone of voices in the downstairs parlor rose and fell as the noon hour brought more guests, more subdued excitement.

As dinnertime approached Adam began to smell enticing odors from the kitchen. Through a cautious crack in the door he caught a whiff of stew—and then the unmistakable fragrance of the fat aunt's peach pies warming in the oven. He blinked back remorseful tears as he thought of his family eating downstairs while he remained in his room, alone, deliberately forgotten. He breathed in all those lovely smells—until the sudden opening of gran'pa's door made him recoil in terror to his bed. Gran'pa's door closed softly. The tap-tap of gran'ma's cane moved by his door, tapped its way down the back stairs to the kitchen.

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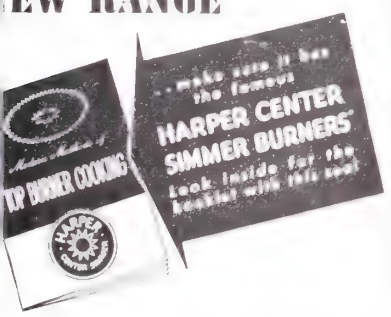

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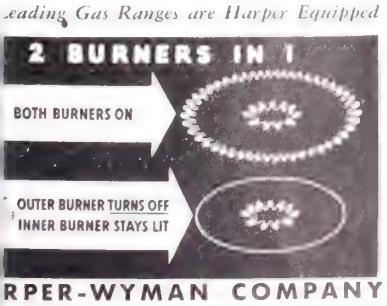

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Adam bit his lip. His face got all hot with embarrassment. Gran'ma was all alone too. Maybe they had forgotten her. Then he remembered that he was supposed to be taking care of gran'ma. He could have brought up her dinner on a tray, the way she had done for him when he had the measles. There might be other things he could do—maybe just talk to her—now that gran'pa ——

He remembered about gran'pa all over again. Was he *really* dead? Wasn't Adam going to hear gran'pa's funny chuckle—or listen to his Indian stories—or learn to shoot that gun—or pick apples with him—or fish? Pictures of his whole young life with gran'pa went sadly through his mind. Tears began to fall again, and in a minute he was sobbing miserably. The noise of his crying blotted out the sound of all the busy footsteps up and down the stairs, into and out of gran'pa's room.

He did notice the silence when it came, though, a few hours later when the winter sun began to grow pale and weak, and long shadows stretched bleakly from the barns and house. He heard the jingle of milk pails as his father trudged down to the cow barns. The pails' ringing reminded him of how gran'pa died—catching cold, milking. He felt that fearful guilt chilling him all over.

Then gran'ma's cane tapped on the stairs again. It was a soft tapping, and slow, as though she wanted no one to hear her. She was coming upstairs, and carrying something which she was pushing ahead of her, one step at a time. Adam listened, puzzled and fearful. Minutes crept by as gran'ma came closer to his door. There was a pause. Adam held his breath.

First gran'ma knocked with her cane. Then she pushed open the door. Adam's eyes went straight to her hands. She was holding a tray filled with the most wonderful things! There was a dish of stew—he could smell it way across the room—and an elegant piece of pie, and some biscuits, and a pot of jam, and milk, and cookies.

"We just got around to you!" gran'ma said cheerily, walking slowly toward him. "Everybody's been so busy. There's been a great crowd here most of the day. Funny how fast bad news travels. Gran'pa certainly had a lot of friends." She pulled a footstool over to Adam and put down the tray. "There now! Better get at it while everything's hot."

Adam sat down in his little rocker—the one gran'pa made—and eyed the wonderful meal. Then he stared at gran'ma wonderingly. She was dressed in her good Sunday black with little white lace all around her neck, and she had on her best cap, with lace around it, too, and her five white curls pecking out—two on each side, one at the top. Over her arm was gran'pa's best ebony cane. She wasn't crying and her eyes looked bright.

"Cold in here, Adam," she exclaimed, shivering. "I'll light the fire, and maybe you'd like the candles instead of the lamp. Makes it a good sight cozier"

Adam watched her thin wrinkled fingers tuck in scraps of paper between the logs and kindling, and then start little spears of flame to right, left and center. When she had lighted the candles on the marble mantel she sat down in a large rocker and took up a cup of tea from Adam's tray.

"After this I'm going to lie down awhile," she announced, drinking with little sibilant sips. "We've had a hard day, with all this company." She leaned over toward Adam's tray. "Guess I'll take one of your cookies, too, Adam."

Adam ate his stew slowly, completely bewildered by gran'ma's attitude. She didn't miss gran'pa at all! She didn't even act as though he were dead. He stole quick looks at her over his fork. The fire lighted her thin, wrinkled cheeks working up and down as she munched the cooky. Her eyes were on the fire. There was no sorrow or fear in their clear gray depths. She turned quickly and caught his questioning glance. She even smiled!

"Gran'ma," he began timidly, "is gran'pa really dead?"

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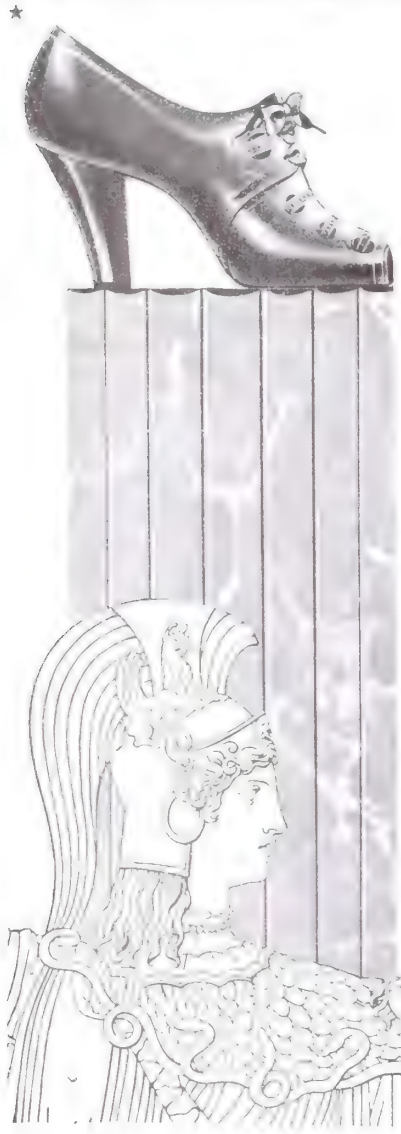

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Gran'ma reached for another cooky. Then she continued rocking and munching. She looked kindly into Adam's eyes, but deeply, as though she had lost something in them that she wanted to recover.

"It all depends on what you mean—'dead,' Adam."

"But—he's not here, is he? He won't be here to play with me, will he?" Adam asked plaintively.

"He's not here the way you're used to seeing him, Adam. That old, worn-out, wrinkled body isn't any good to him now. He has thrown it away. But he'll be around. Don't you worry about that, Adam! You can't lose gran'pa that fast. He'll be with you when you go to school, and while you're working around here, and playing. Only you won't be able to see him 'cause he's so light and airy now, without that old body! He's like, well"— gran'ma screwed up her mouth so that all the lines showed extra sharp—"he's like a nice soft breeze through the wheat field in the summer, or—or an apple-blossom smell," she told him. "And when he feels extra skittish he'll be like those gusts of wind that sweep all around the tall trees in the back woods." Gran'ma took a long breath. Adam followed everything she said very carefully.

"But—he didn't *want* to go, did he?" Adam asked.

"God has something to say about when you go, Adam," she reminded him. "It wasn't up to gran'pa to decide."

"Sometimes people . . . get killed, though."

Gran'ma's eyes shot up, startled. "Why, Adam! What put killing into your head? Gran'pa wasn't killed!"

Adam's throat was all tight and dry. His heart began to pound. "How did gran'pa get sick?" he persisted.

"Why, you know, Adam. He caught cold in the barn. He insisted on doing the milking, in spite of your father telling him to take things a bit easier now that he is—was—getting old and frail,"

That settled it. Adam's fear and guilt shot up sickeningly. He bent his head, sobs shaking his small shoulders.

"I did it! I killed him, gran'ma!" he blurted out.

There was a stunned second of silence. The next instant gran'ma's thin arms were around him. "Now, what put *that* in your head, Adam? I declare, I *knew* something was going on in that small brain of yours. They all think it's perverseness. Now p up and tell me what makes you think killed gran'pa."

"I *did!* I *did!*" he insisted.

"Sh-h, hush," she soothed. "You'll w up your mother. She's trying to nap bef supper. Tell me quietly how you gave pneumonia to gran'pa."

Adam could hardly get the words out enough. "He wanted me to learn to m cows last summer, and I wouldn't, 'ca I'm so afraid of the cows—I can't stan touch them—and I didn't want to get so early, either—and I was afraid he'd w me to! If I'd learned to milk then, I would doing it now every morning and gra wouldn't have gone out and caught col and he wouldn't be dead!" There, it was now. She'd hate him until she was c too.

Gran'ma straightened up slowly. leaned away from him to pick up the cooky on the plate. She went over played a bit with the fire, stirring up embers. Then she sat down again and h her head in her hand.

Adam looked away. It would be awfu watch gran'ma cry. The next minute he amazed to hear her *laughing*—right loud! He looked up quickly. Her eyes twinkling.

"Oh—Adam!" she exclaimed. "Suc child, such a child! But with such old-thoughts too. Adam, where did you get t fancy ideas about milking? Do you th you have the strength to milk cows? Do really think your gran'pa or your father mother—would have *allowed* you to those five cows every morning—you, a of eight?"

This was a brand-new idea. Adam tho it over in wonder. "Well, they're al talking to me about growing up and bei little man, and learning new things al time."

Gran'ma's face grew very serious- very old. Suddenly all the wrinkles stoo in the firelight. Her eyes looked all dim misty.

"Adam," she said, after an awfully pause, "growing up is a natural thing. don't have to think about it or work ha it at all. You can't stop growing up." shook her head sadly. "You've got to things as they come along, yes. But can't do things before your age or streng mind are up to it. When you were ready learned to use a knife and fork. You le

LITTLE GUY

"Well, I found out about shaving— it's not so much fun, after all!"

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to dress yourself. Then you did chores. And started to school. You're learning all the time. I imagine you're learning a lot of things you don't say anything about—like death."

She paused a moment.

"But there are some things you can't do yet, Adam," she said, leaning over and tapping him with the ebony cane. "You can't thresh wheat, or pitch hay—or milk cows. You just got the wrong idea there. You see, gran'pa was going to show you how to do it. Maybe try one cow at the start, for fun. He didn't 'spect you to milk five cows morning and night! Lordy, no! It was just to be *fun*. You understand that now, don't you, Adam?"

Adam nodded solemnly.

"If you want to know the truth," gran'ma went on confidentially, "gran'pa caught the pneumonia because he was stubborn! Stubborn about milking when he didn't have to do it. Aaron would have done it, gladly. Has to do it now, doesn't he?" She shook her head in exasperation.

Adam took a long breath. It was all so different now! Gran'ma had explained everything. He didn't feel the same about gran'pa dying. Except that he was awfully sorry, and there were a lot of important things he'd miss doing with gran'pa—and he *did* want to learn to shoot that gun. Maybe father would teach him, though.

THEN he thought of something else that made him ashamed. "I—I made mother sad," he confessed, "and you, too, I guess. I'm supposed to be helping, but I'm not." He stood up. "I guess I'd better go downstairs."

"Wait," gran'ma commanded. "That's another thing I'd better tell you. This place is going to be crowded the next two days. There'll be a lot of people here, helping. Your aunt, the neighbors. I don't know who all." Gran'ma paused. "Know what I think, Adam? Know what your gran'pa would have liked you to do?"

He shook his head.

"Go over to Mrs. Horton's till it's all over."

Adam frowned and stared at his shoes.

"Gran'pa felt very sorry for Mrs. Horton," gran'ma went on. "Her husband's dead, and she hasn't any children—and she loves you, Adam, even though you're never very nice to her."

Adam was silent.

"She'd love to have you for two or three days. You could help her a bit. Doing chores, Adam—but *not* milking cows! I think she'd let you ride on that toboggan too. Why don't you go down now and talk to mother about it? Tell her you're thinking of going over to Mrs. Horton's."

Gran'ma's picture of life at Mrs. Horton's was not so bad, and if mother wanted it that way, and gran'ma—and gran'pa ——

Evening had fallen when Adam opened the back door. Pale white stars glistened in the deep, winter-blue sky. Dark shadow patches spotted the rolling snow. In the west the horizon was ribboned with red.

He walked around the well, knocking off some icicles from its tin roof as he passed. A cow mooed at him when he walked by the barn. He followed a footpath into the woods. Then he turned to look back at his home. Smoke was sailing skyward from both chimneys. The lamp went on in his room—where gran'ma would sleep till he returned. His mother briefly shadowed the window in the kitchen. His eyes suddenly smarted. He turned away quickly and followed the path.

It was very, very quiet all around Adam. One bird flew in the sky. Adam stopped again. He looked up through the trees into the mysterious heights of heaven.

"Gran'pa!" whispered Adam.

He waited.

"Gran'pa!" he called out loud.

A wind gust blew down through the branches and wrapped itself benevolently around him. Then it took his hat gently from his head and blew it down the path.

Adam laughed and ran ahead, a great lightness in his heart. THE END

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EASY HOLLANDAISE—Cut ¼ lb. Butter in 4 or 5 pieces. Put in top of double boiler with 3 egg yolks, 3 tbs. lemon juice. Let stand at room temperature ½ hour or more. Just before serving, heat over gently boiling water 1½ min., stirring briskly with wooden spoon. Serve at once. M-m-m-m!

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NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Mary Lasswell

BACHRACH

Mary Lasswell

Mary Lasswell is the creator of Mrs. Rasmussen, whose prowess with pot, skillet and wilted cabbage leaf is known to thousands of readers of that hilarious book, SUDS IN YOUR EYE.

MY philosophy of food coincides with that of Mrs. Rasmussen, pot-walloper par excellence of Suds in Your Eye and High Time: share whatever food is on hand, from the heart—and without apologies.

I plan meals in such a way that the gastronomical high spots occur over week ends, when the entire family is at home. Sunday dinner is served in the middle of the day to leave a long, lazy afternoon for fun. Sunday-night supper is of such a nature that it can be prepared on Friday or Saturday and left in the refrigerator to be heated up at serving time. This process of one-arm cookery, a book in one hand and a cooking spoon in the other, is accomplished by serving dishes that are simple and can be prepared well ahead of time. Such a technique spares the family and guests the unlovely spectacle of a harassed hostess.

Mrs. Rasmussen says, "It's a poor cook that won't lick her own fingers, so taste, taste, taste!" If the hostess does not enjoy her own food, it is unlikely that her family or friends will.

Mrs. Rasmussen and I believe that one "Stay for supper!" is better than a hundred expressions like "We must have you to dinner sometime."

★ ★ ★ MONDAY ★ ★ ★

Lunch

*Asparagus Scramble
*Pecan-Topped Gingerbread
Coffee

Dinner

Clam and Tomato Juice
Barbecued Pork Tenderloin
Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions
Hearts of Lettuce—Russian Dressing
Lemon-Meringue Pie
Coffee

Asparagus Scramble: Cut 1 package frozen asparagus into pieces an inch long. Fry in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil for three minutes, stirring well. Cover with 2 cups boiling water and cook for five minutes. Beat 6 eggs thoroughly, add salt and black pepper to taste. Add ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs and ½ cup dry grated Roman or Parmesan cheese. Bring the asparagus to a boil and add the egg mixture. Stir gently for about two minutes, or until the eggs are of firm but creamy consistency.

Pecan-Topped Gingerbread: Use a standard gingerbread recipe. Sprinkle ½ cup light brown sugar and 1 cup chopped pecans over batter and bake.

★ ★ ★ TUESDAY ★ ★ ★

Lunch

Lentil Soup
Pumpernickel Bread
Lemon Snow Pudding
Coffee

Dinner

Clear Tomato Soup
Baked Ham Slice Scalloped Potatoes
Dandelion Greens
Pecan Pie
Coffee

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THE LATCHKEY

(Continued from Page 54)

happiness that floated inside of him he fished up an old grievance. "Though it sure seems to me it's time I had my own key back."

She shrugged and raised her eyebrows and gestured in the direction of Jeb, who was putting away the car. "I can't help it, darling," she was saying without words. "He's got this notion that you're not ready for a key of your own until you're a man, and I've got to humor him. After all, he's my husband."

There had never been any of that bushwa before mom got herself hitched up with Jeb. He and mom understood each other, and even after two months it was hard to get used to the idea that there was somebody else around all the time, in the family.

"How old does a guy have to be anyway," David inquired, "before His Lordship thinks he's a man? Forty?"

"He says it has nothing to do with age," she answered. "He says when the right time comes he'll know."

DAVID walked up two steps and ran a casual hand along the porch pillar, speaking with his back to her. "It's all right with you, is it, this business of his managing our lives? I mean, you like it this way?"

She spoke in her soft, breathless, girlish voice. "Oh, David, it's so good to have somebody taking care of things again—taking care of me. It's been such a long time."

There were still words that only slid over the surface of his mind like this, as when he had been a little boy listening to adult conversation. He took his mother's key and unlatched the door for her and stood aside for her to go in, and then almost went in after her and shut the door again, forgetting Jeb, who was coming up the walk now.

"Whoa!" Jeb said. "One more."

Yeah, David thought. *One more. One too many.* He watched Jeb take the steps deliberately, singly, though his great muscular legs could easily have swung up all three at once. He had liked Jeb when they were just neighbors, admired his size and strength and enjoyed his slow, quiet friendliness. He had even thought it might be a good idea, mom's marrying him—she wouldn't be alone, then, when David went out nights. It had never occurred to him that Jeb was going to take over their lives, changing their good, carefree, casual ways, making rules, dumb rules, like the one about the front-door key; like the one where he wouldn't let David drive the car any more until he'd taken the course they gave at high school, though David had been driving for years, since he was thirteen.

"Driving a car's a responsibility," he said. "You've got an obligation to the community to learn the best possible way of doing it."

The key thing had come up the night he got home so late after bowling with the fellows. Generally he was home by eleven on bowling nights, but they had stopped in for Cokes and got talking, and the first thing he knew it was almost two.

Jeb was up waiting for him. "I made your mother go to bed," he said. "I hope she was able to get to sleep."

David had never minded when mom waited for him and gave it to him for being late. After all, she was his mother. But this guy, this Jeb—he was a stranger. What right did he have?

"I don't have to come in at any certain time," he said. "I'm no kid."

"I'm no kid either, but if I'm going to be three hours later than your mother expects me, I telephone and say so. What do you suppose she thought?"

"Mom? Heck, mom never worries."

Jeb had just said, "I see," in his quiet, friendly voice, and then he had asked David for his door key. "There's a certain freedom that goes with a latchkey," he'd said. "It enables you to come and go as you please, without answering to anyone. I don't believe a boy knows how to handle that kind of freedom—I think it takes a man."

David had looked at him scornfully. "Teaching the little boy a lesson? So he'll

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never stay out late again without telling his

"No, not exactly," Jeb had said, smiling too, as though this were some joke they shared. "Let's think of the key as a kind of

David had been careful about watching the time after that—about being home when he'd promised, or telephoning if he couldn't make it—but the key had nothing to do with it. Jeb had nothing to do with it. It was because he thought maybe his mother had been worrying about him that night after all. She had been standing in the hall when he got upstairs, wide awake, as if she'd never been asleep.

"The picture was good," Jeb said now, his body filling the doorway, his dark, carefully brushed head almost touching the lintel. "You should have come."

"What did you do all evening, darling?" his mother asked him.

"Nothing much," David said. "Just

What had he done? he thought, in wonder. He had gone down to the river and thought of Susan, remembered being there with her. He had read her letter over and over, and dreamed about the Labor Day dance and

wide curving drive, through the great doors—and how he would hold her elbow lightly, easily, as they walked inside and joined the others, the best people in town, the people who knew how to do things right—and she would look at him with her sweet, grave eyes full of admiration.

The holy passion of friendship is so sweet and strong and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money. —MARK TWAIN

Be sparing of speech, and things will come right of themselves.
—LAO-TSE

He had done nothing, really, nothing at all—and yet the evening had gone.

turning it palm up in helpless incredulity.

"But I've got to have it. I've already asked the girl." His voice squeaked a little on the last word. "Heck," he said, "it's only

Jeb crossed his legs and leaned back in his chair, and there was no exact reading of the expression in his narrowed blue eyes. "Only ten bucks," he said slowly. Then, in a different tone, "If you wanted it so bad, why didn't you save it?"

"Out of *my* salary? I'm lucky if I can get through on it."

He didn't always get through. How could he? It was only an afternoon job, helping out behind the soda fountain at Cullen's, and it paid practically nothing. He went to summer school mornings to make up some Latin and so couldn't take a full-time job, but that was all right. He was just doing it for experience, wasn't he? All the fellows took summer jobs, even Lowell, the mayor's son. It was kind of a good feeling to have your own money and not have to depend on an allowance—not have to ask for anything unless once in a while you ran short. But heck, he couldn't *save* anything out of it.

The last traces of his smile faded, and his lower lip thrust itself out a fraction beyond the upper one and then tightened back. "Let's skip it," he said. "I only asked you because mom told me to. I guess she figured it would look better if ——"

"There's no question of looks," Jeb broke in. "Your mother has decided to leave all such matters to me." He sighed a little and his voice softened. "I don't want to make you hate me, David, but this is a sort of trust I have now—you and your mother. I've got to do the best I know how for both of you." His eyes held David's. "The fact is,

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even if I thought it was right to advance you this money, I couldn't. There isn't ten dollars to spare."

David stared. "What do you mean? What's happened? Mom always ——"

"That's just it. Mom always. And so the little she had is gone, and the little I have has to be stretched very carefully. Ten dollars for you to take a girl to a dance is just impossible, David. We're poor people."

"But I've already asked her. What will I tell her? What ——" The words were out before he knew it. They were foolish words to say to Jeb. What did Jeb know or care about his humiliation—about Susan?

He turned without waiting for any answer and walked out. He went up to his own room and clos-d the door and stood looking out the window with his long legs apart and his big hands deep in his pockets. His brain was whirling like a kaleidoscope, all the familiar patterns breaking apart and forming into new, strange ones.

Poor, he thought. No. The Fullers were poor, the Fullers with their nine kids, all wearing cut-down clothes that didn't fit them, living in a house with a leaky roof and no paint.

"David," said his mother's voice outside the door. "David, may I come in?"

She was almost as tall as he was, but she looked much smaller. She was not like other mothers, with her tumbled hair and the dimple that flickered at the corner of her mouth and the look of mischief in her eyes. It was hard to remember, sometimes, that she was more than twice his age. Even when she scolded him for something, she usually looked ready to burst out laughing.

"About the ten dollars," she said. "Maybe I can find some way. We have a couple of weeks. I think maybe I can get it together by then."

She would get it together—she would give him the ten dollars. But now all at once he saw how it was. She would go without something herself so that he could have it. This was what she had been doing right along, and he had never known it, never guessed.

"No, mom," he said. "It's okay—it doesn't matter."

She smiled. "Of course it matters. You think I don't remember? Your father and I went to the Labor Day dance for our first anniversary. We ate mostly potatoes all the rest of the week, but we didn't care." She turned her face away from him a little, and he could no longer see her eyes. "Jeb doesn't understand about such things. He's a good man, but he doesn't understand."

David felt a small, comforting warmth. She didn't really think so much of Jeb after all. She didn't agree that David shouldn't have ten dollars to take his girl to the dance. Still, he couldn't take the money from her, now that he knew how things were. He didn't know what he was going to do, but he couldn't take it.

"I don't want you to give it to me, mom," he said. All at once he was angry. "Heck, I'm no little kid!"

She looked at him in astonishment. "What do you mean? What has that to do with it?"

But he didn't know. He didn't know what he meant. Everything was confused and strange and he couldn't tell what to do. How was he going to back out of his invitation to Susan? How could he do that—what could he say to her? He would make a fool of himself, and she would go to the dance with somebody else, up the wide curving drive, through the great doors, with somebody else—and she would never bother with him any more; she would never again sit with him on the grass and look at the river.

He had to get that money.

There weren't many night jobs around town that a fellow his age could get, and all of those had been filled at the beginning of the summer. He walked his feet off for a week, and then there was only a week left before the final day for buying tickets—Susan would be home soon—and he didn't know what to do.

At the beginning of the last week, his mother tried to give him the money. She

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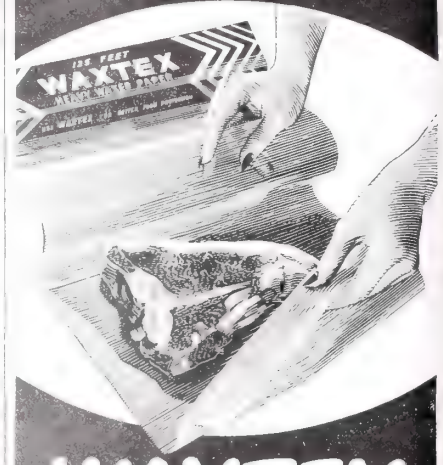

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gain that Jeb didn't understand—that as something between the two of them, r and son—that it was fine to be prac- and foresighted, but that life had to some gaiety in it, too, some foolishness. stened. He wanted to be convinced. e couldn't take the money.

tried to talk to him, but he avoided He told himself it was because Jeb still ot given him back his key, but that was d resentment and this was fresh. He ly knew himself what it was: that if it ot been for Jeb he need not have known hings were; he could have accepted the y from his mother and thought nothing he could have gone on in the old way, aken Susan to the dance, and been v.

found work the last week, when he got to ringing doorbells. He found two e who wanted their cellars cleaned and mind his doing he evening, and t a few lawns to before dark, and d lady gave him dollar to bring k down from the Every evening shed home from ugstore, gobbled pper, and was off e what he could o do. At first he l all over when ent to bed, and ldn't sleep. But wore off in a few

en Susan came . He had not n exactly when vas coming, or he was going to er. He had no ime at all. But lay he was mix- soda, his back to counter, and a voice said, lo, David." And she was, sitting stool with her s on the counter ner chin on her , looking at him ly—just the way membered her, s though she had been away. Hello," he said. lo, Susan." he only knew words to say. id know them. were there, waiting inside of him, wait- be released. Only he couldn't release . He couldn't find the spring, the lever. e he would never find them, and the would stay there, crowding against his , and Susan would never know.

you have a nice summer?" he asked

ery nice. Did you?" eah. Swell." was lovely of you to ask me to the ," she said. "I'm terribly excited." Ie too. I mean, I'm excited too." ce they had sat and watched the river, ng hands, speaking softly. Once he had arm and easy with her, and talked of s that were strange and new, and kissed

David." She gestured with her chin ner lips twitched. He looked where she ooking, but he saw nothing except the rising slowly from the coffeepot. id," she said, her smile full now, her so low that no one else would hear. k—the fog comes on little cat feet." grinned, and slid the soda expertly the counter to the customer. "Don't jokes about that," he said. "That's neme song—at least it would be if it was g." He laughed without knowing why as laughing. He felt wonderful. "Got a dress for the dance?" he asked her.

"No," she said slowly, a little anxiously. "But my old one's nice."

"I bet you'll look swell," he said, and then he said it again, differently, easily, his voice deeper somehow, and stronger. "I bet you'll look beautiful, Susan."

The night he came home with the tickets in his pocket, his mother and Jeb were sitting at the dining-room table with a pile of papers spread out in front of them.

"Come on in," his mother called to him. "We're just about finished."

"I want to get something to eat," he said, and went on past, into the kitchen.

He was sitting on the table, eating an apple, when his mother came in. She took an apple, too, and sat down next to him, munching, swinging her leg. There was ink on her fingers and a smudge of it on one cheek.

"Look, David," she said, "why do you avoid Jeb? Don't you like him? You used to, before we were married."

"He's all right. I can't get used to having him run things, that's all; not letting me have a key—stuff like that."

"He's a good man, David. He's somebody to depend on in a crisis—a rock to lean on. I've never really had a rock." Her smile was small, wistful. "Your father was . . . quicksilver. We were very happy, but you see we never thought about tomorrow—we never built anything." She gave a little sigh. "Jeb has just been showing me how he has planned everything. All our bills are paid now, and we're going to be able to save from now on, and still have enough for everything else." She took a bite of apple and went on speaking with her mouth full. "When I was first married we had a budget too. Of course, we never stuck to it, but we had it. And you know what one item was? *Nonsense.*" She laughed. "You can bet Jeb has nothing down for Nonsense."

She had always talked to him like this, even when he was a little boy—as though he were her own age and understood all about everything. And he had always listened politely, not interrupting, letting the words glide through his ears while he busied himself with thoughts of his own. But now all at once he heard, and he knew what the words meant; he knew.

"But I love Jeb," she said, almost with defiance. "It's a quiet thing, without surprises, and still it's good. A woman my age doesn't need surprises, surely. So you try to be friends with him, David, because he's a wonderful friend to have—you can be certain of that."

"All right," he said. "I'll try."

When she had left him, and he heard her go upstairs, he went into the dining room, where Jeb was putting the papers in order. The man looked up and gave his friendly smile and asked him to sit down.

But David stood. "I got that money together all right," he said. "That ten dollars. I bought the tickets."

Jeb nodded. "That's a fine thing," he said, "to go after what you want and get it. As long as you want something worth while and ——" He stopped, and made an impatient gesture with his large, work-worn hand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When You Have Gone

By Eugene T. Maleska

When you have gone, and in these
quiet rooms
Your voice still lingers like an
echoed song,
Sometimes across my opened book
there looms
Gray-shadowed fear. I tell myself
how wrong
And infantile this notion that
some harm
May strike in streets or places
where you go,
But when sane reason quails
before alarm
I close the book and try the
radio
In hope that blatant trumpets will
erase
The vestiges of childhood from
my brain;
And still they cling—grim pictures
that I face,
Smash into nothing, think, and
face again.
Then you return to find me on the
stair,
And wonder at the kiss I give you
there.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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"I'm not going to lecture. I do too much of that, eh?" He took out his pipe and filled it slowly, watching his big fingers tamping down the tobacco. "My father and his father and I myself—we always had to earn everything we ever had, you see; every penny, every pleasure and privilege. I can't see any kind of squandering—I can't ——" He broke off and shrugged, looking up at David with a little smile, watching to see if he understood. "I want to make your mother happy," he said then, "and you, too, David." His voice was anxious, puzzled. "That's what I want more than anything in the world."

David sat down now. It seemed to him that Jeb was asking him a question—a question to which the answer stood clear in his mind. "Women," he said. "They want a man to understand about—about nonsense."

Jeb repeated the word as though he had never heard of it. "Nonsense?"

David nodded. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out the tickets. "Here," he said, "you take these; you take m the dance."

For several moments Jeb did not m speak. He sat staring at the ticke though trying to read on them the that were not there.

"What will you tell your girl?" he David finally.

"I'll tell her the truth. I'll tell her thing happened in the family—a k crisis—and so I had to give up the t It will be all right," he said. "Women man to be practical, too—you kno pendable in a crisis."

Jeb stood up. He said nothing, jus David's hand in his powerful grasp and and strode swiftly out of the room. In ment his voice boomed through the calling to David's mother—sounding and gay, a little reckless, almost.

David looked down at his hand, t gers still tingling from Jeb's clasp. T took the key that Jeb had left in hi and attached it carefully to his key r

THE RED CROSS: MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

(Continued from Page 67)

During the war, in every quarter where American G. I.'s walked, or fought, or sagged with fatigue, the Red Cross found its way. In the form of a bandage. . . . In the form of blood plasma. . . . As a club director. . . . In an ambulance, a doughnut-and-coffee canteen, in a letter saying not to worry about the wife, she and the baby are doing okay, in a bar of chocolate looking like pearls beside the cabbage soup of the prison.

And in the hospitals where wounded lay: friendliness, courage, gentleness—and more. Training. Nothing fancy. Nothing dramatic. Lectures on how hospitals are run; where responsibilities lie; what sick men need; lectures from Red Cross leaders, drawing on the organization's seasoned experiences; lectures from the doctors and the nurses. Training in cooking for the Canteen Corps. Training in driving trucks, busses, jeeps, station wagons—driving generals, privates, colonels, admirals, for the Motor Corps. Training in nursing for the Nurse's Aides.

And training in being a Gray Lady. A Gray Lady is a mysterious creature. Her service is intangible. You cannot say of her (as you cannot of a mother) that she did this, and this, and this happened. Sometimes she seems just to be puttering around. She sits there idly talking to the glum boy with the cast on his foot; just passing the time of day. You can't tell by looking at her that a slip with her name on it will be dropped on the hospital's social-service desk that evening, a slip reading, "Jones worried about harvesting his wheat crop; says wife sick." That slip will become a telegram, which will start an inquiry, which may provide a nurse for the wife, a farm hand for the farm, or money to tide the family over. . . . But what did the Gray Lady do, really? They were just gossipin', after all, and the farm came up.

Officially, the Gray Lady is a member of the Red Cross Hospital and Recreation Corps. Her nickname came in World War I in the first hospital in which she worked—Walter Reed, in Washington—from the gray uniform she wore. She is an ill man's mother, his sister, his aunt, his link with home. She does his shopping for him, writes his letters if he can't, brings him cigarettes or a pipe, holds his hand when he's down and out, encourages him to dance when he isn't. And today, as new methods of treatment open the doors of the once barred and sinister mental wards, she walks freely among the disturbed and the normal alike. And for good reason.

Take what happened in Kennedy Veterans' Hospital in Memphis. The boy lay in a catatonic trance. He had not spoken s arrived. His bed was just off the ward the psychotics were, and where the Lady had just finished playing Alwa she slid her small wheeled piano o stopped beside the open door of the room. She began to play Trees, sin softly as she played. The boy stirr opened his eyes. She played it again. gan to sing. He remained alert lon the last lingering note had died in the was happenstance that the boy was a but it was no happenstance that a ye the woman sat in a church pew liste the soaring voice of that same lad as in the church choir, and tears of down her face.

"Even if we could replace the vol with paid personnel, we could rarel cate their service," said Dr. Hugh L chief of Kennedy Veterans' Hospital. one coming to hos pital because sh to help, becau likes the patien individuals, is a factor which ca tabulated. And our present e ceiling, we coul place volunteer wanted to."

> **One night the great and flaming missionary-bishop, Francis Xavier, returned weary from a strenuous day's labor. He made haste to retire for the night, saying to an assistant: "I must have sleep or I shall die. No matter who comes, do not disturb me."**
>
> **In a little while the assistant saw at the door of the bishop's room a benign but anxious face and heard the previous order modified. "I made a mistake. If a little child comes, awake me."** —Pulpit Digest.

He spoke of t teen Corps wor baked a birthd for one of the b how his medic began to show cided impro from that night on; he spoke of the game that the Motor Corps had group of paralyzed veterans 100 mile and how some of these men had co death only by the will to live. He the Red Cross members of the Arts a Corps who were on call, the painters sculptors who come out when a b boy—needs them and their abilities

Doctor Prather is representative of chiefs of veterans' hospitals. Never our history, or world history, have received care and interest of the cali are receiving now. Just consider, stance, the different social attitud World War I, veterans' hospitals w in localities far from cities in plac they would bother no one. Today built in and near the cities, and p encouraged—even demanded—to themselves. As representatives of th the Red Cross moved with the Administration and inaugurated t services to veterans. Any veterans' which so desires may now have a pr Red Cross field director (it's Janice and two assistants at Kennedy) hospital grounds to provide liaison the VA staff and the Red Cross v

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"And so long as there's a boy left in a veterans' hospital, we'll be there," Mrs. Dave Gaut, head of Memphis' Red Cross Volunteer Special Services, said. "We'll never allow a let-down like the one after the last war."

These are not casual words. Memphis is a town full of volunteers. During the war the Red Cross trained 10,000; many have, of course, moved away, but of those who are left, be they bandage rollers or office workers, "It's just a question of their being needed," Mrs. Gaut said. As proof of their support: the Red Cross goal was $270,000 in 1946; the chapter raised $345,000. As proof of their willingness to work: the hurry call for bandage rollers answered one year and four months after the war was over. "Memphis hasn't let us down yet. And it won't. We got those surgical dressings made—and we'll get anything else done our boys need."

In January, 1947, Mrs. Gaut had 100 Gray Ladies at work in Kennedy Hospital, while she planned an orientation course to double that amount as the hospital began to climb from 1000 patients toward its capacity load of 2000. In the Motor Corps 62 war-seasoned drivers each gave one day or two evenings a week to driving men, singly or in groups, in the Red Cross bus or the two new station wagons to plays, wrestling matches, parties—wherever they wanted to, and could, go. In that month 49 members of the Canteen Corps spent at least eight hours a week cooking and serving full dinners to the patients ("We do them up proud—on our best silver platters," said director Mrs. Frank Glankler) in the locked wards of the NP patients, in the private homes of Memphis' hospitable, or push-wagon parties through the hospital. And during that month, three members of the Arts and Skills unit worked in the hospital's Occupational and Art Shop teaching design to men who worked the leather, sculpting to men who worked the clay; nine more were on call for jewelry design, art appreciation, oil painting.

NOR did the volunteers neglect two other Memphis hospitals; Lamar Veterans', with 500 to 600 patients, some of them World War I veterans, is staffed by 39 Gray Ladies. Motor Corps girls drove them to the concerts, to the shopping area—and as for the wrestling matches, "Pop" said the first time he had got out of his wheel chair in twenty years was the night the girls said he could go, too, if he'd leave his wheel chair behind; he got out—and under his own power. At the U. S. Naval Hospital 26 more Gray Ladies serve in the wards where most of the sailors suffer from bone injuries—and where one of the heroes of Corregidor still, after three years of bad eating, if any, in Jap prison camps, has a long way to go before he becomes whole.

Let it not be thought that *only* in Memphis does the Red Cross still care for veterans. All over the country, wherever there is a need and a request, the Red Cross is pushing to fill that need, meet that request. But, in Memphis, there is given speedily that little bit more. For instance, while 50 hours is the minimum required yearly of a Gray Lady by the national Red Cross, the Memphis chapter, headed by an erstwhile volunteer of World War I, Miss Mary Poston, demands 200; where the national asks a 50-hour yearly minimum of a Motor Corps driver, Memphis says 300. Now 200 hours yearly means four hours weekly, but Memphis doesn't think that's much. As Mrs. Tim Treadwell, head of Kennedy's Gray Ladies, says, "You know that once you get out there among the patients, you're not going to leave *that* soon. Four hours is just what you have to do to be a member in good standing. We put in at least a full day each week, and more when we can. The fact of the matter is, we *like* to be Gray Ladies."

And the Motor Corps? Mrs. James Fleming ("There's the little lady who drives that bus—that little blonde there," said the boy with the crutches) says the Motor Corps is pushing toward 60,000 miles of service now; and as for a yearly minimum of 300 hours—"Some of the girls give that much a month."

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Sift together . . . . 1 cup sifted PILLSBURY'S BEST ENRICHED FLOUR
½ teaspoon salt

Cut in . . . . . ⅓ cup shortening with pastry blender or two knives until particles are the size of small peas.

Add . . . . 2 to 3 tablespoons cold water until dough is moist enough to hold together.

Roll . . . . . dough to ⅛-inch thickness.

Fit . . . . . loosely in pan and gently pat out air pockets. Trim pastry 1 inch beyond rim of pan. Fold to form standing rim; flute edge.

Chop . . . . . 1 cup cooked, pitted prunes and
4 cups peeled apples.

Add . . . . . grated rind and juice from one small orange.

Blend together . . . ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup prune juice
¼ cup light molasses

Combine . . . . . with fruit mixture; turn into pastry-lined pie pan.

Dot with . . . . 1 tablespoon butter.

Bake . . . . . in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes; reduce to 375° F. and bake for 50 minutes. Before serving top with whipped cream.

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much good without training. A woman driver on a bus with 40 crippled patients—she *has* to know how to drive. Memphis' record is no injuries, no tickets. And a woman walking through a ward or sitting in a recreation room among men whose spirits have broken and whose minds are out of touch with reality—be she ever so willing, she must also be capable.

Before any member of the Gray Lady Corps can even begin training, she must undergo a screening by two Red Cross officers. Basic characteristics necessary are dependability, a cheerful personality and good sense. Young girls are encouraged to become Gray Ladies who work in the recreation halls only; young matrons are encouraged to work the medical and surgical wards; and, as Dr. Samuel Paster, chief of Kennedy's neuropsychiatric service, puts it, "We prefer the young middle-aged among the disturbed patients." All Gray Ladies working any wards go through a probationary period of 24 hours' work before they are permitted to wear the gray veil, the symbol of their unit. When a girl puts on the Red Cross insignia, she is more than herself: she is the representative of a nationally supported, nationally believed-in organization whose standards she must uphold. "And Gray Ladies must," Mrs. Treadwell said, "have not only the approval of the Red Cross, but also the approval of the VA staff. Any volunteer in a VA hospital is responsible first to the VA staff; second to the Red Cross."

And what types do the work? There's a beautiful blond sweet-talker, whose looks belie her efficiency and who makes the weakest patient feel like a strong man; there's the schoolteacher who gives her evenings and to whom patients will talk when they won't talk to anyone else; there's the mother whose son left his leg in France; there's the intuitive woman who knows just the right thing to say to a disturbed patient. There are working women who give their leisure hours, their evenings, their Saturdays and Sundays. There are married women whose husbands take an interest in the patients, too; the veterans like men visitors.

Hospital authorities respect the Gray Ladies. Doctor Paster, formerly senior psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital, New York, has asked for 70 more—"Treat the sick patient like a human being and he's much less likely to hurt others or destroy himself." He cites his 80 per cent social-recovery record, his record of 16,000 patients and no suicides, his record of no mishaps among volunteer workers. He personally works with his Gray Ladies; he is always available for consultation, for conference.

"To the disturbed men, the Gray Lady is first the Red Cross, the symbol of mercy; second, a woman; and third, his link with his home life. It is she who reminds him of his constructive, social self; who first writes his letters home for him, then encourages him to write them himself. She is a woman of peace and inner security; mental patients rarely know what the Gray Lady has meant to them when they most sorely needed her."

"Yes," said Mrs. L. E. Dickey, "I was fearful when I first decided to work here. But I found there was work for me to do—and I found it meant a lot to me. It's broadened my understanding of others; helped me to know why people act as they do—and when I have been troubled myself, n troubles were lost in the troubles here. It through kindness and persuasion that yo work with these men. They need personal a tention as children do. I taught Sunda school for eighteen years and these patien are like the children I had then."

There will be an increasing need for Gra Ladies with the neuropsychiatric veterans Memphis: a 1000-bed hospital for NP's alo is planned for Memphis in the near futur There will also be an increasing need f volunteers who will work with tubercul veterans; Lamar is expected to change soo to TB patients only. Recreation and ente tainment is particularly difficult for tube culars who need rest and quiet for recover and it is in this field that volunteers of organizations are of the greatest help. T Red Cross serves these groups—like t veterans' organizations, the church a school organizations—by transporting eith them or the veterans to the recreati planned.

"I don't think we could operate witho volunteers," Jack Silicott, VA chief special services, said. "It's not only the work, but their interest in the men."

More and more work is needed. More ar more interest. There are 122 VA hospita now; 74 new ones are planned. In Decer ber, 1946, 82,808 veterans were being car for; tens of thousands more were expecte The shift from Army hospitals to Vetera Administration hospitals occurred in t summer of 1946. The Sunday visitors f away that summer: the drama and t glamour of the war began to wear off. The boys, with their misshapen bodies, the headaches, their troubles, didn't have t draw the cocky lad, his cap perched jaunti on the side of his head, had as he strode off victory. But they were the same boys, wi the same needs. For them each operation another D Day; each struggle with pain another landing. It is their belief in the place in the world that keeps them fightin It is up to all of us to fulfill that belief; to fu fill the promises with which they went in battle the first time.

"There's a moment in each of our da when our life hangs by a thread," said t man who, because of a sniper's bullet, w never walk again. "But if we give in to t idea the struggle is a futile one, we are lo I remember the day we persuaded Jack he to go to the fish fry the Red Cross was givin He was on boards—like the ham in a san wich. He didn't want to go, but he was t weary even to protest. The girls just gather him up like they really wanted him along and knowing them as I do after the time I' spent here, I know they did want him wi them. He couldn't use his hands, he couldn use his feet, he couldn't use his shoulde They could have treated him like he was goner. But they knew he could eat—and fe the sun on his face—and he could smi Look at him now. Two years isn't so lo really. Look at him, sitting in his whe chair. He can swing those shoulders no He's getting well. What if he'd been ju left that day to brood—to feel that he was wanted? You *have* to feel wanted to want get well—and you have to want to get w if you're going to. There is a good life wa ing for all of us, but it's a long hard ro back to it. And we have to have help."

LETTERS TO JOAN

(Continued from Page 31)

mind, it would seem to me that even if a woman is in such command of her emotions—or has such lack of them—that she can indulge in petting without danger, it is unpleasant to think of being handled in intimate ways by any casual escort. And unwholesome as well. Continual sex excitation without gratification is not good from either a physiological or psychological standpoint.

Now all this, of course, is just my own view, and goodness knows I have been out of the amorous lists for many years. Perhaps, I said to myself, people manage these things better nowadays.

So I pinned down the one of our m relatives who, in my opinion, is most lik to know about such things. (Maybe you be able to guess which one, Joan, but le keep it to ourselves.) I'll call him Cou Tom. As a charming bachelor who g around, and who is decidedly not a virg he is in a position to keep completely up-date on courting customs. I didn't menti petting as such, but I did tell him I had be called upon to talk to some young peop and didn't want to seem too old-fashion and so on. What advice would he give seventeen-year-old daughter, if he had o

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"I would advise her," he said among other things not relevant to this discussion, "not to indulge in any very heavy petting, at least before she is thirty."

He seemed so embarrassed, poor dear, that I didn't have quite the nerve to ask him what he meant by heavy petting, but I can sort of guess, can't you? Then he caught on that it was you I was thinking about, and fairly roared, "You tell Joan to make those squirts keep their hands off of her!" If Cousin Tom hasn't found petting a great aid to seduction, I'll eat my most expensive hat. Which is why he wants none of it for a woman of his family. Your own father, if he were alive, couldn't have been more emphatic.

For my part, I'll take a decorous courtship based upon mutual respect as well as upon attraction, from which passion flowers as a sweet and logical outgrowth. To start with the passion, it seems to me, is just not smart, at least from the woman's standpoint.

How can it help but reduce to an animal level what can and should be one of the most beautiful experiences of life? How can men respect women, and how can women respect themselves, if practically a woman's whole person is made available to any man who deigns to spend an evening with her? That's the way it strikes me. And not just individual women, but the whole sex suffers when such a custom is allowed to grow up.

You remember my friend Mary Smith, and how closely she sequestered herself after the death of her husband, to whom she was devoted. Well, her friends had been urging and urging her to get out and have a little fun, and lately she has been accepting some invitations. She tells me she is aghast and heartsick at the things escorts seem to expect. It is amazingly different from what she and I were used to, and indicates to her that men hold women in pretty low esteem, at least as compared with the way it used to be. If things like that can happen to a woman like Mary, almost middle-aged, dignified, eminently respectable and with an assured position, one wonders what it must be like for young, attractive females. Perhaps you girls can enlighten *me* on that score.

> I painfully reflect that in almost every political controversy of the last fifty years, the *leisured* classes, the *titled* classes have been in the wrong. The common people—the toilers, the men of uncommon sense—these have been responsible for nearly all the social reform measures which the world accepts today. —GLADSTONE.

I grant you that the girls of my generation probably were too prim and inhibited, and that a more frank acceptance of the facts of sex makes for greater happiness in marriage. But most of us did manage to get husbands, and during the courtship phase we certainly held the whip hand. And as long as woman continues to be the sex that has the babies—and I see no immediate prospect of any change in this respect—I think that is a pretty good thing.

Well, darling, any more—gulp!—questions? I really enjoy thinking these things through. And if I sometimes seem to arrive at the same old conclusions, do remember that the moral laws, after all, were set up to protect women. Or perhaps, I had better say, to protect the babies who otherwise might come into the world without a father's presence and help. That being the case, it behooves us women to think more than once before we decide to throw them all away, wouldn't you say?

Look, do you suppose you could inveigle that Tim into coming home with you for a week end sometime? I'd like to meet him. (But don't tell him I said so. That would be very bad strategy indeed, at least at this point!)

Your incurably old-fashioned (when it comes to petting)

MOTHER

THE END

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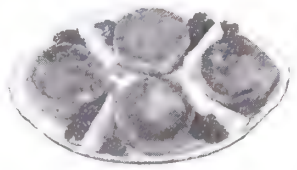

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Since I found this Amazing new-type STARCH!

Reading That Made History

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sc.D.

F

...d it save so they might not go to the ...olish use in their old age. No boy who

true? the lad asked himself in a voice that barely rustled. And that is how a Welsh stripling was launched on his life's goal—building boats that would travel safely under water. Simon Lake was inspired for more than sixty-five years to build and ... improve submarine and ... salvage equipment.

•

In Abilene, Kansas, a tallish high-school boy wondered what to do when he graduated. He visited the weekly newspaper office, and famed editor E. W. Howe lent him a book that had just come in. The book told the story of that amazing military leader, Hannibal. Young Dwight Eisenhower was fascinated by the book. It was the turning point in his life. Reading ... Eisenhower on the way to West Point, to become the Allied Supreme Commander in Europe in ... greatest war.

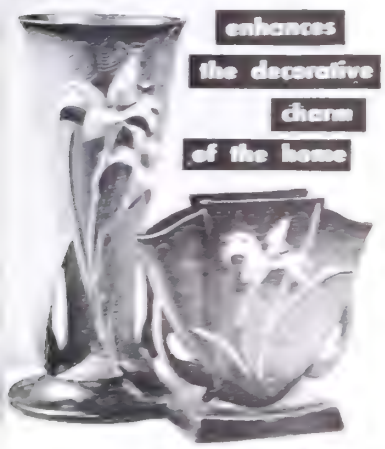
•

... is a shelf in a small upstate ... with ... things, a broken-backed encyclopedia that came ... caught his fancy: he read it until it was ... One ... boy, not yet twelve, pushed back his brown ... to ... this ... for making lenses, in a barn. He made the ... the laurels away from European optical ma...

•

... E. Dahl ... property ... Dahl ... ...

Sydney Lily



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Dogs I've Known... by Tony Barlow

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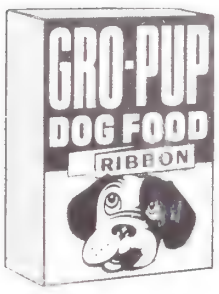

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Even the new puppy, after a long day investigating the brisk winds and wonderful smells of spring, is ready to collapse comfortably in the house when evening comes.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

NOTHING about country life moves me more than spring plowing. So much significance has it that I always stop whatever I am doing and just stand in the cool bright sun and watch and think, and my thoughts turn over and turn over, and fall back in my mind as the shining plow turns over the dark, rich earth.

For plowing means the rebirth of the growing season; it means that Nature again will justify our faith in her rhythm, that we can count on this much in a world of incessant fluctuation. What would mankind do if spring ceased to come, if seeds ceased to grow, if fruit and flower ceased to ripen? No power of nations to destroy life would seem anything but trivial beside such a devastation. Nobody, in fact, would bother about the possession of atom bombs if those small dry seeds tucked in paper packets should all at once remain small dry seeds forever.

Well, there is security in nature, and it restores the heart to realize that all over again, as George turns the plow deftly to miss the asparagus bed, and the blade bites down again. There is thinking to do about the plow itself. I always seem to see, walking over our garden, the figure of the first man who plowed there. With a homemade wooden plow, homespun clothes, and his musket at the near end of the furrow, in case of trouble. Smoke from the log cabin drifted blue against the blue sky, and how tall the woods must have been then! How deep the thicket, up the hill! I think of the labor of wresting the trees from the plot itself, by hand, with no dynamite to tear out the deep roots. I think of hand-turning the thick sod.

Now the plow that George uses would have been miracle enough for the first householder on Stillmeadow land. And we ourselves have seen the change from horses to mechanized power, for George used to hitch up the two white horses for the plowing until a few years ago. And much as I admire the motor-driven plow, I miss the sight of the horses moving rhythmically along the furrows.

The garden has been in the same spot here for as long as anyone can remember. In New England, once you get a few tons of rock extricated from a piece of earth, you want to go on using it. You can get exercise enough taking out the rocks that have grown, apparently, during the winter.

Another thing that this plowing makes me think of is the plowing that goes on in one way or another all over the world. Being a simple person, I see the world as a nice round ball; and having no sense for maps, I can imagine the Burmese and the Chinese and the Africans all tilling their soil on rounded sides of the ball. But I feel a nice sense of brotherhood with all peoples who go out in the clear early morning and say, in whatever language they speak, "This is the day to plow!" There are small clearings in jungles where dark men go out to dig furrows in the black soil and plant strange fruits I never tasted, while the small dark women tend the fire and argue with the children, and purple and ivory birds cry in the branches.

I know nothing of these people and yet I know so much. I know how they feel at the day's end when the clean receptive earth is ready for the seed. I feel a kinship with them, though I am cooking corned beef and cabbage in the Dutch oven over the electric range while they are sitting down in the thick jungle night eating unknown food rolled in a green leaf.

I know how the women feel when the garden is ready for planting and the sleepy children are quiet and the man of the family has been fed. And if it be a place where the women do the tilling, I still know how the family feels with the tribal gods making this wonderful thing possible, that food should grow out of the earth.

FINALLY, as George makes a last turn, I think how much we need to share the food grown in this rich country. Nobody should be hungry in all this world. It is the business of nations to distribute, divide, feed the hungry. There should be no child in the world going to bed at night whimpering because the simple benison of food has been denied him. There are many things we cannot do—we cannot make all people rich, or intelligent, or noble—but all people should be fed.

Dusk falls sweetly and softly in April. George goes home, after a mere fourteen hours of nonunion labor. Up at dawn, milk the cows, take the milk to the station, clean the barn, feed the pigs, plow the upper fields, plow our garden. Cut wood for the stoves. Repair the tractor. Get the cows in. Milk. Work in the

April night fixing the car. Roll into bed in time to cool off the light bulbs before starting all over again.

City people who move to the country to farm are often a sorry lot, for they discover almost immediately that farming is not merely sitting under the apple trees of a summer afternoon, but means endless work, rain or sun. On the other hand, country folk have things that money cannot buy in the city; the fresh smell of new-turned earth is one.

Sister Jill is already planning the garden, sorting seeds. Early seeds can go in any day now: lettuce, radishes, those nice crisp first things. Peas too. In our valley you either have early peas or no peas at all. They must mature in the cool fresh days before the aphids rear their ugly heads and dry warm weather sets in.

Every year the seedsmen develop new varieties which are better and stronger than last year's, and it is fun to watch the vegetables improve. Some old varieties we like best, but new blight-resistant kinds are always added to our list. Last year 90 per cent of the tomatoes in our region developed a new and fatal blight, growing green fur before they ripened. This year we are experimenting with a tree tomato, and one tomato fills a salad plate—if it works!

Spring is the time for new puppies. Then they can go out in the sun by the time they are old enough, and get the grass under their paws. We wean puppies on baby food and add scraped beef later. The canned baby foods are excellent, for they have much concentrated nourishment, enough variety and are easy to digest. We use them, too, for the mother when she has her first meals after the babies are born.

Melody had her puppies while the snow was still on the ground, and we reinforced her diet with vitamins and calcium and a cod-liver-oil composite. From our experience we learned much, for no litters are ever alike and no mothers are alike either.

Melody contracted an atypic case of distemper two weeks before the puppies were born. She had been inoculated when she was a puppy, so she did not die from it, but she had a bad cold, wheezing and the other symptoms. By giving her a supportive dose of serum, she came through and had the puppies, although she had a hard time.

Due to her being nursed so ardently the previous period, she felt overdependent on us, and so she had no idea of helping the puppies after they were born. It was, she indicated, our party. She had two on the sofa, two in an armchair, two on the kitchen floor, one under the table, but setting foot in the nice nursery box was out of the question.

In a case like this, the puppies should be removed, and put in a basket on a hot-water bottle, with a soft warm towel over them. A couple of drops of warm olive oil should be given with a medicine dropper to keep them going. They should be gently rubbed from time to time to keep the circulation normal.

At the end of a hard day, we had seven beautiful puppies settled down with the mother in the box. In the morning they began to die, one by one. The doctor diagnosed the difficulty as acid milk due to the distemper. We did all we could. We took the ailing ones and kept them on hot-water bottles and fed them with a dropper every hour day and night.

Now this is what we learned: Toward the end we had one puppy still alive on the formula and one with the mother. The one remaining with the mother lived, and the fourth day the other died.

The rest slipped away one by one, but the strongest managed to survive until the acid milk had been drawn out and normal milk resulted, at which point he decided to live. In other words, saving puppies that do not nurse at all is a nearly impossible project.

Now the treatment of the mother, in such a terrible time, is of the utmost importance. Naturally she was hysterical at losing her family. She had recurrent fits of shaking, spells of digging the box up by the roots, times of whacking the lone ranger left all over the place. She panted. She tore the couch cover to pieces.

Heavy doses of calcium by mouth were given four times a day. Taking a bitch in this state to the doctor would be extra nervous strain, the doctor said. Otherwise, calcium can be administered by hypo, which is quicker and more powerful.

Meanwhile we reinforced the feeding. Melody had tray meals, served under her nose every four hours. This meant in the night too. In fact, during this period we hardly went to bed at all. We gave egg and milk, a prepared breakfast food for babies—one that has minerals and vitamins in it—with milk, chicken broth with rice (correcting symptoms of severe diarrhea), chopped broiled slices of roast beef.

A bitch that is too nervous to eat will invariably eat if the food is put in the whelping box under her nose. For she feels it must be cleaned up. We also removed Melody from the box at intervals and massaged her well.

It is imperative to keep things quiet even for a normal litter and undisturbed mother. But if any difficulty develops, no care is too much. I made an almost fatal mistake by changing the bedding in the box. Melody nearly lost her mind. Hastily I put back the old before she had banged Lone Ranger's brains out.

On no account should strangers be admitted to see new puppies. Not more than two people should do the necessary chores in the nursery. They should move quietly and speak low.

When the day came that we felt, battered and worn, we were out of the woods with what we had left, I said to Jill, "Maybe we can sit down and relax a minute." Jill went to the kitchen to boil up feeding pans and I started for my room. Then I screamed suddenly, "Here comes Melody, and a squeak is coming with her!"

We rushed out, and Melody was loping across the living room with her son and heir in her mouth. One small paw protruded from her jaws. She leaped lightly to the sofa and deposited him. She had decided she didn't dare leave him for fear he would vanish like the rest, and yet she wanted to join the family. We tried to persuade her that at six days of age, a child could not go ram-jamming over the house. In the end, we all had to go back and sit by the box.

We named the puppy Stillmeadow Solace.

Quick meals are in order in April, when the out-of-doors is so much of a treat. A simple supper is scrambled eggs and pineapple. I dip pineapple slices in flour and brown in butter. Meanwhile I fry 2 slices of bacon per person slowly, remove the bacon, and scramble 2 eggs for each person in the bacon drippings. Pineapple slices, eggs and bacon go on a hot platter. A ring of canned mushroom caps heated and seasoned may be added. Corn bread made with a prepared mix, currant jelly, water-cress-and-endive salad and pudding made with a prepared mix complete the quick meal.

Simple puddings are so easy to glamorize. A meringue made with 2 egg whites, well beaten, and ½ cup of sugar beaten in may be spread on top, and the pudding run in a hot oven until the meringue browns. Or, for all but chocolate puddings, ½ cup of tart jelly may be substituted for the sugar in the meringue, or added to whipped cream.

The cats and the cockers are wild with spring. New smells, new scurryings in the thicket, new warmth in the sun, and the last snow gone! Esmé divorces the radiator again and takes to chasing shadows in the moonlight. Honey ambles around the terrace like a golden ship in a fair wind. The younger dogs skim over the yard.

And high over our green peaceful valley rides the triumphant sun, the sun of April, the sun of spring. THE END

Intuition is reason in a hurry. —HOLBROOK JACKSON.

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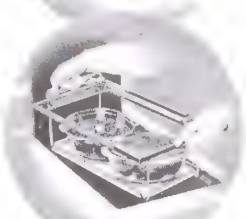
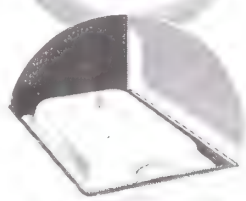
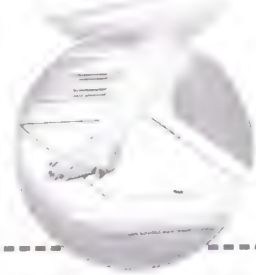


High-domed cover increases depth. When inverted, serves as a carving and steam server tray



When closed, the porcelain enamel lid is flush with cooking top.



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P. S. You save sugar too—because the raisins are naturally sweet!

NOTE: If you prefer crisp bran flakes without raisins, get KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

QUICK AND EASYS *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

IF spring hasn't quite gotten to you yet and your appetite isn't percolating, going home and cooking dinner may seem more ache than art to you. Better take a look around. There's lots of encouragement in what you'll see. This spring we really have a break we haven't had since early 1942. You can pick and choose from a wide variety of foods. No counting up stamps, no limiting of menus because this or that just isn't to be had. There are more frozen and canned foods around in the shops than you can use up in Quick and Easy meals for a good long time.

Take a look in the housewares store, too, on your way home. All the gadgets that make getting a meal easier are back. I was really thrilled the day I found a good can opener and a bean Frencher. My old ones had long since given up as kitchen assistants and I was lost without them.

Applying some skill and imagination to your task as chef will help you go into the spring with more zeal too. If you allow your job of getting dinner to become routine, it becomes a chore. Don't just drift into that state of mind.

Easter Evening

Water-Cress-and-Pineapple Cocktail

Frozen Rolled Sandwiches

Broiled Ham Slice With Mustard

Creamed New Potatoes With Asparagus

Crusty Rolls Green Salad

Apple Cream—Sponge Sticks

Coffee

Easter is a special day. You'd like to go to church, you're counting on a stroll. You want a special meal touching on the traditional Easter dinner, but you decide not to have it at noon. It would be too much of a rush after church. Evening is better.

And here's a note that has nothing to do with the food you're going to eat, but it will make the setting gayer. If you wore a corsage to church, it may look limp by now, but take it apart and float the blossoms in a low bowl for your dinner table. You couldn't wear it again, but you can still enjoy its beauty.

WATER-CRESS-AND-PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

Put ½ bunch water cress, ½ cup pineapple juice and ½ cup ice cubes or chopped ice in electric blending machine with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Turn on blender. It takes only ½ minute with this gadget to pulverize water cress and ice and make a wonderful beverage blend. However, if you do not have a blending machine, a food grinder does fine for the cress. Combine with pineapple juice by pouring it right through grinder. That way you get it all. Ice and serve in tomato-juice glasses.

You could whip up a favorite snack to serve with this springtime beverage, but if you know where to buy the frozen hors d'oeuvres—really more like tiny rolled sandwiches—you have all those thawed and ready in the refrigerator. There are 1 dozen to a package, but each is just a tiny bite. There are 3 different fillings to the dozen. Packaged in transparent paper, they'll keep fresh hours and hours after thawing. Remember these, too, when you're swinging a party and have no time for sandwich fussing.

The broiled ham is child's play, so prepare the vegetable first. It can wait. One half package frozen asparagus and 4 small new potatoes, separately cooked and combined with 1 cup seasoned thin cream sauce, will make enough for two. It's still easier if you pour ½ cup rich milk or cream over the 2 drained vegetables and add seasoning and a lump of butter or margarine. All there is to do to the ham slice is to slather it with prepared mustard before you broil it. Or for easier broiler washing, give it its mustard top after you've turned it once. The apple cream is delectable stuff. Tastes best with plain unfrosted pound or sponge cake. Buy it at the bakery.

APPLE CREAM

Here's a quick way to make this. Fold ½ cup cream, whipped, into 1 small jar or can (baby food) chopped applesauce, mixed with 3 tablespoons sugar and a little grated lemon rind. Lastly, add about ⅛ teaspoon of nutmeg. Mix well. These small jars or cans of fruit are fine for desserts for two, and now that the shortage is past you need not fear you're taking food away from babies. Any canned applesauce may be used—about ½ cup.

Short Order

Shad Roe—Lemon

New Potatoes Escarole With Egg Rolls

Strawberries With Cream

Coffee

The shad's running! If you can get your fish market to save you a pair of roe, you're in for this annual treat.

There's no salad tonight—one box of early strawberries will be your fresh raw food. The weather is warmish. You won't need to heat oven or broiler.

Scrub the new little pink potatoes thoroughly with a brush. Cook them with the skins on. *Escarole* can be cooked like spinach or any other green vegetable. Wash one small head, removing the core. Cut or chop coarsely. Cook in just the water that clings to the leaves—about 5 minutes. Drain and dress with butter or margarine, salt and pepper and about 1 tablespoon vinegar. Garnish with a sliced hard-cooked egg if you have one in the salad pan.

SHAD ROE—LEMON

Now for the roe. This can be done in short order too. Wash the roe—be careful not to break the thin delicate membrane. Dust lightly with flour. Sauté gently in butter or margarine on both sides. I discovered once, to my sorrow, why shad roe must be cooked gently. I had the heat too high—the membrane broke and the roe began sputtering all over the range and me. Particularly will it do this when roe is very cold and the pan very hot. Just remember, if you want to get it out of the pan in one piece, that the membrane—and the thin coating of flour—is all there is to hold it together and you'll do your cooking carefully. Season with salt and pepper. Remove to hot platter. Add 2 more tablespoons butter or margarine to the drippings. Let it brown. Add the juice of half a lemon, a bit of chopped parsley, some chopped chives, and pour over the roe. Serve with additional lemon.

Rainy-Day Dinner

Broiled Scallops
Peas and White Turnip Julienne
Rolls
Cucumbers in Vinegar
Jellied Strawberry Rhubarb
Coffee

One thing you can be sure of in this capricious month is rain. On a rainy night it's good to get inside after you've slushed along from the office to the grocery store and bakery—and stay in. This is a night to pamper yourself with a good little dinner that tastes of spring and that will help you to forget squishing rubbers and lugging wet bags.

It isn't going to take long to prepare, either, because you're going to make use of a couple of short cuts. First the dessert. Ordinarily, gelatin desserts take considerable time to jell. It's just one of the things you don't do for a Quick and Easy meal—but you'll see.

JELLIED STRAWBERRY RHUBARB

Rhubarb sauce takes but a few minutes to make, as it cooks so quickly. Follow any basic recipe, if you buy fresh rhubarb, or use frozen rhubarb and follow package directions. Dissolve 1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin in 1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water and 2 cups rhubarb sauce. Pour into freezing tray of your refrigerator. There's nothing you're going to need ice cubes for tonight anyway. In about 15 minutes it not only will be cooled but delicately jellied, which is the way I like it best. This is more than enough for one meal, so after you've taken out enough for tonight's dinner, put the rest into a dish and place in the lower part of your refrigerator to await tomorrow night, when, if you like variety, you'll serve it with custard sauce.

CUCUMBERS IN VINEGAR

The cucumbers are quickly done. Slice 1 cucumber as thin as you can—the thinner, the better. Sprinkle generously with salt—more than just the usual sprinkle. Add a good grinding of black pepper, ⅓ cup slightly diluted vinegar and 1 teaspoon sugar. Let stand until serving time.

Scallops are a treat. You rarely have them, because deep frying scallops is somewhat of a bother—other ways involve complicated sauces. But there is a short cut. Have you ever thought of broiling scallops? They really are delicious this way and so quickly done. Raw shrimps, peeled and cleaned, may be broiled in the same way, if shrimps are more available in your community.

BROILED SCALLOPS

One half to ¾ pound of scallops will be enough for two. Take a look when the fishman weighs them. You can tell whether there's enough for your appetite. Wash the scallops while the rhubarb sets, and marinate them in salad oil—just enough to coat them well on all sides. This will keep them from becoming dry. When ready to broil, drain off the oil. Put the scallops in a shallow pan—not on the broiler rack. Season well with salt and pepper. Be sure the broiler is well preheated, because this is a quick trick. Have ready 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Mix with the juice of ½ lemon and 1 tablespoon minced chives or finely chopped scallions. One scallion is enough if you use the green top and all. As the scallops cook, baste with sauce, turning them frequently in the pan. Do this with a spoon. It's easier than with a fork. It takes only about 5 minutes to broil them, so stand by. Have the table set and everything else ready and waiting. And that means the vegetables too. Peas go best with fish. Use 1 package frozen peas and add 1 small white turnip, shredded on the coarsest side of your grater or thinly sliced and cut in thin julienne strips. The turnip will cook right in with the peas and just as quickly. Drain, butter and season.

Hearty Dinner on a Budget

Barbecued Meat Balls
Noodles *or* Rice
Rolls
Green Salad
Ice Cream
With Chocolate Sauce
Coffee

You like interesting meals—sometimes hearty—but you can't buy asparagus, new potatoes or strawberries every night in the week. This little dinner doesn't take much cash, but it has plenty of sparkle. It will be one of your frequent repeaters any time of the year. Here is an easy chocolate sauce which has the added advantage of being sugarless.

EASY CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Melt 2 squares chocolate over hot water. Add 1 cup light corn sirup. Beat with rotary beater until well blended. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Store in a jar. Serve hot or cold.

BARBECUED MEAT BALLS

Let your table condiments work for you. Combine ½ pound ground beef with ½ teaspoon salt and a good grind of whole black pepper. Shape into small balls. Brown in 1 tablespoon fat. *For the sauce:* Mix ¼ cup catchup, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard together. When meat balls are browned, pour the sauce over them. Add a little water and cook until sauce thickens and coats the meat. Serve with a border of freshly cooked noodles or fluffy rice.

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Chef Boy-ar-dee Spaghetti Dinner

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A single carton serves 3 or more hearty eaters for only a few pennies a portion!

*Pronounced BOY-AR-DEE

•

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3. Canister of special Parmesan-style cheese, ready-grated for instant sprinkling.

Two styles: with meat in sauce, or meatless with extra mushrooms. Children love it. Get a carton today.

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SHRIMP CREOLE RECIPE

Combine 1 cup of cooked shrimp (fresh, frozen or canned) with 1 cup of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce

Simmer over low heat until hot throughout. Serve on a bed of fluffy rice — or over cooked noodles or toasted corn bread squares.

(Any cooked fresh fish, or any canned fish, may replace shrimp if desired.)

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ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

(Continued from Page 72)

glance, and yet without much expense it was changed into a kitchen to dream about.

It was a big room, dingy and tall and bleak as a winter field. It made you think of all the bad news you had ever had, and expect it again. The paper was drab and muddy, looking as if it had been rained on for years. The linoleum was full of holes, dead in hue, worn thin. There were doors in three corners of the room and a window in the fourth. And the windows were enormous, over four feet wide and almost six feet high. The ceiling was over ten feet high. And the one radiator was in the middle of the wall under a window, stretching almost six feet.

As for storage space, in all that expanse there was one solitary cabinet rising like a lone peak from floor to ceiling, and only 30½ inches wide! It stood between the door to the dining room and the back stairs, and the whole upper half was about as accessible as Mont Blanc. Everything had to be accordioned in the lower half, and there was no place for storage of mops, brooms, dustcloths or cleaning equipment. And there was almost no work surface at all. The housewife must have walked miles and miles for every meal.

The basic step in making a Cinderella of this stepchild was a complete change in the arrangement of equipment. This was lined up in two rows, making a compact working area within the large room, a kitchen within a kitchen as it were, leaving the excess space as a passageway. The sink was moved to the right of its original location, making space for upper and lower cabinets. The refrigerator and range were moved opposite the sink, with a good cabinet space between them, where an ample work surface makes food preparation easy. Back of the refrigerator and cabinets a supporting partition was placed, defining the passageway and giving support for hanging additional storage cabinets.

The floor was sanded and repaired, and new clear deep-blue linoleum was laid smoothly over the kitchen area, and light-gray mottled linoleum over the passageway area, thus helping to mark off the division and giving interest. The counters were covered with the blue linoleum, matching the floor. Blue for the passageway walls and white for the kitchen area balanced the color scheme.

ONLY two new pieces of equipment were added: a sink bowl sunk into a linoleum-covered counter; and a new automatic washing machine, which was a Christmas present from the man of the house to his very best girl. The sink change was necessary because the old porcelain sink was rimmed with cracks to catch dirt and nourish germs, and the old soggy wooden top just wobbled on its edge. It had no bottom shelf under it, so the floor of the room functioned as the bottom of the sink cabinet. I remember from my childhood how the dirt rolled in the bottom of cabinets like that. The base cabinet of the sink was remodeled to provide better storage and make toe space. Extra shelves were added inside.

The cabinets, which give much needed storage space, were secondhand and were purchased quite reasonably. One small closet for cleaning equipment was built in the room near the radiator, in space that would have been idle. A closet for the vacuum cleaner and extra brooms and mops was in the hall just outside the door to the back stairs. An old-fashioned grille was found in the basement, painted and fitted over the ugly leviathan radiator, adding interest to the wall and space for putting things.

The little kitchen within a kitchen makes housekeeping a delight. No more marathon around and up and down, and no more confusion as the family troops in and out of the back door, for the new arrangement takes the traffic out of the operating part of the kitchen. And this is one of the nicest features

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the room, I think. In the old kitchen when ıe back door opened to let in four children ıd a cocker and a lot of wind and snow, that :licate soufflé just coming from the oven ould never raise its head again!

Now to me no kitchen worthy of its hire ın do without a place for quick meals, early reakfasts or after-school snacks. In the ırly days, families ate in the kitchen most of ıe time, with dining-room meals on Sunday for company. Then it became the fashion) eat entirely in the dining room, probably ue to the servant period in our lives. And ow we are back again in the kitchen; and) privation, either, when the kitchen is gay ıd charming and the eating center is prac-cal and attractive. In this kitchen there as enough room between the dining-room ıd the back-hall doors for a small drop-own eating table.

Another advantage of a middle-aged house nd its kitchen is that there is usually space or an automatic washing machine. For if ıere are children in the house, as there ıould be, it is a great help to be able to run ırough a tub of laundry without making a pecial job of it. While polishing the silver, is comfortable to have the yellow and ıvender rompers swirling around at the ame time. And no lugging them up and down tairs either. Here the new automatic was laced at the end of the sink-cabinet unit, here it will be out of the food-preparation rea, and yet easily connected with the lumbing.

Pleasant general diffused illumination was rovided by installing lights behind the offit. These are directed against the glossy hite ceiling. More concentrated light was dded at the sink, eating center and range.

And finally, the gift of color added its ıagic to the dreary gray and tan of the past. The oversize blank panes of glass that made the whole kitchen so hopeless-looking were hung with candy-striped curtains of plastic-treated chambray. This material is practical as well as colorful, since it can be wiped clean with a damp cloth, is stain-resistant, fadeproof, and washes and irons well. Above them a dramatic sweep of candy-red swag was hung on plastic hoops, giving grace and personality. The plastic hoops in red and white were easy to fasten up, and the swag was simply a large piece of material cut on the bias and folded in soft folds. The ugly windows became an asset instead of a liability. A band of chartreuse painted from the ceiling to the top of the soffit appears to lower the ceiling. Chartreuse was repeated in the chairs and accessories.

When this kitchen was finished I couldn't help thinking again of dozens of kitchens I know which would respond to just such treatment gratefully. And the necessary carpenter work, electrical changes and plumbing were entirely done by local men, and done with skill and enthusiasm. It is a heartening thought that the kitchens of yesterday may be transformed into so much comfort and charm, and still leave the budget healthy and flourishing.

What fun for the children to troop in after skating and find oyster stew hot and savory in this kitchen, with crispy crackers and a salad bowl of mixed greens set up on the snack table! What fun to come in after a high-school dance and scramble eggs while the man of the hour makes toast and somebody else stirs the hot chocolate with a cinnamon stick! And what fun for mother the morning after to eat a quiet breakfast with father while the sun glows like a rose through the clean curtains! For this kitchen is good to live in!

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

At the moment I can think of nothing more startling than waking in the middle of the night to hear the puppy chewing something under the bed.

Suggestion for cartoon: One vet greets another with, "House it with you?"

To give children everything is often worse than giving them nothing.

For too many boys and girls, the Children's Hour means only a time for reading comics and listening to radio serials.

Half the joy of running a household would have been taken from me if the supermarkets had never installed buggies.

Probably nothing could spell American energy so much to an Englishman as the sight of a shopper running up a moving escalator.

Why? Why is a whole man said to be a man of parts? Why is a thing lost said to "come up" missing?

Guarding the crown jewels could not have been more difficult for me than guarding the family sugar bowl has been.

Daughter writing home from school: "Enjoyed my roommate more after the holiday—there must be something to this vacation-from-marriage theory."

It isn't any wonder some of us who had our youth in the pre-twenties never learned to swim; I can remember approaching the water as fully clothed as a baby in January.

The best insight into a dog was given me by the maid when she said, "The puppy doesn't know she's a dog; she just thinks she's folks."

The striking of an old clock eight times can make my heart stand still while, poised for a breathless moment on the brink of memory, I wait once more to be gathered into soft arms and carried off to bed.

She was such a good housekeeper she worked her way straight through three marriages, graduating with a clean house and a lonely old age.

Intuition: The name a man gives to a woman's quicker and surer judgment.

Whenever I glimpse myself in a store window I derive consolation by thinking that to see the camel at home on the desert, where he does handsomely, is to forget what an ugly and ungainly beast he is.

A woman was amused when her maid asked, "You folks never seem to do any fussing in the daytime—I wonder, do you all fuss at night?"

Plea for good home environment: Man does not live by breed alone.

Child's description of the map of Panama: "It's stretched out like Henry's neck."

The farther we go in life, the bigger become the little things.

One of the first things a young wife should learn to ask is, "Can we afford it?"

Newspaper boner: At that moment a man entered with a traveling hag.

I never thoroughly appreciated the proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie," until I became the "mother" of a spaniel pup.

A man in our town well named is a certain Mr. Hottop; he sells stoves.

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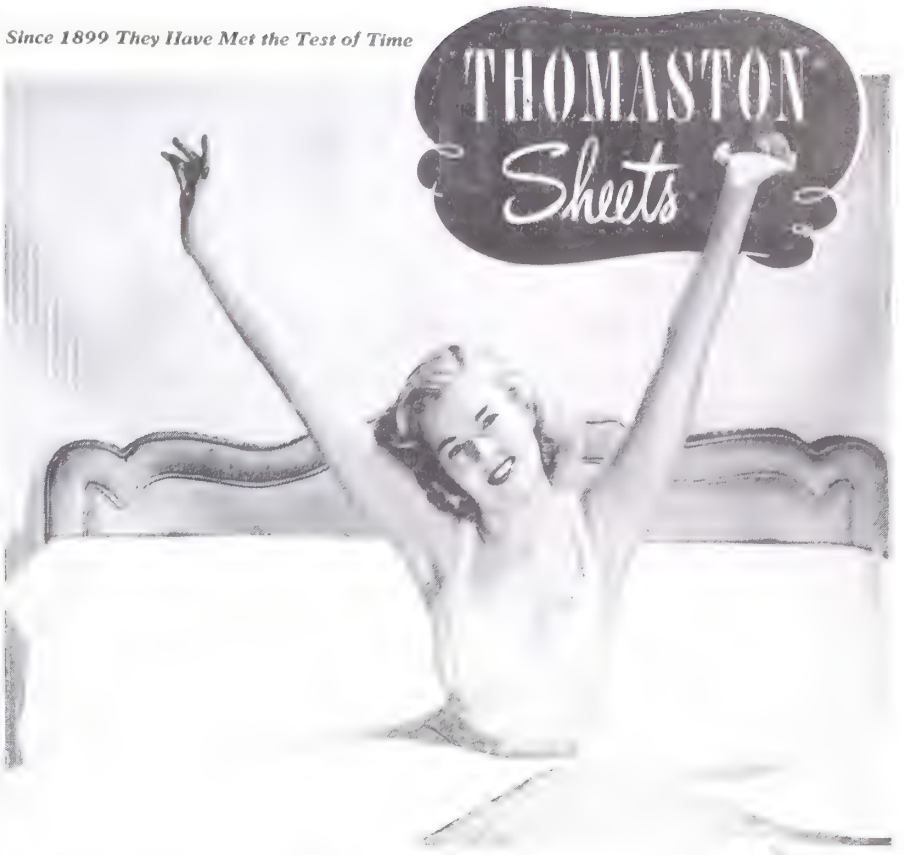

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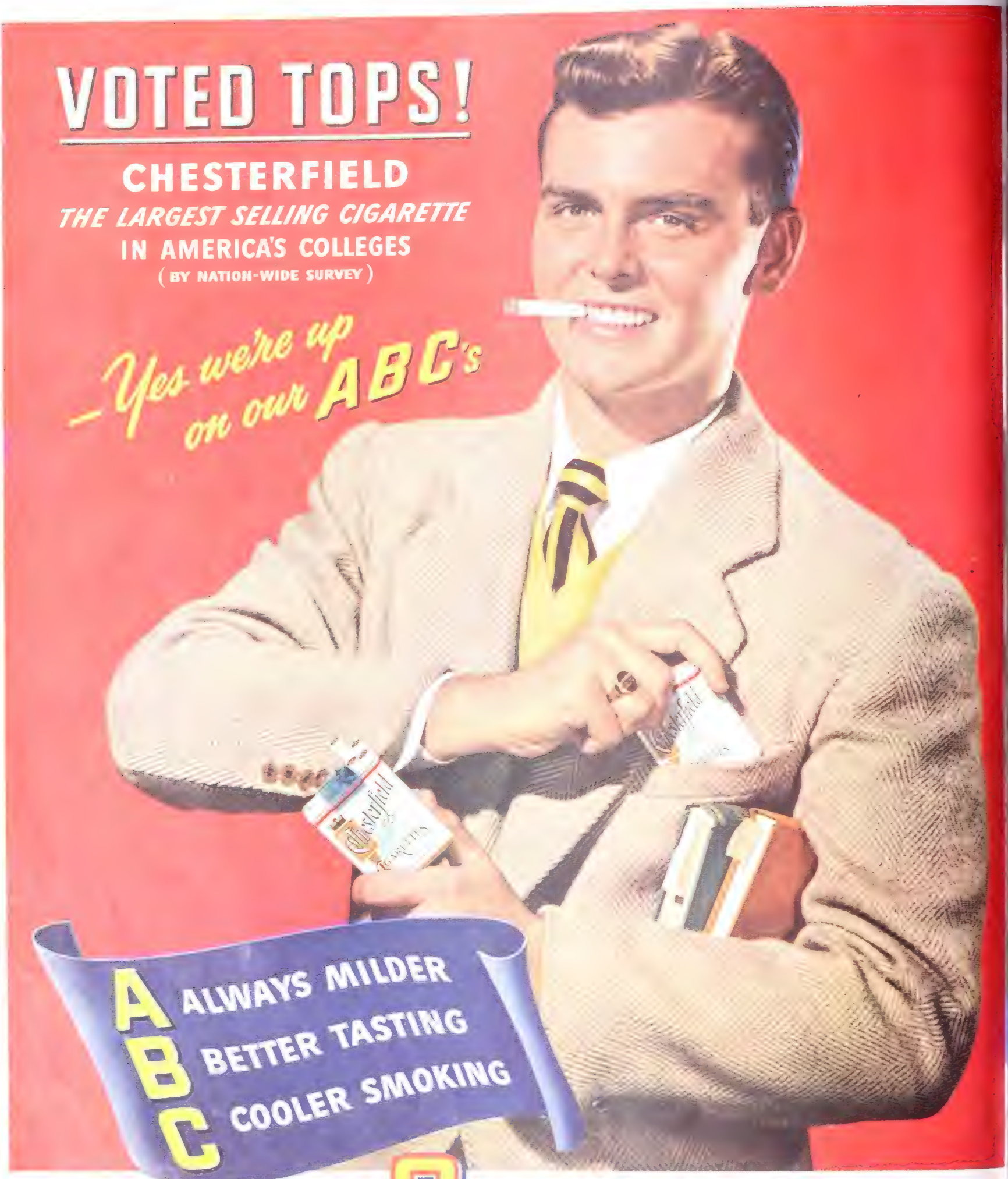

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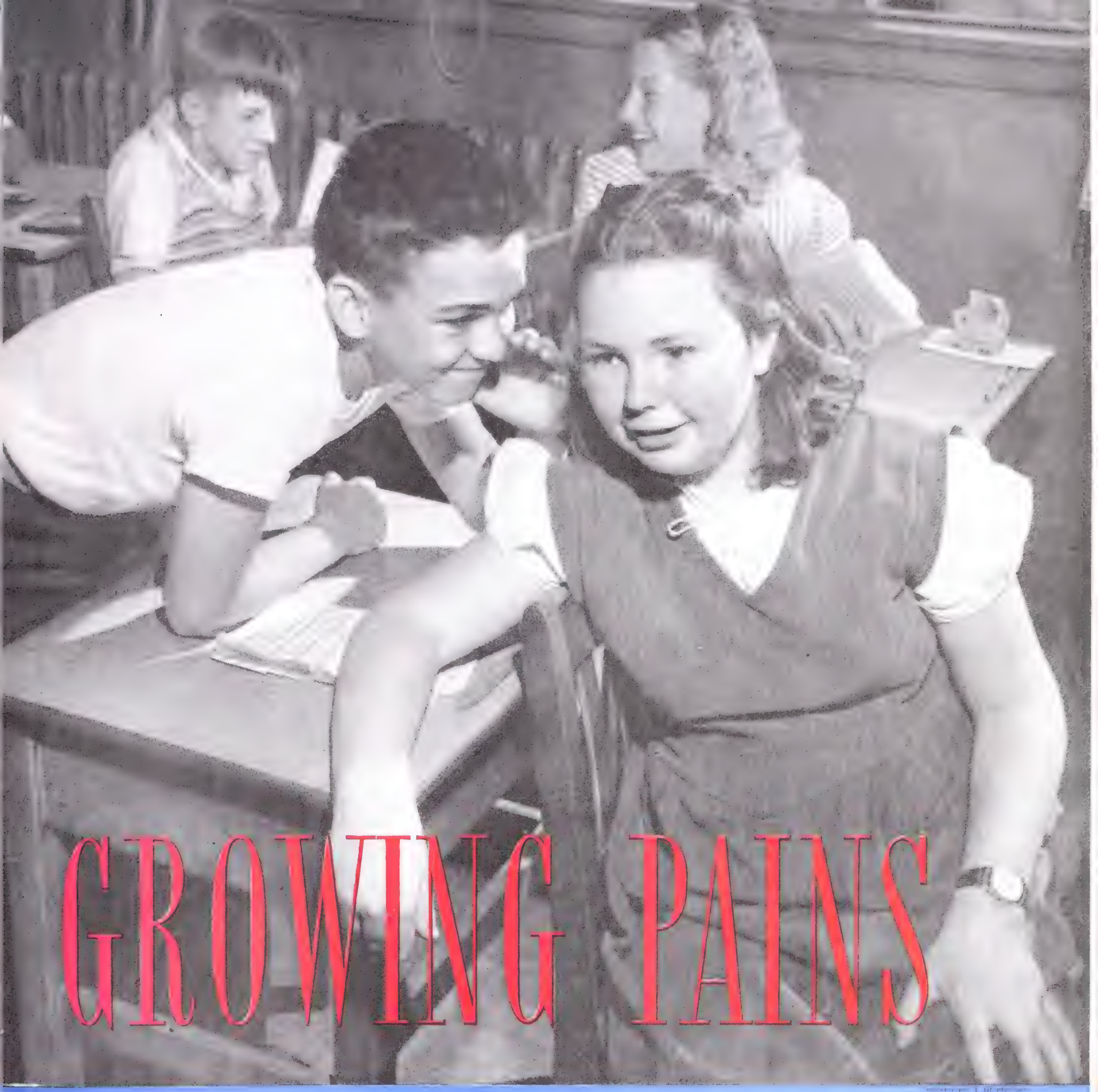


GROWING PAINS

Meet Lois Sutton, Awkward Teen-Ager of Mt. Holly, N. J.

BY EMILY KIMBROUGH

WOULD you like to write a story" an editor of this magazine asked, "about a little girl thirteen years old? She's a fat little girl and ——"

I interrupted the editor vehemently. I would not like to write about a bouncing roly-poly, I told her. I could not do an honest report about a girl who laughed and giggled all the time, and had such a good time she didn't care how fat she was. Because I didn't believe all fat people were jolly—little girls particularly. It was all the St. Nicholas legend.

The editor was more polite than I had been. She did not interrupt, but when I had finished, she said quietly, "This little girl isn't jolly about being fat. And she isn't going to be fat much longer. She's going to lose twenty-five pounds."

The next day, driving over to Mt. Holly, New Jersey, to see the fat little girl and begin my story, I kept remembering over and over a day and night in June more years ago than I wish to count, much less tabulate here. I knew that this memory was what had made me so vehemently reluctant to have anything to do with a fat little girl. Because this memory over all the years since had been a sore spot, a bruise somewhere around my heart, I think, that made me wince when any reference to overweight jabbed it.

That day in June, so long ago, I was spending with a friend, one of my "ten most intimate friends." I had totaled the number judiciously and painstakingly. This friend was fourteen. So was I. And I was spending the day and the night with her because we

"Lois and a phone connect like ducks and water." Family still find their sprouting Sutton a stairway obstacle. But where rising prices of double malteds were once a nightly bulletin, now it's a rising temperature over the latest crush. "We gather that he's got big ears and a solid line."

What's a girl to do with the shape of a barrel when she really wants the contour of H. Lamarr? "Detour into some curves, of course," advised Navy-sophisticated brother John. Getting Lois to thump, bump, and like lettuce was his idea. "She never minds taking a telling-off from me."

were going to a party, the most important party in our lives, because it was our first dance. Actually the party was for the older sister of another "most intimate friend," but, out of kindness, a few of our "bunch" had been included in the invitations.

All that hot June day we got ready for it. We washed our hair, and set it with "water-wave combs." We sprinkled pink powder on our nail buffers and buffed our nails until they burned, but gleamed. We locked ourselves in her bedroom and practiced pinning a three-inch-wide hair ribbon around our bosoms, pinning it tighter with each practice, until the proper "boyish form" was achieved. Our mothers thought we were not old enough to wear a brassière, and life was unendurable unless we could mash down our fronts into a façade as sexless as that of the Empire State Building.

Of course we thought the evening would never come, and of course it did, as evenings always do. We were there, at the party, standing at the edge of the dance floor, eager and scared, our foreheads glistening with nervous sweat; our noses too, though we rubbed them frequently with our new and first powder puffs from the little round cardboard "Dorines" we were clutching in moist, gluey palms.

It was about an hour later when my friend's brother came up to her. He was tall, blond, handsome, and he went to Yale. "Why don't you go home?" he said to his sister. "Nobody wants to dance with a fat girl."

A sign on the road pointed out that here was Mt. Holly. The man at the gas station knew that the Suttons lived three blocks farther down and four blocks over west—"big house on the corner with a lot of yard." Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Evan Sutton lived there, and their daughter Lois, who was thirteen years old on the twenty-fourth of May, and weighed 135 pounds.

Mrs. Sutton opened the door. She is a little woman, and pretty. Her short, dark hair is vigorous and curly. She has chic and vitality. Humor and intelligence are in her eyes. Lois would be here in a minute. Would I come in?

The Suttons' house is a serene, not fretful Victorian. The rooms are large, high-ceilinged, long-windowed, and free from stained glass or cupola. The living room runs the length of the house on the left of the wide entrance hall. The dining room is on the right, with a charming built-in cupboard. We sat in the living room.

She had not done much decorating, Mrs. Sutton said. They had been in the house only a few weeks. They had bought this house in less than an hour after they had looked at it, and they had not had to do any repainting. But she was going to take her time about the decorating. The things from the old house fitted in very well, and she wanted to settle down for a while until she was sure just what she wanted. She did need a new kitchen arrangement—this one was very old-fashioned; and Lois knew exactly how she wanted her own room done over. Her father had made the bed she had now, but Lois was crazy for a Colonial room, and she had outgrown the bed and the rest of the furniture.

Lois came bounding into the room, a caramel-colored cocker jumping and yapping at her side. "Hello," she said, with quick friendliness, and sat on a couch near her mother; sat and fidgeted.

Lois' hair is actually chestnut, and that is uncommon. A reddish brown, like chestnuts, of course; like cherry wood, too, polished. She was about 5′ 1″ that day and her 135 pounds made her face round and shapeless. Her best feature was her beautiful hair.

She guessed she was going to like Mt. Holly, she said, but she hadn't met many kids. Nearly all of them got jobs in the summer, berrypicking, and were away all day. She knew one or two who were at home. They were younger than she, but that was all right. She'd gone swimming once at a place she'd been taken to. She didn't know where it was, but it wasn't far. Only there was something in the water she didn't like, and she hadn't gone again. She didn't like sports much anyway. She'd rather play with her paper dolls. It was fun to make clothes for them. She designed them herself. They were scattered about on a table in front of the window at the far end of the room. She ran to get them—the dog, too, and they had a roughhouse together.

Mrs. Sutton was talking about the furniture in the room. She had had to buy a few things. She laughed. "That table is only twenty-four hours old."

Lois stopped roughhousing with the dog. "No, it isn't," she interrupted her mother. "It's lots older than that."

Mrs. Sutton smiled. "I meant I've only had it for twenty-four hours."

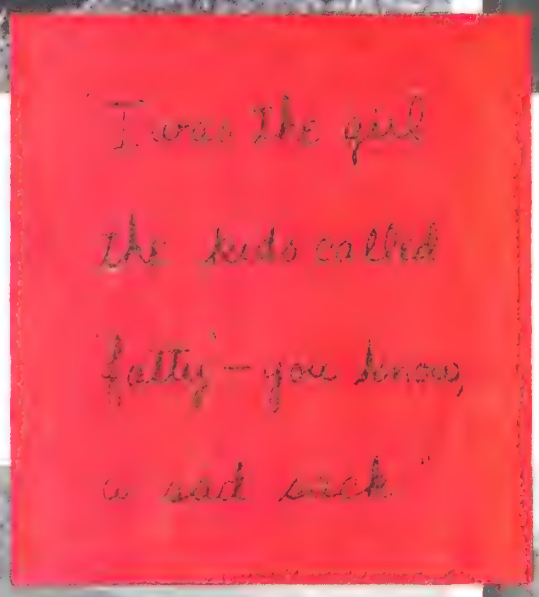
"But you didn't *say* that." She was gleeful over her correction.

Conversation was a little difficult, because Lois made herself an insistent part of it, whatever the topic. A child her age might easily have been bored at being in the room with grownups, restless, impatient to get away to her own interests. Lois wanted to be there, and she wanted desperately to be part of everything that was going on. That is an attention-getter, psychologists say, and attention-getters are insecure people. Lois was a bubbling, vivacious, giggly child, but she was attention-getting. And once when she interrupted a conversation it was to interpolate that she had made her mother get up in the night a few days after they had moved here, to get in bed with her. Shirley, the little girl across

PHOTOS BY DE PUTRO

Who doesn't dream of a new place to live in and a whole new personality? There was a bonus for Lois when family changed homes as she was changing figure. Now it's a joke to recall her old plaint—"I can't pull in my stomach, I'm just fat."

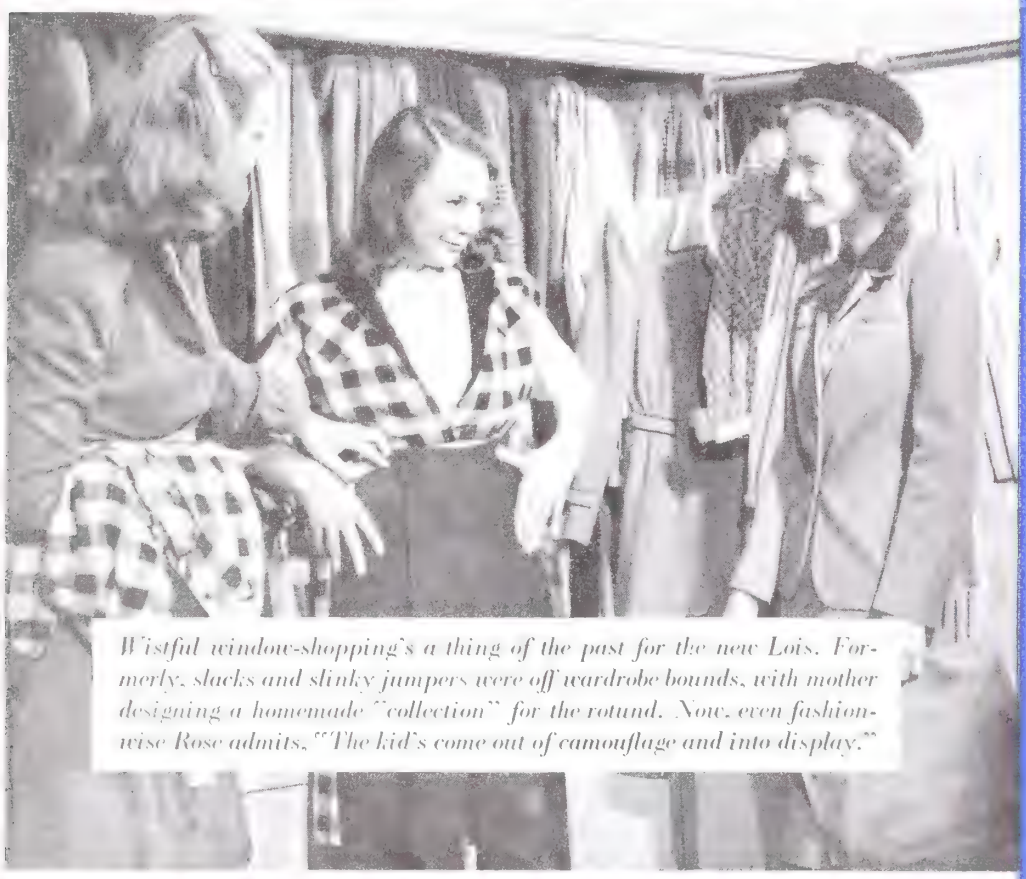
Only a batch of fudge used to be able to trap Lois in the kitchen. Now she's a whiz with the dishes, even takes over to do basting chores. "But cooking won't mean a thing to me—once I'm a Navy nurse."



Homework palls, and why not—especially when a mellow crooner sends 'em. But the singing bow tie (Sinatra), gets wary an ear when Dick Haymes is etherizing. On kids' hit parade, crime tops love, with Sherlock as the "ace gumshoe."

Glamour—courtesy of mother's lipstick. Lois gets a mirror's-eye preview of the time when she and her fan will stop the stag line. Today, she'll borrow on the future by borrowing grown-up clothes.

The titbit-nibbling Mr. Taffy takes over—just as if he didn't know that this is Lois' last big binge before her six-week fight to shave 25 pounds. "You'll probably make the movies," say kids who favor career in westerns, animal thrillers, or "old-fashioneds—anything from long skirts back."



Wistful window-shopping's a thing of the past for the new Lois. Formerly, slacks and slinky jumpers were off wardrobe bounds, with mother designing a homemade "collection" for the rotund. Now, even fashion-wise Rose admits, "The kid's come out of camouflage and into display."

"All I'd hear about was no salt and more celery and couldn't I turn the radio off so she'd get twelve hours' sleep," says Rose of evenings with Lois. "But then about the only fun she had was making over her dresses. I guess you take yourself seriously when you're taking a life like that."

the street, and younger, had told Lois a legend about the Jersey Devil, and Lois had been terrified in bed that night. Thirteen-year-olds are not apt to scare so easily, unless they are, perhaps, fundamentally insecure.

She was a competent child. At school in her sewing class she had made a pair of shorts. She ran upstairs, and came back with a dress she had just finished at home. Mrs. Sutton looked dubiously at the hem, but said she would pass it. She was a good little cook, Mrs. Sutton asserted.

Lois interrupted. No, she wasn't. She had put baking soda instead of baking powder into muffins she had made at school. But, she added, she had given them to a boy who had teased her. It was not hard to guess about what he had teased her.

When Lois ran off again, willingly and obediently, to make some iced tea, Mrs. Sutton talked again. We had gone into the yard and were sitting in a swing, in the cool shade of a big tree.

"Lois didn't start to get fat until about three years ago, when she had her tonsils out. After that she seemed to put on weight all at once. I didn't bother much about it. I thought she would outgrow it. But I fussed about the way she stood. I'd say to pull in her stomach. But one day this spring when I said it, she burst out crying. She said she couldn't pull it in, it had to stick out. She was fat, and she couldn't help it. The kids at school were teasing her. They called her Fatty." Mrs. Sutton's eyes snapped, remembering. "I said right back to her, 'Well, you call them Skinny, and don't go feeling sorry for yourself.'"

Mrs. Sutton is an intelligent and a sensitive human being. Those attributes are apt to make wise and understanding mothers. Sitting in the swing, her head resting back against the wooden framework, swaying lazily back and forth, she gave a lesson in parenthood that is good to remember.

JUST as soon as she could get there, after Lois' outburst, she had gone to their family physician. She wanted him to do something about Lois' weight, and not waste any time about it. Something drastic and quick. It was probably glandular. What about some injections? The doctor refused point-blank. This was no time to start tinkering around with glands. Thirteen was a ticklish age. But he'd be glad to make up a diet. Mrs. Sutton said she'd think it over; she doubted her ability to make Lois stick to a diet over a long period. Mrs. Sutton wanted action. And then Johnny came home.

Mrs. Sutton sat up and stopped swinging. "Here he comes now," she said.

A boy came whistling around the side of the house. He was blond, young, though his hair was traveling too fast and far from his forehead for his age to warrant. He had a smile and a twinkle in his eye that must have made girl hostesses in any canteen he entered say, "I dibs on that one," and start across the dance floor to meet him. Mrs. Sutton needn't have whispered that he was just out of the Navy. His trousers were as disreputable as the shapeless sweat shirt he was wearing, but the angle of the nondescript cap down over one eyebrow was a gob's tilt.

The screen door banged and Lois came flying down the steps. Johnny braced himself, feet apart and arms wide. "Hi," they called to each other. Presently they went into the house together, the dog circling them hysterically. Mrs. Sutton leaned back in the swing again.

Johnny is Lois' brother—her half brother, actually, though Mrs. Sutton had to go back to make that clear, because she never thinks of him that way. When she and Kenneth Sutton were married in 1932, Mr. Sutton had three children—his first wife had died in 1929: Rose, who was thirteen; Evan, twelve, and Johnny, seven. From the time Lois was a baby she had adored Johnny, and he was crazy about her too. He was enough older, Mrs. Sutton said, so that he didn't have to tease to make himself seem important, the way some brothers do.

So Johnny and Lois had always been pals. Evan married and moved away; Rose got a job in New York; and when he was eighteen, Johnny joined the Navy. It was while Johnny was away that Lois got fat. Just when she needed attention most she lost a major source. And no substitute was found. Now Johnny was back; he had a job "ditch digging" and was having a grand time. He was going to Rutgers later, under the G. I. bill. He planned to study hotel management.

It was Johnny's home-coming that Mrs. Sutton had started to tell about. The very first evening, while they were still excited about his being there, and the presents he'd brought back from Japan, he'd said to Lois, "Look, kid, if you'd lose twenty-five pounds, you'd be good-looking."

And then he'd said, before Lois had a chance to have hurt feelings, "Look, I'll tell you what. You lose twenty-five pounds, and I'll date you. We'll go to a night club in New York and I'll buy you a dress to wear. How about it?"

It had been as easy as that. Mrs. Sutton hadn't had to sell her idea at all. Lois was wild. She wanted to start that night. She would quit eating. She'd do this and the other thing. Mrs. Sutton sprang her plan. Lois would take a reducing

"If only Van could see you now." Lois really had the town talking for her return engagement with Pompton Lakes. The gang kept her busy trying on new clothes and trying out the latest hair-dos on everyone about. "It was somewhat exhausting," Lois reports. "But best of all was this: nobody laughed at me, not even once."

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

Lois used to walk her bases, both scholastically and out-of-doors. Now she hits homers for the eighth-grade team, in softball and geography.

"What do you know, it happened— a boy even whistled at me."

Sneaking a sundae means less to Lois than latest projects of "Slick Chick" club which meets weekly to cook, sew—"and just discuss things."

"Definitely fatiguing" is boys' idea of dancing, and even Mt. Holly's Number One wolves get a sudden yen for the outdoors when dates want to cut a rug. But cure for slowness on the "ballroom uptake" is underway. Girls hold after-school classes with cake for the apt. Their policy: "No jive, no food."

PHOTO BY J. DI PIETRO

"Definitely not kid stuff—we never sat out one dance." Three orchestras and a floor show kept Lois happy when she and John went on the town to toast her new figure. But big brother is betting on a "quieter future. When she hits a stag line, I'll take to a side line."

"If heaven's like this—I'll be a thin angel."

course in New York. They did it scientifically. Mrs. Sutton had found out all about it, and Lois could live with Rose in her little apartment.

Now Mrs. Sutton was wise indeed to be prepared for the exactly right psychological moment to present Lois with a plan. But she was also lucky; she had the means and the facilities at hand for the shortest, easiest method by which Lois could overcome her awkwardness. They had enough money; they lived near New York, where, just because of the importance of self-assurance, confidence and attractiveness, there are many experts devoted to slimming down fat girls, streamlining bad skins, straightening careless postures, teaching clothes sense and in general trying to capture that elusive quality: charm.

Had they lived in a smaller city, Mrs. Sutton could probably not have found such a ready, all-in-one-package answer. But she could have found one all the same. She could have started with the help of the family physician—or she could have sought the many fine books and magazine articles on diet and exercise and beauty. Faithfully followed, good advice on figure slimming, health bettering, skin clearing and good manners will work all the wonders that any charm school can. Working in a group is, of course, a stimulant to action—but there are substitutes: dancing classes, teen-age beauty clubs, mother-and-daughter pacts to work together, a program of rewards. The stimulus to be attractive is all around us. It simply has to be put to work.

It happened to be Lois' brother who provided Lois with her stimulus—but had he not, Mrs. Sutton could probably have used simply the summer vacation and not too much to do. It was, after all, Lois' ideal chance. By the time school began, nobody would know she'd ever been fat, since they were in a new place, and the kids went out berrypicking.

MRS. SUTTON got up from the swing. "That's the way it stands," she said. "She'll be going pretty soon. I'm going with her, but I won't stay. I'll just see her started. I don't want to be away from Ken too long. But I'll be back and forth, I expect." She laughed gently. "Lois says she doesn't care what kind of dress she gets so long as it's ready-made. She likes what I make for her. It's just the idea. She can't get into any girl's-size dress the way she is now. I guess the day she can go into a store and pull a dress off the rack down over her head will be Christmas for her."

We went into the house for the iced tea, and Mr. Sutton came in. He is a quiet, thoughtful man, indulgent and devoted to his family. He calls Mrs. Sutton "Honey," and says he fell in love with her at a Christmas party at the Wright Aeronautical factory in Paterson where they both worked. She was a secretary and he was production manager. He says that she had on a red dress.

They still go out dancing together and like it. He likes fishing, too, and goes up to Canada every year with some other men who like to fish. When Lois is in college—she wants to go to the University of Pennsylvania—he and Mrs. Sutton are going to India. They are saving for it. They both love traveling. Mrs. Sutton was born in Paterson, and Mr. Sutton thinks New Jersey is a good state. He likes it. He likes where his wife came from, and he likes just about anything she decides. So if she thought this New York course was the thing for Lois, he didn't doubt that it was too.

I finished my iced tea and said that I must go. I would see Lois in her school in New York, I told her. That would be fine, she answered, but she was preoccupied with Johnny. She was badgering him to show her his Japanese souvenirs again.

It was nearly six weeks later, on a sticky hot day, when I went into the school (one of a number of such schools), on New York's Fifth Avenue to see Lois. The inside of the building was cool, however, cool and hushed and elegant. I experienced a slight sinking of spirit. What kind of atmosphere was this for a healthy, unsophisticated thirteen-year-old—all this soft, dim light, faint but exotic scent, and exquisitely articulated voices? She ought to be sweating in the sunshine and yelling and dirty. *(Continued on Page 265)*

Then: Baby Rae Patterson's cheeks
le the *nicest* pink coverlets seem dull,
use she had *That Ivory Look*—naturally!
I you can bet two gold safety pins that
e Rae's lovely skin was bathed with a soap
ious for its purity and mildness.

Of course! Ivory Soap was Rae's soap—
urity and mildness helped keep her tender
at its loveliest. Yes, Ivory is wonderful
girls at any age. In fact, more doctors ad-
Ivory than all other brands put together.

And Now: Rae Patterson still has *That Ivory Look*. Do folks still sigh when they see her? Look for yourself—she's one of the country's leading cover girls! And her beauty care is the same as it was in her cradle days—pure, mild Ivory Soap regularly.

There's the secret! If you want *That Ivory Look* don't be careless about skin care. Use pure, mild Ivory regularly. What will happen? Why, in just one week *you* can have a smoother, lovelier, more radiant complexion. You can have *That Ivory Look*.

99 44/100% PURE...IT FLOATS

"I'M TIRED OF BEING CALLED FATTY!"

BY DAWN CROWELL

Beauty Director of Modern Screen

IF you were the girl pictured on the *left* of this page, how would you like to be able to turn yourself into the girl on the *right?* To transform your face and figure from that of an awkward, overweight, self-conscious teen-ager to that of a pretty, slim, popular girl? These two pictures of Lois Sutton, *taken only six weeks apart*, could serve as illustrations for the most imaginative fairy tale ever written. But better than that, they tell a real-life story! The story of a girl who, for thirteen years, endured good-humoredly a long list of unflattering name tags and fun-poking jokes about her own appearance!

But there comes a time in every girl's life when a gibing remark, directed at her, hits at the heart instead of the funny bone. When a joke has no humor if it concerns the way *she* looks. The time came for Lois last summer. At thirteen Lois derived no merriment from being outstanding for her lack of feminine allure. At a time when other girls her age were enjoying their first enchantment of popularity, Lois knew her cumbersome figure would hinder her happiness in this girl-meets-grown-up world! With this disheartening discovery came her six words, half rebellious, half plaintive, *"I'm tired of being called Fatty!"*

Lois' mother knew a prompt remedy was necessary. First, to eliminate Lois' immediate physical handicaps. Second, in so doing, to insure her against the possibilities of an unhappy, inhibited adult life. Last summer, with her doctor's approval, and before she resumed school in a new town, Lois undertook a regular program of physical improvement. The following pages show pictures of Lois during those weeks. For a prescribed number of hours each day, Lois thumped and bumped away her excess weight; followed unerringly a rigid diet; and put to practice her new-found knowledge of good grooming. At the end of six weeks, Lois emerged with a brighter outlook, both mental and physical; an impressive amount of poise; and best of all, a lovely new figure that called for a size 9 dress!

1st WEEK

Weight . . . 135
Waist 30
Hips 38
Bust 35
Abdomen . . 36 ½
Height . . . 5 1¾

6th WEEK

Weight . . . 110
Waist . . . . 26 ½
Hips 33
Bust 34
Abdomen . . 29 ½
Height 5 2

Figure 8 designed to reduce hips and waistline; flatten tummy; raise and develop chestline. Lie flat on your back on oor, arms outstretched. Now pull bent knees up to chest. Keep knees bent ee photo) and drop knees to floor at left, *keeping right shoulder flat on oor.* Pull bent knees up *on the floor* toward elbow as far as possible. everse exercise, going to right. Be in 3 times daily, work gradually up to 20.

Hip spank Lie flat on back, arms outstretched, palms up. With right leg flat on floor, bend left knee, bring left foot on floor toward buttocks. Roll over on right hip until you have found the ttest spot between hipbone and spine. Then raise hip from floor and *re-rn with thump on fat spot.* Reverse position of legs. Begin 10 times, work up 50 for fat spot of each hip. An exercise designed to banish hip-area bulges.

Toe reach for flatter tummy, firmer chest. Lie flat on back, arms upstretched, waistline digging into floor. Raise right g and left arm in air and touch them together, reaching for toe. Now owly, with waistline digging floor as hard as possible, lower leg and arm to iginal position. Repeat with opposite leg and arm. Begin 10 times, work up 50 with each side. Follow *details* in all exercise directions for best results.

What's wrong with this figure? Lois listens while Miss Ann Delafield, who personally supervises the six-weeks course, explains Lois' figure faults to Mrs. Sutton. Lois has kyphosis (bad posture); lordosis (sway-back); a protruding abdomen and twenty-five excess pounds to get rid of.

Is there a doctor in the house? Lois cannot begin her strenuous exercises or rigorous diet until she has had a thorough medical examination. Any drastic changes in eating or exercise habits are a shock to the system and should be undertaken only after your doctor's approval.

With previous instruction on *flattening her back against a wall,* Lois takes another step toward pretty posture. Place a book far back on the top of your head; with shoulders down, chest and rib cage elevated, walk up a flight of stairs. Repeat for better posture, added height.

Lois forsook sweets, lunched on salads, drank ten glasses of water daily plus fruit juices and a glass of skim milk at night. Here she is pictured with classmates at the food bar. Her salad consists of a lettuce base, shredded carrots and beets, green pepper, and a giant-size stalk of celery. Fruit salads are served with a spinach base to bring out flavor of fruit.

"Good grooming to your finger tips" was a rule to be taken literally. In addition to learning how to give herself a manicure, Lois discovered that mineral oil and white iodine, applied in equal parts on the nail and cuticle, will help make nails grow stronger, prettier.

TEEN-AGE girls often suffer through the agonies of a bad complexion because they are told, "Blemished skin must be expected with adolescence." Blackheads, blemishes and coarseness were found in Lois' skin analysis. But after several weeks of a prescribed diet, plus instructions on thorough skin cleansing, Lois' skin took on a natural glow enviable to any girl! A typical day's diet would include: BREAKFAST: Three oranges, pulp included; one glass warm water with juice of lemon. 11 A.M.: One glass skim milk. LUNCH: Orange-and-grapefruit salad with diet dressing; one piece unbuttered whole-wheat toast; one glass warm water with juice of lemon. 5 P.M.: Fresh fruit. DINNER: Half grapefruit; one small piece broiled meat or fish, all fat trimmed; one portion spinach; one slice unbuttered whole-wheat bread; lettuce-and-tomato salad with diet dressing; one glass skim milk. All diets were changed weekly in accordance with individual health requirements and after a physical checkup.

Good grooming is equally important in this blueprint for beauty. In these times, more than ever before, there are many "recognized beauties" who give the *illusion* of beauty where beauty, in terms of perfect features, does not exist. Good health, shining hair, subtle make-up, tasteful clothes and perfectionist attention to personal details all work together toward giving a girl that lovely, poised look and feeling of self-confidence that can translate itself into beauty for those who behold her.

Roly-poly Lois needed new hair-do . . . skin care . . . grooming knowledge

Photos by J. Du Hueho

Lois' typical adolescent complexion acquired a natural glow with proper treatment and constant care. Here she learns how to use a cleansing cream. All teen-agers are told to reserve knowledge of make-up application for *future use* or for very special dress-up occasions.

Unearthing hidden highlights in your hair. Lois lies at a "beauty angle" for inward stimulation of scalp. Massage by pressing thumbs lightly at temples; with fingers of each hand, use *strong* rotary movement. Repeat, with thumbs behind ears at nape of neck.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

In six weeks Lois lost self-consciousness . . . gained poise . . . became pretty

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• 36 beautiful patterns, washable, fadeproof, guaranteed to stick.
• As little as 20c per 12 foot roll at hardware, chain, drug, department and wallpaper stores everywhere.
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Another Product of UNITED WALLPAPER Chicago 54, Illinois

DON'T CALL THEM SILLY

By Louise Paine Benjamin

A SMALL girl in a party dress stood before a full-length mirror. She was ten years old and she looked as though she might have stepped out of a charming print. Out of a Kate Greenaway picture, in fact, for her dress was flower-sprigged and ankle-length, and its high waist was gathered in with a blue sash. The false note in this pretty picture was that the little girl was crying bitterly.

"But, mother," she sobbed, "I look so funny. Everybody will laugh at me. None of the boys will want to dance with me. Why can't I have a white lace dress like Nancy's with a short, flouncy skirt?"

Unfortunately, her mother was intent on having a picture-book child. By her standard her daughter looked enchanting and infinitely more original than the other little girls in their short white flounces. So, with a "Don't be silly, darling, you look marvelous," she insisted that her ten-year-old go to the party in her unique costume. Thereby not only thoroughly spoiling that particular party for her child, but also giving her a social scar that lasted for a very long time.

Even sadder and more serious than childish distress about clothes is the hurt that grows in young hearts when their possessors feel that there is something conspicuously wrong with them physically. Mirth-provoking ears, flat wispy hair, heavy teeth braces . . . these can be real tragedies to a little girl. And chubbiness! No budding debutante wants to be called "Fatty."

In this issue of the JOURNAL is the story of one such schoolgirl, Lois Sutton, whose parents were unusually understanding in working with her to banish the unwanted weight which was making her self-conscious.

A kindly woman psychiatrist who has interviewed many mothers about their children's difficulties says that in nearly all cases the treatment lies in the re-education of the parent rather than the child.

Unusual height: The girl child who grows so rapidly during adolescence that she outdistances her schoolmates feels unhappily conspicuous, especially in mixed gatherings, where she fears she has an intimidating effect on her boy contemporaries. Too often she cultivates a stoop, which has a devastating effect not only on her posture but on her personality. From the moment it is first apparent she is going to be a tall girl, she should be made to feel that she is *lucky;* that she is going to be one of the women who wear clothes with distinction. She will, in fact, be one of that fortunate group from whom the loveliest models and stage beauties are selected. Encourage her to stand tall and to *think tall* with a glow of pride. And *never, never* tease her about her height.

Bow legs: There are, fortunately, fewer of these all the time, thanks to all that has been learned about proper bone building through adequate nutrition. But if there is the slightest indication that your daughter is developing knees that refuse to touch—or to touch too closely—cart her to the best exercise authority you can locate, before she acquires an anti-bathing-suit complex. Training in posture, balance and special leg exercises will do wonders in the way of correction, especially when the bones are young and still growing.

Prominent ears: In extreme cases plastic surgery may be indicated, but rarely is the condition severe enough to warrant this. It is much better to educate your daughter early to the fact that every woman has at least one "bad point" which she learns to minimize. Make this a heart-to-heart talk in which you are fellow conspirators planning how to emphasize good points, as well as to play down less desirable ones. Explain that ears are one of the easiest features to take care of, since soft curls, loops of braids, perky bows or cute little buns of hair right on the ears themselves can be used for concealment. How much more difficult it would be if she had a hawk nose like Great-aunt Malvina's! Besides, lots of people believe big ears are a sign of a generous nature.

Lisping: Any speech defect seems peculiarly amusing to children—and sometimes, tragically enough, to adults also. This is doubly unfortunate; for, since it has now been established that speech impediments usually have their source in emotional disturbance, the difficulty is only aggravated by nonunderstanding friends and family. A child who lisps, stutters or otherwise deviates from normal speech should have prompt, expert attention. Crippled speech can be as cruel a disadvantage as a crippled limb. Often it can be completely cured, especially in childhood. If in doubt where to turn, write for information to the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, 61 Irving Place, New York, New York.

Nail biting: This is another condition which is a symptom of inner stress. Nagging or ridicule just adds to the strain. More loving and less scolding would be better, and a deliberate cultivation of vanity. A little girl who feels warmly loved and who is assured that she is pretty and is helped by her mother to become even more so is less likely to do damage to her appearance than a nervous child who feels that she is under a constant fire of criticism, even though that criticism is prompted by genuine, loving concern. As for the poor mistreated nails, they should have an elaborate daily manicure with the prettiest of pale polishes. A good-looking ring would be none too great a reward for fingers that showed steady improvement!

Eyeglasses, teeth braces: These mechanical aids to health and beauty are mixed blessings. They can *serve* their owners or *victimize* them, according to the time and the place. No one will dispute their all-over value, but when a little girl doesn't want to go to a party because some bright boy may call her "Four-Eyes," or is afraid to smile because she feels as though her mouth were filled with heavy artillery, the emotional danger is greater than the physical advantage. Doctors agree now that an occasional lapse into poor vision, or undefended teeth, on important social occasions does more good than harm. Just be sure you talk the situation over with your family oculist or dentist and have a clear understanding of how far these excursions into freedom should go.

Overweight: This subject has been covered so thoroughly in Lois Sutton's story, there is no need to repeat here—except perhaps to pass on to parents this illuminating thought, given by a

psychiatrist. Most children overeat because they feel "lost." When a child is actually lost, what is the first thing a kindly rescuing policeman does to comfort him? Often he produces candy or ice cream. A child who feels uncertain or lonely inside instinctively does the same thing: reaches for sweet food.

In conclusion: Over and beyond the specific suggestions above, there are a few general rules for the banishment of children's anxieties. The best way to rid them of an exaggerated notion in one direction is to give them additional ideas and interests. It is particularly good if these interests have social advantages. A new skill—singing, dancing, skating, the ability to play a musical instrument, all help to make for popularity. Being able to *make* or *do* anything well gives confidence. Every human being needs to believe that he has one or more special gifts. Children who are so much at the mercy of the adult world are in particular need of this gratifying assurance, and from whom can they better receive it than their own parents?

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

any of them, but we don't know now how we got along without them before we had them. Yours truly,
ERNESTINE B. LEAS.

The Gentleman Votes

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Editor: Your article, Would You Vote for a Woman President? by Judith Chase Churchill, is the most inspiring question anyone has ever asked Americans.

Because of man's failure in the past to plan adequately and properly for all human beings, conditions are absolutely frustrated, neglected and subject to change. The initial step for complete survival is to elect a woman President.

Cordially yours,
ROBLEY D. STEVENS.

Suggested first woman Presidents: Dorothy Thompson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Ingrid Bergman. ED.

Doctor Hohman Knows Best

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editors: May I tell you, please, why Doctor Hohman's visit meant so very much? Doctor Hohman has a knack of handling children that kids go for in a big way—as well as answers that make sense. To Doctor Hohman, I could say, "What does one do with a child that lies down on a floor and kicks when asked to play with a toy and he doesn't want to?" I received a sensible answer: "Into bed, you pest." Ha—no useless spanking, and results. It took just three days, after Doctor Hohman's visit, to make it clear to us that the little girl (Kathleen, aged 13 months) isn't off the beam at all—it stems from the boy (John, 2 years) whom Kathleen imitates. Again, Doctor Hohman's statement: "I wouldn't permit the boy to throw; Kathleen will pick that up very soon." She already had that habit, plus a few hundred other undesirable ones she'd copied. And I could ask, "Why does John, when shown how to operate a toy, pick up the pegs (or whatever it is) and throw them at a window?" The answer: "He wants to see what you'll do. You talk too much and do nothing." (The shoe fits!) Today Kathleen is a lovely child. Her eyes shine when she receives a word of approval, she frowns and says "No" when temptation to touch becomes awfully tempting, comes obediently when bedtime rolls around—and, best of all, gives us sudden little bursts of affection that are wonderful. She quit whining in short order; Doctor Hohman again—"Teach John to smile."

Johnnie is hard to handle—stubborn, strong-willed, restless. Doctor Hohman suggested long walks for him. The whole household benefited. I wish all puzzled mothers could have the golden opportunity I had in watching Doctor Hohman and how he handles children so effortlessly, regardless of type. Yours truly,
MRS. E. P.

Mother's "stinkers" will soon be mother's "angels." ED.

Too Little and Too Late

San Diego, California.

Dear Editors: I was amused at Anne Sanford Cotter's letter on "Have no more children than you can afford."

The ideal time to have children is in the earlier years of married life. Yet, at that time, few couples can prophesy what their income is going to be ten, fifteen, twenty years hence, when the expenses incurred by children are higher.

We started out with an income of less than $100 per month. I had two children, was convinced we couldn't afford more. Now, nearly eighteen years later, if I had it to do over again, I would have five or six. What the large family may miss in material possessions is more than compensated for by the tolerance, unselfishness, hospitality and plain fun that are evident in so many large families.

Sincerely yours,
EVELYN R. STEVESON.

Keeping it in the Family

San Francisco, California.

Dear Editor: I am near eighty-one years and still love that JOURNAL. I have one daughter and she was reading the JOURNAL as soon as she learned to spell. My three sons liked it also. Now I have three granddaughters and all are taking the JOURNAL.

Sincerely,
MRS. C. ROYLE.

Miracle Magazine

Hickman, Nebraska.

Dear Sirs: My husband had been chronically ill for several years and our doctor had failed to find the cause of his illness. Through an article in the JOURNAL about undulant fever we found his ailment. His symptoms corresponded so closely to those discussed in that article that I requested a blood test to be taken. It proved to be positive. He responded to treatment and is much better now. Sincerely,
LYNN MAY.

A famous movie star—our favorite—cured her brother the same way. ED.

Journal Hero

Shelbyville, Tennessee.

My Dear Sir: I was happy to be taken back to "yester-year" with Ruth Cook's picture of LHJ of Oct., 1895, and Nov., 1946. We truly have seen the "old girl put on weight" and how we like it!

I was a "bobby-soxer" in 1888, and became shyly interested in my first love story. The hero was Max Gordon, and I resolved then, when I grew up and married, if I ever had a son I would name him after the "charming lover" in Spring Farm! And I did it!

(My son, Max, a veteran of World Wars I and II, is recuperating now in a veterans' hospital in U.S.A.)

I am, most sincerely,
JESSIE E. SCOTT.

Unexpected Storks

Pittsburg, California.

Dear Editor: The letter from Mrs. Cotter on having only the children you can afford prompted me to write. At first I was mad and then I wanted to laugh. We were not going to have any more children after the first two; now we have five and we never planned to have them.

To be sure, we have not been able to accumulate any savings, but perhaps that happy day will also come. Until then I'm sure things will continue to work out for us as in the past. Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request).

Memories of Courage

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Gentlemen: Lowrie Flagg's magnificent article, Aftermath, brought tears to my eyes because it brought back memories. I, too, did duty in Army hospitals, as a Wac. Her story of the courage of the men who suffered was told straight-forwardly and without an overdose of pity. More articles like this for the American public should help them to remember the boys still "sweating it out."

Very truly yours,
OLGA L. KORNFIELD.

Double or . . .

To all housekeepers we venture a gentle warning:
don't gamble on laundry soap. You can't win.

Millions of women before you have found from experience that ordinary laundry soap can't—and won't—wash like Fels-Naptha.

Your bar of Fels-Naptha soap contains *double* the usual dirt-removing action. . . . Because it's good mild soap blended with active Fels naptha. Together, these *two* grand cleaners do a matchless washing job.

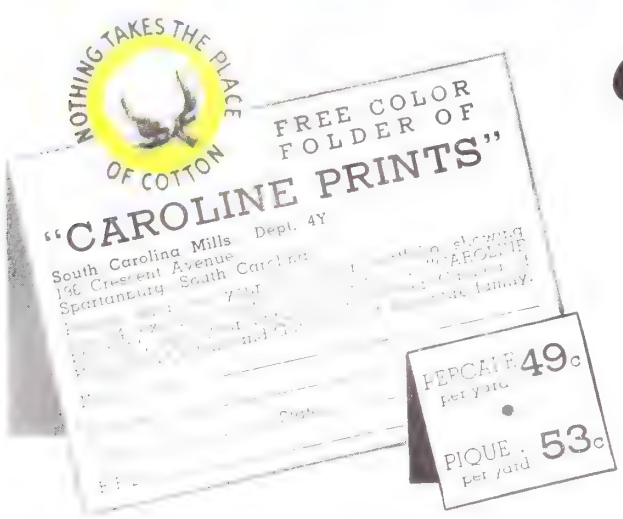
They get ground-in dirt out quickly. And get it all out. They keep colors bright and clear. They wash towels and linens white-clean, through and through.

Whenever you are spending money for laundry soap, spend it on a 'sure thing' Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

1—BERRYLEAF VINE • 2. JUNGLE GARDEN • 3—FIELD FLOWERS • 4—NEW ORLEANS • 5—LADY LUCK • 6—APPLE TIME • 7—FLORAL TRAIL • 8—FINE FEATHERS



Eight Originals AS FRESH AS SPRING

Patterns No. 1 through No. 7 are finished in 35 inch fine quality *Percale. No. 8 is finished in 33-inch Pique. Order these originals direct by name.

COTTON the Miracle Fabric

The gay caprice of an artist . . . inspired by today's swift changing scene, creates new patterns for an age-old fabric . . . COTTON. And back of the artist's inspired strokes is all the romance of Cottonland . . . snow white fields, bulging warehouses, mills busily spinning, weaving and printing . . . finally the miracle Fabric, complete in striking new designs, ORIGINAL AND EXCLUSIVE for South Carolina Mills and YOU! . . . Write today for our beautiful color folder and catalogue showing other outstanding values . . . household items, garments for the entire family . . . all made of cotton, all sold under South Carolina Mills money-back guarantee.

*Not less than 160 threads to the square inch.

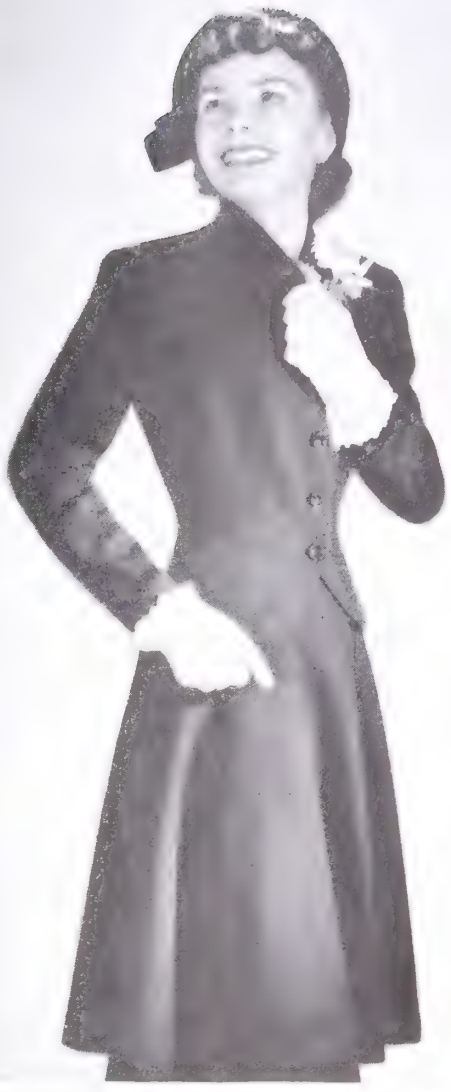
For your Spring picking of year-round cottons, we offer eight new originals designed by our own artist and obtainable only from South Carolina Mills. These *Percales and Pique come direct to you—fashion's latest fabrics, and a new mail order shopping service, both backed by an organization that has made quality cottons for over fifty years. In addition to the CAROLINE PRINTS, we have other Percales in standard patterns; checks, stripes, dots, florals and all white Pique. All fabrics are closely woven* quality †Sanforized, color-fast, made to wear and wear, and wash and wash.

†Guaranteed not to shrink over 1%.

SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS . SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

TICKTACKTOE . . . AROUND I GO

By Josette Daly Daly



tton, thirteen-year-old sub-deb, finds a navy wool suit right for ng. Designed by Jean Glen; the navy cloche by Ann Portney.

A shirt with a piqué front, like a vest, by Ida Kraines: a little piqué-faced doughnut of a hat—young and springlike.

All young teens will adore a sweater with a monogram, Guatemalan bag and belt, cotton gloves, printed scarf.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ELLIOTT

. . . to school, to see my friends, to the movies, and to my baby-sitting jobs. And since I've been reducing I've even reduced my clothes to a system. I can go practically anywhere in one little suit and a cotton dress—with fillers. It's really like a game. You'll see what I mean on the ticktacktoe board. The sweater, the red bag and the scarf go with the skirt of my suit. The scarf, gloves, piqué hat and blouse win the game, too, with the same skirt.

Old enough for a dressy blouse: canary-yellow cotton with a Peter Pan collar, and pretty lace edging.

Pink cotton trimmed with white eyelet, the basque style, the full skirt. A spring and summer dress. "Obviously, I love it," Lois Sutton says.

PHOTO BY HARO

A glamorous color scheme and a new fabric disguise the secondhand furniture in this young girl's room.

CHARM ROOM FOR GIRLS

By Henrietta Murdock

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HERE is a room of your very own, as gay and glamorous as a movie star's. It is a room to dream in while you are growing up, with a place for serious study and lots of beguiling accessories to help you improve your looks.

In this one room are all the ideas we worked out for Lois Sutton, who wanted a brand-new background for her own personal-improvement program. The chances are you won't be able to use all the ideas, but pick out the ones you like and we will tell you exactly how to go about making the various articles for yourself.

First off, every single thing is a do-over—except, of course, the new accessory cupboards. And, since you will use furniture you already have or buy secondhand, some details will be different, which doesn't matter in the least. Lots of the work you can do yourself, and the rest can be done by a handy man and a plain-sewing helper. The fabric is your main expense—it takes 35 yards to do the whole works; but there are ways to do that cheaply, too, as you will see. Here are all the secrets to help you start planning right away.

THE COLOR SCHEME: If you have any secondhand fabrics, by all means use them. You can combine a plain and a figured fabric if *(Continued on Page 304*

She surrounds herself with lovely things

she chooses

Snow Berry

. . . haloing her windows—full, frothy Snow Berry curtains, chosen for their lasting crispness, their lingering charm. Permanent finished organdy or French marquisette, in white, dusty rose, peachbloom, gold, sky blue and nile green. At better stores everywhere, $5 to $25

SNOW BERRY CURTAINS, 112 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16 • DIVISION OF RICHARD BORDEN MILLS CORP.

Palomino

The stocking color for spring 47

Shear Shear

Berkshire

★ ★

Do You Crave Prestige and Power?

BY MARGUERITE BARZE

YOU probably don't want to be a dictator, but everyone longs for a place in the sun, be it large or all. There are ways and means of ining that place, some that aren't d, some that aren't good.

Man, because he's a human being, is l by his urge for prestige and power take certain paths and use certain ethods. The usual manifestations of this urge are given below—there are 21 in all. How many of them are a part of you in your daily working and living?

It ought to be fun, and revealing, to see just how much you run true to form in your craving for prestige and power. So answer the questions Yes or No. Ratings will follow the questions. And of course you have to be honest about yourself or it won't work out at all.

	Yes	No
. Are you striving to make your mark in the world?	☐	☐
. Do you try to keep up with the Joneses?	☐	☐
. Do you secretly resent your name's being mispronounced or misspelled?	☐	☐
. Are you prone to proffer unsolicited advice?	☐	☐
. Do you imply familiarity with a mere acquaintance if he's a person of importance?	☐	☐
. Do you disbelieve and avoid all criticism of yourself?	☐	☐
. Are you glad of a chance to act like a boss?	☐	☐
. Do you sometimes pretend to know something you don't, rather than admit your ignorance?	☐	☐
. Do you simply refuse to admit defeat?	☐	☐
. Are you apt to embroider the telling of a personal experience?	☐	☐
. Do you trot out Junior, or Fido, and make him do tricks for guests?	☐	☐
. Do you try to put your best foot forward and create an impression?	☐	☐
. Do you take pains to invite the *right* people to dinner?	☐	☐
. Do you strive to be known as one of the gang?	☐	☐
. Are you good at putting on airs of mystery and secret knowledge?	☐	☐
. Do you turn argumentative when caught in a wrong?	☐	☐
. Do you tip more heavily when others are around to see?	☐	☐
. Have you usually one or more chips on your shoulder?	☐	☐
. Do you get a feeling of satisfaction in ordering other people around?	☐	☐
. Are you easily persuaded by flattery?	☐	☐
. Do you enjoy seeing your name in the paper?	☐	☐

fewer than 5 yeses:

You are a rather simple soul, but r from simple-minded. You simply fuse to act complex enough to be a od climber. Nor do you crave pres-ge. The ambitions and urges you have e more for accomplishment than portance, and you use better reason-g methods than the common garden-riety ones of ego's rationalizations to tisfy your desires.

between 5 and 10 yeses:

You are more prone to eat humble e than the average person. Your in-incts have been cultivated and you y not to let an I-minded big head lead ou around by the nose, no matter if ou are limelight-hungry. What pres-ge and power you gain will be slower come this way; but if and when it ould come, it will be of a more last-g nature.

If between 10 and 15 yeses:

You are out to cash in, at a high market value, the self-bought bonds of personal rating that you purchase whenever you can by devious methods. You have more desire for a place in the sun than the average per-son. But see if your quick-on-the-trig-ger mind can't devise some less bump-tious rungs on your ladder to fame whose values will prove more enduring.

If more than 15 yeses:

You are so good at personal adver-tising that you keep *both* best feet for-ward and can pull yourself up by your own bootstraps. But you don't under-stand human nature too well. Admit defeat now and then without feeling defeated, and see how it wins two battles for you: the victory over the failure and the victory over your pres-tige-craving, power-hungry self.

★ ★

She's a man's woman! She picks clothes tailored and trim in "Botany" Brand fabrics. This suit meets with his approval—for it is as handsome as it is practical and will see her smartly through many seasons.

TAILORBROOKE designed it in "Botany" Brand Master Marchan, a specially woven pure wool gabardine. Sizes 8 to 18. Seasand, black, butternut brown and blarney green. At one fine store in most cities. Suit under $40.00.

LOOK FOR THE CHECKERBOARD LABEL. The "Botany" Brand verifies the quality of the fabric—the manufacturer's name assures style correctness.

"BOTANY" BRAND FABRIC TAILORED BY Tailorbrooke

The checkerboard label will be found in Fashions for the whole family—in styles for every occasion.

Write for store featuring this Tailorbrooke suit . . . also for Free booklet of Fashions in "Botany" Brand Fabrics. Address Dep't. S-79-A, P. O. Box #538. Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, N. J.

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My how our Easter Parade perked up . . .
when I found this better kind of
Dry Cleaning Service!

Clothes look new because . . .

- THERE'S MORE DIRT REMOVED—SPOTS GONE
- THE RESHAPING AND PRESSING ARE EXPERT
- COLORS SPARKLE WITH NEW BRILLIANCE
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Just go to your local
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Here's how you, too, can get this *better* dry cleaning. Just look for the Sanitone seal of Approved Service. Dry Cleaners who display this seal have met rigid qualifications. In dealing with them, you are assured not only of better dry cleaning — but also of the expert attention to the details that help keep your clothes looking like new.

APPROVED SANITONE SERVICE

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EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC. • CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

A HOUSEWIFE LOOKS AT SOAP OPERA

(Continued from Page 23)

feeding the baby, washing the dishes, tidying up the kitchen, and then ho for the mending basket till ten o'clock, when the baby gets his final feeding of the day and we crawl into bed beside our husband, who is sleeping the imperturbable sleep of one who has spent eight grueling hours at a desk.

This lengthy and tedious description of a housewife's day I relay in all its depressing detail to emphasize the fact that every twenty-four hours (and I mean *every* twenty-four hours; Sundays and holidays are worse; Christmas and New Year's unrelieved nightmares) the housewife has, for fourteen hours, work on her hands and nothing on her mind.

The solution, obviously, is to get something on her mind. The question is, what?

There are two types of roughly every human being, even housewives, and these are, among other classifications, the so-called intellectual—those who had one or more years of college and read War and Peace during the invasion of Russia—and the non-intellectual, or those who did not. Another, and perhaps fairer, way of making this classification would be to say that some people, when they are alone, must have a book in their hands; others require a piece of needlework. *Omnium humanum in duo partes divisum est:* readers and potterers.

For our purposes, we shall make the terms "intellectuals" and "readers" interchangeable, because, though not in all, in the majority of cases they are. The intellectuals, then—or readers—are, I regret to say, those who, in spite of a widely prevailing fiction to the contrary, are least able to fall back on the resources of their own minds. They not only crave, they *require* outside stimuli. The non-intellectuals, or potterers, are those who have no such requirements, who are able to ruminate gently, peacefully and in silence for hours at a time.

I refer you on this point to any of several hundred articles on Mr. and Mrs. America, with their pleasant evening picture of mother knitting by the lamp in the living room, and father pottering in his tool shop in the basement. Father and mother can work with their hands so happily because they are perfectly contented to be alone, intellectually speaking, with their minds. Mr. and Mrs. College Graduate, though their mental resources are supposed to be infinitely greater, will be, if alone, reading; otherwise, talking or playing bridge—anything *but* alone with their minds. Mr. and Mrs. Potterer, cast on a desert island, would equal the output of Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson at their collective best; Mr. and Mrs. Reader would die of ennui within a period of weeks.

Now if one grants all this—and I think one really must—one must grant that the housewife of intellectual habits is in dire need of entertainment during her working day. Conversation is a dead loss. The fresh-vegetable man and the remover of the garbage pail can be detained only so long, your baby and their invalid wives being subjects of infinite exhaustibility. Little chats with the children, who if they are in the house at all are presumably under school age, are trying at their best.

"Mummy, is the moon rilly made of green cheese?"

"No, dear, of course not."

"What is it made of then, mummy?"

"Why—er—of some sort of rock, dear."

"Of a *big* rock, mummy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Of a big, *big* rock, mummy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, a big, *big*, BIG rock, mummy?"

"Yes, dear."

"Of a ——"

And so on.

Anybody who has tried the combination of reading and housework can catalogue the pages of her book according to various domestic accidents. Page 42: finger cut while peeling peaches. Page 99: hole burned in shirt while ironing. Page 213: dish dropped while wiping. The lower right-hand corner of every page in every book in her library is also marked with sudsy water, dust or beer juice.

As a rule, our little personal tricks, even when apparent, are not seen often enough by our acquaintances to cause them much annoyance; but to those with whom we live they produce at least an irritation nearly akin to dislike. "Have you seen my wife anywhere?" says a husband to a friend. "I have not the pleasure of knowing her even by sight," is the reply. "Well," rejoins the husband, "if you should happen to see a pretty woman biting her nails, please tell her that I am waiting for her." Now, if the friend finds her, he thinks only of her pretty face, and forgets her fingernails; but her husband, who lives with her and her tricks, thinks and despairs about her fingernails, and forgets her pretty face. Yet he loves her dearly.

—THOMAS LONGUEVILLE: Vices in Virtues and Other Vagaries. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Our entertainment, then, is obviously limited to the radio, on which, ideally, we are able to make the choice of four types of program: soap opera—to which we are too intellectual to listen; news; "hints" programs—fashion, cookery, gardening, and so forth; and music, "good" and otherwise.

The news and the hints programs are quickly disposed of. The first are not numerous enough or long enough to engage one's attention for over a few minutes at a time—and, of course, they are necessarily self-limiting. News commentators—who, like quiz programs, are wrong enough of the time to give you a pleasant feeling of superiority—save their efforts for the evening hours, when the brains of the family come home. The hints programs face much the same list of objections except that extreme limitedness of appeal and a certain adenoidal quality in their conductors must be added. Gardening hints are useful only to those who (1) are interested in gardening, (2) have time to garden and (3) have a garden. Cooking hints are utterly without value if you cannot write down the recipes—which, of course, you cannot at the time of day at which cooking hints are offered. Fashion hints are the worst. They bring on dark broodings as to the probable effect of spattering pork chops on that old black velvet remade into a "sweet little house dress" and thus only add to our sad fate.

Music, "good" and otherwise—or perhaps I should say "music" and music—is certainly of wide appeal. But popular songs, which are the most readily available on the radio, consist, over a fourteen-hour stretch, of perhaps thirty songs played five times each and five songs played thirty times each. Let us admit without further discussion that along strictly hedonistic principles that kind of radio listening does not pay. But "good" classical music is another matter. Such listening improves the mind, soothes the nerves and, needless to say, adds to one's knowledge of music. There is only one trouble: over a fourteen-hour period, one can hear classical music, certainly; one can not *listen* to it.

I submit in all humility that in musical knowledge I am probably the most completely average woman in the world. I mean by this that my record is 100 per cent success in telling the Bolero from Brahms' Lullaby; 100 per cent failure in distinguishing between late Bach and early Mozart. On the basis of this combined boast and confession I claim that no person of average musical knowlege can concentrate his whole mind

(Continued on Page 249)

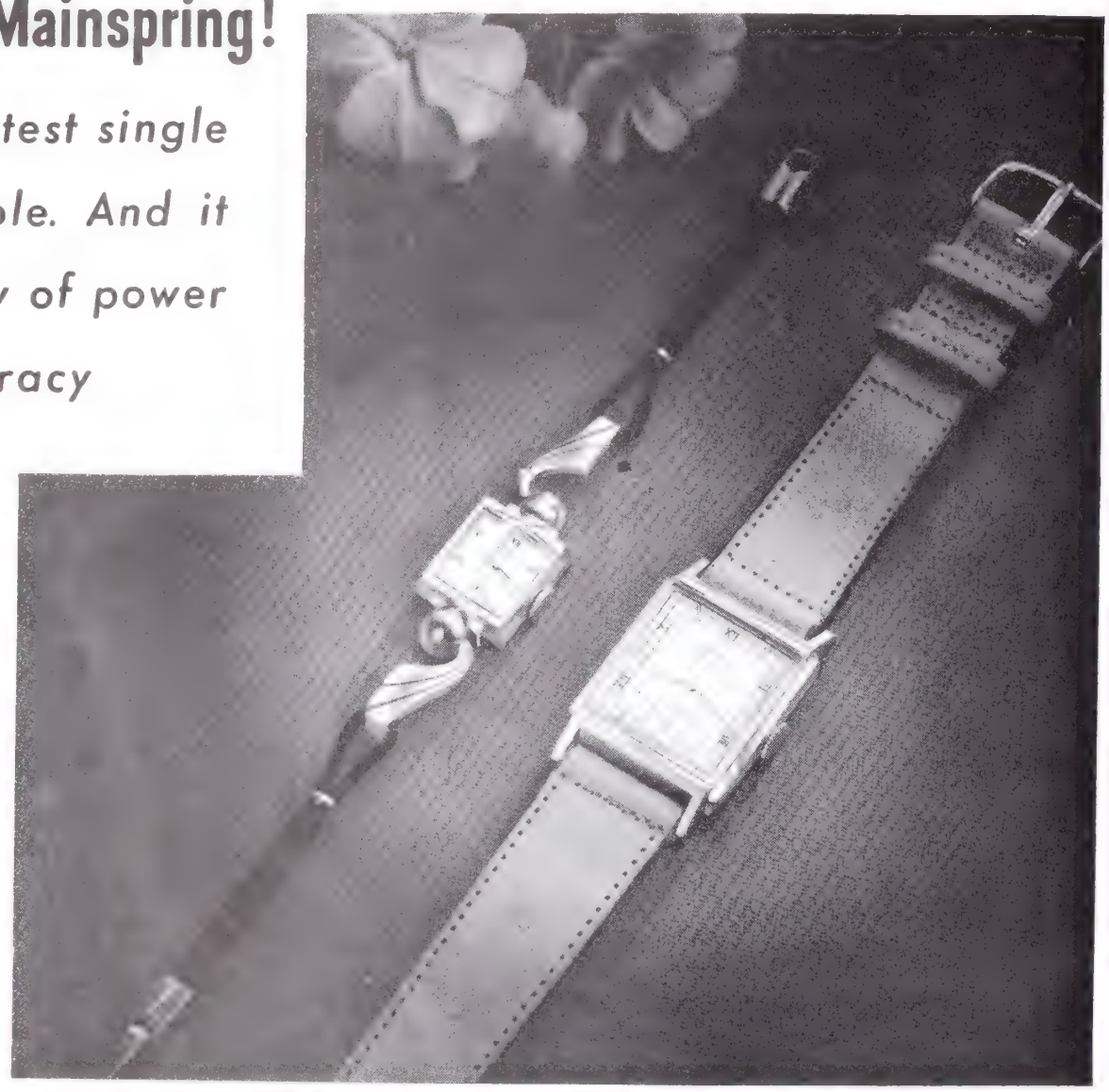
Lastex

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

The most important watchmaking development in over 200 years...!

dp Elgin's DuraPower Mainspring*!

It eliminates the greatest single cause of watch trouble. And it delivers a steady flow of power for greater accuracy

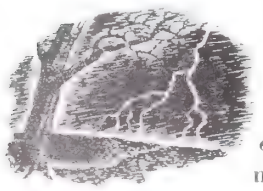


This Lady Elgin and men's Elgin De Luxe illustrate the beauty of Elgin Watches now arriving at jewelers'. Elgins, with Federal Tax included, are priced from $29.75

When watches stop and can't be wound; when they suddenly start losing or gaining a lot of time, repairmen look first at the *mainspring*. Over half of *all* watch movement repairs are due to mainspring failure.

For, until now, the finest mainsprings have been made of carbon steel. They frequently lose up to 20% of their strength . . . watch-running power.

Rust, resulting from moisture formed in the case during humid weather or sudden changes in temperature, weakens or breaks them. Even the transfer of a watch from a warm wrist to a cold surface . . . as when it's placed on a dresser top at night . . . can cause rust that snaps a delicate steel mainspring.



Weather can't hurt this new spring!

DISCOVERED . . . A NEW ALLOY

Elgin's amazing new DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates* these causes of mainspring failure. It is made from "Elgiloy", a wholly new alloy of metals developed by Elgin after 12 years of intensive research.

A DuraPower Mainspring won't rust. Is non-magnetic. And it is so tough that it cannot be broken by overwinding. It will hold its original "springiness" indefinitely . . . give a steady flow of power for better accuracy day by day and through the years!

Even this can break steel mainsprings

PERFORMANCE . . . AS IN NO OTHER WATCH

Not since jewel bearings were introduced in 1704 has there been such an important watchmaking development. Now, to Elgin's famous star-timed accuracy, these DuraPower Mainsprings add a permanency of timekeeping performance and freedom from trouble never before possible in any watch.

All the beautiful new Elgins at your dealer's have DuraPower Mainsprings . . . and the mark dp, small but very important, on their dials.

SEE DEMONSTRATION AT ELGIN DEALER'S

A test of mainspring quality that no watch manufacturer in the world but Elgin would let you make.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Elgin, Ill., also Lincoln, Neb., Aurora, Ill.

ELGIN *Watches* TIMED TO THE STARS

*Patent pending

Copr. 1947, Elgin National Watch Co.

(Continued from Page 246)

sic for any length of time exceeding an ir or two at most. Any musical amateur o maintains seriously that he can listen to entire symphony concert or opera with- experiencing slight wanderings of the eye I mind I should hesitate to trust with my er. Music simply does not and cannot d our attention for long enough periods to nt as entertainment for our fourteen- ir day, and we must therefore, along with se other offerings of radio which we have cussed, disqualify it for our purposes.

What happens now to the housewife's mind she washes the dishes, listening to news, ts and music? Horror of horrors, it is e more cast back upon its own resources! My resources, during those hours of the omatic and unvarying labor of the woman o does not "work," consisted of much self- y and much bitter cogitation on the sad of woman. My conclusions I related in relenting detail every evening to my ient and sympathetic husband, who was y very occasionally driven to point out t my only alternative was to leave the oy on a handy doorstep and scrape the quaintance of a althy gentleman h a view to even- l elopement.

But one day my sband came home find a pleasant wife, sunshine and sweet- s and gratitude for happy lot. I had de the choice be- een snobbery and ity. I had discov- d soap opera!

More learned ar- es have probably en written about the olution of the story m about the atomic mb, and quite htly, for the story ms an incredibly ge part of our daily es. All conversation, l all writing, is in ry form or illus- ted by stories. The atter at dinner be- een Mummy, ddy and Junior ually takes the form

"Wait till I tell you at I heard about ary Parker. . . ."

"A man who came o the office today d had an interesting perience. . . ."

"The *funniest* thing happened in arith- tic today. . . ."

One of the most frequent demands of the red child is "Mummy, tell me a story." nat is more natural, then, than for the red woman to make the same demand of radio? And radio, with all the resources its power, answers, "Yes, dear."

F radio stories, commonly called soap era, there is an infinite variety; and what far more important, there are infinite mbers. Every fifteen minutes, from ten in e morning till six at night, there is another d more engrossing tale on the air. For elve of every fifteen minutes we can suffer th Mary Noble, sympathize with Joyce rdan, hate Carson McVickers with a cold d deadly hatred. Only during the com- rcials—or for approximately three min- es of every quarter hour—can we brood out our unhappy fate. For soap operas, natever their effect on the more critical sulties of our minds, do *engross* us. They *do* tertain us. They *do* keep our minds un- verингly fixed on whatever program our dio is turned to, and we enjoy them in the me open, wholesome and uncritical way at we enjoy a Perry Mason mystery, a Bob pe movie or Terry and the Pirates.

This quality, after all, is our only criterion. l we want from radio is continuous entertainment, something to fill our minds for fourteen hours a day. And the combination of our mental requirements and our mental limitations makes this not alone the best, but the only, kind of program adequately to fill the bill.

If a fully trained staff—nurse, cook and housemaid—were to turn up on my doorstep tomorrow morning with words to the effect that their dearest wish was to work for me, free, 11:30 A.M. might find me reading or playing golf. As it is, no power on earth, at 11:30 A.M., will keep me from discovering what Anna did after Barry threw away his chance for promotion in a fit of pique because she was late for dinner. Under different circumstances, 1:30 P.M. might find me finishing a leisurely lunch with a friend. As things are, I can hardly wait to see if Lord Henry will be influenced by the caddish insinuations everybody seems to be making about his wife Sunday's character.

The upper intellectual brackets of housewifery, or the "readers," need, as we have seen, not less but more outside entertainment than those of lesser scholastic pretensions. It is, therefore, unfortunate that the soap opera is directed more to the latter, the "potterers," than to the "readers," for the readers need it far, far more. The solution to this, however, is not less soap opera, but better. I could wish, for instance, that our stories were not quite so much centered upon the home, of which we have what we ladies call "a tummy full." Portia is a lawyer, Joyce is a doctor, Mary Noble is at least a "backstage" wife, yet rarely do we learn anything of the legal, medical and dramatic sides of their lives. I should like, also, to hear more complete stories during the daytime hours, but I realize that this would put on radio writers a burden more than the human mind could bear. The writer who was forced in sheer desperation to keep his characters in an elevator for an entire week, engaged in chitchat, while he caught up with his story has my deepest sympathy. But our homey serials, after all, are only a little more monotonous than Northanger Abbey, only a little more complicated than Of Time and the River, only a little more silly than the collected silliness of a year's subscription to the New Yorker. And what woman would not trade a reading of these three works for the equivalent number of hours of mental emptiness?

Three things I find indefensible in radio; three things which, if remedied, would not detract in any way from its entertainment value. I cannot feel that it is necessary for radio children to say "ain't" in order to be childlike, or for young men to speak in Brooklyn or in South Chicago accents in order to prove their virility, or for old people to sprinkle home truths quite so freely in their conversation. To be told, as I was by Ma Perkins this afternoon, that "the more glamorous the people, the less stable" may be balm to my housebound soul, but it is totally untrue.

Annoying as these small mannerisms are; degrading as it is to find our main source of entertainment in a medium despised by our betters, all this is as a pinprick compared with the glorious feeling of emerging with a sigh from The Road of Life to find that, once again, the dishes are done. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spring Is No Stranger

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Spring is no stranger to the quiet heart;
Only the restless fear the morning light,
Or the glad mystery of another day.
They who are warmed by cold and sullen night,
Who, fed by lack, are borne upon the wind,
Stand motionless before the moving ground.
For them there is no longer any song;
Their arms and souls are pinioned by the sound
Of beating rhythms at life's little start;
Spring is no stranger to the quiet heart.

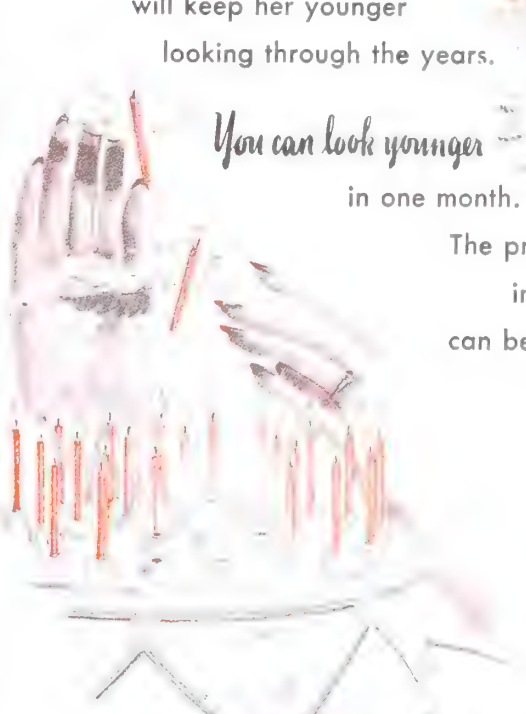
On her birthday
the best things happen

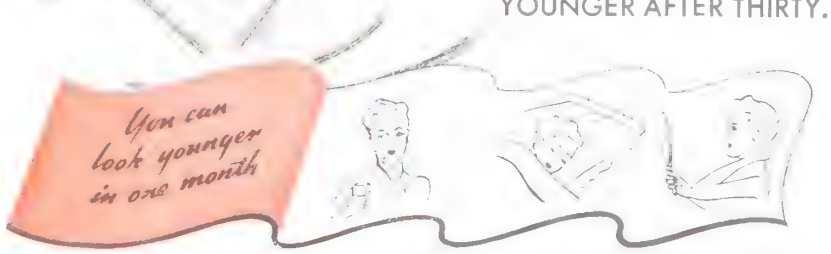
"Darling, you don't look a day older."
He says it every year. She smiles
because her scheme for middle
life includes Bonne Bell's
Plus 30 Cream. The natural
skin-awakening hormones
will keep her younger
looking through the years.

You can look younger
in one month.

The precious active hormones
in Bonne Bell Plus 30 Cream
can be absorbed, to help nature
keep your skin smooth,
firm and more youthful.

In 30 days the happy
results will steal
candles off your birthday
cake and you will LOOK
YOUNGER AFTER THIRTY.





You'll Find Plus 30 a luxurious night cream for face and neck. The skin welcomes its soft creaminess. You'll be delighted with the richness that softens and lubricates your skin.

You'll Like the new velvet feel of your skin—a change that takes place while you sleep, as the active hormones in Plus 30 are thirstily absorbed.

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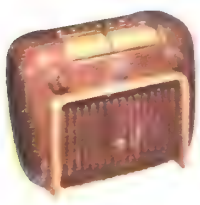

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How to Become a Farmer in One Easy Lesson

By Esther Valck Georgns

THERE are two ways to become a farmer. One is easy and the other is interesting. To do it the easy way, you have to have money. If you have ıoney, you can buy a farm and hire a ıanager. That makes you a farmer of sorts. sort of synthetic farmer. If you haven't ny money—or at least not much—you'll ave to do it the interesting way. In either ase, you first get a farm.

Now that I stop to think about it, the ıteresting way is easy too. Just to prove ow easy it is, I'll tell you how I did it. I ıved some money, and when I had enough bought the farm. Maybe you'll be luckier. omeone might die and leave you enough ıoney. After you get the money, the next ıing you'll have to do is to become sudenly deaf to your friends' and relatives' emonstrances.

They'll say, "You're crazy as a coot!" hey'll say, "You're bats!" They'll say, You're mad as a hatter!" Especially if ou're a female and intend to live on the ırm all alone. They'll spend their entire ıare time thinking up dire catastrophes ıat will surely happen to you. They'll lie wake nights in order to hatch variations to ıe terrible happenings. However, you are s deaf as a post, so you pay no attention ɔ them. You go right ahead and buy a ırm regardless.

While your friends have been shouting ire prophecies you have been making up our mind what kind of farm you want. And here you want it. In my case it was espeially easy. All I wanted was some land on hich there was an old house, a wood lot, unning water near the door, a sycamore ree in the yard, and electricity. I wanted : in the Catskills, because that's where my eople had originally settled generations go.

I got in touch with a real-estate man in hat general locality. He said, "I'll take ou to the nearest one first."

We drove through several little mounain villages, then turned off the main oad onto a good dirt road. After about wo miles, we passed a mill and a run-down armhouse, and then a little farther on he topped in front of an old brown salt box.

"Now this here place," he said, "is inety acres. It's mostly timber now, but here's been some cleared land once." He ent on talking while I looked.

The house was old—a perfect salt box—uilt into the side of the hill, as other and iser generations had the sense to build. There were, according to the realtor, ninety cres of wood lot. There was a noisy mounain stream less than fifty feet from the itchen door, two sycamores in the yard.

I said, "I'll take it!"

The real-estate man sat down on the unning board of his car. He gulped two or hree times. "It's an awful old house," he aid finally. "Well over a hundred."

"I can believe that," I told him.

"The barn needs roofing," he pointed ut.

"Well," I said, "there are two sycamores."

He thought that over. Then, "There's ıo electricity," he said flatly.

"Running water right outside the door," said gaily.

He said, "People always look at more han one place."

He was disturbed and uneasy, all right, ut I finally managed to make him take a leposit on the place. He looked at the money suspiciously, but he took it. So then I had a farm.

Well, after you get the farm you move onto it. That's all there is to it. Once you move onto it, you'll be a farmer before you know it. It may not be painless, but it's inevitable.

Take my case. I had absolutely no intentions of becoming a farmer. All I intended to do was live on a farm and write. That shows how inevitable it is. And unless you're especially keen, you hardly notice it while it's happening.

When I came to the farm I had a bull terrier for protection (there's never been anything to protect me from) and a cat because I'd had her for years and years and she goes wherever I go. Well, sir, as they say up here, it was hardly no time at all before eggs became a problem. You'd think, living in the country, eggs would be easy come by. And cheap. On the contrary, they might have been hen teeth instead of hen fruit, they were that scarce and, when found, worth, it turned out, their weight in gold.

A person doesn't have to be a Solomon to solve that problem. I got some baby chicks. I bought fifty. The man took a long look at my lipstick and nail polish and, "I guess I better throw in some," he opined. "Give you some to kill off." So he threw in seventeen.

Baby chicks necessitated a brooder, of course. I'm scared of anything mechanical. In fact, I consider anything more complicated mechanically than a can opener as diabolic; but once you get started farming, you don't have time to be scared. I had ordered the brooder by mail, and when it came it was in a couple dozen pieces. There was no time to sit and think. The chicks were yelling. So I spread out the diagram, thoughtfully provided by the mail-order house, put the pieces together as best I could, poured kerosene into the tank, applied a match where indicated, and popped the babies under the hood. I set the alarm for every two hours because I had no doubt the thing would explode, and went to bed.

Nothing happened. I raised sixty-six out of the sixty-seven chicks. The cat ate one.

The cat also had a kitten. His name is Mike. So now I had a dog, two cats and sixty-six chickens.

ABOUT then someone remarked that corn was going to be scarce. There was about half an acre of nice, fertile ground near the house, and if corn was going to be scarce it seemed like good sense to raise some. So I had the half acre plowed. I planted some corn. And as long as I was at it I felt I might as well put in a few other things too. So I bought a bag of seed potatoes, and fifteen or twenty packages of vegetable seed, hitched up my britches, and planted them too. (The seeds—not the britches.)

I stopped to get my breath from the planting and discovered the milkman had departed for regions where the milk ceiling was more to his advantage. Most of the farmers around had cows, but everybody knows what happens to you if you drink unpasteurized milk from a strange cow.

I'm not really afraid of any living creature except a cow. Under those circumstances, I thought it best to get a goat. The goat I wanted had just had a baby. Well, you can't break up a family like that, so I bought them both. Mamma has proved her gratitude by giving me nearly four quarts of milk a day.

You can see how one thing leads inevitably to another.

Living in the country will lead to company too. One of my guests, wandering around Macy's prior to his week end at the farm, saw the baby ducks. Unable to resist them, he bought ten and brought them up to me.

At about the same time a perfect stranger brought me a hound dog. He simply brought her one dark night and left her and when I got up next morning there she was, starved and gaunt-looking, waiting for breakfast. I fed her and a short time later she had a puppy. His name is Butch.

You're not a real farmer until you've harvested. Until you've harvested you'll never know whether your back will really stand the strain or not. I had to say sharp words to mine now and then, but I finally got the stuff in.

I dug half a ton of potatoes off my half acre, bushels and bushels of beets and carrots (for the goats, you know). I had fifteen bushels of field corn and fifty heads of cabbage. I had over two hundred jars of stuff and things in the cellar. I had herbs dried and hanging from the rafters. I had fresh vegetables all summer for myself and guests. I gave away bushels of spinach and other things. It gave me mild indigestion to go in the cellar and look at the food I was going to have to eat up during the winter!

I HAD, by that time, a hired man. He was fourteen years old, very sweet and not too bright. He came after school to help me with the chores. He was with me six weeks, as much at sea the last day as he had been the first, and not quite so willing. I was finally rescued by a merciful providence. His family moved away!

Then Dink came into my life. It happened this way. A neighbor—an old bachelor who lives alone on the next farm—said, one day, "Now if yer goin'ta farm like this yer oughtta have a hoss."

That seemed like a reasonable idea. "I guess I had," I admitted.

A day or two later he said, "Say, a feller up the road a piece's got a hoss yer might git if ye want him."

So I went to look at the hoss. He was brown with a white blaze and a watch eye. He laid his ears back, which struck me as sinister, but the farmer assured me he was kind and gentle.

"Not a mean hair on him," he went on. "And a good worker too. To look at him you wouldn't think he could pull himself straight; but by gum, he can work right along with the big fellers."

He wanted only fifty dollars for him, so I bought him. He *is* kind and he *is* gentle. I know what the ears mean now, though. He's stubborn as a jack mule.

I also know why my neighbor thought I needed a horse. Because he had a buggy he wanted to sell. So now I have a horse and a buggy. Unto these a sleigh has been lately added. I mostly ride Dink horseback. It's less trouble than all that harness.

And that's how you become what is known as a one-horse farmer. See how easy it is? Just as I said at the beginning, first get your farm. The rest will be inevitable. You'll be a farmer before you know it.

I doubt very much if you'll ever be a writer, though. THE END

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REPORT To the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY

NOW that April's here, I'm sure that the first crocus isn't a bit more anxious to poke its head out into the sunshine and soft fresh air than we housewives are. These are the days when we want to be off to look for pussy willows, or window-shop for a flowered hat. And so, this month we've made a special effort to find some new work-saving quicker-uppers that will help speed you out of the house and into the woods or the avenue.

•

ARCTIC PLAT DU JOUR

The ultimate in ready-to-use food is the frozen precooked dinner-on-a-plate. The entire main course (meat, poultry or fish with potato in some form and a vegetable) is frozen on a special plastic grill plate, which pops right into the oven, and upon which you may, if you like, serve the dinner, so that even dishes are dispensed with. Servings are average restaurant size (not mother's-cooking size).

These have been used for some time on planes, cooked by the stewardess in a special high-speed oven. Now they are being sold for home consumption, each dinner in a neat flat box, with the food prepared in such a manner that 25 minutes in a 400° oven will make it ready for the table, piping hot. They need not be defrosted before placing in the oven.

We have sampled several of the plate combinations in the Workshop: felt that the food was of good quality and palatable, if not exactly a gourmet's delight.

So far, only a few large stores in large cities have these frozen dinners, but they'll undoubtedly be making further appearances soon. Business-girl-housewives will find them interesting.

SHINE, LADY?

You needn't get down on your knees to keep your floors glowing. A new tall-handled waxer, which you use while standing up straight, spreads wax over floors quickly and easily. You pour a pint of wax into the hollow aluminum handle, press a little dasher (as you do to fill some fountain pens) to control the flow, and whisk the lamb's-wool applicator on its shining way. The applicator is wedge-shaped, to fit up into corners and tricky spots effectively, and removable for easy washing.

•

INDEPENDENT

Why should any modern housewife get cricks in her back and knees scrubbing, ruin her hands and nails wringing floor cloths or mops, when several varieties of new synthetic rubber mops, which lift up dirt and dust by suction, will wring themselves at the touch of a finger tip to a button? They look tidy, do a good job of mopping up speedily, and help so much to keep hands pretty. There are also several good self-wringing cloth mops.

•

APRIL SHOWERS

Alas, showers not only bring May flowers, but make dirty streaks on your windows. Try a new creamy liquid to clean and polish windows and mirrors quickly. It's the result of wartime developments in special cleaners for the glass and plastic on planes. We've found it quick and effective at dealing with the sooty film on mirrors and windows: and, even more welcome, found it good for our enamel refrigerator and range, which we like to keep shining and smooth as white satin.

FOILED

At least once a day lately, we've wondered how we managed to get along before we had a roll of aluminum foil in our kitchen. Have you used it? It does a thoroughly good job of protecting whatever you assign to its care in the refrigerator—last night's gardenia, a few pats of butter, the ham end you're saving for jambalaya. It's easy to tear off a piece of exactly the right size and shape to cover each of these assorted oddments, and it molds to fit snugly. This no-waste factor helps to compensate for the fact that it is undoubtedly more expensive to begin with than other protective wrappings, such as wax paper. However, it may be washed off and reused.

To us, its most endearing quality is the amount of hard scouring it can save. Once you've lined your broiler pan with foil when you're cooking lamb chops, once you've just rolled up the foil, where the grease has collected, and realized that the pan beneath remains almost spotless, you, too, will be a foil fan. We use it, also, for lining the casserole when we do scalloped potatoes and such; for lining the saucepan when we melt chocolate; for lining our precious silver bowl before we place a flower holder in it; to make neat little moisture-catching "saucers" beneath flowerpots.

•

LAUNDRY SAVERS

Sturdy paper aprons, made of the same vegetable parchment as the dishcloths we told you about in February, may be tossed into the wastebasket when their day is done. Their life span would depend, of course, on your luck with splashing grease and spilled gravy. Not so shapely as a Schiaparelli, but with plenty of coverage and usefulness. Especially good for male cooks, who are apt to be hard on your ruffled pinafores when they borrow them.

•

SMALL-SCALE WASHDAY

A businesswoman, or anyone who lives in a small apartment, should find a new junior-size washing machine which not only washes and rinses but damp-dries as well, a wonderful timesaver. (To say nothing of a handsaver.) A mother might find it very useful as a supplement to her big washing machine, to keep those daily half dozens from piling up. In one load, it will deal with about 3 slips, 3 panties, a nightdress and a few pairs of stockings; or 5 or 6 little-girl dresses. It's designed to be tucked away into a cupboard when not in use; a rounded porcelain enamel unit, 18″ high, 16″ wide, weighing 33 pounds. However, it needs a pair of strong arms to lift it up to sufficient height so that it can drain. It also needs a good husky table or cabinet to stand on when in use, since the process of damp-drying, one of its best features, makes it "walk" and shiver a bit.

•

CUTTING UP

A whole army of useful little gadgets, to help you peel and slice and shell and scrape speedily, has invaded the shops recently. Most of them aren't really new, but it's news to have them back again, and a trip through the housewares departments of large stores—or the dime stores—is again fascinating. One of the more expensive, carefully constructed ones is designed to be attached to a table edge; it shells peas like a whiz. We did a pound in six minutes. With another of its attachments, it turns out carrots, celery, apples, green peppers or potatoes in neat uniform strips, perfect for partified garnishes or shoestring potatoes. Then there's a little metal gadget, to be inserted into one end of a lemon. A small twist and you may extract whatever amount of juice is desired, pouring from the lemon itself as if it were a pitcher.

•

WORKSHOP TIP

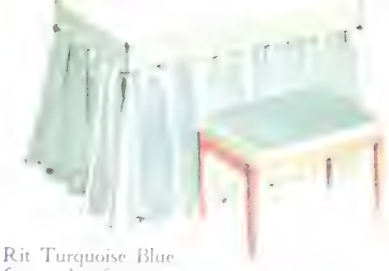
Shiny aluminum may be prettier to look at, but you'll do well to choose the dull-finished kind for pie tins, cooky sheets and baking tins; pies, cakes and cookies will brown much better. Shine deflects the radiant heat.

•

AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK

Plastic fabrics, all the way from filmy translucent ones, such as are used in shower curtains, to the handsome husky ones that look like leather, certainly aren't news to you or to us by now. But we became enthusiastic about plastic-coated fabrics all over again recently when we saw a group of decorator fabrics in really beautiful vivid prints, clear stripes and unusual colorings, and found that they were protected by an invisible plastic coating, which didn't change their pleasant textures or colors a bit, but did cause them to be extremely well behaved. They were waterproof, stainproof, soil could be wiped off them with a damp cloth, and yet they had no odor or shininess; nothing other than their complete practicality to indicate that they had been plasticized. Imagine having the pale yellow slip covers you've always wanted and being able to keep them pale yellow, even in New York or Pittsburgh, rather than having them take on the hue of an aged pumpkin in a week! These fabrics may be bought by the yard, in upholstered furniture, or in custom-made slip covers.

Dramatic drapery treatment in Rit Royal Blue. Sheer curtains tinted with Rit Ecru Curtain Dye.



Rit Turquoise Blue for an ultra feminine vanity skirt.

Slipcover and mattress in Rit Rose Pink—cushion in Rit Wine.

Dye kitchen curtain panels alternately Rit Jade Green, Royal Blue and Orange. Repeat the same shades in place mats and tie-on seat covers.

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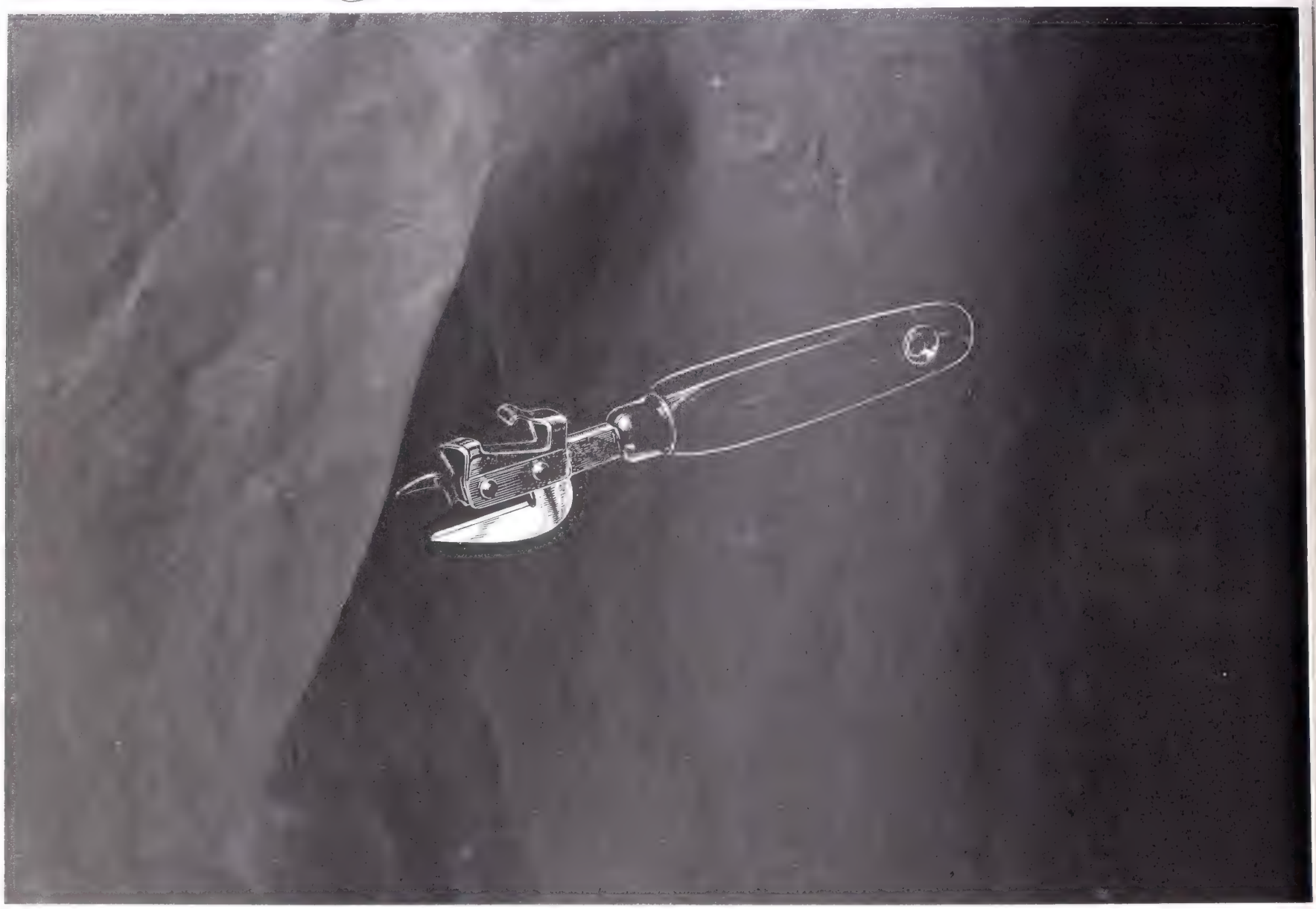

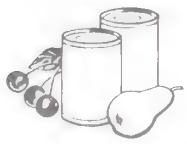

. . . And this is the key that opens up the sun-ripe perfection of fruits months after their harvesting and miles from their source.

To lock summer freshness in each airtight container America's canners rely on sugar—a basic food of nature. So, too, do the nation's housewives. For they know that sugar preserves the natural color, shape and texture of fruit—brings it to the table flavor-fresh and with a maximum of natural vitamins preserved.

In canning, baking, meat-curing, and many other food industries sugar is a standard ingredient. But sugar has hundreds of other uses—many not yet fully explored.

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Its purpose: *greater knowledge, better health, better living.*

SUGAR RESEARCH FOUNDATION

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There's nothing so really startling about this meal—or complicated. It just happens to have been cooked four weeks before serving and the hostess wasn't worn out at the feast. We stuffed a leg of lamb with ground pork, veal and ham; basted it with a neat and gaudy spice sauce; we scalded the vegetables and wrapped them in moisture-vaporproof Cellophane; the freezer did the rest. Even the gravy and rolls were frozen.

CONVERSATION PIECE

By Ruth Mills Teague

"DON'T work too hard on the day of your dinner party—do the day before anything that can be done then," and so on; you've heard it before. Here's the prize way: cook the entire meal weeks or even months ahead of time and do just about nothing on the day of your party. Does it sound crazy? There's no trick to it if you have a home-freezing unit or a locker plant handy.

Obviously this food *needn't* be prepared far ahead of time and frozen. The point is, it *can* be. One more obvious point and we're off to recipes: this food will taste the same whether it's been frozen two weeks or two months, so you needn't crowd too much work into one day. I'll pass on to you one prize meal I've put to the test of freezing entire, and served after its sojourn in the locker with every delicate flavor and texture intact. Here's our menu:

Canapés
Tomato Bisque
Stuffed Leg of Lamb Creole
Homemade Rolls Vegetable Platter
Individual Strawberry Pies
Coffee

Mrs. Teague with a helper can freeze away a couple of dinners for the future by making, baking and wrapping fixings for many a meal.

CANAPÉS

We'll have two kinds; and while you're at it, why not make some extra ones? I always

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do, and what a comfort it is to have the hors d'oeuvre problem solved for some future dinner or a high tea that can be whipped up when the unexpected guests arrive.

Lobster Ribbon Sandwiches: Chop frozen or canned lobster meat very fine, add 2 or 3 chopped hard-cooked eggs, several tablespoons mayonnaise, and season with grated onion, salt and pepper. Mash yolks of 4 hard-cooked eggs through a sieve and work to a paste with 1 small package cream cheese and 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. Season with 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard and a little sugar. Taste for seasoning. If the egg mixture is not salty enough, add more anchovy paste.

Slice bread very thin, place in stacks of four slices each and remove crusts. Make the slices square, but don't waste the crusts. Dry them in the oven, grind into crumbs, pack in containers and store in freezer. Make four-decker sandwiches, top and bottom layers lobster and center layer egg. Wrap each sandwich in Cellophane, aluminum foil or Pliofilm, and seal air-tight. Store sandwiches in the freezer as soon as wrapped.

Toasted Liver Rolls: Brown several chicken livers in butter or margarine until barely done. Chop fine, add to ½ pound good liverwurst and mix until smooth. Season with 2 tablespoons catchup, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon dried sweet basil and salt to taste.

Remove crusts from a loaf of bread and cut, the long way, into slices about ⅛ inch thick. Spread generously with liver mixture and roll tightly, starting from narrow end. Wrap each roll in cellophane and tie the ends. They'll look like papercrackers, the kind we have for children's parties. Store in freezer.

The day of the party, transfer canapés to refrigerator to thaw. Just before serving, cut each liver roll into four slices, place on cooky sheet and toast under broiler. Serve hot. Cut each lobster square into four small squares, then cut across each of these diagonally to make tiny triangles. Serve cold.

TOMATO BISQUE

To 8 cups canned tomatoes add ½ teaspoon crushed red pepper, 4 bay leaves, 6 whole cloves, 1 teaspoon saffron, ¼ teaspoon whole black pepper, 1 large onion, chopped, 1 clove garlic, minced, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cook uncovered for 10 minutes, cover, cook 20 minutes more and strain through fine sieve.

Make a cream sauce of 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour and 3 cups milk and cream mixed. Undiluted evaporated milk may be substituted for cream. Work 3 envelopes beef bouillon powder to a paste with a little milk and add to sauce. Or use meat paste or bouillon cubes to taste.

Be sure that both the tomato mixture and sauce are hot when they are mixed. Add a good pinch of soda to the tomatoes and pour it into the sauce, stirring constantly. Add salt if needed, but with caution. The bouillon powder is quite salty and the tomatoes will have been canned with salt.

When cold, pour into cellophane-lined locker containers, the round kind, seal the lining with curling iron or the crimping iron made for this purpose and store in freezer. Or, if you have a home freezer, pour into quart glass jars, *leaving ¼ of the jar empty for expansion*, screw on lids and put in freezer. There's great danger of breakage if glass is used, so I'm told, and I shouldn advise it if jars are to be stored at a lock plant instead of at home. But I've bee freezing soup in glass jars lo, these man years and never an accident—and it *is* nice t be able to see what's in the jars.

While we're on the subject of freezin soup, I just can't stop with tomato bisqu delicious as it is. Right now my freezer hold three jars of lentil soup, made with a fin ham bone that might have gone to waste After all, when you've eaten straight throug a big ham you aren't at the moment in th mood for ham-flavored soups. But nex week—next month—it's another matter Then I have two jars of chicken-mushroom soup, made when there was more chicker broth on hand than needed. And there are always one or two jars of beef stock in my freezer.

Enough—but I do think it's a good idea to make extra soups when you have time and the right ingredients, for a meal that begins with a delectable homemade soup is off to a very fine start.

STUFFED LEG OF LAMB CREOLE

Have the butcher bone and skin a large leg of lamb, but ask him to leave on the last few inches of shank bone. Have ½ pound smoked ham, ¼ pound veal and ¼ pound fresh pork ground together two or three times. This will make forcemeat with which the lamb will be stuffed. (Not horse meat, as my horrified butcher thought I said. The last of that I will never hear.) Better tell your butcher what you're up to, so that in boning the lamb he will leave big flaps for sewing up the ends.

Work the ground meat with your hands to make it very smooth, add ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon marjoram, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, a little salt, 4 tablespoons fine bread crumbs, 1 whole raw egg and 1 raw egg yolk, 2 cloves garlic, very finely minced, and 4 tablespoons top milk or cream. Work until thoroughly blended. Chop ½ pound fresh mushrooms fine and sauté a few minutes in plenty of butter or margarine. Add mushrooms to meat and again blend.

Now you're ready to stuff in the forcemeat, but first put your hand inside the leg of lamb and stretch outward to make the cavity as large as possible. Put in as much forcemeat as the cavity will hold and sew neatly with twine.

Cover the bottom of a roasting pan with several strips of bacon and put it in a 300° F. oven while you make the following sauce:

Into a stewing pan put ¾ small can concentrated tomato paste, ¼ cup catchup, 2 cloves garlic, finely minced, 1 medium onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, juice of 1 large lemon, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper and 2 cups water. Cook this mixture, uncovered, for 20 minutes.

Now spoon over the lamb as much sauce as will stick to its surface, put it in the roasting pan and into the 300° oven. This is a long-cooking business, a good 35 minutes to the pound. About every half hour baste with more of the sauce. Be sure that every bit of the surface is covered, but don't use so much sauce that the bottom of the roasting pan will be full of it. In an hour and a half turn the lamb over carefully and begin basting the other side. The sauce has a delectable taste, it keeps the meat from becoming dry and it's a rich red color, so the thicker the coating of sauce, the better.

When cooking time is up, remove lamb and make a thin gravy with the drippings,

(Continued on Page 258)

How Late the Willow

By Hortense Flexner

How late the willow stays awake,
How early does she rise;
Wearing her plumes for spring's daybreak
Beneath the chilly skies.

The year's long dance goes on; her friends
Change gold for rusty black;
She burns her candles at both ends,
Nature's insomniac!

There's a difference...

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(Continued from Page 256)

flour and water and a little more of the sauce.

When cold, wrap the lamb in Cellophane and seal, or put it in one of those large Cellophane-lined bags the locker plants supply, and seal. Be sure the seal is perfect. Pour the gravy into a container. Chill lamb and gravy in refrigerator. Place in freezer. If your unit has separate freezing and storage compartments, quick-freeze first and then transfer to storage.

The night before you are going to use the lamb, transfer it to the refrigerator, still sealed, to thaw slowly. This is most important. Food loses too much moisture if it's thawed quickly.

About an hour and a half before serving, remove wrappings from lamb and heat it slowly in a tightly covered roaster or casserole. The roaster can be put in the oven, and the casserole there or over boiling water on top of the stove. The important point is the "tightly covered." You don't want to dry out that beautiful leg of lamb—and I mean beautiful. Wait till you see those perfect slices of lamb with their centers of forcemeat. And the taste! Of course this is the carver's dream dish. Just clean neat slices right through the whole leg of lamb—no bones except the little shank bone at the end which you can dress up with a paper frill.

VEGETABLES

If you've had your freezer long, it probably holds stores of peas and cauliflower, all processed and ready for the last ten minutes of cooking. I'll tell you briefly how to process these two vegetables and go on to the beets, which will be completely cooked, sauce and all, when they go into the freezer.

Cauliflower: **Separate into flowerets and wash well in cold water. Have a big pot of water boiling briskly. Put about a pound of cauliflower into a wire basket, colander or cheesecloth and immerse completely in the boiling water. Move container up and down to distribute the heat evenly. Scald for 4 minutes after water returns to boiling point. Transfer immediately to very cold water for a minute or two and drain onto towels. I put about 4 thicknesses of paper toweling under the cloth towels. The vegetables should be as dry as possible before they are packed. Pack into Cellophane-lined boxes, leaving a little space for expansion, seal at once and put in freezer.**

Peas: **Same thing exactly except that the scalding time is 1 minute instead of 4.**

Beets à l'Orange: **Cut orange peel into tiny slivers to make 4 full tablespoons, boil 2 minutes in salted water and drain. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, stir in 2 tablespoons flour and add 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons light brown sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt. Cook until thick, stirring constantly, and add the orange peel and 3 cups cooked beets cut into slender strips. Mix well, but be careful not to break the tender beet strips by stirring too heartily. When chilled, pack into container and put in the freezer.**

These may be thawed at room temperature if your refrigerator is overloaded on thawing day. Heat in the double boiler to avoid stirring.

Put the peas and cauliflower, still frozen, into small quantities of boiling water and cook until tender. If you can get mint, cook a few chopped leaves with the peas. Add salt and generous lumps of butter or margarine. I like to serve all three vegetables on the same dish; and, of course, any way they are arranged is bound to be quite a sight, what with the contrast of colors.

The legs of the stork are long, the legs of the duck are short: you cannot make the legs of the stork short, neither can you make the legs of the duck long. Why worry?

—CHINESE PROVERB.

The average boy is an entertaining and interesting companion, the average girl is not: she is too self-centered to find sermons in stones, she must talk about herself, she cannot be impersonal; she says *I like* and *I don't like* where he says *it is*. Half the women who do not know how to talk might readily learn if they would only take a little notice of the things about them, not of people, but of things.

—MARY E. MERINGTON.

No salad is needed with this menu, bu dish of relishes would be a nice addit Mixed pickle, celery, olives, carrot str watermelon pickles—whatever you like have on hand. You don't have go to freezer for this.

ROLLS

If you use my recipe for easy homem bread you could bake enough rolls for y dinner party and a couple of loaves of br besides out of the one batch of dough. An fine thing it is to have a loaf or two of ho made bread cached away for future referer Cool rolls and bread after baking, seal Cellophane or Cellophane-lined bags and in freezer.

Get the rolls out to thaw about noon day of the party and let them thaw in sealed packages. Heat in the oven a minutes before serving, and they'll taste a they had been baked that day.

INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY PIES

When strawberries are in season I fre as many as I can lay hands to. Ditto peaches, but that's another story. And tell you how I process the berries, for th isn't time now to go into the various sch of thought.

Wash, dry and stem fi strawberries—and do use any overripe on Cut little ones in half a big ones into about th slices. Sprinkle wi sugar, put in contain and seal. Timing is i portant. Prepare j enough berries for o package and seal it bef you start on the ne Transfer from freezer refrigerator the morni of the party. Don't bre the seal until you ready to use the berri

Piecrust: If you have favorite piecrust rec that never lets you dow use it. If once in a wh you come up with a fail or even a semifailure, the boiling-water reci It's foolproof, uniform perfect and, bless it, *so* easy.

This recipe will make three regular-s pie shells or eight or nine individual. Po ½ cup boiling water over 1 cup shortenin Beat until creamy and set the bowl in pan of cold water while you sift flour. S before measuring 3 cups cake flour, a sift again with 1 teaspoon salt and ¾ te spoon baking powder. Now stir shorte ing mixture into flour until blende Wrap dough in heavy wax paper and put refrigerator to cool until firm enough roll. I make three batches at a tim and put two of them in the freezer. Ve handy.

The individual pie shells for our menu c be baked and frozen, or the dough can shaped in the pans in which it will be bak and frozen raw. The latter method is a lit superior, but it also makes more trouble f the housewife on the day of the party. you bake the shells before freezing, put the in a hot oven for a few minutes after th are thawed.

Now to the filling; and I've chosen easy one. Empty strawberries into strainer to drain off some of the juic Whip 1 cup heavy cream, combine wi strawberries and 1 teaspoon vanilla an heap the shells full. Use all the juice yo can, but don't let the mixture becon runny. (If you like, a tablespoon or two cognac may be added to the berries an cream for extra seasoning.)

Here's a dinner that, fresh-cooked frozen, will win you laurels. If the latte you can astonish your guests with the i formation that all but the peas and carro were cooked nine weeks ago come Thursda they'll never know it unless you tell them

THE EN

Last year over 5,000 freezer locker plants froze and stored millions of packages of Sweetose frozen fruits for their customers. Locker plants all know about Sweetose—they will be glad to help you.
YOU CAN'T BUY THESE

"Sweetose" is a trade mark of the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois, registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

The berries shown in background above were frozen at home in July—taken out in December—placed on cracked ice. The others were placed in dish at left. They were photographed just as they came from the jars. Colors are actual.

but you can have them any time!

FROZEN AT HOME...THIS NEW EASY WAY!

Here is something new—really! Berries (like you see above) plump and bright and fresh in flavor all the year around. Thousands of women have found that freezing fruits is as simple as sewing on a button. And it is all made possible by a new food discovery called Sweetose Syrup.

Here Is All You Do

Be sure to pick out high-grade—really ripe berries. Wash the berries and pack them (don't crush) in any sturdy waterproof container which has a tight-fitting lid. Cover the berries with Sweetose WHITE Syrup, put on the lid and freeze. That's all! (No preservatives needed.) And next winter—when you open them, see if you don't find them as plump, juicy, tender, and as bright in color as when you put them up.

If you do not have a freezer at home, take your prepared fruit to any freezer locker plant in your neighborhood. They will be glad to freeze and store it for you.

Just one word of caution: *Don't use any sugar*—don't use sugar syrup—if you want the results we offer here.

The Sweetose method of freezing fruit is easy—but it was no easy matter to perfect Sweetose. It took years of research. It is a basic invention, recognized by the U. S. Government. And its action on fruit is quite different. It does *not* draw the natural juices from fruit cells like ordinary sugar. It penetrates the fruit cells. It glazes the fruit—preserves the color—prevents discoloration—helps to keep it plump—and permeates the fruit with a delightful mild sweetness. Just send us the coupon and we will send you complete directions for freezing and serving Sweetose frozen fruits.

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PHOTOS BY COHEA S[illegible]

The Brunks cheerfully admit they defy every decorating axiom. The love seat, a former car seat, and the bridge table, once a drugstore's, cost $5 each.

Three pieces of junk make one coffee table.

Five-year-old Johnny's room is washable, boyproof.

Dime-store kerosene lamps dress up the guest room.

HOME MADE OUT OF JUNK

HOW LEFTOVERS AND LOVING HANDS FURNISHED A HOME WITH WARMTH AND CHARM ★ BY MARTHA BRUNK

THIS is the story of a house filled mostly with junk. It's my home, but because it's just as startling to me as it is to anyone else to find it's so pretty, I want to talk about it even if I do know I'm not showing the proper modesty. Besides, what with shortages and the high cost of living, it might come in handy to someone to know what one woman—me, with no training or special talent—did with a lot of stuff of precious little value, if any.

I'm not much of a writer, so I'll just have to sort of take you through the house and show you what I mean. We started off with good basic furniture, but I won't talk about that, just about the junk. And right off the bat I want to underline *junk*. I don't mean antiques that I "picked up for a song" and discovered to my huge surprise were priceless. I'd probably drop dead if I ever found myself with a real honest-to-goodness antique on my hands. This country around Frederick, Oklahoma, is too new for antiques, and the people who have cared enough to bring them in have also cared enough to hang on to them. So this isn't a proper story at all. This is a junk story—a story of what I did with a lot of things other people didn't want.

I'll begin by telling you about the house itself. It's a bungalow of wide white siding with a white stone living-room wing. I painted the other wing—the service end—myself, and had for audience all the neighborhood kids who were firmly convinced I would eventually fall off the stepladder while doing so. I also painted the front door (turquoise blue) and the shutters (lemon yellow). But the back door, a Dutch-type door, is my joy. I did it lemon yellow with the same turquoise scallops I put round the back window. I have always despised an ugly service entrance, so this was one of the first things I did when we moved in several years ago. Also, since I can imagine nothing more dreary than watering flowers, my back-door flowers are the most successful flowers I have. They repeat the house colors: turquoise pots, lemon-yellow bows, and flowers shading from pink to dubonnet. They are the only flowers I know of that bloom all the year around, never wilt, shed, or attract bugs—and if you can't pick a painted flower, who cares?

Breakfast nook: a tacked-on ruffle helps solve the tablecloth problem.

Enough of the outside. Inside is the junk. In the living room, for example, is a prize piece. It's the love seat next to the fireplace, and when I first saw it it was the front seat of a wrecked car, sitting forlornly in a junk yard with a $5 price tag on it. Now, in chintz, it's one of the most comfortable pieces of furniture in the house—low, grand springs and slanted just right.

(Continued on Page 263)

You skip off to bathe the baby

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aby may keep you busy—but not the family ash—with the Bendix. You set the dial, put in ap and go. All by itself the Bendix *fills itself th water—washes clothes—changes its own water rinses 3 times—damp drys clothes—cleans itself drains itself—shuts itself off.* No washday mess th the Bendix! When baby naps, so can you!

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OLD SHIRTS WHITE AS NEW? Certainly—with Bendix' Triple Rinsing. Soiled water and soap are so thoroughly rinsed away there's no sign of washday gray. No soapy particles to harshen baby's diapers. The Bendix shower rinses away soiled suds—then tumble rinses clothes in two more changes of water, for a cleaner, fresher wash!

LET HIM SHAVE, let them shower! The Bendix Water-Saver Cylinder saves so much hot water you don't have to warn the family to go easy on washday. And, with less water in the cylinder you need lots less soap for the richest suds!

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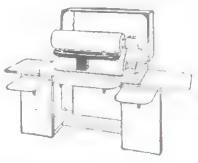

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HOMEMADE OUT OF JUNK

(Continued from Page 260)

ext to it is a low chest, also from a junk ard, and while it's in no sense of the word a ally good piece of furniture, it was a solid aple dresser once. I cut the legs off it and finished it.

On it goes the old lamp I got rewired and aced in the base I picked up a year later—e discarded top of an old Tom and Jerry owl which, turned upside down, holds ivy. 'e've also got some lamps around the house hich once were turpentine cans but are ow wallpapered with Godey prints or the ke.

My bridge set is a get-together master-ece. The table was unwanted by a local ugstore, and despite the fact it has a mar-e top, I got it for five dollars. The four ire chairs have quite a history, because ey're scarcer than hen's teeth and it took e over a year to collect them. I got the rst two from a man who runs a junk yard own by the railroad tracks two miles from ere. One more I got from a friend for four ellow teacups I had that she wanted. One friend found for me in a junk yard in Memphis, Texas, and he brought it all the ay here to me in the ack of her car, bless er.

As for my "secre-ary," I built that. 'he bottom was an old resser, cut down and ompletely made over. 'he top was once the etter half of a secre-ary which wound up n another junk yard. put these two pieces ogether, and deco-ated them to display ny Dresden ware. I opied the decorations aithfully from a Marie Antoinette piece, colors nd all.

Also in the living oom is a washstand vhich I took a front anel out of to put ilded wire screening n, and make a radio abinet. I also added shelf for magazines nd used the "floor" as the perfect spot for husband Paul's slip-pers. My coffee table was another concoction, copied from one in a cigarette ad—only mine was made from a cut-down kitchen table, topped with an old picture frame around a sheet of mirror. (Total cost of all three: six dollars and fifty cents.)

THE dining-room furniture is mostly nor-nal except for a white wrought-iron-and-plate-glass plant stand. It was once one of those horrible, plush-covered "fireside benches" that were all the rage around 1910 and were so uncomfortable nobody would sit on them, so ugly it hurt your eyes to look at them. I took out the alleged seat and put in glass shelving, whitewashed the iron 'arms," and made the plant stand.

In the summer, the plants are flanked with my special summer curtains made of mos-quito netting at six cents a yard. I use or-gandy and draw curtains in the winter, because our house isn't all junk by a long shot.

The breakfast chairs are rush bottom, up-holstered, and came, at fifty cents each, from my favorite junk yard. The table is an old round oak table, which, after refinishing, looks like Swedish modern. I had a bed I didn't need, but no table, while Peggy, a friend, needed a bed. I told her she could have my bed if she'd find me a table. Her mother's maid had a table she didn't need, but she did need a chest of drawers, so Peggy got the maid a chest of drawers, gave me the table, I gave Peggy the bed and everyone was happy. I put a ruffle around the edges for my war-and-peace tablecloth after I got tired of ironing six luncheon cloths one week. The ruffle needs washing and ironing only once every few weeks and keeps the table looking dressed up all the time.

I also had a bright idea on the breakfast-chair slip covers. I made five for four chairs, whipping the extra one on when needed instead of having to strip all the chairs because one is soiled.

THE kitchen, just off the breakfast nook, holds my work desk, topped with a bulletin board and a shelf which was my maiden attempt at carpentering. It is only a little crooked and I put a ruffle on it so it doesn't show. On it is my kitchen clock, an old one I found in my mother-in-law's basement, which I painted with polka dots because—don't ask me why—I have always wanted a polka-dot clock.

In five-year-old Johnny's room space presented a problem, so I sold his twin maple beds which were lovely but took up the whole room and made him a new set by cutting down some large bookshelves and using them for bed ends on two studio couches. I took Currier and Ives prints off a calendar and lacquered them for pictures and then made him a gun, toy and tank rack lined with wallpaper with hunting scenes on it. Because he is map crazy, as well as gun crazy, I also made him a lamp shade out of a map and turned an old desk into a very new-looking one by giving it a map top, varnished over. I fixed up the desk drawers with new pulls too—made out of some brightly colored wooden beads he got his first Christmas. His desk lamp is his favorite. The base is a square can painted red; the shade, a cheap one, is banded top and bottom with red and covered with a Currier and Ives fire-engine print. Johnny adores it because I cut out the windows in the building where the fire is, backed them with red tissue paper and poked a darning needle through them so that sparks seem to leap out.

There are loads more things which are just camouflaged junk—like my cut-down mission-oak table in the living room which I refinished in mahogany and rubbed until it does look like an antique, or my revolving table for Paul's pipes, which I made out of an old piano stool. But the whole point I want to make is that it doesn't take any particular talent to do all this with junk. Anyone can do it, even with household responsibilities there's no end to. I speak of building the secretary and I mean actual building—but my training consisted of inspiration and desperation and not much else. I tried for months to get a carpenter. When he came, I asked him, among other things, to fix a dresser drawer that went too far back. He spent an hour and fifteen minutes on it, and then couldn't get it out. It turned out he'd nailed it in. So—I decided I really couldn't do anything worse than that and I wouldn't have to be paying myself a dollar and fifty cents an hour to do it. So I got myself a few tools, including a miter box (which holds a hand saw straight) and the result was all this. Now junk's my weakness—and my pleasure.

THE END

Some people keep their ideals as they keep heirlooms, locked away, so that but for their owner's word we should almost be inclined to doubt their existence; others use them and wear them. Well, they may get a bit cracked, a bit tarnished, and some of them may even get lost altogether; but they're more convincing when they're handled that way.

—A. P. WHARTON.

You are young at any age if:

You enjoy moving.

If, when spring comes, you have the feeling that you are seeing life for the first time in your life.

If the idea of losing your job doesn't strike you as particularly fatal.

If you are interested in new inventions.

If you can give up a proposed trip with the idea that there is no hurry about it, and there is still plenty of time.

If you never say to a younger person, "When I was your age."

If the experience you have gained is absolutely useless to you.

—MARGUERITE AUDOUX.
Marie-Claire (Doubleday & Company, Inc.)

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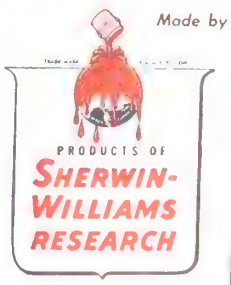

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Doctors, hospital and medicine	760.00	Total	$10,000.00

Mrs. Sutton explains: "This budget represents our family's *approximate* yearly expenditures. Considerable variation in our income, savings and living costs make it impossible to give an exact financial tally or estimate for any one year."

GROWING PAINS

(Continued from Page 252)

Her class was submitting to its weekly nail spection when I came in, conducted by the perb and awesome figure of the head of e school herself. The students of nail culre—there were perhaps fifteen of them, all out Lois' age—held out tremulous and ghtly grimy hands, palms down. They sat hind a long table. She passed by the front the table, lifting each nervous hand, probg severely into a possible nail biting from e evidence exhibited, and tossing over her oulder a grade which an attendant, who llowed in her train, marked down in a lite notebook.

"You see," the directress said, when we ad sat down in her office, "fat people, girls pecially, aren't usually happy people at l. And sometimes their fatness is a comensation for some unhappiness. They overit because eating is a kind of comfort. It's othing. Then they don't care about their ppearance, because the comforting feeling more important. We try to give them other als to shoot at: high grades for improvent, gold stars, praise—a variety of attenon. We *make* them care about how they ok, for their self-respect."

I went back thoughtfully to the classes. erhaps playing happily outdoors in the nshine with other children was not more portant than this, if a fat little girl would t be playing happily.

Lois and her schoolmates were having a ancing lesson. The teacher was from the st-known dancing school in the country, ith branches in most every city. The girls ad no shyness about dancing with him, ven in front of the line of their gimlet-eyed ntemporaries.

I TOOK Lois in a taxi back to her sister's partment. She hadn't broken over her diet nce. The first week's restrictions had been retty stiff, but she hadn't really cared—as a atter of fact, the hardest part had been to t as *much* celery and lettuce and "stuff e that" as you were supposed to. No, she asn't tired, she felt fine, and the other night e'd had salt on spinach by mistake—her iet said she couldn't have anything cooked ith salt—and it had made her feel sick.

She talked all the way to the apartment, mpletely absorbed in her new regime. here wasn't much time to do anything else. he didn't like her mother's going back to lt. Holly. It was nicer when she was round. Rose played the radio at night, not ery late, but still, when you were trying to ake yourself over like this, you had to get many hours' sleep.

Lois was preoccupied with Lois. For her, here was no other world beyond her peronal appearance. I drove away troubled and uneasy. Fingernails, scalps, pores, celery seemed fragile material out of which to build a young person equipped to take a place in such a world as is going to be turned over to her.

I went to the graduation exercises. Lois won first prize for highest marks, unbroken observance of every rule and restriction, and greatest loss of weight. She had lost twenty-five pounds. "Lois Sutton, of Mt. Holly, New Jersey," said her "diploma"—another reward, "weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds in July. She weighs, this seventh day of September, one hundred and ten pounds."

I STAYED to congratulate Lois and Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, who were there, but they were so excited, so pleased and proud, that they wanted to be alone, and I slipped away.

I did not see Lois again until many weeks later. I invited her and her mother to lunch and a matinee. I was a little late, and they were waiting for me. Lois stood up, a little behind her mother, and above her. I said at once that she had grown taller. She nodded happily. "Three inches," Mrs. Sutton said, "since she learned how to grow in the right direction." We all laughed.

We went in to lunch, and Lois stepped back for us to precede her through the door. I asked what she would like to eat and she ventured a possibility of sweetbreads, which, she said, she had never eaten. She fell back finally, however, on the dependable chicken, but waited to make her choice until her mother and I had finished.

Mrs. Sutton and I talked at some length, catching up on what had happened since I had seen them last—not what had happened to Lois, but what decorating had been done in the house, how Christmas had gone—ordinary woman talk. Lois sat quiet. She not only did not contradict anything her mother said, she did not even enter the conversation. We had finished the soup and were well into our chicken when I turned to her. She had been listening attentively and interestedly to every word her mother and I had said, without any sign of a withdrawn preoccupation. I asked if she had had fun at Christmas. She laughed happily.

"I've had fun all year," she said. "Mt. Holly is the nicest place in the country to live in. The school is wonderful. They do so much for you. Why, they even have parties and get-togethers sometimes on Friday nights."

What had she got for Christmas? Oh, an archery set, and lots of other things for sports. Yes, she was simply crazy about sports now. She played basketball and

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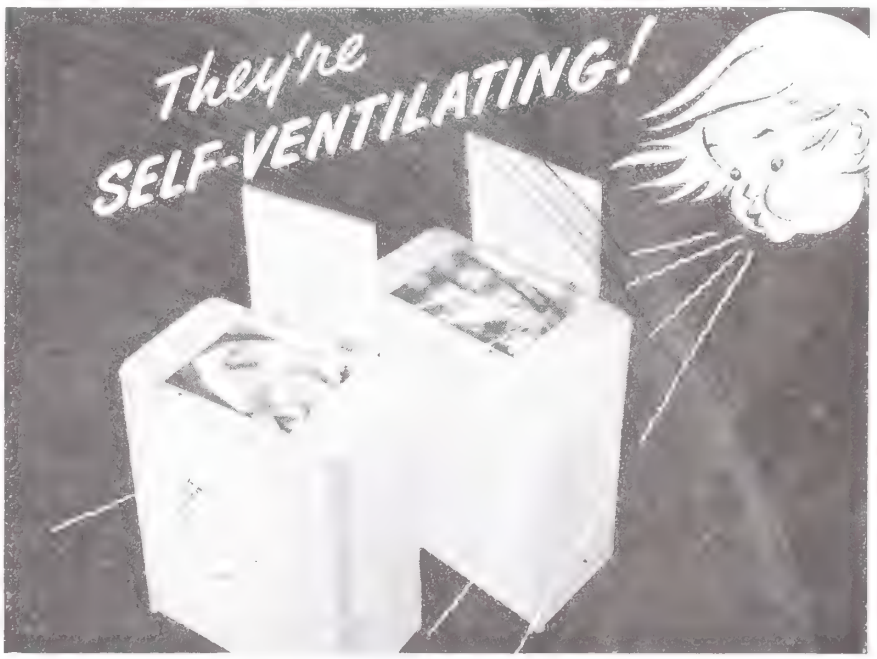

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baseball and everything there was at school. They were more fun than anything.

How were the friends she had talked about when I was there in the summer? Oh, she never saw them any more. They were younger, did I remember? I did. Well, now she went with the kids of her own age. Boys too? Oh, sure, especially one. Her mother thought it was funny that lots of times the girls paid at the movies for the boys, but didn't I think that was right, if the girl happened to have saved more from her allowance? Anyway, they all did, and the boys paid when they had enough. It all evened up.

I asked if she still kept to her diet. No, she didn't have to, she answered indifferently. Her weight stayed at one hundred and ten. But she didn't have a craving for sweets any more. Too busy, she guessed.

Words came back to me: "Very few people really want to overeat. It's a compensation." Lois was talking again, turning to her mother.

"Remember my birthday party last year when I made you hunt all over town for tuna fish because I wanted tuna-fish salad?"

Mrs. Sutton did remember. "There wasn't any in town, so I gave you white salmon and you never knew the difference."

Lois was contemptuous. "What a meal! I'd never *want* that stuff now! Potato salad, too, *and* tomato salad, potato chips, ice cream and cake. Whew!"

"I don't suppose," I said, "that anything has been so exciting since the night-club party and your new dress. You did go, didn't you, just the way Johnny promised?"

"Oh, sure," Lois said, "but I've forgotten about it nearly, except that we had a terrible time getting home. The car broke down, and we didn't get back until nearly three o'clock. I was so tired. But I'm saving the dress for the high-school formal. It'll be just right. That's going to be a *really* super party."

Yes, fingernails and pores and posture have been good building material for Lois. They have made her a serene and secure child, who is interested in everything about her and not afraid of anything. So she doesn't have to interrupt or contradict, or make friends with younger children, or avoid sports lest she be laughed at. She is at home among her contemporaries and looking out, not in. That is a good posture to have for the world about to be thrown at her—head up, feet well planted, and arms wide.

THE END

RED-LETTER YEAR

THE war was over and the two Conrads were finally together. They settled down after that long-distance marriage to some long-term dreams. The first of those dreams came true with the birth of their baby girl.

"We had just everything," Eleanor says. "And then all of a sudden just problems."

There was the problem of Bill getting a good job; getting used to the loss of his good right leg. There was the problem of finding a home, especially when along with Lyn's first tooth came the knowledge that soon a young brother or sister would be coming along too.

But no problem's too big when two people in love decide to live with it—and lick it.

Meet the Conrads of Philadelphia

HOW AMERICA LIVES

By Maureen Daly

★ **In the May Journal** ★

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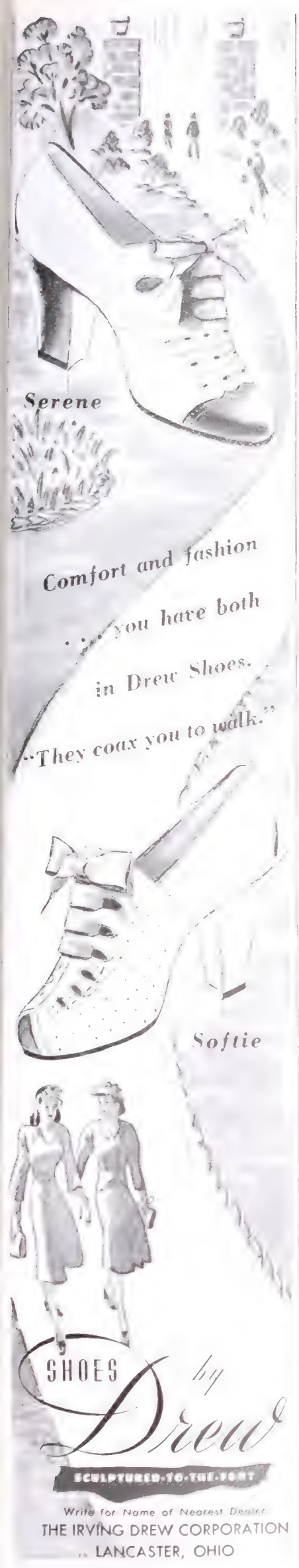

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CANDY'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 56)

his shirt; he had put on a revolting pair of brown corduroy trousers, used for manual labor, and an elderly gray tweed jacket with pockets like laundry bags. He was, in fact, almost militantly at ease. Candy looked at him and the doorbell rang.

Adam did not bend over and kiss her gently on the forehead, nor did he seem too moved to speak. He shook hands with her and with Bill firmly and cordially.

"This is awfully nice of you ——" began Adam.

"Isn't this *nice!*" began Candy.

Bill said nothing, and a small but horrible silence fell upon the room, in which Candy heard herself telling, with a sort of mad vivacity, David's latest bright saying, which had not been outstandingly bright, even at the time. In the middle of this untimely anecdote, Ellen announced dinner and Candy rustled into the dining room so fast that Bill and Adam had to raise their voices to be heard above her house coat.

As they consumed shrimp soup, she began to realize that attempting to be two entirely different people at the same time puts a definite strain on the nervous system. To Adam, she had expected to be the unattainable lost love, soft-focused by time and memories; while to Bill she would have been the loyal mate and good companion, clear-cut and as direct as a man. Before they had finished the soup, she was simply eating.

Oddly enough, it didn't seem to matter; for suddenly Bill and Adam were talking as though they had known each other since early boyhood. She might, she reflected with some bitterness, have had her dinner on a tray upstairs. She reached for the salt and took her first really good look at Adam.

She remembered him as he had been eight years ago: tall and thin, with a shiny shock of russet-colored hair, very blue eyes and a slow grin. The freshness and brightness, she noticed now, had faded in four years of Pacific warfare. He was less vivid—but somehow more attractive. She had forgotten that he was one of those rare people who really know how to pay attention; when Adam listened to you, his eyes were concentrated, warm, interested.

What a nice man! Candy thought. *I like him much more now than I did eight years ago.*

"And I hope you'll like her," Adam said.

Candy dropped her butter knife. "Like her?" she repeated half-wittedly.

"Adam's fiancée," said Bill, clearly and slowly, "*whom* he has just been telling us about."

"Kate McKettrick," said Adam. "Maybe you know her?"

"Oh!" said Candy. "How perfectly—wonderful. No, I don't." She swallowed. "When may we meet her?"

"Well, I'll be coming out every week end to work on the house, and she comes on Sundays. We can't get workmen, so we're doing most of it ourselves."

"Tell us about her." Candy avoided Bill's eye. "How long have you known her?"

"We were engaged before the war," Adam said. "But we both thought it would be better to wait."

"Is she pretty?"

"I think so. Smart too."

"Oh, I'm sure of that." Candy smiled at him with all her teeth.

Bill inquired practically, "What does she do?"

"She's a speaker and lecturer for the Women's Independent Committee for International Peace."

"Oh," said Candy, "my goodness."

"Travel round much?" Bill asked.

"Too darn much," Adam said with feeling. "I've hardly seen her since I got back. She's in Atlanta now, but she'll be out next week end. Why don't you two come over on Sunday? I'd like to show you the house."

"Fine," Bill agreed heartily. "We'll be there."

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"That would be lovely," Candy said hollowly. *And now I will give a piercing scream and be carried up to my room where I can spend a peaceful evening tearing my clothes to shreds. Speaker and lecturer. Hatchet-faced, six feet tall, enormous teeth and no bust. My successor.*

After Adam had gone, Bill lighted a last pipe and lay down on the sofa. "Say," he said, "you underestimated that guy, darling. He's a darn nice fella."

"Under——" Candy began. Then the variety of things which she longed to say, together with the number of ways in which she would have liked to say them, stopped speech completely. She shut her mouth and directed upon her husband a long, level look. He sucked on his pipe abstractedly.

"Like to meet his wife. I'll bet she's terrific."

"She isn't his wife," Candy snapped. "He hasn't married her yet."

Bill looked up at her through pipe smoke. "Tired, sweet? Why don't you go on up?"

Candy went on up, her skirt rustling like a palm tree in a high wind.

Sunday was one of those June days which, as Candy observed, science should have found some way to preserve. Inside the Dean cottage, someone was hammering and whistling. The lilacs over the green door were in deep purple bloom and a pink dogwood blushed by the fence. As Candy and Bill opened the gate, someone called and the hammering ceased. The front door opened and Adam called a welcome. A girl stood beside him.

ASTONISHMENT slowed Candy's pace up the path—an astonishment that made her feel both puzzled and impatient. Why, after all, should she have assumed that Adam was going to marry someone six feet tall? Why should it be so amazing that Kate McKettrick, speaker and lecturer for the Women's Independent Committee for International Peace, was tiny, her blond hair bobbed like a child's, her round hazel eyes as alert and watchful as a squirrel's?

"Kate, this is Candy Stewart—and Bill ——"

Words flew round Candy's head like a nest of sparrows disturbed into flight:

"—— darlingest house in town. I've always wanted ——"

"—— on in and see what we're ——"

"—— those old floor boards ——"

Kate McKettrick's hand should have been warm and soft; it was dry and hard. Her voice should have been high and sweet; it was deep and resonant, a perfect speaker's voice. She had an amusing, turned-up nose, an exquisite complexion—and very thin red lips that drew a sharp line above her rather sharp little chin.

"This," said Kate, "is the living room."

There was a pile of newspapers at one end and a six-foot stepladder at the other.

"I like the way it's furnished, don't you?" Adam said reflectively. "Sort of functional."

Kate said competently, "I'm going to join those two windows in the south wall and make one big bay window. If we can ever get hold of a carpenter in this town."

"It's a nice town, isn't it?" Adam offered Bill a cigarette. "How are the schools?"

"Good, but they could be better," said Bill.

Kate laughed abruptly. "You don't have to worry about *that* yet, darling."

Adam's eyes were invisible; he was wiping paint off his hands.

Candy said swiftly, "Bill's on the school board."

"H'm," Adam observed reverently. "Influential."

"I am also," Bill offered modestly, "on the sewage committee."

"Ah," said Adam. "Leading citizen."

"Well, naturally," Bill went on. "What's this—dining room?"

"It will be," said Kate briskly, "when I get the right wallpaper."

"Oh, I saw some the other day," Candy cried. "I should think it might be perfect in here. It was a Williamsburg pattern—big pale greenish-blue and white flowers on a ——"

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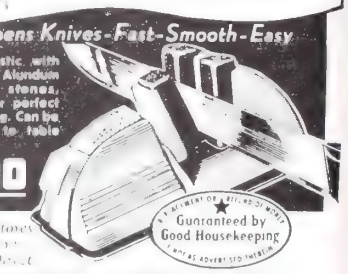

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"Wallpaper always sounds awful when you describe it, doesn't it?" Kate said kindly. "I had a sort of little red-and-yellow calico design in mind." She laughed. "Of course it's really perfectly ridiculous for us to live in the country. I didn't want to in the least, but Adam insisted. He's a very obstinate man when he wants to be, aren't you, darling?"

Adam nodded gravely. "Very obstinate Hard to get along with."

"I never thought so," said Candy suddenly. "I always found him very cozy." She smiled at Adam, who grinned back—a purely impersonal grin.

"How about the upstairs?" Bill asked hastily.

"Just two bedrooms." Kate's eyes were very round and bright. "I'd love your advice about Adam's room, Bill. He's left it all to me."

"Well, I don't know much about it," Bill said, "but anything I can do to help——"

Candy thought, *Congratulations, Kate.* Aloud she said, "Bill, dear, we must be going along. We'll be late for church."

"*Church?*" Kate's beautifully controlled voice was a sudden little crow of amusement. "Do you honestly go to church—*you* two?"

Bill smiled at her. "We do, and as a professional speaker, I think you'd enjoy our minister. He preaches a sermon that really *is* a sermon."

Kate shook her head. "Not for me, I'm afraid." She glanced at Adam with a flicker of shared amusement. "I haven't been inside a church for years. I wouldn't be married in one if Adam didn't insist. He's sentimental."

Bill said mildly, "Well, lots of people feel the way you do."

Kate stood by Adam's side in the front door. "The churches," she said, "are the traitors of the twentieth century. They've let the people down."

Candy hoped her own voice was as sweet as she meant it to be. "That hardly seems a very good reason for letting the churches down, does it?" she said. "Well, good-by. Let us know if there's anything you want. You must come to supper next week."

As they drove down Elm Street, Bill said cautiously, "Amazing to find a mind like a steel trap behind that face, isn't it?"

Candy said grimly, "Take another look. It's the face that's the steel trap. . . . And don't you dare say I'm jealous! I'm not. I don't want Adam Campbell and I never did. I've got you."

"O.K., sweet." Bill parked the car. "I guess Kate's not a woman's woman," he told Candy.

"Whatever *that* may be," Candy said bitterly.

But during the first two hymns she was dimly, unaccountably sad, with a heartache that obscured her pleasure in the service; she found herself ferreting after its source and paying no attention to Doctor Merritt. . . . What she had told Bill was quite true: she was not jealous of Kate. That was silly. And it wasn't that she wanted Adam never to marry. That was silly too. She *did* want him to marry—but someone worthy of him; and in some curious, mixed-up way, someone worthy of herself too. Otherwise it would be not his good judgment, but simply accident, that Adam Campbell had once found Candy Goodwin attractive enough to fall in love with.

Kate McKettrick, she said firmly inside her head, *will not do.*

How does your voice sound to others? If you are curious on the point, try the following experiment: Cup your ears with both hands, pressing the ears forward slightly, and speak, and you'll have a pretty good idea. You will, no doubt, be surprised how different your words sound. Radio performers often test themselves this way just before a program. —Irish Weekly.

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING— (OR IS IT?)

BY GROUCHO MARX

WHAT do you want to save up a lot of money for? You'll never need the stuff.

Why, just think of all the wonderful, wonderful things you can do *without* money. Things like—well, things like—

On second thought, you'd better keep on saving, chum. Otherwise you're licked.

For instance, how are you ever going to build that Little Dream House, without a trunk full of moolah? You think the carpenters are going to work free? Or the plumbers? Or the architects? Not those lads. They've been around. They're no dopes.

And how are you going to send that kid of yours to college, without the folding stuff?

Maybe you think he can work his way through by playing the flute.

If so, you're crazy. (Only three students have ever worked their way through college by playing the flute. And they had to stop eating for four years.)

And how are you going to do that world-traveling you've always wanted to do? Maybe you think you can stoke your way across, or scrub decks. Well, that's no good. I've tried it. It interferes with shipboard romances.

So—all seriousness aside—you'd better keep on saving, pal.

Obviously the best way is by continuing to buy U. S. Savings Bonds—through the Payroll Plan.

They're safe and sound. Old Uncle Sam *personally* guarantees your investment. And he never fobbed off a bum I.O.U. on anybody.

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"Hymn two hundred and fifty-four," announced Doctor Merritt. "Hymn two hundred and fifty-four."

Candy lay back luxuriously on the guest-room bed and watched Mollie Belle Ruxton unpack the contents of an enormous suitcase.

"This is marvelous," she said. "It's like being back in school again."

Mollie Belle shook out a pale-green dinner dress and said, in the melting accents of the deep South, "Better. I don't have to listen to you talk all night about Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Williams. My, I'm glad to be here, sugar."

Candy sat up. "Look—I'm sorry we have to have this Campbell man to supper the very first night you're here."

Mollie Belle sat down in the maple rocking chair and stretched out her exquisite legs. "Sugar, I wouldn't care if you had Toto and Gargantua to supper. Who is this Campbell man?"

"He's an old beau of mine."

"Oh." Mollie Belle looked up. "Nice?"

"Very. But he's marrying a—a werewolf."

"Oh," said Mollie Belle. "What's *she* like?"

Candy said tersely, "Public Address System Number One. Knows everything."

"You mean she's *plain?*" Mollie Belle sounded shocked.

Candy laughed, a short, bitter laugh. "Blond, big shiny eyes, lovely skin, divine figure. About five feet two. Hates me. Hates all women. Likes nice big bedazzled men."

"Oh," said Mollie Belle. And after a moment, "Do you remember the time we kind of bothered Loretta Bemis?"

Candy giggled helplessly. "Dear Loretta. Such a fine-looking girl. So magnetic. President of everything."

"But she didn't like girls very much," Mollie Belle said thoughtfully. "She said Southerners were dumb. Once."

Candy got up suddenly. "I must put David to bed."

Mollie Belle smiled luxuriously. "I'll see you later, sugar," she said.

Late that night, lying wide-awake while Bill slept as wholeheartedly as David, Candy thrashed about and asked herself with impatient scorn exactly what she had expected. Actually she had had no definite plans, beyond the pleasure of witnessing Miss Kate McKettrick's certain irritation; but even that had been denied her. Looking back on the evening, she felt not only let down, but baffled—very baffled indeed. It had been somehow so—well, so surprising.

ADAM and Kate were already there when Mollie Belle walked into the living room, looking like a tall flower in the pale-green dinner dress. With some satisfaction Candy noticed Kate stiffen slightly; Mollie Belle at her best was a disturbing sight. Then Candy had glanced at Adam. His expression was attentive, polite, remote; his response to Mollie Belle was the absolute minimum possible to any normal male. Candy drew a deep sigh of lost hope.

At Mollie Belle's first sentence, Kate's round, pink-and-white face took on amused tolerance. Candy could almost see the filing system at work: *Southern Belle*, said Kate's expression, and the Southern Belle was dismissed mentally from the room. Kate directed her attention to Adam and Bill, leaving occasional polite gaps for Candy to fill.

And—this was the surprising, the maddening part—Mollie Belle did nothing whatever about it. She had come down, as Candy well knew, after an hour's preparation metaphorically holding a knife in her teeth and now she simply sat looking—like Adam—attentive, polite and very, very uninterested. Candy was bewildered.

"OF course, the situation at UN is perfectly fascinating," Kate announced. "Matches, please, Adam!" This last was the impersonal command of constant repetition. She said parenthetically, "He never remembers. Such manners! . . . I happen to have heard from a friend of mine who knows the Russian contingent well ——"

Kate continued to talk, interestingly and well, through dinner. She did not so much monopolize the conversation as manipulate it: she drew both Adam and Bill into a discussion of communism and its danger to which Candy listened in silence, not having been asked her opinion; and to which Mollie Belle apparently listened not at all.

As they were leaving the dining room Kate asked kindly how long Miss Ruxton was staying in the North.

Mollie Belle looked at her vaguely. "Oh, I'm gettin' a job, I guess," she said, with the accents of Amos and Andy.

Candy grinned to herself. Now it would begin. But it didn't begin.

"What kind of a job?" Kate asked, looking at herself with apparent satisfaction in the mirror of her compact.

"Oh, I guess some of secretarial," Mollie Belle murmured.

Kate smiled. "How nice," she said, as Adam and Bill came into the room.

Adam was saying, "So I practically hit the jack pot. This Pete is a first-class carpenter, and he got three friends and they all came Friday and started in."

"Are they good?" Bill asked.

"Swell," said Adam.

Kate laughed shortly. "They're perfect idiots but they're vets and so, of course, Adam loves them. The one named Frank or Joe or something put the bathroom paper on upside down."

"It looks better that way," observed Adam mildly.

Kate threw him a look in which a good many emotions were only partially suppressed, and turned to Candy. "I've got to go West for a couple of weeks on a speaking tour, and I tremble to think what the house is going to look like when I get back. With Adam in charge —— I wish you'd drop in, Candy, and check up for me."

Candy felt her cheeks grow hot, but Adam spoke before she had to. "Don't worry, Candy. Kate couldn't be inefficient to save her life. She'll write it all down in a little notebook."

"And then you'll lose the notebook," Kate prophesied acidly.

"That's right." Adam turned suddenly to Mollie Belle. "Are you efficient, Miss Ruxton?"

(Continued on Page 272)

The Circus is Coming

BY MYRTLE CHANCE

I shall not spend my love to keep you gay,
For gaiety must have its charge of grief.
Let me remember. It was circus day,
And I ran barefoot, in wide-eyed belief
That for a five-year-old the show was free;
That bears and ponies, tigers, monkey, clowns,
The red dogcarts, the loud calliope,
The spangled people from the other towns,
All came along with life. But papa said
He bought our tickets from the blue-cup dimes;
The blue cup, to which we contributed
Was empty now for any choicer times.
Today I count for you the price of sorrow
And know it will buy happiness tomorrow.

Love-at-First-Sight

A common folly! Girl sees dress. Girl loves dress. Girl buys dress. And the mean, ornery dress turns traitor at first washing. Oh, woe! Oh, shrinkage! Moral: Don't fall in love till *second* sight. Wait till you see the "Sanforized" label.

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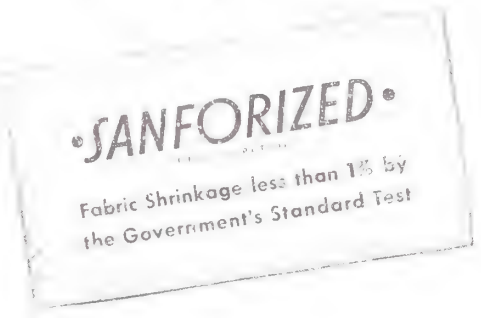

"Sanforized"—*the checked standard of shrinkage.* The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics or ready-to-wear garments whose tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owner of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

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(Continued from Page 270)

Mollie Belle turned her enormous dark eyes upon him. "No, Mr. Campbell, I guess I'm not. I don't think I'm even very modern."

Bill snorted. "She's right, Adam. She's wasted in this age. She should have been born in a covered wagon. You should see her drive a couple of pigs to market."

Mollie Belle dropped her gaze and said sweetly, "Oh, anybody can drive pigs, I guess."

"She doesn't look it, though, does she?" Bill said affectionately.

Adam looked at Mollie Belle's profile and said flatly, "She looks like Nefertiti."

Soon after that, Kate had to go. She was staying with friends in Beaver Brook while Adam camped out in the cottage. . . .

Candy stared at the rectangle of lighter darkness that was the open window, and wondered drowsily what had gone wrong. Mollie Belle had not only failed to get under Kate's skin—she had played straight into her hands. Mollie Belle, normally as gay as she was intelligent, had behaved exactly like Kate's idea of a silly little Southerner. Why? Candy sighed, and the first wave of sleep washed over her gently.

It had all gone wrong. She had wanted . . . what? She didn't exactly know. She had only hoped —— She was asleep.

The next five days were comparatively uneventful; later, Candy was to think of them as the lull before the storm, but at the time they held no portentous quality, no hint of premonition. Mollie Belle called up three or four old friends in a desultory sort of way, and wrote notes to a few people who might know about jobs. The results of both activities could not have been more impressive if she had casually sown a handful of dragon's teeth and been confronted with a harvest of fully armed warriors: for every telephone call she made, at least two personable men seemed to spring up, usually on the Stewarts' front steps, but sometimes on the telephone, which rang night and day. George. Fred. Julian. Sam. Mac. Steve. They multiplied daily. As Bill said, they had nothing in common except their gender, and their passionate determination to take Mollie Belle out to dinner.

"I NEVER saw such variety. They run the gamut from rare to well-done," he said. "How do you do it?"

She grinned at him, her wonderful, *gamine* grin that went so oddly with the exotic coloring. "I'm going to move to a hotel. It's awful to make you and Candy put up with this nonsense."

"We *love* it," Candy cried. "Why, it's my first touch of romance in years!"

"She was drying right up for lack of love," Bill said.

"But it makes me feel peculiar," Mollie Belle objected.

"I should think it might," said Bill. "Imagine how it makes *me* feel. For six years I live here in perfect peace, coming home to nothing worse than an explosion in the furnace, or maybe the car horn stuck or the attic on fire. Now I come home and there are strange men in every room in the house. They use all those little shrunken towels that Candy hangs up for guests—you'd think only gnomes came to visit us—they smoke our cigarettes, they wear out our rugs ——"

"Hush yo' mouth, boy," said Mollie Belle. "I'm staying right here."

The next afternoon, Candy took her guest to tea with her mother. Mrs. Goodwin was very fond of Mollie Belle, and after a while Candy left them together and went off to have a cozy talk with Cobb, who had been her mother's butler for twenty years. When she came back, Mollie Belle was saying:

"I suppose it's silly of me to feel that way."

Mrs. Goodwin refilled her teacup, glancing up absently at her daughter. "Yes, dear. There are spells like that in every relationship—especially marriage. When one partner seems to stand still, and the other one runs ahead. But it doesn't necessarily mean one has *outgrown* the other."

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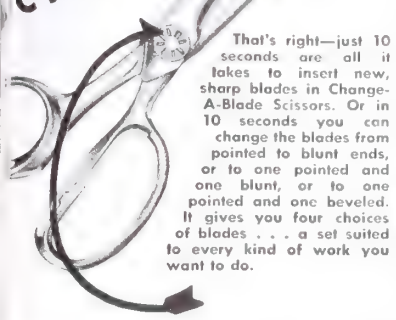

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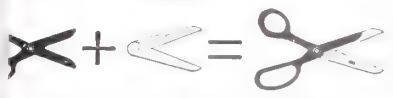

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"But I've seen it so many times ——" And, to Candy's pity and dismay, she saw real fear in Mollie Belle's dark eyes.

"The only tragedy," said Mrs. Goodwin gently, "is when one partner goes in the opposite direction from the other. More sugar, dear? We seem to have a great deal. I think Cobb runs a black market in the laundry."

Candy said brightly, "It's happened to Bill and me several times. I got a little mixed up about democracy once, and Bill had some *very* strange ideas about the South."

Mollie Belle was paying no attention. "Mrs. Goodwin," she said slowly, "do you think you can always tell when you meet a man whether or not he's going to . . . catch up with you? Or let you catch up with him?"

"I think you can always tell whether you're traveling the same road," Mrs. Goodwin said firmly, "and that's the important thing. One of you may travel faster along it at times, and have to wait for the other to catch up. But you'll be all right if you're not on separate paths to begin with."

"Yes," said Mollie Belle. "Yes." But her dark eyes still held a very strange expression.

Saturday morning, David woke up with a cold in his three-year-old head. By noon he had a temperature and a terrifying earache; and Doctor Blane had gone sailing. Candy was frantically looking up the boat-club number when the telephone beside her shrilled unpleasantly. She ground her

> One must never lose time in vainly regretting the past, nor in complaining against the changes which cause us discomfort, for change is the very essence of life.
>
> ANATOLE FRANCE

teeth. Sometimes all those men of Mollie Belle's ——

But it was Adam's voice, sounding strained. "Candy? How are you? Listen, I need your advice. Kate ordered some red-and-yellow paper for the dining room and they've just called up to say it's out of print or something. Anyway, she has to choose some more, and she's in Detroit. And Pete and Frank are here all ready to put it on, and what do you think I ought to do?"

"Oh, Adam, what a shame," Candy said emptily. David wailed, "Mummy! Mummy, come!" and she went away from the telephone as far as the cord would let her. "Adam," she said to the telephone, "wait just a minute." Mollie Belle came into the hall, and Candy put her palm over the mouthpiece. She spoke fast. "Darling, deal with this, will you? I cannot cope with Kate's little decorating problems. He wants advice—*you* take him over. Please!"

Mollie Belle nodded calmly and waved her hand in the direction of David's room. As Candy flew, she heard Mollie Belle, coolly impersonal:

"Yes? Well, why don't you pick another pattern? Help? Why—if you really want me to, of course I suppose ——"

By four o'clock Doctor Blane had arrived; by eight o'clock David was out of pain. By eleven o'clock, David was damply asleep, Bill was wandering about winding clocks and Candy was getting ready for bed.

"I left the hall light on for Mollie Belle," Bill said. Then he added, "Say, why do you suppose she came north in June anyway?"

"Why not?" Candy was very airy.

"Well, it's an odd time of year to try to get a job in New York, that's all. And last spring she said she wasn't coming till October."

"Well—she just came."

"You know, she's a swell girl, Candy. I can't understand why she doesn't get married."

Candy peeled off her slip. "She's got a thing about it. She's scared."

"What's she scared of?"

"Falling out of love, I think. She hasn't talked to me—just to mother. She said something about having seen so many people

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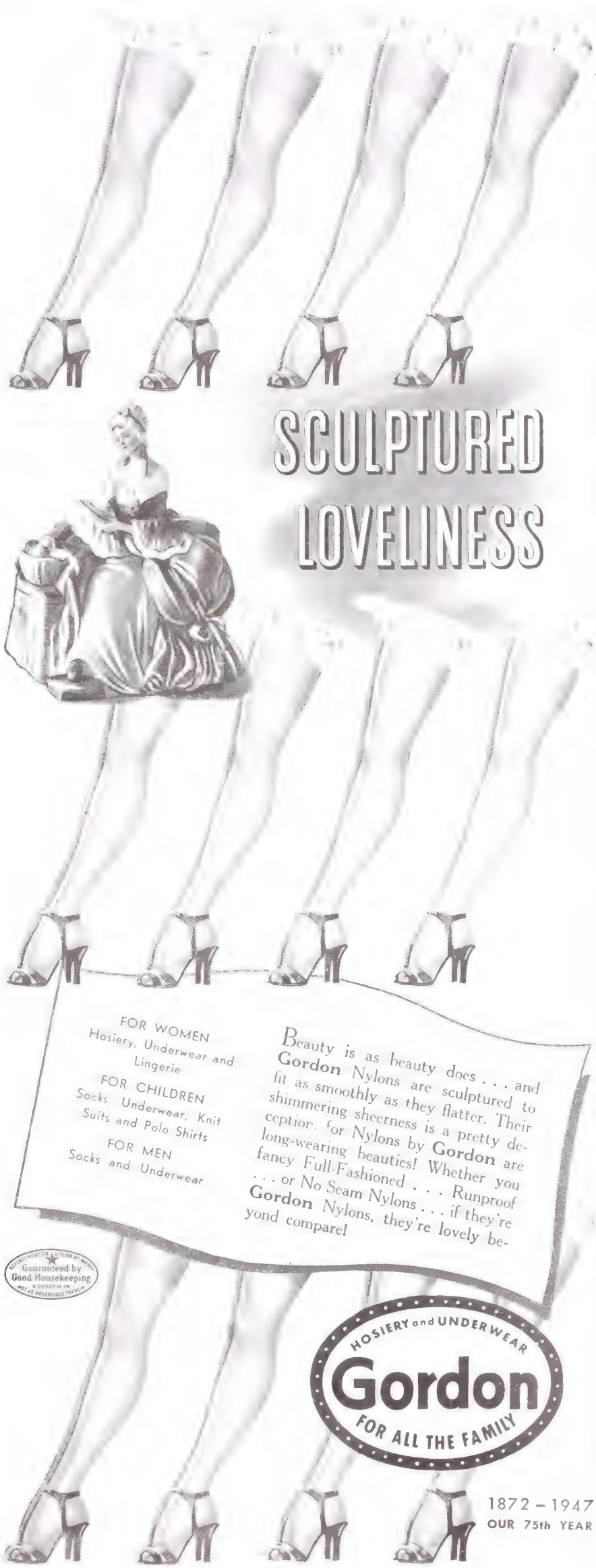
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outgrow their husbands—or wives—or even friends."

Bill took his necktie off and looked at it. "Poor kid. It sounds a little as though ——" He stopped.

"I thought so too," said Candy. "He went off to Okinawa or something and when he came back ——"

"Yeah," said Bill. "Well, there are plenty around the house for her to choose from. Which one is she out with tonight?"

Candy stared at him. "Adam. She left here before lunch, and I was so busy with David—she hasn't come back ——"

The front door shut with a thud and steps sounded on the stairs. Candy opened her door a crack, and the light fell on Mollie Belle's face. She looked dazzled.

"Hel'o, pet," said Candy. "Did you get the wallpaper?"

"Wallpaper? Oh, wallpaper. Yes, we did!" Mollie Belle said brightly. "It took ages. How's David?"

"Much better. Did you—er—have a good time?"

Mollie Belle stepped out of the light and said, "Well, you know what choosin' wallpaper is like! Good night, sugar."

Candy shut the door gently, and Bill said, "I didn't know they sold wallpapers after six in the evening. Even on Saturdays."

"They don't," Candy said tersely, and went to brush her teeth. That look on Mollie Belle's face —— She stopped with her toothbrush in her mouth and stared at herself in the bathroom mirror. *Well*, she thought, *well!* A slow, frothy grin lit up her face, and she stood for some time, lost in startled contemplation.

After she had turned out the light, Bill said, "What are you snickering about all to yourself?"

"I was just thinking," Candy said, "it would be funny if I was smarter than I gave myself credit for."

"It certainly would," said Bill inexcusably.

Sunday-morning breakfasts were rather special. David was present, and Ellen made her famous waffles. On this particular hot Sunday in June, Candy was wearing a new printed silk dress, Bill looked unusually handsome in a gabardine suit fresh from the cleaner's, and even David was for the moment unspotted in yellow.

It was, therefore, surprising when Mollie Belle drifted into the dining room, attired in blue jeans and a plaid cotton shirt. She sat down and smiled round the table. "Hi," she said.

"Hi," said Candy. "Er—darling, do you know what day it is?"

"No," said Mollie Belle interestedly. "What?"

"Sunday."

"Oh?" said Mollie Belle, still looking interested.

"*Sunday*," said Candy.

"Yes, I understand," Mollie Belle said amiably. "Sunday."

Bill leaned forward. "My wife is trying to tell you with gossamer tact that in the North women almost never wear trousers to church."

"Oh," said Mollie Belle. "*Sunday!* Your wonderful minister!"

"You said ——" Candy began.

"Oh, yes, I did—I do. But I—not this Sunday. I can't. I have to help Adam. I mean I promised. It's the paint. You see, we found exactly the right paper—a Williamsburg reproduction. Only it means we have to paint the woodwork that marvelous blue. And we have to do it today because tomorrow Pete and Frank are coming to hang the paper. So ——"

"Sure," said Bill. "We'll come over and help."

"Thank you. That's very nice of you," said Mollie Belle, with the courtesy of one who has just been presented with a live boa constrictor.

"Oh, I don't think we can ——" began Candy.

"Of course we can," Bill interrupted heartily. "Right after lunch."

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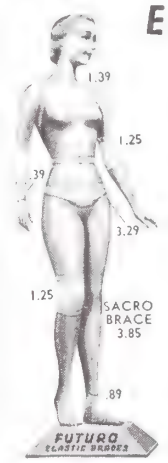

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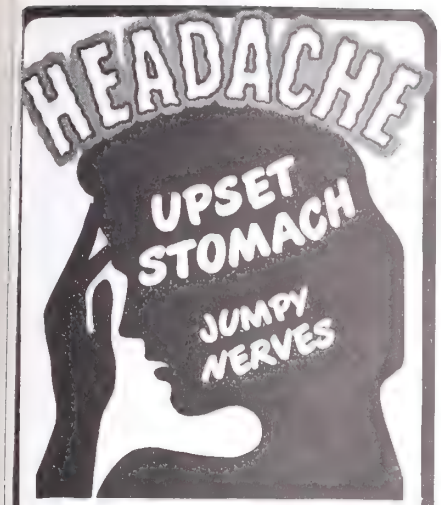

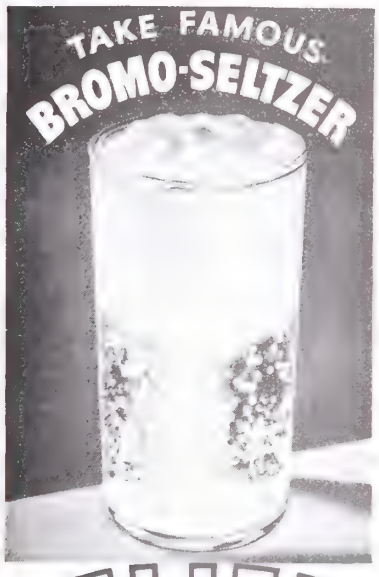

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"Bill!" Candy had not intended to sound like a sharp explosion. Bill jumped. "Will you get me a handkerchief, please, darling?"

Bill looked utterly bewildered; but five years of marriage leaves its mark. His wife's highly significant and rather threatening expression meant nothing whatever to him—except that she was looking highly significant and rather threatening. Wisely, he went and got a handkerchief.

Three hours later, Candy came back from church to find Ellen clutching the telephone with a stricken air. She held it out.

"Candy!" Mollie Belle's voice sounded breathless but controlled. "Sugar, could you get a doctor kind of quickly? It's Adam—he was on a ladder and it broke. His collarbone broke, too, I think. And he hit his head."

"Don't move him," Candy said instantly. "I'll get Doctor Blane. I'm coming." She hung up, called Doctor Blane, hung up again and bellowed, "Bill!" Bill, who had come in and was at her elbow, recoiled slightly. "Get some sheets and pillowcases out and put them on my bed, will you? I'm going to get the chicken. And you might put out some pajamas, too, just in case."

"Would it be too much to ask what your plans are?" Bill inquired. "As I understand it, we are about to put a chicken to bed. In my pajamas."

Candy was halfway to the kitchen. "No, no—Adam. In my bed. Maybe I'd better take this dress off. Ellen, where are you?"

Bill ran a hand wildly through his hair. "Listen, what's going on here?"

Candy ignored him. Men were unbelievably slow-witted.

But they had no lunch, and it was long after dark when they finally ate the chicken,

---

A friend is one to whom one may pour out all the content of one's heart, chaff and grain together, knowing that the gentlest of hands will take and sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

—ARABIAN PROVERB.

---

in the kitchen. In the unsparing electric light, Candy reflected that they all looked a little worn. An afternoon spent in and out of ambulances and X-ray rooms is not relaxing.

But Adam, pale and handsomely bandaged, was upstairs, in Candy's bed, completely surrounded by hospital corners, ice bags, shaded lights and small hand bells. Bill was to hold the office of night nurse; Candy had moved into the sewing room. Everything was arranged. Everyone was exhausted.

"A broken collarbone, but only a slight concussion," Bill murmured. "Fine thing if he'd been alone."

Candy said suddenly, "Do you think I ought to wire Kate?"

"No," said Bill crossly.

"Of course," said Mollie Belle.

Candy met her dark eyes for a concentrated moment; then she got up and went out to the hall telephone.

Kate's answer arrived next morning, addressed to Mrs. William Stewart:

TERRIBLY SORRY ADAM'S ACCIDENT THANKS FOR YOUR CARE. BACK JUNE 28TH. REGARDS. KATE.

Terribly sorry. Regards. Candy sat in the hall, and looked at the yellow paper long and hard. "The woman's a mackerel," she said at last.

Ellen paused in her carpet sweeping. "What was that, Miss Candy?"

"I said, 'Miss McKettrick is a mackerel.'"

"That one!" said Ellen. "Her. Sure, she'll have his flesh picked off his bones inside of a year."

Candy said nothing. She and Ellen looked at each other.

"Miss Mollie is a good cook, I'm thinking," Ellen observed.

"Wonderful," Candy agreed, and waited.

"Maybe he'd fancy a little something special. I'm busy myself, seeing it's Monday."

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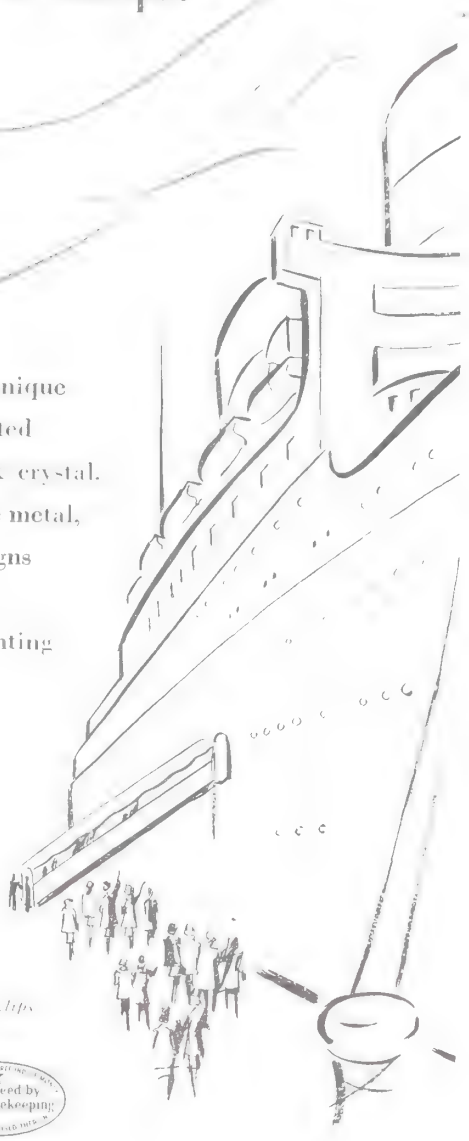

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"Yes," said Candy. "Yes, I think you're right, Ellen."

"I'm an old hand," said Ellen ambiguously.

Candy went up the stairs and paused outside her own door. Mollie Belle's voice rippled like gentle water:

"'We try to discover in things endeared to us the spiritual glamour which we ourselves have cast upon them; we are disillusioned, and learn that they are in themselves barren and devoid of the charm which they owed in our minds to the association of certain ideas. . . . And so, if I always imagined the woman I loved ——'"

Proust! thought Candy. *My goodness.*

At lunch, she said to Mollie Belle, "Darling— Remembrance of Things Past! There are eleven hundred and forty-one pages in the first volume. Does Adam think he's incurable?"

But instead of bursting into a geyser of giggles, Mollie Belle unfolded her napkin in a stately fashion, and said, "He's never read Proust, nor have I. It's very interesting. Rather strange too. Sort of wonderful."

"Interesting, strange and wonderful it may be, but it'll take you the rest of your life to read it aloud," Candy said heartlessly.

Mollie Belle made no answer.

The next day, Adam moved into the sewing room, and the house settled down to its new routine. For the first few days Candy was fully occupied with a convalescent and very regal David; and somehow, during those days, Adam became Mollie Belle's responsibility. She was not at home to George, Fred, Julian, Sam, Mac or Steve. Her voice seemed tireless; she read aloud by the hour. And at Ellen's suggestion, she began to take care of Adam's trays as well. Adam had *crème brûlée* and special little almond custards; he had ripe Camembert cheese and toasted crackers; he had soft-shell crabs and small hot rolls.

When Mollie Belle was not reading to Adam, she sat with him, and the pattern of their voices was like light and shade: the quick chatter and laughter slowed to murmurs and even long silences, during which Candy sometimes thought that Adam was alone, only to find Mollie Belle sitting by the open window, knitting or writing a letter . . . and then there would be the rise and fall of talk again.

Spring Ensemble

By Bernard D. N. Grebanier

If Love wore flying skirts this springtime weather,
Pert bonnet with a rakish feather,
And dainty pumps upon his little feet,
You'd be the rogue himself, my sweet.

It was late in the afternoon at the end of that week that Kate McKettrick walked into the hall—ten days ahead of time. Candy, who was halfway down the stairs, stopped where she was, frozen. The two stared at each other and Kate's lips were knife-sharp.

"How do you do?" she said. "May I see Adam, please?"

Candy's eyebrows went up; in that moment she looked very like her mother. Her mind was racing. (Get Mollie Belle out of the sewing room? Warn Adam that Kate had come? There was no time for either.) "Of course," she said coolly. "Come up, will you?"

Kate marched up and across the hall. Adam was lying back in Bill's old Morris chair, his hands locked behind his russet head, his eyes on Mollie Belle, who sat by the open window, working on a sweater for David. Adam turned his head; Mollie Belle lifted her eyes, and her fingers stopped. For a moment no one spoke.

Then Kate said, "I've been to the house. I went there from the station. I wonder if you'd be good enough to tell me, Adam, why all the wallpapers have been changed?"

"Certainly," said Adam, with a certain guarded amiability. "I didn't like them."

"You didn't *like* —— Do you mean to say that you painted my dining room that extraordinary shade of blue and put that paper all over it just because ——"

Adam's mouth set, and his blue eyes were suddenly hard. Candy's stomach felt like an ice cube: in just a minute there was going to be a perfectly ghastly scene. She rushed in swiftly. Too swiftly.

"Kate, listen. Don't be angry. Your red-and-yellow paper—they couldn't give it to you. They wanted Adam to choose some more, so he and Mollie Belle—I mean they did the best they ——"

"Oh," said Kate. "Oh. So Miss Ruxton decorated my house. Why?"

Adam said quietly, "Why not? She was here. She was kind enough to help."

Kate laughed, jarringly, without mirth. "Honestly—it's too absurd! I have only to turn my back and Adam falls off a ladder—a *stepladder* smack into the hands of the first brainless little female he sees! It's so exactly like you, Adam, so utterly feeble—so *corny*."

Mollie Belle stood up. She looked very tall. "I think I'll go," she said gently.

"Don't go on my account," said Kate.

"No. I shouldn't." Mollie Belle looked down at her, and her dark eyes were dangerous. "I'm going on Adam's account."

Adam said, "Sit down, Mollie Belle. I want you here."

"I think it would be best ——" Mollie Belle began.

"Do as I tell you!" said Adam. "I don't care what you think would be best. In about thirty seconds that fine continental temper of yours is going to blow its top. *Sit down.*"

Mollie Belle sat down, looking bewitched.

"Now," said Adam, in a businesslike way, "do I understand you, Kate? Do you imply that I am a weak character?"

Kate's eyes glittered. "Yes, darling. Weak and charming."

"Then why," Adam inquired with scientific interest, "do you want to marry me?"

Kate smiled at him like a little cat. "I don't want to marry you, Adam. I'm sorry to make this . . . public announcement, but you rather force me to it, don't you? I haven't the slightest desire to marry you. It frightens me to think how close I came to it. I suppose I have Miss Ruxton to thank for that."

"You may call me Mollie Belle," said Mollie Belle with her softest and most fatuous smile. "It seems kinda silly for us to be so formal."

Kate's fair skin burned in a sudden blush of uncontrollable fury. She turned on Adam. "And don't come back, asking me to change my mind, Adam Campbell. Because I won't, ever."

Adam nodded judicially. "You won't. Good. Then this is good-by, is it, Kate?" he asked.

"*Good-by!*" said Kate, and went down the stairs and out the front door.

Candy drove to the station and plucked Bill from the express. They drove home very slowly, the long way round so that she could give him a blow-by-blow description of the afternoon. Bill listened with his mouth hanging open, enthralled.

"So Kate marched right downstairs," Candy ended, "and what do you think Mollie Belle did?"

"Poured boiling oil on her head as she went out the door," Bill suggested promptly.

"She picked up that idiotic Proust and went right on reading where she'd left off this morning."

Bill drew a deep sigh and leaned back. "Well, well. People. Amazing things." They drove half a mile in silence. Then he said

(Continued on Page 278)

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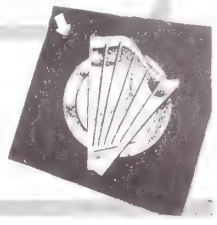

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(Continued from Page 276)

slowly, "Tell me one thing, will you? Exactly how much of this was your doing?"

"*My* doing?"

"Oh, I know you asked Mollie Belle to come. Probably by telegraph. I figured that out. But how did you know all this would happen?"

"Well—I didn't," Candy said. "I just thought it would be—nice—if it did. I mean, Adam is such a nice man." She glanced at Bill and he nodded solemnly. "And Kate was all wrong for him." He nodded again. "And Mollie Belle—well, they sort of seemed to *fit*." Bill nodded once more. "Well—there you are."

"You didn't get rid of Kate? Nor bribe the wallpaper people?"

Candy giggled. "No. Nor inconspicuously saw that stepladder in half."

Bill shook his head. "I don't know how you do it."

"Well, there's one thing I've noticed all my life," Candy said with the air of one about to divulge a cosmic secret. Bill waited expectantly. "If you're on the side of the angels, the angels are sure to be on your side."

Bill grinned. "That's quite a team you've got, darling."

HOW TO THINK A THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 53)

Einstein's Sidelights on Relativity or one of the works of Sigmund Freud. In the course of any single season of eighteen sessions the members of the group learn to pit one great mind against another—to measure Shakespeare's heroes against Aristotle's definition of the virtuous man, say, or to see how St. Thomas Aquinas' theories of creation stand up to Darwin's Origin of Species.

The result may not be "learning"—nobody connected with these classes finds formal learning nearly as interesting as ideas. But even the ideas of ancient philosophers are never taken over blindly. As the manual for Great Books discussion leaders points out:

"The mind is not improved by stuffing it with ready-made conclusions of others, even though those others may be our betters; it is improved only by increasing its own power to handle ideas in order to arrive at its conclusions. The great books are simply used as tools, the best and sharpest tools, for this purpose."

Such a puff for the classics might be taken as the statement of just another educator, trying to push his wares. It might—if it were not for the surprising effects the Great Books have had on the men and women in Indianapolis who have been exposed to them for even a few months.

These people report that they get so "wound up" during the class discussions that they can't immediately relax; at first, some of the members of every group reported taking sleeping pills after the sessions. Most of them have now developed, instead, the practice of going off in groups to a neighborhood drugstore or café for a half hour's "unwinding." Here the members thrash out the questions raised but not exhausted in class. Here—as a natural by-product of this intensive, friendly struggle of mind—new friendships arise.

There is one Indianapolis group meeting at the central library—a section of town surrounded by many lodging houses. Young women who joined this class because they live near by report that the "lonely girl in the big city" problem has been happily solved for them by contacts they have formed at Great Books meetings. In this same class are a dozen young veterans, somewhat sobered by the war; they tend to agree with the ex-marine taxi driver who says, "A lot of us began to wonder about a good many basic questions overseas. Why were we out there, anyway? And what do wars ever accomplish? The Great Books don't give me all the answers; but they help me to

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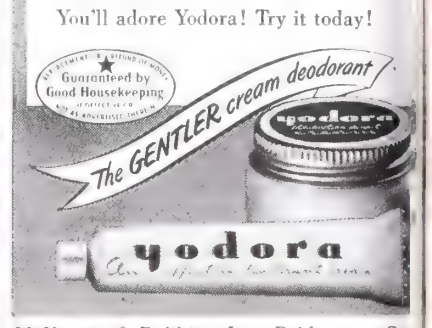

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do my wondering more clearly. That's *something*."

Testimony on the effect of the Great Books in the home has come from several sources. A local clubwoman—who attends one of the neighborhood groups with her husband told me: "The real excitement begins when you've read half a dozen classics and begin pitting one against the others. My husband woke me from a sound sleep the other night to ask, 'Jane, do you think Socrates would have signed the Declaration of Independence?'"

Clarence Moore, a colored group leader, and his wife "talk about something that came out of a Great Book every time we sit down to a meal," he says. "It's exciting to be able to try out your new ideas, every day, on someone who's reading and thinking the same things you are. It gives any marriage a second wind."

The Moores had a violent week of disputation last year over Hamlet before attending the class: Mrs. Moore thought that the Prince was wishy-washy, indecisive and pretty much a jerk; Mr. Moore felt that Hamlet had been a wise, strong, patient man, capable of withholding action until the appropriate moment should arrive. After the two-hour session they came out and found that they had completely changed positions; then they argued, in reverse, for another week.

So far there have been no Great Books marriages in Indianapolis—though the older Chicago groups report several cases of such lifelong romances begun at the sessions. But members of all the classes report a change in their social life, as a result of the shared experiences. "And one thing," says a department-store girl clerk who found several beaus in these meetings, "one thing about going out with a Great Books member, you never wonder what you'll talk about. Both of you are crazy to spill the bright things you would have said at the last meeting—except that you didn't think of them until the next day."

Many a man who speaks humbly of his own insignificance gets angry if other people refer to it.
—HOME TALK.

Sometimes lifelong beliefs are mangled and destroyed in the course of these discussions. The most dramatic change to date is that of a declared Communist who joined one of the Mortimer Adler-led groups in Chicago; after two years of tussling with the Great Books, he joined the Dominican order! Less sensational changes of attitude are commonplace: one Indianapolis factory manager had stanchly refused to permit unionization in his plant; after a year of the Great Books he invited the steelworkers' union to come in and start a local.

"It was Aristotle that did it," he says. "There's no more useful guide to making business decisions than Aristotle's categories; I use them almost every day."

Lynn Williams, an Indianapolis industrialist who has had much to do with importing the Great Books from Chicago, feels that businessmen get more out of the sessions than any other group; he is the leader of a lively class which meets in the outskirts of the city. Its personnel includes the president of a silk company, four executives of manufacturing firms, a mail carrier, an engineer, a lawyer, a schoolteacher, a banker, a chemist, an accountant, a grocer, a labor organizer and a dozen housewives.

"The members of my class," says Mr. Williams, "lead very different lives during the working day. So, in fact, do most of my own friends. Businessmen have become specialists in the last few decades; we get to know more and more about less and less, so that the problems we consider all day long are technical matters, of no interest to our friends or to our wives. Since we can't talk to one another about our work, most American businessmen talk to each other about the headlines or the football scores, or kill

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which has the beauty shop permanent? See answer below)

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says, "My twin sister, Gloria, had a beauty shop permanent—I had a Toni Home Permanent. And none of our friends could tell which had which."

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time by playing bridge. The Great Books don't care about what your work may be; they cut under the superficial differences between us and show us how to talk about the things in which all of us are gravely interested."

This suburban group meets at seven-thirty in a schoolroom, with the usual U-shaped table, ash trays, pipes in evidence.

"Mr. Mitchell," asks the leader, "have you lived a tragic life?"

The plump businessman looks shocked. "Why, no."

"Well, then, why not? How have you avoided it? Everybody in this play, Oedipus Rex, led a tragic life. How did you escape?"

"I was lucky," says Mr. Mitchell.

"Well, are the people you know lucky too? Are tragedies just things that happen to Greeks?"

"There were the Okies from the dust bowl," someone suggests.

"O. K. How do the Okies' problems differ from those of Oedipus?"

"Money was the least of Oedipus' worries," chimes in a girl from the assembly line. "He kept his wealth."

"Right. Oedipus always had his three squares a day. Yet his life was tragic. How come?"

"He didn't adjust," offers the class expert on Freud—a physician. "Oedipus was a neurotic, and he was bound to get into trouble, no matter what the events of his life happened to be."

"Hey, wait a minute," cuts in an engineer. "Oedipus had quite a lot to adjust *to.* Do you think anybody—you, for instance—would just get a divorce from Jocasta and check the whole thing off to experience?"

"Why not?" the physician replied. "As a matter of fact, Oedipus never would have got into this jam if he'd let well enough alone. His curiosity got the better of him. He began nosing around to solve a lot of mysteries in his life better left unsolved."

Man is a puny fellow at best, and the only way he can keep going is by reminding himself constantly of his successes and forgetting his failures. This simple and ancient truth, which was lost sight of for a while, was rediscovered in the twentieth century by people like Coué, who called it the new psychology and retailed it at half a guinea a lesson.

—JOHN D. SHERIDAN: I Can't Help Laughing (Talbot Press, Ltd.).

"Well, but isn't curiosity a good thing?" This from a salesman. "If scientists didn't nose around, we'd never discover anything new."

"Yes, but Oedipus wasn't any scientist. The kind of thing he was doing was more in line with being a Peeping Tom."

"Being a Peeping Tom is the beginning of wanting to be educated, maybe," says one of the housewives.

THE talk is off to a lively start. The men and women seated around the table include a wide variety of types and ages. Their religions and interests are by no means the same. By the end of the two hours they are arguing eagerly on the question of punishment and guilt. Oedipus didn't know he had done an evil act; was he guilty, anyway? Oedipus sought his own punishment; was this a morbid act, or did he have a lively sense of justice? Would he have been a happy man if he had lived on unpunished?

"Children are disturbed if you let them off punishment when they've been bad," a young mother suggests.

"Do you mean mercy is a dirty trick?" someone else wants to know.

In the neighborhood classes, as in those held in the libraries and clubs, age makes no difference among the members. Young couples hire "sitters" so they can come and look for some inkling of life's meaning to hand on to their children. Men and women in the fifties show themselves quite as much at sea as to just what their lives mean. Ages range from eighteen to sixty-nine; the majority of the members are in their thirties. Sex makes no difference, except that women are less shy than men in the early days of the course and provide most of the ice-breaking answers. So far as age, health, sex and occupation go, the classics have proved a great democratizer.

This is true even of the factory and business-firm classes.

"In any office group you start t[o] with the file clerks and such scared-[to] death of the big boss," one of the [g]roup leaders explains. "Then, about the [se]cond session, the big boss gets himself o[ut] limb in the discussion, and some smar[t] him right off. The file clerks inwardly [re]joice. A few minutes later someone saws [off] too. Then they loosen up and rel[ax] realize that everybody is on the same [le]vel of crushing inferiority compared w[ith] authors of these books. We all look s[o] fore the year's over, and so we all b[egin] like each other more."

CONTROVERSIES in the classes are co[m]mon but friendly—the leaders have been [ch]osen for quick-wittedness and poise, but [al]so the ability to prevent any argumen[t] from developing into a bitter free-for-all. The leaders' educational background is not [ne]cessarily impressive; Milton Mayer, wh[o] conducts more sessions than anyone else, [has] never even graduated from college. [Mrs.] Buell, one of the most successful [group] leaders in Indianapolis, has been an [actress] on Broadway and in a radio soap-ope[ra] program; her present occupation of hou[sewife] can, she finds, be neatly combined [with] deep interest in the Great Books or [be]cause her husband likes them too. (In [fact] all the Indianapolis groups, husban[d] and wife attend together; class hours fro[m] to 9:30 at night make this possible.)

Women have been responsible for [many] of the classic wisecracks which spread [from] one Great Books group to another. The[se] include the comment [Mrs. Buell] made while a group was reading Li[vy] tius—that "Lo[ng] what makes the [sun] stand still"; and [the] summary of M[ach]velli's teachings: "[Do] unto others as [they] think they would [have] unto you, but [do] first." A lady, [ar]pressed to defend [Oe]dipus' character, po[int]s out that "At least, he kept his incest i[n the] family." One reader of St. Augustine, [chal]lenged to define God, said, "First you i[mag]ine an old man with a beard. Then you [take] away the beard. Then you take away [the] old man. What's left is God."

Such witty summaries, regrettably, usually occur *after* the session is over, accor[ding] to most of the members. In the hou[r of] preparation for the course, readers are [all] busy making an earnest effort to grasp [the] author's meaning to play many tricks [with] it. The assignments are short—thirty p[ages] perhaps, out of the center of a volum[e of] philosophy—but they do require hard [con]centration. One housewife admits, "I [left] my Plato propped against my washer [for] days at a time." One chap follows the irre[gu]lar practice of tearing pages out of the ch[eap] paper-bound editions and carrying t[hem] about with him, to study during odd [mo]ments of the day. But most of the mem[bers] find time to do their reading by passing [up] activities they never really enjoyed, [in a] way: dozing over the radio during a dull [eve]ning, going to a third-rate movie, rea[ding] trashy novels.

"I will never go back to gin rummy aga[in]," says one pharmacist firmly. "This is [so] much fun."

There is no real reason why he ever *sh[ould]* go back. The Indianapolis courses are p[at]terned on the pioneer groups in Chic[ago] whose members have worked toget[her] through so many classics that they have r[ead] developed a kind of common language [all] their own. After a few years of argumen[ta]tion on the basic problems, the memb[ers] have actually reached an agreement on so[me] of them in every course. No member o[f a] fifth-year group, for instance, would dre[am] of maintaining that one system of moral[s] just as good as another, "once you get u[sed] to it." Most members eventually co

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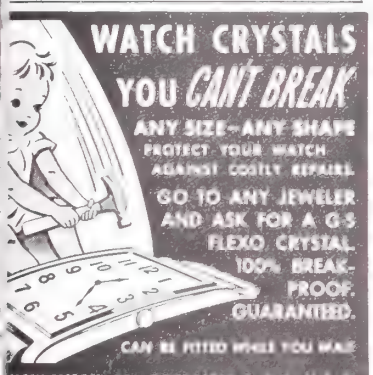

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around to a belief in a universal moral sense, inborn in men. The last holdout against any degree of free will generally gives in during the second year. And most members of third-year classes would be charmed to prove to you that applied Marxism *must* lead to tyranny.

But the range of differences in viewpoints in even the oldest Chicago groups remains wide. Dante's conception of heaven was rejected, with horror, by most of the businessmen at a recent fourth-year session because it was too quiet. "That's not the American way," as a cloak-and-suit manufacturer sternly remarked. Most of the women present thought Dante sounded fine.

But none of the Indianapolis readers have been at the Great Books long enough to have had their original beliefs shaken to a profound degree. At a recent session—largely attended by Indianapolis businessmen and their wives—the leader tossed out a provocative icebreaker on Plato:

"Do you think that professional economists—Raymond Moley, for instance—know more about economics than you do?"

"Yes."

"So you think President Roosevelt was right to get a Brain Trust and let it determine our economic policies?"

"No!"

"But you would not insist that you ought to have a voice in writing your own medical prescription, if you had faith in your doctor, would you? Isn't that Plato's point?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Cross, if Mr. Moley was a greater economic expert than you, why do you object to trusting him to run the country?"

From this kind of rough-and-tumble, some members emerge, in the first months, with their old beliefs shaken and nothing much except a great confusion in their place. The commonest complaint about the courses is that the leaders don't tell the classes "what we've learned." This charge delights them. They point out that their sole job is to ask questions—and this proves so exhausting that two of them are required in each class, to spell each other. This is known as "the Socratic method" and, in the words of a member of one class, "is undoubtedly the reason why the Athenians killed Socrates."

Timid, culture-hungry men and women have protested to Milton Mayer that they want to be "told more." One of them pitifully pleaded with him, "We're not great thinkers."

"You will be," said Mayer grimly.

Like the questions of all the successful leaders, most of his are designed to warm up the talk and to break through the reserve of moderns who have become too polite to argue. His stark refusal to lecture fits in well with Doctor Hutchins' remark:

"I'll take a smart plumber as a group leader any day in preference to a professor who has fallen into the bad habit of telling his pupils what to think. The initial period of confusion in these classes doesn't last long; people examine what they have been told all their lives and reject the portion that won't stand the test. But the beliefs they choose to keep are numerous and, from now on, they have the pleasant sense that these things have been tested and challenged and survived."

Americans are better prepared to defend democracy after being asked, "Do you think your baby was born brighter than the child of feeble-minded parents? Yes? Then isn't the Declaration of Independence being silly when it says all men are created free and equal? Well, why not?"

They read the newspapers in a new light when they have discussed, "Is the Conference of Foreign Ministers being run by Machiavelli's methods? Just how does it differ?" Or "Do you learn anything useful from history, or is it just a fancy piece of snobbery, like a mink coat?" Or "Is the Declaration of Independence propaganda?" Or, in a session on Greek philosophy, "Would you rather have been an inmate of Buchenwald or one of the Nazi guards?"

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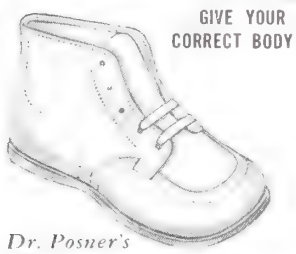

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Because religious leaders believe that it is healthy for people of diverse interests to meet and debate the ultimate questions of life, the Great Books courses in Indianapolis have been sponsored by the local Federation of Churches. The city's library system has played an active part of providing meeting places and organizing neighborhood groups. The school system and the leading newspapers have given the movement its blessing. With this backing and a long waiting list, the sponsors expect great things to come in the next few years.

Indianapolis is merely setting a pattern to be followed in other towns. Several Midwest cities already have programs organized along similar lines—altogether, more than five thousand persons are members of groups in Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit and Cleveland. In Baltimore and Washington, helped by St. John's College, the libraries and the more progressive trade-unions have joined forces to push the formation of Great Books courses there. The American Legion and the CIO are both discussing wide-scale plans. City fathers from St. Louis, Milwaukee, Boston, Los Angeles and New York have asked that the Chicago pioneers send someone to help establish Great Books courses for them. This organization work will be pushed in 1947 and 1948—it is known to the exultant Chicago group of founders as "putting our show on the road."

The latest extension of this militant scholarship was the opening in January of teacher-training classes—each designed to produce two-man leadership for twenty or thirty groups—in Portland, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver under joint auspices of the University of Chicago and local library systems. Milton Mayer filled the role of Apostle in the Northwest.

How far the movement will spread remains a matter of sharp debate, even among its pioneers. Doctor Adler points out that anyone with an Intelligence Quotient of 100 can read and enjoy the Great Books (colleges don't accept applicants with I.Q.'s below 110). He sees no reason why fifteen million Americans should not someday be enrolled in such courses—to remain members for the length of their days. Other sponsors believe that if the courses spread too fast they will attract too many faddists, who will push the whole thing to oblivion when the bubble bursts.

BUT no one can deny that on the desk of Cyril Houle—the University of Chicago Dean in charge of Great Books advice to out-of-towners—there are inquiries from 46 colleges, 77 school systems and 228 community organizations of other kinds. Nor can anyone gainsay the fact that the Great Books cells multiply rapidly: two years ago only 165 Chicagoans were members of any group; today there are over 2800 readers in that city alone. And over 90 per cent of the people in the off-campus groups last year joined another for a second season; members tend to leave a Great Books course only when they have decided to launch out and become a leader of one of their own. Since neither tuition nor teaching salaries are involved, those who lead groups do it because they find it more fun to sit at the head of a table and ask questions than along the rim and try to answer them. "A kind of natural selection operates to put most people in the role where they will have the most fun," says Milton Mayer.

Certainly fun is what the Great Books enthusiasts all stress. Yet—even if they resist admitting it—the members learn things from these heated discussions that hav livened their nights. If nothing else hap they at least make the discovery re mended by Stringfellow Barr to his u graduates at St. John's College: "Tha world was not discovered yesterday, n Fifth Avenue."

MEN who have pitted their twen century brains against Aristotle (and pinned firmly to the mat by an intelli that lived 2300 years before the da radar) no longer exaggerate the achieve of the mechanical age to the degree they did. Men who have found St. Th Aquinas' arguments for the existence o as persuasive as a theorem in geometr less sure that reason has supplanted for the rest of history. Men and wome once assumed democracy and individual were important only because they had told so at the age of eight, have learn good many of the arguments *against* American ideals; thus they now *know* the Founding Fathers preferred our sy to a limited monarchy or a landed tocracy. People who entered the cours the belief that Freud had made self-dece the only modern sin have found that political scientists urged self-interes a sound basis for perfect state.

You can mak maximum claim fo Great Books m ment, and say, Doctor Hutchins i more elated mo that "through t courses we can ho realize Thomas Je son's ideal of an ele ate educated to be to think clearly o the questions fa their Government. you can side with cheerful skeptics Milton Mayer, claims, mildly, "the members p ably have a better than they used to l listening to Jack Be every night."

But whatever final result, you're to hear more about Great Books. In fact—if you live in a city, and don't watch yourself—in ano year or so you'll possibly be reading th

April Night

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Not a window glows,
People are all in bed,
It is late, I am alone
With this night in my head.

But for me alone
This high night will be lost,
This marriage of the year's two halves,
Of spring buds and the frost.

It is too slender a night
To be believed in, though;
Yet I shall take it to my grave
And past it when I go.

FIRST-YEAR CHOICE FOR GREAT BOOKS SESSIONS

1. Declaration of Independence.
2. Plato: Apology, Crito.
3. Plato: Gorgias.
4. Thucydides: History, Book I, chap 1, 2, 3, 5; Book II, chapters 6, 7; Book chapter 17; Book VI, chapter 18; Book V chapter 23.
5. Aristophanes: Lysistrata, Birds Clouds.
6. Aristotle: Ethics, Book I.
7. Aristotle: Politics, Book I.
8. Plutarch: Lycurgus, Numa, Comp son; Alexander and Caesar.
9. St. Augustine: Confessions, Books VIII.
10. St. Thomas Aquinas: Treatise on I (Summa Theologica, Books I—II, Questi 90-97).
11. Machiavelli: The Prince.
12. Montaigne: Selected Essays (Bool chapters 14, 22, 24, 25, 26, 30; Book chapter 5).
13. Shakespeare: Hamlet.
14. Locke: Of Civil Government.
15. Rousseau: Social Contract, Bo I-II.
16. Federalist Papers: Nos. 1-10, 15, 47, 51, 68-71.
17. Smith: Wealth of Nations, Book chapters 1-9.
18. Marx: Communist Manifesto.

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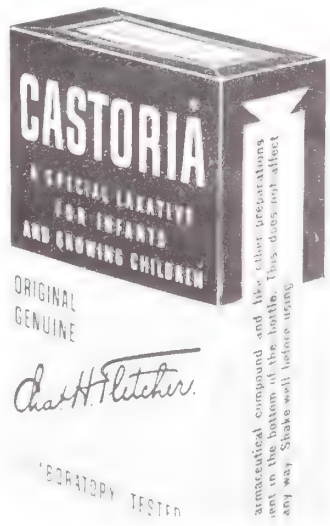
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Babies by Our Bedsides

By Rosalind Bacon Hall

MOTHERS all over the country will be interested to hear that a few of our most understanding doctors are planning to reverse the hospital maternity practice of many years and bring our babies back to our bedsides.

The idea will be as new and strange to most mothers today as it was at first to me. When I brought my first baby home from the hospital, I took it for granted we should be separated, just as the hospital had ruled from the beginning.

It was my mother who was uneasy to find her new grandson off in a room by himself at such a tender age. "I had you right by my bed where I could reach you any time, day or night," she protested. Possibly I looked amused. *Old-fashioned . . . unhygienic . . . too protective . . . and rather a bother*, were the modern-young-mother thoughts that ran through my head.

Yet, two years later, I brought my second baby straight to my bedside after our eight days of hospital isolation, and there he stayed until he slept through the night without extra nourishment. Far from being a nuisance, he was welcome! In fact, it was so good to have him there that I would like to join the doctors in their new plan and have my next baby by my bedside *from the very beginning*.

After all, that is Nature's way. We have departed from that natural course only in the past twenty-five years as it has become the style to be delivered in the hospital. It is true that childbirth was never safer in the United States than it is today. But the most recent opinion does not attribute that improvement solely to hospital care, but to a better understanding and application of preventive care and hygiene to childbirth wherever it occurs, from hospitals to rural-nursing deliveries.

Nor is the particular type of hospital care that you and I know, that separates mother and baby from each other, entirely responsible for our safety. Before World War II, the maternal and infant mortality rates of England and Scandinavia were being lowered as strikingly as ours, yet they still kept babies, even the hospital-born, beside their mothers' bedsides.

PRENATAL classes give mothers the facts about babies and childbirth, and facts lessen fear. But even the best class or book has little power to prevent the worst fear of all, the modern mother's fear of herself. How had she expected motherhood to feel—a sweet, relaxed contentment as her reward for the long months of waiting and the trials of labor? Here she lies on her hospital bed making a mighty effort to glow in motherly fashion, yet churning inside with a storm of new feeling. No one could forecast this emotional turmoil, for she could not understand it until she had experienced it.

Now that she is a mother, she discovers there are two new persons to manage: her baby—and herself.

There was my hospital roommate, for instance. She had counted dearly on nursing her baby, but discovered that she could not do so. She spent one long day weeping. She asked for her baby, she pleaded to go home, she prayed a bit, then she wept quietly some more. The hospital did not trust a new mother to give her baby a bottle, and my roommate saw her new baby just twenty minutes out of every twenty-four hours.

Her tears were not unusual, the nurse told me. "They're all likely to have a day like that with the first baby," she confided. How well I knew, for I too felt a ragged need to cry. "Postpartum depression" is the name the doctors give it.

Neither my roommate nor I suspected we felt as we did. Who were we to que hospital procedures? Neither of us kne a certainty what would quiet our bab they cried, and we were relieved to have in the hands of skillful nurses. We were to have others handle everything. And we were miserable

It was the second baby who taugh why. Attuned to the needs of one ba mother has learned the meaning of a b cries. As she lies in bed listening to the d wails of the brood in the nursery, th anguished note above all the rest mu that of her own baby wanting to be fed uneasiness is far more acute than th the bewildered new mother, yet more borne because she knows its cause—and she will do when she is once home. The mothers have done from time immem she will simply feed and soothe her

TELLING of her feelings toward her baby, one mother admitted, "Whe practical nurse left me with that scre baby, even after four weeks, I couldn' it!" Said another, "Why, I never real *joyed* my first baby until he was six m old!" Yet both are intelligent mother truly wanted their babies.

This frigidity toward one's baby—one had expected to love him dearly—rifying to a mother. She blames hers being unmotherly, she feels resentfu guilty. Very humanly she can twist the for it all to her husband or to motherh—not to her own ignorance or the unf system of hospital care that has exagge this. Her next step is to lose self-co Emotion comes to rule the handling baby, and whatever basic common sen was endowed with is canceled.

Of course there is always the baby to turn to for help. But even the wis pediatricians can do no more than mother what methods she can try. She learn from her baby which ones work the sooner a mother learns the ways baby, the sooner she will feel at hom him and enjoy him.

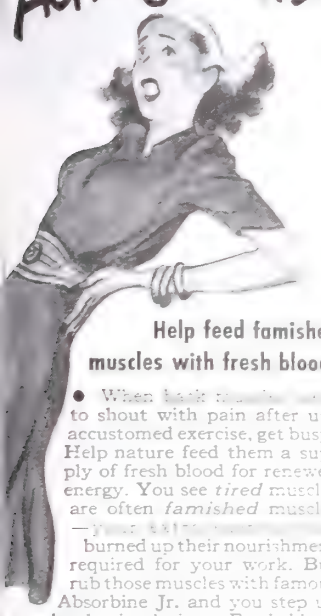
And what of the other member partnership—the baby himself? How this separation affect him? Psychiatris us that his needs are few, a continuatio an outgrowth of the kind of life he liv fore birth. He should have warmth closeness to his mother, and nourish when he says he wants it.

But witness how oblivious of these is the modern hospital. There the baby moved to an impersonal nursery. He handled between feedings only for diaper change. He is held in human only as he goes to an efficient bath and he is fed by his mother for five or six t minute feeding periods daily. If he is the nursery, as so many babies are these a bottle is easily propped by his mouth common but not universal resort of pressed hospital nurses. And if he aw in the nursery, quite likely he will cry the scheduled hour is reached, th again and again in his need for food by tem that has neither time nor inclinat treat babies as individual persons.

It is this hospital routine that preve many modern mothers from nursing babies. A study of nursing made in E by Dr. Merrell Middlemore indicates single nursing period, enjoyable t mother and baby, was the best insuran nursing continue. But here is what h in our hospitals:

One infant is trundled to his moth voice hoarse from screaming. Imme

!
Aching Back!



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his mother is nervous, so she handles the baby badly. And he is frantic himself by now, and not easily taught to nurse. After a few minutes, when his hunger pains are quiet, he may fall asleep without his full quota of breast milk. Or at another time he arrives sleeping all too soundly. No amount of toe tickling, cheek stroking or sole slapping will rouse him, since he cried so long in the nursery that they finally gave him a bottle. Obviously he will awaken there soon again, to be given another one. In either case the nursing period has been far from enjoyable to mother or baby. Precious mother's milk has gone unused, and so her supply dwindles instead of increasing as it must to satisfy the appetite of a growing baby.

Some doctors estimate that only 40 per cent of our mothers nowadays nurse their babies for as long as a few months. Some put the figure even lower. Yet they say that approximately 90 per cent of women are physically capable of it. Happily for the baby, the modern formula is nearly foolproof. But just the same, we are told by authorities on every side that there is no food that can match breast milk, advantage for advantage, during the first months of a baby's life.

We know now that the new baby rarely conforms to any schedule if the choice is left to him entirely. One pioneering mother, Frances Simsarian, offers convincing evidence of this. Mrs. Simsarian, her obstetrician and pediatrician worked out an arrangement in which she kept her two babies by her own bedside in the hospital, so that she could feed them whenever they were hungry. She reported on this experiment in two issues of Child Study: "On the whole they wanted to nurse much more frequently than the traditional six feedings. Sometimes they nursed for a long time, sometimes they fell asleep after a few minutes." The feeding record of the first baby, a nine-pounder, follows: "He would nurse for three to seven or ten minutes, then fall asleep, to awaken shortly and demand further feeding. At other times he nursed phenomenally long periods of forty-five and, on one occasion, sixty minutes. . . . Sometimes he took three times as much at one feeding as at others. . . . He took fifty-four feedings during his first week, from three on his first day to eleven on his fifth. Toward the end of the second week, he settled down to six feedings a day." It is plain that such erratic feeding schedules, differing for each individual infant, would throw our present hospital system into complete confusion.

But if the baby were by his mother's bedside he could be fed when he needed it. A mother is not ill after normal childbirth, and the small effort of reaching to the crib and drawing her baby to her is entirely within the average woman's ability after a day or so, surely by the time the baby begins to need frequent feedings. In this way the quantity of milk increases as swiftly as possible, and much of the discomfort and pain often connected with the first weeks of feeding a baby can be avoided. Babies are satisfied quickly when put on their own schedules and need do little crying. Mrs. Simsarian and another pioneering mother, Roberta White Taylor, testify; and wards full of mothers and babies in Scandinavia are quieter than American hospitals where babies are shut off in the nursery. Although it may be more physically fatiguing to have the baby by one's side, the nervous tension is not there. Far from being a burden, the baby's presence is a kind of healing.

Then why, if the modern hospital care is so mistakenly planned for genuine human needs, is not something done to change it? There are two choices: to return to home delivery, or to improve the hospital care we give mothers and babies. Probably it is wisest to accept the trend to hospitals, though many of us have seriously discussed returning to our homes a day or so after delivery to avoid

People take the right road when you beckon them along it, not when you point it out.

—[illegible]

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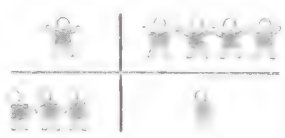

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the particularly strenuous conditions in crowded hospitals.

Two cities will soon see a new plan for maternity care in its experimental stages. Dr. John Montgomery, a leading pediatrician of Detroit, will devote one entire floor of Wayne University's new Medical Center to rooms where mother and baby will live together. In Washington, D. C., Dr. Preston A. McLendon is planning a similar type of care for a new maternity unit to be built for George Washington University Hospital.

Now in theory we mothers may agree that the rooming-in plan might be good for us and our babies. But would we actually like it? The nation-wide response to Mrs. Simsarian's experiment has been very favorable. And as an illustration of how many mothers feel, Doctor Montgomery tells this story:

A pediatrician was talking with a mother who was soon to be confined with her second child.

"If you could have your baby by your bedside at the hospital," he asked, "would you like it?"

"Oh, I couldn't stand all that crying."

"But if you could take him up and feed him as often as he needed it?"

Her face lighted up. "Why, then he needn't cry. I should love it!"

But how safe is this plan? Does it not open a greater chance for infection to have babies with their mothers? Doctor Montgomery believes the rooming-in plan can be fully as safe as the present one. Asks Doctor McLendon, "Why should the average baby be 'mass-isolated' for eight to twelve days, and then—without reason—be completely unprotected in the bedroom at home? Has the baby so suddenly and dramatically become immune to infection, physically and psychologically mature? Has the mother suddenly become a capable and sensible person, only the day before just a moronic incubator?"

> It is a rare thing to win an argument and the other fellow's respect at the same time. —Tuam Herald.

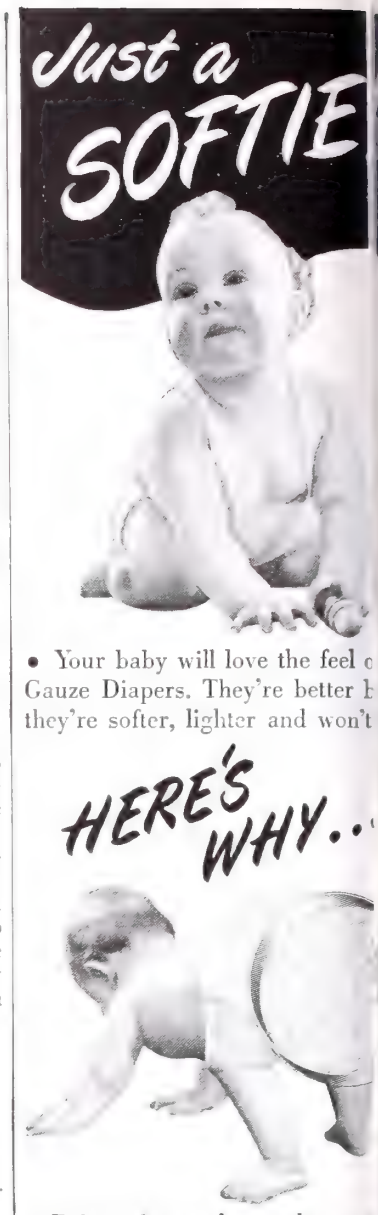
The most dangerous disease to the newborn, and particularly difficult to control in the hospital nursery, is infant enteritis. But it does not occur in completely breast-fed babies. Since the rooming-in plan should bring breast milk to a possible 90 per cent of all babies, only the remaining 10 per cent would need special protection. Impetigo, long dreaded before penicillin, is far less likely to occur when babies are cared for separately. The story is told of the Scottish nurse in one of our American hospitals who reported in great agitation that an infant in the nursery had smallpox. In her country, where the babies stay with their mothers, she had never seen a case of impetigo!

Obviously the rooming-in plan must limit visitors, for health reasons. But the baby's father is not to be ranked as a visitor in Doctor Montgomery's plan. On the contrary, he is to be especially welcomed and brought into the baby-care picture from the start. He can see the baby fed, bathed and dressed. Before the mother and baby return home, he can join them in a "family room" especially set up for training in the home care of the infant.

And the expense of this rooming-in plan? Certainly it would be more than present average practice. Yet it is hardly fair to compare the two in cost, since the present system is so inadequate in many ways. Doctor Montgomery asserts that the rooming-in plan will actually cost less than any other hospital arrangement that gives optimum care to mother and baby.

"But it is not a question of cost," declares Doctor Montgomery. "It is a question of giving the kind of care to mothers and babies that will send them off to a flying start in making a happy family. In this we can afford nothing less than the best."

I think I speak for many American mothers when I say that the rooming-in plan will fully justify itself simply by restoring the rightness and goodness and naturalness to motherhood. THE END



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hile you're still counting baby's age in months instead of years, ount off the inoculations which science provides to prevent disease.

mmunizations in Childhood

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

LY a generation ago, mothers of oung children lived in constant fear smallpox and diphtheria. Terrible idemics of these diseases used to very community of many young often whole families of youngsters wiped out as parents and doctor ed helplessly. Yet now, just a few later, mothers scarcely have to about these infections. Modern ne has given every mother the of having her child protected t such killers; as a rule, only chilf unknowing or careless parents can allpox or diphtheria today.

addition to these safeguards, chilan be protected against whooping one of the contagious diseases most deadly to tiny youngsters and infants, and against tetanus, the dreaded "lockjaw," which sometimes results from punctures made by contaminated nails and other common childhood wounds. Moreover, children going to camp, or to places where water and food sources are not sure to be safe, can be given vaccines providing temporary freedom from the threat of typhoid and paratyphoid fever.

going painful and deadly ailments if parents will avail themselves in time of the immunization measures science has provided.

Other procedures, while not always preventive, can lessen the symptoms of children exposed to measles or scarlet fever. These not only make the sick child less uncomfortable, but also reduce the chances that dangerous complications or aftereffects will result. If given early enough after exposure, the measles may be warded off altogether in a number of cases.

Yet in spite of these striking advances, children still die every year from the preventable diseases. Others suffer needlessly because their parents have not made use of the disease-fighting weapons science has given them. Parents who do not place their babies under a doctor's supervision and follow his advice explicitly when inoculations are due and recommended, are taking inexcusable risks with health and welfare, if not with life itself.

Immunization is made possible by the fact that when human beings and animals are attacked by infectious organisms, they develop in themselves protective substances called antibodies. With certain diseases, those who survive one attack are henceforth protected from it by the antibodies they themselves have manufactured.

SCIENCE merely makes use of Nature's own mechanism to build immunity to these diseases without forcing children to endure the dangers and discomforts of serious illness. Vaccines, to name one preventive measure such as those used to ward off typhoid fever and whooping

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

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cough), are prepared from dead bacteria of these diseases. When the prepared vaccines are injected into healthy children, the bacteria, though harmless themselves, still stimulate in the child's body the manufacture of antibodies—thus furnishing an advance guard to fend off germs when exposure to disease occurs.

Diphtheria toxoid, which is similar in the way it acts, is prepared from the bacteria themselves as well as from the broth in which they are grown. Antitoxins and convalescent serums used in the prevention and treatment of certain other diseases are made from the blood serum of animals, or of human beings who have had the disease and whose blood, therefore, already contains antibodies.

Every mother today owes her child immunization against smallpox, diphtheria and whooping cough.

THE use of other immunization procedures for other diseases may vary among different groups of children in different localities, but these three, at least, should be done routinely as part of every baby's care. Here are the essential facts for mothers to remember:

1. Make sure the baby is vaccinated for smallpox by the time he is a year old, and better yet before he is three or four months old. The doctor will do this by puncturing or scratching the skin surface of the upper arm or leg with the vaccination material. In three or four, up to seven, days, the area of the vaccination will become red and possibly swollen and tender if the vaccination is going to "take." The inflammation will subside gradually soon after it appears, and the child's discomfort is rarely serious. To help make it certain that the protection will be lasting throughout childhood, smallpox vaccination should be repeated when the child enters school.

2. Have diphtheria immunization injection started by the time the baby is about eight to nine months old. If this has been neglected during the first year of life, *diphtheria injections should be administered right away.* If you have not kept track of the time your baby received these immunizations, call or write to the doctor; his record will show whether or not your child has received this needed protection. Most doctors give diphtheria injections in series of either two or three treatments, at intervals one month apart. Others may give the injections a week apart. The needle is slipped painlessly into the muscles of the upper arm, which may become slightly tender for a day or two.

3. Whooping-cough vaccine, given in a series of three injections one month apart, is often started by three or four months of age, since it is during the first few months of life that whooping cough takes its greatest toll. If the whooping-cough vaccine is given this early, the baby may not be completely protected, so at eight months the doctor may then give whooping-cough vaccine and diphtheria toxoid together in an alum-precipitated mixture, which has been proved most effective. Since these are given when the baby is about eight months old, the doctor may again wish to give a reinforcing injection after three or four years, but the reinforcing dose always should be given by the time the child enters school. Sometimes the diphtheria-whooping-cough mixture can be combined with a third ingredient, tetanus toxoid. If this is not done, the tetanus toxoid is often given at the age of two or three years, when active youngsters start to play outdoors and are subject to cuts contaminated with dirt containing tetanus spores.

As the child grows up and exposure to measles, scarlet fever and other contagious diseases inevitably occurs, the doctor may suggest immunizing injections for a child exposed to measles or scarlet fever. These will not necessarily keep the child from catching the diseases, but will usually at least lessen their severity if given early enough.

Always, mother should keep her own permanent records of every immunization. Often the doctor who cared for the children when they were babies is in another city or is otherwise inaccessible. The family records will save many anxious moments and possibly prevent a tragic mistake. THE END

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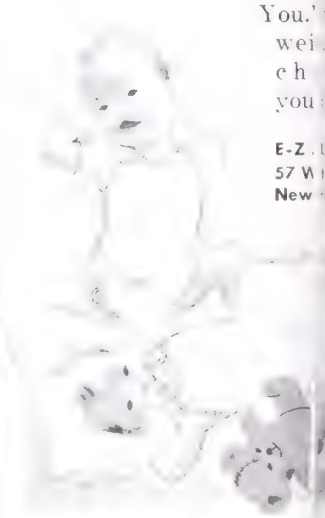

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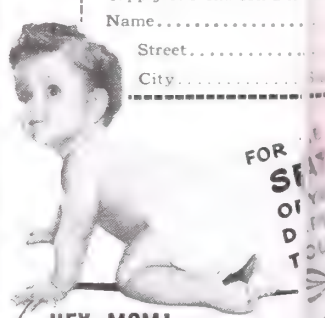

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(Continued from Page 39)

oducts from South America, :ton from Australia and dozens ;s from South Africa, Asia and I'm sure you know them be- ıve three floors of a tall build- ton Avenue practically on the live on and they use hundreds ıones.

ou think, since I work in such with scores and scores of em- I should have found it easy to and have lots of dates and not one at all. But it just isn't so. filing room. I don't see any of ployees except Mrs. Mosking, lerk, and two other girls named n and Flossie Turner who are r than me—hardly sixteen and in boys at all—only in Sinatra (Annie is Sinatra and Flossie is

g we receive orders and forms hey come in three colors. (There five but we only get three.) and green. Pink is for our master file; yellow is for the e and green is for the consulting ere is a call for papers we take he green. Mrs. Mosking then and gives them to the page girls atever department wants them. ıave absolutely no contact with in the firm and naturally no ke acquaintances properly.

n't think I am complaining ork. I'm not. I love it. Mother ne to come. There are seven of the quarter section my great- ıomesteaded away back when, e time I was a small child I sted in farming or country life. crazy to go to the city whenever ders went. To Davenport and ıough I only went to Davenport and Sioux City once. But I hungered to go to New York and when I got past my eighteenth birthday and inherited the money my Grandfather Ames left me, I decided to go.

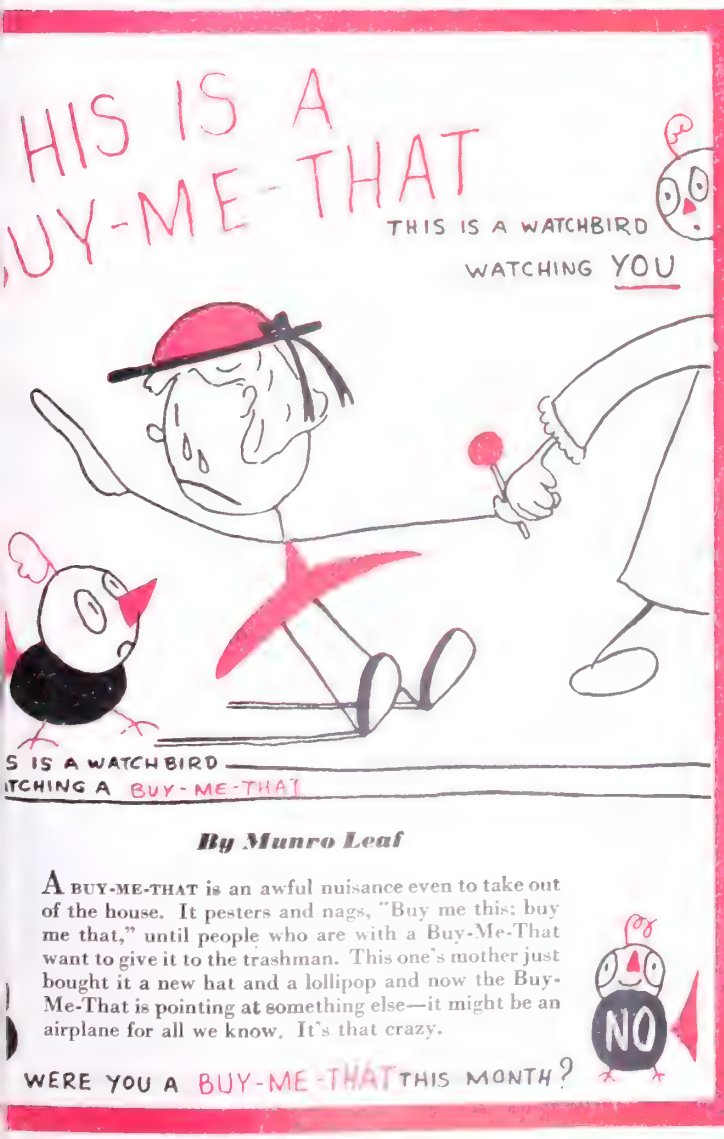
Mother said it was too dangerous for a young girl all alone, but dad said a good girl is a good girl anywhere and if she's not then being at home wouldn't make her any better. My three brothers who are much older agreed with dad and my younger brother Billy who is in the Navy since his seventeenth birthday said it was a swell idea. Since mother is always influenced by what the men of the family think, she agreed. And so I came.

I have been and I am enjoying myself. I love Fifth Avenue and the shops. I adore the Music Hall. I go to Carnegie Hall for the concerts and I've been to the Metropolitan five times, though I don't like to sit in the front row or the side rows away up there because if I look down it is so far to the orchestra floor that I'm scared of falling. But the operas are divine.

So you can see I love New York and all the things there are to do, but it would have been so much more fun if I knew some people to do them with. I always thought if I had a phone then certainly I'd have got calls from people coming from our part of Iowa and through them I'd have met other people who live in New York too. Mother or dad or one of my brothers would have said, "When you get to New York, call up Elly. Here's her phone number." But not having any phone they'd have to write and people who are visiting don't find time to write. So you see not having a phone has been a terrible handicap to my social life and to a girl of my age that is very important, for after all, if you don't get to meet people how are you ever going to meet *the* man?

Ordinarily, knowing how things are with you, I should be content to do without a

(Continued on Page 291)



By Munro Leaf

A BUY-ME-THAT is an awful nuisance even to take out of the house. It pesters and nags, "Buy me this; buy me that," until people who are with a Buy-Me-That want to give it to the trashman. This one's mother just bought it a new hat and a lollipop and now the Buy-Me-That is pointing at something else—it might be an airplane for all we know. It's that crazy.

WERE YOU A BUY-ME-THAT THIS MONTH?

ONE MOTHER
TO ANOTHER
From my window I can see the children at play in the fields. How happy you must be when you think that some day your baby will be part of a similar lively gathering.
Mrs Dan Gerber
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—ready to heat and serv

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exclusively. He gets a variety of vegetables,
cereals at an early age—to nourish him better
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of most babies' diets. But with specially prepa
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or diced form for older babies.

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ity proteins (containing all the essential am
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good red blood.

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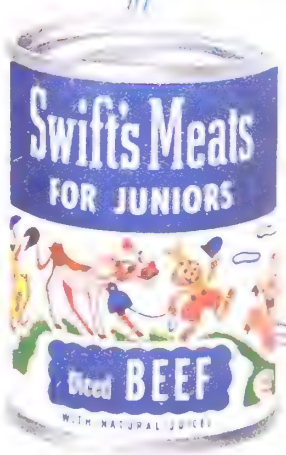

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SWIFT & CO

(Continued from Page 289)

o go to the movies and places by with Mrs. Broker and her friends. ver so nice to me and Mrs. Broker dinner in her apartment on the oor which is chockablock with rniture It is kind of Mrs. Broker ever so ancient, too, and so are her d I don't know any of the other our house. They're pretty old, too, ed.

d, ordinarily I would be quite con- it, but now something has come up s it absolutely necessary for you have a telephone. I have met *the* I have got to have a phone.

ne is Decker Stewart. He's a buyer l out-of-town firms that do busi- Emson-Carter and he's ever so nd distinguished-looking. A little e. Thirty, I guess, but his hair is so shiny and his eyes are black and looks at you and smiles, showing teeth, something tingly happens. Decker this in the filing was at my g some let- Mrs. Mos- took short- Clement had on my h-neck that enough but to my col-

't thinking ng except it my lunch cheese and hole wheat ited hadn't h fun but eat alone vded place her people g for your don't feel Just some- at.

osking, who d fifty, was igger desk ne when the ed and two e in. They lently just n lunch be- y had their and were The older and red- a cigar, but nger one ecker) was n cigarette. osking got y and went e older man.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Edwards." w who he was. "The head of the fide and Tallow Division. wards didn't take his cigar from his

on Brothers of Illyria. Confir- their October order. There's an nt to check."

osking said, "Of course, Mr. Ed- l get you the green."

ted away, but Mr. Edwards said, ith you. I just want a look." He d said to the tall, handsome man you know), "Mind waiting? I'm e wrong."

ch is definitely on me if I am," d.

losking and Mr. Edwards went files and I bent my head and kept but I was thinking, "Golly, isn't me? Don't I just wish I knew

n he spoke to me. "What did you sked.

, getting red, I'm sure. I said, which wasn't a fearfully smooth s it? But I was so startled and my pounding in my throat.

Decker gestured with a lovely manicured hand. I could see a diamond glitter in the ring he wears on his left pinkie. "To be shut away from the sight of man in this dark cavern."

I said, "Oh," and I laughed. It *is* a lot like a dungeon with all those blank-faced files and dull walls.

DECKER said, "Something awful, I bet. But I suppose the young prince comes every day at five-thirty and releases you from the spell. There is a young prince?" I just shook my red wave and Decker said, "No young man?"

I said, "None. I don't know any people in New York. I've only been here three months. From Iowa."

Decker lifted his dark brows. "From Iowa. I'd like to hear about it."

"Why ——" I began doubtfully and Decker said:

"Not here, of course. If you haven't a date tonight, maybe we could have dinner together and you could tell me."

There wasn't any reason why I should refuse, was there? He was someone intimate with Emson-Carter and that was as good as being introduced, and besides I wanted to say "yes." So I said, "Yes. I guess yes."

Decker smiled that wonderful smile. "I'll meet you in the lobby of the Commodore at seven. Is that all right?"

I could only nod. Mrs. Mosking and Mr. Edwards came back up the aisle.

Mr. Edwards said, "You were wrong, Stewart. Not a hogshead!"

Decker said, "Good thing I paid for the lunch then. I lost."

He laughed and Mr. Edwards laughed. Mrs. Mosking laughed, too, but when Decker looked at me it was very tingly because it was a secret between us. It was in his look, I mean. That we had met and liked each other and made a date and no one knew.

That was about two-thirty and I don't know how I got through my work. I was so excited and so busy wondering what I would wear. It was my first date with a man in New York, because you can't count the time my brother Billy's destroyer put into Brooklyn Navy Yard overnight and Billy took me to dinner at the little café a few doors from where I live. Because after all Billy is my brother, and anyhow I paid for the dinner and he borrowed five dollars more from me.

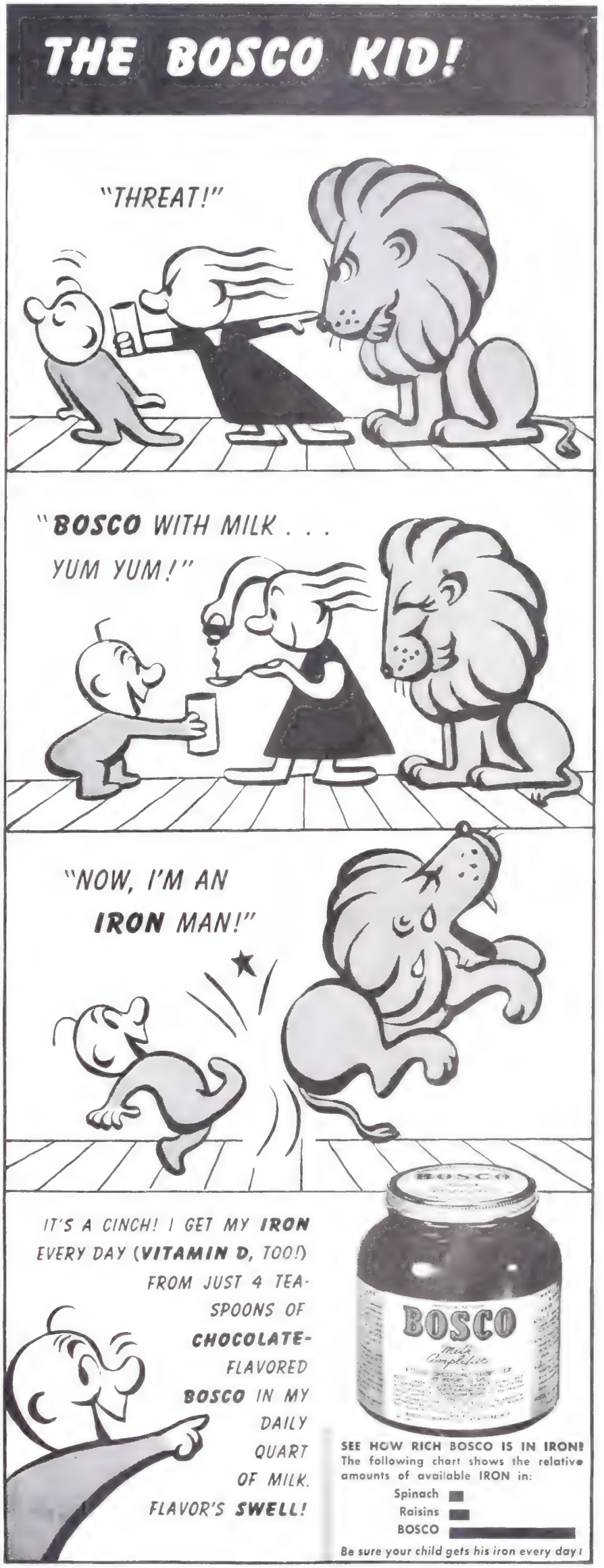
This was different as you can plainly see. At five-thirty I dashed out, hardly crying "Good night" to Mrs. Mosking and the girls. From Lexington to Third isn't far and I was at Mrs. Broker's in five minutes. I had my shower and got my hair into curlers quick and then I set the electric clock where I could see it and opened the door of my closet and figured all the factors so I'd know what to wear.

It was rather difficult, not because I haven't any clothes, but because I have quite a few new ones I've never worn. Not ever having had any dates, you see. When I'd see something I liked, I'd buy it against the occasion to wear it, but no occasion had come up, so I had four brand-new outfits to choose from. My blue print, my pink-and-blue

Wish in the Atomic Age

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

I hope I'll never live so long that I
Will see the moon a moment's
stopping place
Where tired, indifferent travelers of
the sky
Can snatch a drink, repaint a
pretty face.
I hope I'll never live to see the stars
Become but week-end jaunts for
our world's bored,
Girl-shows on Venus and good
sport on Mars,
On Saturn scenery worthy of the
Lord.
They say the time is coming when
we can
For nothing but our ticket's
paltry price
Set foot on beauty now denied to
man,
And there are some who shout,
"Won't that be nice!"
But I, whose attitude is doubtless
wrong,
Pray night and day I'll never live
that long!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rayon, my chartreuse bolero outfit and my green suit. The one with the cutaway front and narrow edging of really lovely beaver.

I decided on the suit because it being spring now you can't go wrong with a suit, either from the point of fashion or weather. And I have nice accessories and that's really the most important factor. My new brown slingbacks; the matching shoulder-strap bag and cloche hat I had such an awful time finding, since I got the shoes first and had to match the color to a bag and hat. And I had a lovely chatelaine I was dying to wear. It's made from a wispy gold chain my grandmother wore and a fleur-de-lis that once pinned her watch to her shirtwaist when they wore them away back when.

So with that settled I got out my nylons and very best pretties and by a quarter to seven I was ready to work on my face. At five to I took out the curlers and gave my hair a quick brushing and when I looked in the mirror I was almost satisfied. I dumped out my blue bag and shoved what I needed into the brown one; slipped it over my shoulder, grabbed up my gloves and hat and ran.

Just as I got downstairs Mrs. Broker looked out of her door. She is short and quite wide and she wears reading glasses so that she has to look over them at anything not under her nose. She said, "Going out, Elinor?" (She simply can't grasp that my name is Ellen.)

I said happily, "Yes'm. I've a dinner engagement."

I OPENED the door and I heard her say after me, "Have a good time, dear." But I was down the steps and waving madly at a cab. I didn't want to be too early, but I didn't want to be late because Decker doesn't seem to be the sort who likes waiting and besides, mother says it is bad manners to make anyone wait.

When I got to the Commodore lobby Decker wasn't there yet. There were lots of people. It was rather breath-taking because the men looked at me as usual, but the women looked at me, too, and I'm not used to that. I guess it was the outfit.

I sat down and it wasn't more than ten minutes later that Decker came. He was wearing a blue pin stripe and a blue fedora with a hand-painted tie and he was really striking. He looked around at people. He looked at me and I smiled. I saw him touch his necktie and sort of throw back his shoulders. Then he looked at me again, blinked and came up to me quick. He swept off his hat from that shining hair.

"The dungeon certainly doesn't suit you. This is where you should be. Out in the world to brighten it." That was nice, wasn't it? Decker tucked my arm in his as I got up. "You look good enough to eat," he told me. "Speaking of eating, we're going to a place where they have steaks—but steaks. How about a quick one before we go?"

I wasn't sure what he meant but I said, "All right." And I realized I didn't know his name. Not all of it.

We laughed about that later. About not knowing one another's names I mean. The quick one was a drink. I had sherry. We have it at home and I like it. Decker had a highball.

The steak place was way up on First Avenue. Really a remarkable place but I guess you've been there. It has sawdust on the floor and old-fashioned gas globes only they've got electric bulbs in them now. We had to wait to get one of the red checker-clothed tables but at last we did and the steak was quite good.

Decker told me all about how he'd discovered the place during the war when you simply couldn't get a steak and of how he'd told people and in no time it was the rage. I guess Decker knows a lot of people and is really important. A man about town.

It was late when we finished dinner. Decker said, "Too bad we can't make a show. Let's go dance."

I didn't mind at all. We went to a place. I don't remember the name. I was too excited and fussed to think of looking or asking. It's over on Broadway and it is Spanish or Mexican. The music was all rumbas and

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as. I'd never done any of that but
er showed me. He'd sort of discovered
place too. When it was struggling to
its head above failure. Now it must be
at success. It was packed.
danced and then the floor show came
Decker has seen it dozens of times so he
d mostly while I looked. He told me all
t himself and he *is* important. Then he
l me where I lived and I told him about
partment and he said it sounded very
and he'd like to see it.
guess it was after midnight then and
er suggested that we leave. It *was* late
I knew he had to get to his office early,
I was sorry because I can get along on
little sleep if I have to and I'd rather be
date with Decker than sleep.
hen we got to the house Decker paid off
cab.
e said, "It'll be good to relax a few
utes after all those people and places,"
followed me up the steps.
thought it was awful nice of him, know-
that I didn't want such a lovely evening
nd. I thought I'd make him some coffee
how. When we got to the door it opened
Mrs. Broker, with her nightcap on,
ed out.
he said, "Oh, Elinor. Did you have a
time, dear?"
A lovely time," I told her. "This is Mr.
ker Stewart, Mrs.
ker."
Mrs. Broker said,
ow do." She nodded
looked at me. "I'll
e the door open.
s quite late, you
w."
Well, I did know. I
ned to Decker to
him if he couldn't
least stay for coffee.
Decker was look-
past me. He said,
's been a nice eve-
g. A nice evening to
acquainted."
"A lovely evening,"
id and I hope I didn't
nd too fervent.
Decker said, "We'll
ve to do it again.
give you a ring. What's your phone
mber?" He took out a little book from his
st pocket and slipped the pencil from its
lder.
You can see how awful it was for me, not
ving a phone. I said quickly, "I haven't a
one, but you can call me
"Not at Emson-Carter. They don't like
" Decker said.

SWALLOWED and thought fast. All I could
ink of was the phone number of the café
ere Billy and I had dinner. Because I'd
cided to collect match packs from every
ace I went to and that was the only one
til this evening. (I've two more now. The
eak place and the dance place. That's
lled Chica-Chico. I just looked.) I told
ecker the number.
I said, "You can get me there between six
d six-thirty." When he nodded and wrote
down I breathed easier.
He put the book away and started to say
mething. Then he looked past me again.
e said, "I'll call you. 'Night." He lifted his
t and went down the stairs.
I felt a bit disappointed because I thought
e might have kissed me and I'd been won-
ering how it would feel. The curtains of Mrs.
roker's window were sort of shaking but I
dn't see her as I went in.
Soon as I got upstairs I sat down to write
ou this letter. I am sure you can see now
hy I simply must have a telephone. I
ouldn't want Decker to know I shall have
sit in what Billy called a "bistro" until he
lls me tomorrow. If you put in a phone
ght away I can tell Decker the number
hen we meet and then he can call me here.
I'm sure you 'understand and I'm sure
ou'll co-operate, so I will thank you now for
our kindness.

Very truly yours,

Ellen Ames

Tuesday, March 18, 1941.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY,
New York, New York.

Dear Company: I know there hasn't been time for you to answer my letter since I only wrote it last night and mailed it this morning, but something has happened that makes it even more important that you should put in my telephone right away.

As I told you last night I gave Decker the number of the café since that is the only place he could call me. This afternoon, right after work, I hurried from Lexington so that I could get to the café before six. I didn't come past the house. I went around the block because I knew Mrs. Broker wouldn't like to see me go into the place by myself.

You go down two steps to enter. It is called Mario & Pete's. It's rather dark and it smells of beer but it isn't so terrible, really. There is a bar on the right and booths on the left and in the back is the room with white-clothed tables where Billy and I had dinner.

It was just before six when I came in. There was a man in a white jacket behind the bar and one man sitting at the bar. I guess there must have been some other people in the booths but I didn't see any.

I FELT awful funny, being all alone and the bartender looking at me and the man at the bar looking at me in the mirror behind all the bottles. But I had to wait there to get Decker's call just because I haven't a telephone of my own and so I took a deep breath and went over to the bar.

The bartender said, "Good evenin'."

That made me feel better. I said, "Good evening. My name is Ellen Ames. I live a few doors down at Mrs. Broker's house. I haven't a phone of my own, though I'm getting one soon. But I'm expecting a very important call and I gave this number. May I wait here until it comes?" The bartender, a man with gray hair and black eyebrows, looked doubtful, but I said quickly, "I expect my call between six and six-thirty so I'll be gone before you get busy."

The bartender scratched his chin. "You takin' anythin'?"

I said, "I beg your pardon?" Then I realized what he meant. I said, "I'll have sherry, please," and he looked relieved.

I went to one of the booths and sat down where I could see the phone booth at the far end of the bar. The bartender brought my little glass of sherry and I paid for it right away and gave him a good tip just to make him feel all right about me and then I sipped my sherry and waited for Decker to call.

That was about six. It was quite comfortable in the booth and the sherry was good. I had lots of pleasant things to contemplate. Where Decker and I would go and just how long he'd have to know me before he'd kiss me. You know, things girls think.

I just couldn't help looking at my wrist watch (the one dad gave me for graduation), and then at the phone booth every minute or so and each time I'd see the young man at the bar looking at me in the mirror only when I looked at him he'd be looking elsewhere.

That sort of thing is annoying, isn't it? But he was a nice-looking young man with curly brown hair and broad shoulders. He had on brown trousers and a gray jacket and he simply couldn't compare with Decker. Not at all.

It must have been about a quarter past six when a man came in from the street. He must have been drinking elsewhere for he said, "Hello ever'body," and there wasn't anyone in sight but the young man with the brown hair and brown eyes at the bar. The bartender had gone through his little door behind the bar a full minute before.

> Lord, bless folk who, somehow, haven't got there. Bless the folk who meant to do something fine, and haven't done it yet; the folk who might have lived more nobly; the folk who are not as good as they ought to be, and know it. All who haven't succeeded in business, who have tried to go straight and failed, who get up meaning to keep their temper, and lose it before breakfast. Lord, bless all those and give them heart to try all over again.
>
> And I am one who has fallen short. Lord, help me to bring a first-rate spirit to a second-rate life.
>
> —H. A. Gee
>
> Another Cheerful Day (Methuen & Co., Ltd.).

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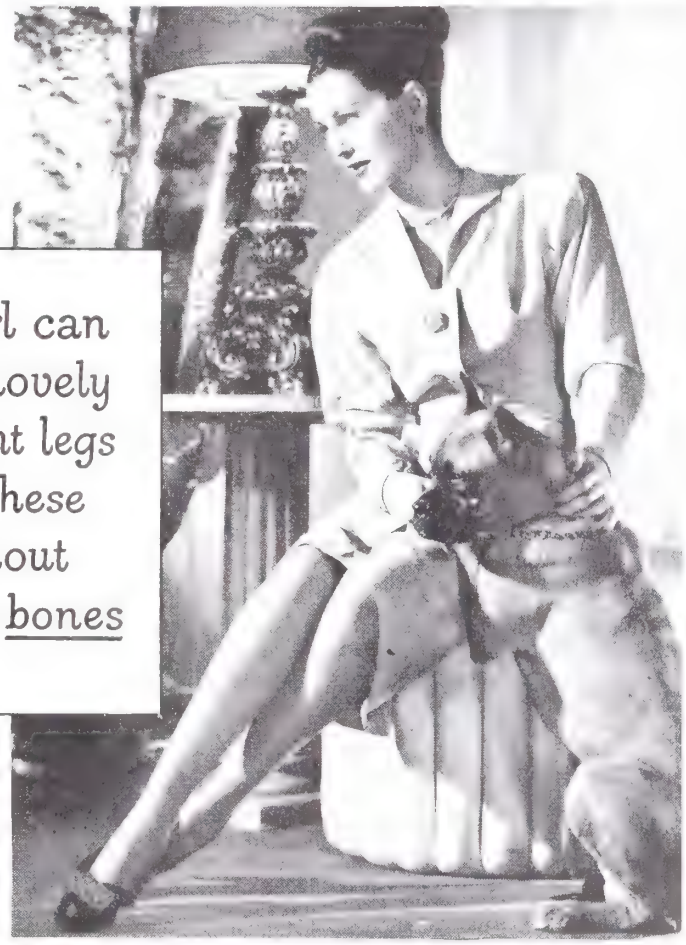
...when she grows up, will your little girl have lovely legs?



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Of course, there wasn't any answer, but it didn't seem to bother the drunken gentleman at all. He shoved his derby hat back on his head and came weaving down the floor. I tried not to look at him but he must have seen me for I smelled liquor and then I heard his voice say:

"Sittin' all alone. Terrible shame. Pretty li'l' redhead sittin' all alone."

I looked up, frightened and not knowing what to do. He was beaming down at me and I couldn't get out because he was blocking the booth.

I tried to speak but my voice wouldn't come. Then a deep voice said, "Thanks for entertaining Ellen. Very kind of you, old man." It was the young man with the brown hai. and brown eyes. He had his hand on the drunken gentleman's arm, smiling at him. The man swept off his derby. He had a head that simply shone it was so bald. He said, "Not at all. Not at all, frien'. A priv'lege. A priv'lege. Mighty nice girl you got here. Mi-i-ghty nice." He gave me a sweeping bow, but the young man had his arm firmly and he didn't fall on me. He straightened up and went weaving away.

The young man looked down at me. "It was the only thing I could think of. He meant no harm, but ——"

I said very coldly (for I didn't know him, did I?), "It was kind of you. Thank you very much."

I picked up my glass, forgetting I'd finished my sherry minutes ago. He said, "I hope you won't misunderstand, but perhaps I'd better sit down. He might come back and then ——"

I swallowed. I could only nod and he sat down. I didn't say anything. I didn't even look at him. He didn't say anything either. It was then six-twenty-four by my watch. At six-thirty I knew Decker couldn't call me so I got up. I said, "Thank you."

> To suppose, as we all suppose, that we could be rich and not behave as the rich behave, is like supposing that we could drink all day and keep absolutely sober.
>
> —LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: *Afterthoughts.* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.)

The young man was on his feet. He didn't say anything. He just bent his head and I swept past him out of the booth and out of Mario & Pete's.

It was really terribly embarrassing and something no girl should be subjected to. (I mean the strange young man as well as the drunken gentleman.) If you send my phone and have it installed right away that won't have to happen again. As soon as Decker calls tomorrow I'll give him the new number and then I won't have to go to Mario & Pete's any more, will I?

So please have my phone installed immediately. Please.

Truly yours,
ELLEN AMES.

Saturday, March 22, 1947.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY,
New York, New York.

Dear Company: I got your letter this evening when I came home but I only just opened it. It was very kind of you to write me so fully, but I do not want you to feel too badly about not being able to give me a telephone right away as something has happened that makes me think I can get along without one just now. In fact, I'm sure I can.

I felt very badly when I wrote you Tuesday because I knew I should have to go back to Mario & Pete's on Wednesday. I had to be there when Decker called and after the disagreeable occurrence that had occurred I was somewhat apprehensive.

But I went. Right after work. The drunken gentleman wasn't there. The bartender was (his name is Riley) and so was the young man with the brown hair and brown eyes. This time he had gray trousers and a brown jacket. (I think he must have two suits and changes off. It makes quite a wardrobe for a man that way, doesn't it?)

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There were more people at the bar this me, but the bartender said, "Good evening, liss Ames. Sherry?"

I said, "Yes, thank you," and went to my ooth.

I'd hardly sat down and put my gloves and ag on the table when someone said, "Good vening, Miss Ames."

I looked up. It was the young man with ie brown hair and broad shoulders. He ad a glass of sherry. He set it down before e. "Riley's busy. You don't mind?"

I said (still coldly because I really didn't now him, did I?), "Thank you." I opened y bag and took out my purse. The sherry as thirty-five cents, I knew, but I hesitated bout adding the ten cents for the tip. (I now it's a lot but I had to keep Mr. Riley leased, having no phone of my own.) I ought maybe the young man might think I eant it for him.

He was very understanding, though. He aid, "Just leave it all on the table. Riley ill collect when he has a minute to spare."

He smiled at me as I looked up at him. He as a very nice smile. He has freckles, too, ist like I have under the bleach cream, only is aren't hidden at all.

He said, "Maybe I'd better sit with you ntil your call comes. Just in case there ould be another effusive drunk coming in."

Well, I was sure Decker would call and I as afraid, so I said (still very coldly), Thank you."

He went to the bar and brought back his rink. (It was ale.) He sat down and we were oth quiet for a few minutes. Then he said, I know your name. It's only right you hould know mine. It's Ralph Mason."

I said, "How do you do, Mr. Mason." I elt a little easier though I was aching for Decker's call to come. Knowing his name ade it seem more proper.

Mr. Mason drank some ale. He said, "I ope your call comes soon."

"Oh, so do I," I said, perhaps too fer-ently.

Mr. Mason (he's twenty-four; I guessed wenty-five) said, "I know just how you feel bout having to wait in a place like this."

I lifted my eyes.

He said, "It's a place to relax. That's why come. I can't relax at the office or running round from court to court and I certainly an't in the packing box they rented me as a oom. So I come here and have an ale."

I considered that. It was understandable. said so. I said also, because it had puzzled ne, "Courts?"

"I'm a lawyer," Mr. Mason said. "I'm a ery minor cog in a big firm and the little cogs do the running around. Not that it isn't better than driving an ammunition truck in the Pacific."

He drank some more ale. I sipped my sherry and when I looked at my watch it was six thirty-five.

Mr. Mason said, very sincerely, "I'm sorry."

I said, "Oh, that's all right," but I felt badly that Decker was so busy he couldn't call that night either. So I left right then.

It rained all day Thursday and when I got to Mario & Pete's it was almost dark and I had on my yellow slicker with the hood. Mr. Mason wasn't at the bar. I felt sort of disappointed, but Riley said, "Good evening, Miss Ames."

When I got to the booth I gasped. Mr. Mason was sitting there, his ale in front of him and across the table was a glass of sherry, waiting.

That was nice and considerate, but I took out my purse as soon as I'd greeted him and laid Riley's money and tip on the table. Mr. Mason didn't make any objection.

He said, "Hadn't you better take off that slicker? It's dripping."

"I don't think I'll have long to wait," I said, "but perhaps I'd better."

Ralph got up and helped me with the slicker. He hung it on the hook at the side of the booth. When he sat down again he said, "That's a very pretty dress."

It is (my pink-and-blue), but I said, "Oh, it's nothing."

Ralph said, sort of solemnly, "It's very pretty."

I sipped my sherry and Ralph drank his ale. People came in, very wet, and lined up at the bar. All of a sudden it was six thirty. Ralph said when I looked up from my watch, "I guess it's because of the rain," and I said, "Yes, of course. It must be."

Ralph said, "Look, Ellen, if you're not going to be doing anything, let's have dinner together." He must have seen the doubt in my eyes for he said, "Dutch, of course. You can pay for your own. It's just not much fun eating by yourself."

Golly, didn't I know that? I said, "Here?" because I hadn't cared much for the food when Billy and I had eaten at Mario & Pete's.

Ralph smiled that nice smile. "They're all pretty much alike unless you ransom the food and I guess you and I aren't in that class yet."

That was when I thought, *Oh my goodness, if I'm going to have dinner with Mr. Mason, why not be certain of something decent to eat?* So I said, "Would you like to have dinner at my apartment?"

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Ralph sort of frowned.

I said quickly, "There isn't much we'd need to buy. Chops or a steak. I've the rest."

Ralph said (I don't know why), "Forgive me, Ellen. I'd like to. Very much."

We went out into the rain, me in my slicker and Ralph in an old trench coat. We got a tenderloin on Third Avenue; two Idahos and some endive next door and next door to that we got three chocolate éclairs (custard, not cream), because Ralph said he was mad about them, too, and one wasn't ever enough for him.

Ralph carried the bags and we ran the last block. It was pouring so, but a warm, warm rain. I opened the door with my key and went up first and opened the door and turned on the lights. When Ralph reached the landing I had my slicker off. I took the bundles from him and told him to shake his coat in the hall and bring it in.

I had the kitchenette doors open when he stepped in and closed the door. He looked around. "It's grand, Ellen. It—it's a home." That was nice of him, wasn't it?

I said, "You make yourself comfortable. Go and wash up if you like. Take off your jacket and loosen your tie. My brothers always do."

He did just that. When he came back from the bathroom he had his shirt collar open. He sat down and took a pipe from his pocket and lighted it. He said, "Sure there's nothing I can do?"

I said, "Not a thing." I heard him sigh. Then I heard the radio and smelled the pipe. I was too busy getting dinner to look at him much. I was excited, too, because it was the first entertaining I'd done in my apartment and I love to prepare things.

I MADE the salad and the coffee while the steak was on the electric broiler. I set the gate-leg table with my blue-bordered cloth and blue-and-white china and it wasn't until I said, "All ready," that I remembered the potatoes. I was utterly ashamed but Ralph said, "I couldn't have waited for baked potatoes. I'm starved." I put a huge dollop of butter on the steak, slid it onto the hot platter and set it for Ralph to carve.

It was a lovely steak. We ate every bit and Ralph said, "Since there is no dog around I claim the right to gnaw the bone."

We had our éclairs and coffee and sat talking over more coffee while the rain pattered on the roof. It wasn't until almost nine that we did the dishes. Ralph comes from Ohio and won a scholarship to Columbia Law. The war took some of his time but when he passed his bar he got an offer to go with his present firm. He has no family except an older brother in Ohio. He likes New York too.

I thought it was still quite early when Ralph looked at his watch and said, "Work tomorrow," and got up. Golly, it was past eleven. He got his coat and then he came back in and said, "Thank you, Ellen. Thank you for a lovely evening."

"I enjoyed it too," I said.

Ralph turned his hat in his hands. "You'll be at Riley's tomorrow, of course?"

I just nodded.

Ralph said in that deep voice, "I hope your call comes. I do, honestly, Ellen. But if it doesn't, would you go to a show with me—or the movies?"

"I'm sure it will come," I said. "But if it doesn't, well—yes. I guess yes."

The call didn't come the next night. Ralph was waiting for me. This time I guess he had all the gray suit on and he looked ever so nice. I had on my green suit because the weather was just grand.

Ralph said, "That's a lovely outfit. Lovely." He was so definite that I didn't try to say it wasn't. I think it is too.

Ralph didn't say much. He just sat and fidgeted. Suddenly he jumped up. I stared at him, wide-eyed. Ralph was taking down his hat.

"Six-thirty," he said. "Let's go, shall we? Your call won't come now."

I said, "I guess not." So we left.

We had a sandwich and some coffee and went to the early show at Loew's on Lex-

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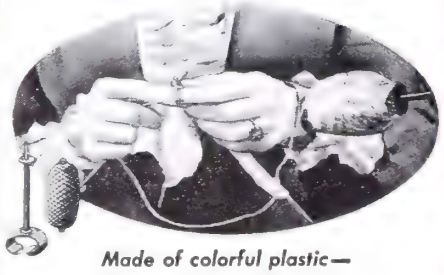

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Irene Dunne and Walter Pidgeon. I think they're tops. It was nice good movie with someone—not all guess it was only natural to hold

we came out we went to a delicates- had corned-beef sandwiches on rye pickles and milk. We talked and walked slowly home because it was ovely night and they keep the shops o that you can see all the fascinat- gs.

got to the house I saw Mrs. Broker's move. We stopped on the steps to ne more and after a time the door and Mrs. Broker looked out. aid, "Oh, Elinor. Have you been

" I said happily. "This is Ralph Mrs. Broker. We've been to the Irene Dunne and Walter Pidgeon." sure it was a nice picture," Mrs. said. "How do you do, young man?" n said, "How u do, Mrs. " He looked and then he ou don't work tomorrow, ,"

il one," I said. n said, "Then t you outside ilding."

l, "But ——" ph said, "It's o be such a day. I'll see on time for ll."

I didn't want oker to know hat so I said, ht, Ralph."

h said, "See n, Ellen. Good Good night, roker."

Broker didn't ything. She nside and I upstairs and bed. I didn't ep right away. hinking about and they were ed up so I bet leepless for at teen minutes. as a lovely day wasn't it? was waiting when I came he building. I my pink-and- d he was wear- whole brown

He said, "Ellen, I ——" He didn't finish.

Riley bent over the table. "Phone call for you, Miss Ames."

I said, "Me?" Then I remembered Decker. I said, "Please excuse me, Ralph," and got up. I didn't hear him say anything but he did make some sort of sound.

I went into the booth, closed the door and picked up the receiver. I said, "Hello."

Decker said (I knew his voice immediately), "Hello—Trudie?"

I said, "Trudie? This is Ellen Ames."

I HEARD him laugh. Quite loudly. I could hear other loud voices in the background. Decker said, "Sure, sure, Ellen. Look, grab a cab and come on over. I'm having a party. I'll give you the address. Got a pencil or a lipstick? Eye pencil will do, ha-ha."

I stared at the mouthpiece. I know my eyes were wide. Decker saying "Trudie" like that and the way he sounded, like the drunken gentleman who had come into Mario & Pete's the night Ralph had been so considerate and saved me from insult, if not worse, made me suddenly realize everything. That Decker hadn't called me, not because he hadn't been able to, but because he hadn't meant to. That he'd put me in his little book with other girls, like that Trudie, whoever she is, poor girl, and was just calling me now because he was having a party and needed girls.

It made me so mad that I said, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Decker Stewart, but I am previously engaged and shall be previously engaged any other time you call me." Then I hung up quick.

When I got back to the booth Ralph was standing, waiting. I sat down and picked up my sherry and, golly, I was glad he was there. But Ralph didn't smile when I smiled at him. He said, "Ellen, I am going to Washington on business for the firm Monday. I—I don't know when I'll be back, so maybe I won't be seeing you again, but before I say good-by there are a couple of things I want to tell you."

I sat, dismayed, just looking at him. Ralph took a deep breath.

"I want to say you're the nicest, loveliest girl I ever knew and I think that guy"—he gestured at the booth—"is the luckiest so-and-so that ever lived, but I wouldn't let you sit a whole week waiting for a call. I'd be so close you'd never have to wonder where I was or when you'd see me. I"—he gestured—"I'd better go."

The tears were in my eyes. I couldn't help it. I could only say, "Now? I thought—I thought we could have dinner together. It's been such a lovely day so far."

Ralph sat down as if his legs had failed him. "You're not going out with him? That *was* the phone call you've been waiting for?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "But I'm not going out with him. I'm not going to see him any more. I just couldn't." I told him about Decker and Ralph didn't look mad at all, not even when I'd finished.

But he said, "Don't ever point this Stewart out to me, Ellen. Honestly, I don't know whether I'd kiss him or conk him."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Parlez-Moi D'Amour—But Tender

By Mary Norton Gordon

Darling, when you love me,
Tell me that you love me;
Leave to the novelists
Passionate surprise.
Leave to tin-pan alley the
Provocative sally;
Let the poets speak
Only with their eyes.

Darling, when you come
Home from work and find me
Faced with pandemonium
From cellar floor to roof,
If I do not drop the
Omelet to kiss you
Please do not surmise that
I have grown aloof.

Darling, when you love me,
Tell me that you love me;
A tender look of longing or
Pressure of the hand
Is often lost on mothers
Busy at their housework—
But shout to me: *"I LOVE YOU!"*
And I will understand.

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(Continued from Page 297)

awful glad, though a little uncertain. we will have dinner together, "

ı bet," Ralph said. "Anywhere you ıe Ritz?"

." I said. "At my place. We could ıops or steak. I won't forget the po- :his time."

d," Ralph laughed and caught my

n't forget the potatoes and the steak good as the first one. We were merrily he dishes when I heard a knock at the Ralph looked at me, pipe in mouth ron swaying. I went to the door and it and there was Mrs. Broker.

said, "Good evening, Elinor." She n and closed the door. She looked stern when Ralph said, "Good eve-

ıodded. "Young man, I may be old- ed and I may also be wrong, but I am nd of Elinor and in her case I cannot ıy eyes to the impropriety of her en- ng you alone in her apartment. I ou will understand and see things as I

d, "But Mrs. Broker ——"

Broker didn't look at me nor did He looked at Mrs. Broker. He said, k you are quite right and I'm glad to hat you'd have been around like this anyhow. But if I told you that I feel about Ellen as you do and that—that I would very much like to marry her, would that make it all right?"

He stood there, very grave and handsome and Mrs. Broker suddenly smiled. "That would," she said. I gasped, not believing my ears. Mrs. Broker said, "Come down and take tea with me later. Both of you." She went out and closed the door.

Ralph took one step toward me. "Ellen—will you?"

I said, "Why—why ——" He moved quickly. His arms went about me. Then he kissed me and there wasn't any question any more. I am going to marry him soon—very soon and he won't be in Washington any longer than he has to.

So you see, I don't need a phone now, do I? I rather think it is good I didn't have one. And good that other girls like me don't have them, for if you have one and know some man like Decker (not like Ralph), then you sit home looking at the telephone, waiting for it to ring and are perfectly miserable. And no man who makes you do that is worth while, is he?

So don't feel badly about the phone. It is quite all right. And thank you ever so much for your letter and your regrets and believe me to be, ever so happily,

Yours,
ELLEN AMES.

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

IF you'd like to get an inside look at yourself sometime, try eavesdropping on your youngsters when they're playing house. You may discover that a great deal of what you thought passed over their heads really was filed away for future reference in their impressionable minds. Children love to pretend they are grownups, because growing up is their natural goal. But they aren't satisfied to grow up just any old way; they want to be like the adults they love, their parents. So if you see your small boy pushing his Teddy bear around, or your little girl pretending to shove junket into her doll's mouth—don't wonder why. Just check your diary to see if you haven't done something like that yourself.

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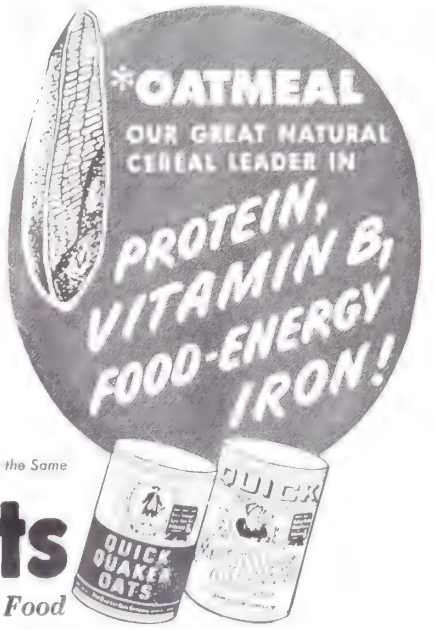

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½ cup chopped green pepper
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1 beaten egg

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A WEEK'S DINNERS for Four...@ 10.50

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

YOU can have good little dinners from a unicamy groceries. Counting pennies is still very important. It isn't easy to keep to a budget these days, and if yours is a moderate one, $10–$11 is the most you can afford for dinners for four.

After all, you want to send your family off with a good breakfast to start the day; and if you have two children, they may come home to lunch, and your husband may too. Even if the children have lunch at school, this cost must be figured into your food money.

Following are a week's dinners and the key recipes for each day.

The first menus on which we figured costs had first courses and a salad every night. The cost was out of bounds by prices as of January 3rd. Since then, prices of some foods have dropped, and may have dropped somewhat more by April 1st -much more, we hope, by summer. So you may have even more leeway. Now let's see how much good eating we can do on $10.50.

Sunday Dinner—$2.13

*Chicken and Rice
With Yellow Sauce—
Lemon Wedges
Carrots—Parsley Butter
Raw-Vegetable Slaw
Bread and Spread
*Graham-Cracker Torte
Coffee *or* Milk

The main course for this meal is a very simple one, but very good. You won't want to have chicken every Sunday, but in this week's menus the chicken does for two dinners. The cost of this dinner is based on half of a five-pound hen—the cost of the other half is in Wednesday's dinner.

CHICKEN AND RICE

Cook a fat 4½-5 pound chicken in water to cover—adding an onion, seasonings, celery tops and a few sprigs of parsley. When chicken is tender, drain it. Strain the stock and let fat rise to the top. Remove half the chicken from the bones. The rest will provide a good casserole for Wednesday's dinner. Leave the chicken in fairly good-sized pieces. Make a gravy from 2½ cups of the stock, 3 tablespoons chicken fat and 3 tablespoons flour. Add the chicken, season and heat. For your family of four, ⅔–¾ cup raw rice will make enough. Be sure to rinse it well with boiling water when it's tender and place in a colander over hot water, covering well with a cloth to keep rice fluffy. Fluff the freshly cooked rice in a ring in center of the platter. Fill this snowy-white ring with the chicken and rich yellow sauce. Arrange the whole parsley-buttered carrots around the edge and garnish with lemon wedges. It makes a lovely picture. The lemon has a purpose and isn't just for decoration. A squeeze of lemon over each serving adds a distinctive flavor to this dish.

GRAHAM-CRACKER TORTE

Mix ½ cup graham-cracker crumbs with 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 tablespoon melted margarine. Press half the mixture in a shallow casserole or baking dish. (A small rectangular one, 8x4x2, is best.) Save rest for top of torte. Beat 2 egg whites with a pinch of salt and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar. Continue beating until stiff. Fold 2½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 teaspoon lemon juice into ½ cup prune purée. Fold this into the egg-white mixture. Pour onto the crumbs. Top with rest of crumbs. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 35 minutes. Serve hot or cold with or without cream or top milk. Serves 4.

Monday Dinner—$1.20

***Frankfurters With Macaroni
Buttered Spinach
Raw-Vegetable Relishes
Bread and Spread
Rhubarb Sauce—*Spice Cookies
Coffee *or* Milk**

Tonight's dinner will be very easy to prepare if you make the cookies and rhubarb sauce in the morning. The cooky recipe makes 5 dozen small cookies. The cookies cost 37 cents to make. Only 1 dozen are figured in this meal or one fifth the cost. The rest of the cookies will be fine to have in the cooky

the children's lunches and after-treats.

FRANKFURTERS WITH MACARONI

half of a 9-ounce package (1 cup) ow macaroni in 1½ quarts boiling with 1½ teaspoons salt. Cook until r—about 8 minutes. Drain and with boiling water. While macaroni king, combine 1 cup milk, 1½ tea- salt, a dash of pepper, 1 teaspoon stershire sauce and 1 cup grated ican cheese. Combine with maca- Pour into shallow baking dish. 4 frankfurters in boiling water 5 es. Slit lengthwise, cutting only dly through. Fill each frankfurter l tablespoon pickle relish. Arrange uffed frankfurters on top of maca- Sprinkle with ½ cup more grated e. Bake about ½ hour in moderate 350° F. Serves 4.

SPICE COOKIES

a ½ cup shortening and 1½ cups sugar. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and spoon grated nutmeg. Sift 2 cups with ¼ teaspoon baking soda. Add dry ingredients alternately with p sour milk or buttermilk; mix ughly. Now mix ¼ cup sugar with 1 oon cinnamon. Drop cookie dough a teaspoon into the cinnamon-sugar ure. Toss lightly until coated. Place es several inches apart on greased sheets and bake about 13 minutes oderate oven, 350° F. This recipe s a dozen small cookies—enough for ht with plenty left over.

Tuesday Dinner—$1.05

*Deviled Kidney Slices
Creamed Potatoes
Frenched Green Beans
Bread and Spread
Canned Pears
Coffee or Milk

DEVILED KIDNEY SLICES

2 veal kidneys. Remove hard connective centers and fat with sharp pointed scissors. Cream 2 tablespoons margarine with 1 teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon paprika, a teaspoon salt, a pinch of thyme and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. When thoroughly mixed, melt mixture over hot water. Cut each kidney with it and roll in fine cracker bread crumbs—about ½ cupful. Place in shallow pan and broil about 5 minutes, turning often. During the broiling, sprinkle 2 tablespoons melted margarine over the top of the kidneys. Sprinkle with a few drops hot pepper sauce. Serves 4.

Wednesday Dinner—$2.10

*Scalloped Chicken
Buttered Small Onions and Peas
Tomato-Aspic Salad
Bread and Spread
*Pineapple Pudding
Coffee or Milk

ere's where the other half of the ken comes in. There'll be plenty for four, with a bread dressing. Be- the bones for a good stock base for soups. If you'd prefer to switch this meal with Tuesday's, that's O.K. See Tuesday's menu.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN

Separate chicken from bones. Leave it in as large pieces as you can. Make a custard by melting 2 tablespoons chicken fat (you'll have this on top of the jar of chicken stock you also saved from Sunday). Add 2 tablespoons flour. Blend well and add 2 cups hot chicken stock. Stir until thickened. Cool. Carefully stir in 2 well-beaten eggs. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Prepare 2 cups of your favorite bread dressing. It will take about 6 slices stale bread. We seasoned ours with ½ teaspoon sage, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 onion, chopped, salt and pepper, and stirred in 3 tablespoons melted margarine. Place the dressing in a well-greased baking dish. Arrange the chicken on top and pour the custard over it. Sprinkle ½ cup fine bread crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 35–40 minutes. Serves 4.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING

Add 2 cups milk to 1 package vanilla pudding. Cook over moderate heat as directed on package. Remove from heat. Stir in ½ cup drained crushed pineapple. Serves 4.

Additional lunch and dinner menus for Thursday

Thursday Dinner—$1.21

*Whole-Meal Bean Soup
Hot Biscuits
Vegetable-Salad Bowl
*Peanut-Butter-Bread Pudding
Coffee or Milk

WHOLE-MEAL BEAN SOUP

Soak 1 pound dry white beans overnight. Next day cook them in boiling salted water to cover until tender—about 1 hour. While the beans are cooking, sauté over low heat for a few minutes in 2 tablespoons fat, 1 medium onion, chopped; 1 small white turnip, sliced; 1 cup diced potatoes and 1 bud garlic, minced. Cut 1 can pork luncheon meat into small cubes, add to the beans with the sautéed vegetables, along with 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon paprika. Add enough more water for good consistency—about 1 quart. Season with salt and pepper to taste and simmer for another about ½ hour. Serves 4.

PEANUT-BUTTER-BREAD PUDDING

Spread 2 slices bread on both sides thinly with peanut butter. Cut into small cubes and place them in small greased casserole. Beat 2 eggs; blend with ¼ cup brown sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1⅔ cups milk, ¼ cup seedless raisins and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour over bread cubes. Let stand an hour. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Set dish in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour or until set.

Friday Dinner—$1.44

*Fish-Pie Hollandaise
Beet or Dandelion Greens
Bread and Spread
Grated Raw-Vegetable Medley
Green-Pepper Dressing
*Fudge Pudding
Cookies or Milk

FISH-PIE HOLLANDAISE

Cook 4 potatoes and rice them. Mash with 2 tablespoons margarine, 2 table-

EGGS IN NESTS

6 slices of toast
6 thin slices of cheese
6 eggs
½ teaspoonful of salt
¼ teaspoonful of pepper
12 strips of bacon

Place cheese on toast. Separate eggs. Place whites in mixing bowl; leave each yolk in separate shell until needed. Season whites and beat until stiff. Heap on toast. Make a dent in each and slip yolk in center of white. Bake at 350°. Remember until eggs are set. Garnish with paprika and strips of bacon. Top with generous serving of KEYKO and serve while its fresh golden goodness is still melting.

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KVP Household PAPERS

spoons thin cream, 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Stir in 1 slightly beaten egg yolk and add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Drain a ½-pound can tuna fish. Break up with a fork. Add to 1 cup medium cream sauce. Season with salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Grease a baking dish and pour in the creamed tuna fish. Cover with the mashed-potato mixture. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about ¾ hour.

FUDGE PUDDING

Sift together 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons cocoa. Add 2 tablespoons melted shortening mixed with ½ cup milk. Put in 8x8x2 square pan. Combine ¼ cup cocoa and 1 cup brown sugar. Sprinkle over batter. Pour 1¾ cups boiling water over the top, holding a tablespoon under stream of water so that the water spreads over the top of batter rather than going down underneath. Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. Turn out upside down, letting the sauce pour over the pudding.

Saturday Dinner—$1.34

*Hungarian Stuffed Peppers
Buttered Carrots
Bread and Spread
*Baked Bananas
Coffee *or* Milk

HUNGARIAN STUFFED PEPPERS

Cut off the stem ends of 4 green peppers. Remove the seeds. When you shop, select peppers that will sit up well when stuffed. Mix together ¾ pound ground lean pork, 3 tablespoons raw rice, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1 medium onion, chopped, 1 teaspoon salt and some pepper. Stuff the green peppers lightly with this mixture. Put 3 cups canned tomatoes through sieve. Melt 2 tablespoons shortening. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Add the sieved tomatoes and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Put the stuffed peppers in the sauce. Cover and simmer about 1½ hours. A heavy pot or Dutch oven is the best utensil to use. If you wish to bake them in the oven along with bananas, use a covered casserole, moderate oven—350° F.—same length of time as above. Serves 4.

BAKED BANANAS

Peel 4 bananas and cut them in two. [illegible] in a shallow glass pie plate. To the j[uice] of 1½ lemons, add ⅓ cup sugar a[nd] tablespoon margarine. Cook a few m[inutes]. Pour over the bananas and bak[e] moderate oven, 350° F., about 20–25 m[inutes]. Baste frequently during the t[ime] with the sauce. These are good ho[t] cold. For some reason the bananas t[urn] pink in the baking and come out wi[th a] rosy blush. Serves 4.

Economy Angles

In these menus, coffee is planned f[or] persons and fresh milk for 2. Evapora[ted] milk, diluted, can be used for cook[ing]. Dried milk is economical too.

Use brown eggs. They are every[bit] as good as white eggs. Buy the medi[um] size.

New potatoes will still be more expens[ive] to use this month than the old potatoes.

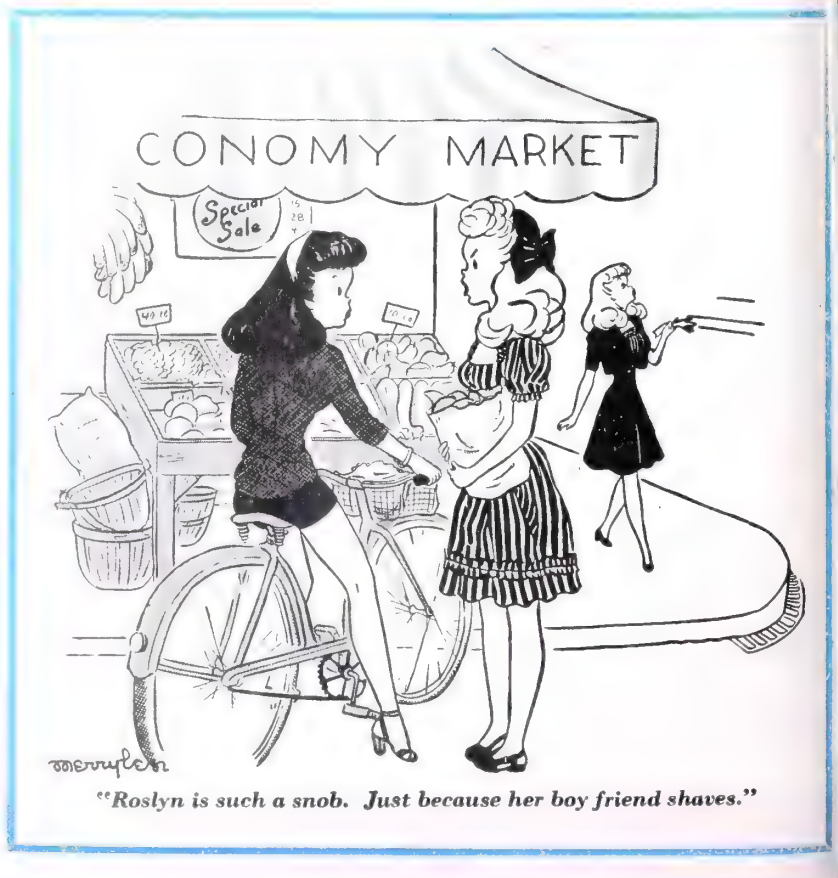
Use the cheaper grade of canned tom[a]toes for the sauce for Saturday's dinn[er]. One No. 2 can of tomato juice is sufficie[nt] for the tomato aspic, though it is chea[per] to buy the 1-quart, 14-ounce size if y[ou] plan to use tomato juice for some of yo[ur] lunches and breakfasts. We couldn't affo[rd] to include tomato juice or other first cour[se] in this week's dinners at the given cost but if prices of many foods have dropp[ed] between January and April you may ma[ke] age a large can on your budget and ma[ke] some of your dinners more interesting wi[th] a first-course start.

Fruit and vegetable prices vary mu[ch] with the season. Now in the spring ma[ny] pennies that we had to spend in January f[or] the items called for, you may be able to h[ave] off your own bill. If markets have speci[al] buys on vegetables other than those giv[en] in the menus, by all means substitute the[m] but as a rule the vegetables given a[re] usually the cheapest in most any seaso[n]. You might wonder why we felt that spen[d]ing even 6 cents for a bunch of parsley w[as] economical. I believe it was well spent. [It] adds so much to the taste and looks [of] many foods.

For the money, a hen is a better buy tha[n] a male bird. It has more fat and the meat [is] usually juicier. A roasting chicken could b[e] substituted, but it will cost you more fro[m] the cash box.

Prepared salad dressing will cost a fe[w] cents less than mayonnaise. If you mak[e] your own, the saving is even greater. Mea[s]ured in pennies, these small savings coun[t]

THE EN



"Roslyn is such a snob. Just because her boy friend shaves."

Ladies' Home

The Magazine Women Believe In

May, 1941 25

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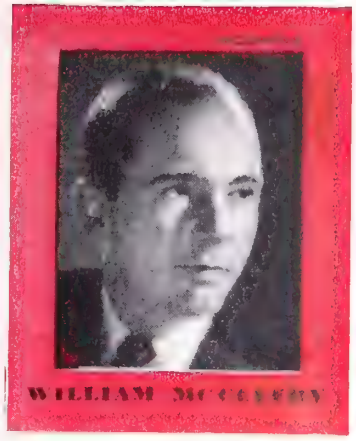
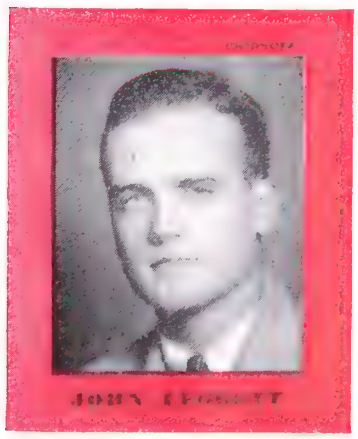


WILLIAM McCLEERY

"I was born thirty-five years ago in a thriving Nebraska village which is now a filling station," says Mr. McCleery, author of *Wolf Story*. "I came to New York shortly after graduating from college, and up until last year made a career of newspaper and magazine work. I've been most interested recently in my second Broadway play, Parlor Story, and in *Wolf Story*, which I wrote for my five-year-old son, Michael, last summer when we were separated for a few months. *Wolf Story* will be brought out as a book sometime in the fall. My son Mike was very pleased when I told him that, but then he is a very well-trained boy."

ROMA ROSE

"I've been thirty-one for so many years now that people are beginning to notice it," writes the author of *Crack in the Armor*. "I've got a husband who is nice but won't move to California, where I want to get rich and grow ulcers like other writers, and two unspeakably adolescent children, one of whom is crazy over horses, and the other crazy over the Yankees. We occasionally have conversation, but not communication. We live in an appalling antique 18-room house that would be a wonderful place to *visit*. Any discrepancy between this house and the one in the story is, of course, purely inevitable."



JOHN LEGGETT

While John Leggett is a promising young writer today, by next year he may be one of America's favorite movie stars. "I've been offered a Hollywood contract," says Mr. Leggett, who wrote *The Girl Who Lived in a Tree* while acting in summer stock, "but so far I've held out in favor of a three-act play I'm currently at work writing. When that's finished I may change my mind about the movies. I'm an ex-Navy gunnery officer, unmarried and live in New York, where my favorite recreations are squash, mah-jongg and parachute jumping."

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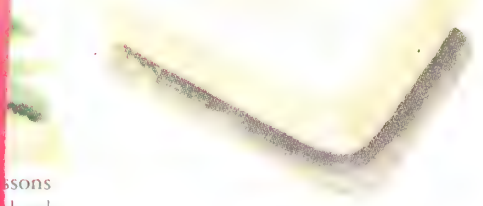

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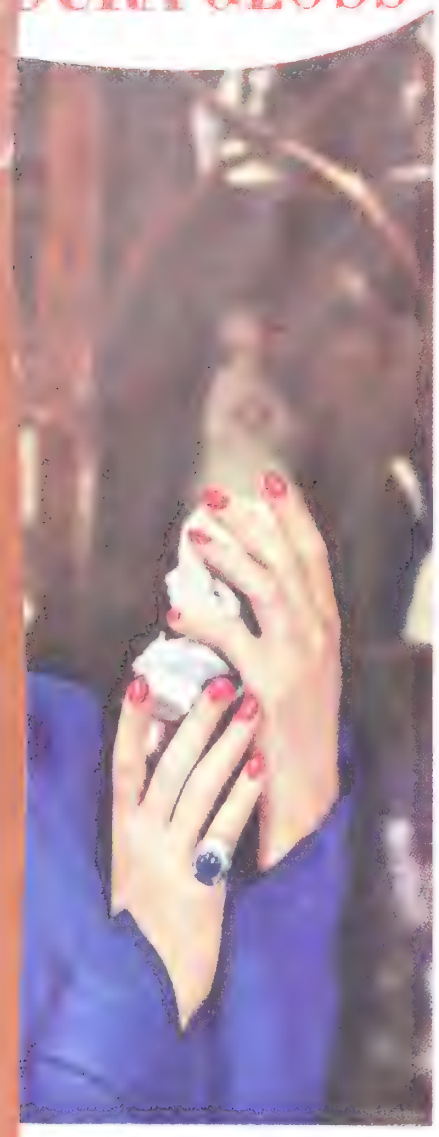

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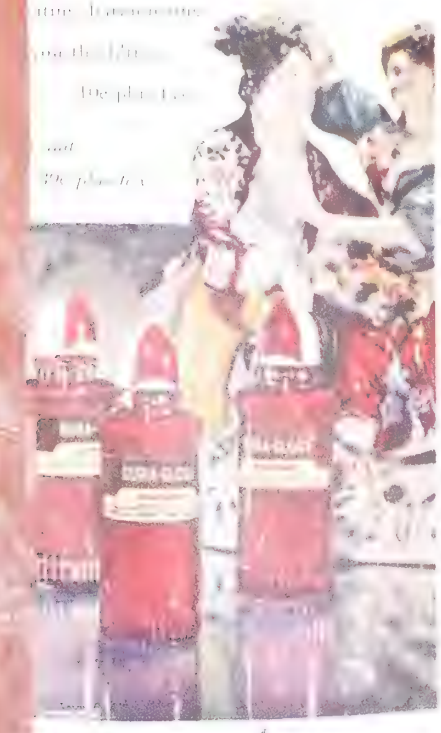
...time favorite ...
...on the Wrist ...
...the plastic ...
...and
...the plastic ...



costume change

...of T. Kent, Inc.

Our Readers Write Us

Skirting an Insult

Northampton, England.

Dear Madam: I read in one of our newspapers that in the U.S.A. skirts will stay longer even if the women don't like them. Are your women a lot of sheep that can be told what to wear whether they like it or not?

Our women have got more individuality. They wear what they desire and not what dress designers say. I think longer skirts are revolting, an offense to the gaze, and an insult to a Maker who gave women legs to show, not hide. Yours sincerely,

E. G. HALL.

Legs were made, at least originally, for use. As to use, President Lincoln said all there can be said, answering a query as to how long legs should be. "Legs," said Mr. Lincoln, "should be long enough to reach to the ground." ED.

The Girl That I Marry

Brockton, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor: I am very much amused by the emphasis put on marriage in your articles, fiction and advertisements. Being married must be just out of this world!

Since I have read all these articles I have come to some definite conclusions about what I would ask of any girl I wanted to marry.

I think that you can consider the marriage relationship from three angles: social, economic and biological.

As far as the social relationship goes, I would expect my future wife to be interested, generally, in skiing, dancing and a

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"Here's a good laugh, Emily—look at the rating Ed gave himself on this 'Are You a Good Husband?' test."

certain amount of night life. This list could be extended indefinitely, but it boils down to the fact that husband and wife should share several interests if they are not to be going off on tangents all the time. I also believe my wife should be from my economic class and religious faith.

On the economic side, I believe my wife should accept certain responsibilities: keep our house clean, do the cooking and marketing, and also our laundry. When children come, she should also be responsible for attending to their needs. Where money is concerned, she and I should budget our money, and she should receive from me sufficient money to pay for household expenses, such as food. I expect to take care of rent, utilities and car expenses. If it is necessary for my wife to work to keep the marriage going, I expect that she split the costs of overhead 50–50 with me, but that the rest of her earnings are for her own use. I would help with the dirty work, such as dishwashing and heavy house cleaning. I also like to cook and might give her a breatheronce in a while. And when the baby arrives, I'd help feed him and look after him. When he (or she) gets to be four or five, I'd be needed on the discipline problem and would certainly help out there.

On the biological and sentimental side of marriage, it should be no harder to make an adjustment than in the other two aspects of marriage. If the husband and wife are frank enough to call sex "sex," there should be no trouble. A good book on the physiological aspects of the relationship would create a lot of understanding and enable them to get off on the right foot.

I would like to marry a girl who has an even temper, and who would talk over misunderstandings as they are bound to arise. She should expect the same of me. I do not expect to put her on any pedestal, as I don't think any girl deserves that much adulation. It's the quickest way to spoil them, and it's asking for eventual domination. I expect to remain faithful, and expect her to do so also. She should have a sense of humor and be able to take a kidding once in a while, and not be too dignified for a little old-fashioned roughhousing.

I expect her to keep neat and clean, and to wear attractive clothes when in public. But around the house, I don't care what she wears.

I think a matter-of-fact approach to the aspects and relationships of marriage might knock down the present divorce rate, and might lead women not to expect so much ecstasy from marriage. Marriage has a lot of hard work to it, a lot of responsibility, and ain't half so glamorous as the ads and love stories would lead you to believe. Yours truly,

(Name withheld by request.)

Do we hear any bids? ED.

Teacher Comments

Seward School,
Auburn, New York.

Dear Sir: The Auburn Teachers Association wishes to thank you for the splendid articles which have appeared in your magazine. They have aroused the public as never before and have presented the case of the teachers in such unusual and interesting ways that they have caused a great deal of comment. They will play a great part in making teaching the profession it should be by raising salaries. Very truly yours,

LILLIAN DONAHUE,
President, Auburn Teachers Association.

If the JOURNAL succeeds in helping teachers get salaries raised, its editors will feel they have partially paid off their debt to the profession. ED.

Journal in China

Bakersfield, California.

Dear Editor: In the summer of 1945 I was sent to China with the American Red Cross. While stationed in Tientsin I was fortunate in knowing the C. C. Changs. Mrs. Chang was an American girl and her husband one of the foremost Chinese surgeons. My family supplied me with magazines as long as I was there and I passed each one on to Betty. I promised to send Betty the JOURNAL each month after my return home.

Betty now writes her delight: "Especially I want to tell you how much *everyone* is enjoying the JOURNAL, for it has made the rounds of my friends, my hairdresser and my tailor." (Patterns are unknown in China. The tailor just looks at a picture, smiles, "Can do, missy," and turns out a superb creation.) "It's a *wonderful* magazine—a real morale lifter-upper. Just cannot tell you how we all appreciate them."

May I add my thanks to Mrs. Chang's.

Yours very sincerely,
ELEANOR BRADY.

All This and Eleanor Too, Drat Her

San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: If I could only have one magazine, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would be it.

To begin with, I like your covers.

I love Gladys Taber's Diary of Domesticity because she loves cats and I love cats. Also, she makes the everyday tasks that every woman has to perform seem like fun, as they should be.

The next most thrilling thing is the series on Regional Houses. It is a revelation to every American to see these marvelous photographs of the historic homes in this country.

Since the first How America Lives, I have been a devoted reader of that feature.

The food articles are so mouth-watering I always want to start making elaborate desserts immediately.

Wilhela Cushman chooses such beautiful clothes in such impeccable taste that

(Continued on Page 6)

our Skin is Smoother, Softer, too, with just One Cake of Camay!

You're the object of attentions and affections when your skin is soft and lovely! So isn't it wonderful that just *one cake* of Camay can give your skin a softer, smoother look. Put aside careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Twice daily, massage your face with Camay's gentle lather. Rinse warm—a cold dash for oily skin. Be loyal to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet and watch your beauty bloom!

MRS. WILLIAM ALBERT TRISCHETT
the former Dorothy Bertuch of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by

MEET THE TRISCHETTS

x at Dartmouth after a long tour seas, Bill asked Dorothy, his high ol sweetheart, to the Winter Carni- Then and there they decided their ance was real! Dorothy set a date.

Speaking of Dorothy—people can't take their eyes off her skin. It's breath-takingly soft and clear. She credits the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. She reports—"Camay brought new beauty to light."

Now Bill gives Dorothy golf lessons near their Hanover home. He's helped her game. And her beauty tip can help *your* complexion:—"Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a softer skin!"

Your favorite coffee
deserves a McKEE
RANGE-TEC coffee maker
M-m-m! Coffee's even more delicious since I got my McKee Coffee Maker. Makes it in a jiffy, too.
Makes a very smart appearance at the table. Handle's always cool— easy to pour without
It's so easy to clean—and the smooth glass surface prevents any residue from spoiling the taste of fresh coffee.

Leading dealers everywhere have these sparkling Glass McKee Range-tec Coffee Makers for you ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ Vacuum type . . . wide or narrow mouth. Excellent on any type of cooking range. **McKEE GLASS CO., JEANNETTE, PA.**

(Continued from Page 4)

her suggestions can be adapted by even the poor, like me.

Everything you publish on home decoration is beautiful. The series of lovely but homey kitchens which Gladys Taber has been describing are heart-warming. The articles on household problems, new equipment for kitchens, new cleaning devices, and so on, are very helpful.

I like the ads, but especially the linoleum ads and recently the linen ones.

Under-Cover Stuff is fun. If I wasn't already crazy about reading, it would make me want to read.

I haven't even mentioned the fiction and the wonderful illustrations done by people like Walter Biggs, Al Parker and Coby Whitmore. I like it all and think you strike just the right note; it is bright, pleasant and entertaining.

It seems mean to mention just one dislike, but I must. When If You Ask Me, by Eleanor Roosevelt, disappears, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be absolutely 100 per cent perfect.

Sincerely yours,
MARY R. PRIDE.

It's nice to feel even as pure as Ivory Soap. Ed.

Salem Open House

Salem, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Pratt: In connection with your article on Salem houses, I would like you to know that on June twenty-fifth, several of the finest of the houses, those built on Chestnut Street early in the nineteenth century by the Salem merchants, will be opened to the public.

Very truly yours,
RALPH LAWSON
Chestnut Street Day Committee.

Overtaxed Women

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Mr. Gould: I find that many of my friends, who like myself are husbands of professional women, are resentful of the unfair tax situation in respect to working mothers.

The mother who works is not permitted to deduct her expenses in connection with hiring a substitute in the home. And yet this expense is a necessary one if she is to work at all.

Many of these women are highly talented in their chosen professions. They know that they are better mothers if they can work at least part time at work that challenges their ability. Often their skills are also badly needed by society.

Here are a few case histories:

1. My wife is a physician, in whose profession there still seems to be a shortage. She began working five mornings a week, hiring an indifferent maid, but the best that could be found at a price we could pay ($1 per hour), to replace her in the home. She soon found that income tax, plus maid, took the lion's share of her earnings, leaving her little to pay for such added costs of working as transportation, lunches, better clothes. Only after she began working two afternoons weekly in addition, hiring a college girl at 50 cents per hour as afternoon substitute, could she begin to realize any net income on the transaction.

2. A college professor's wife works part time as researcher on important medical research. They find that it actually costs them money to have the wife work. Although they can ill afford it on a professor's salary today, the husband insists on her working since, he says, she is more agreeable to live with when she does.

3. A Red Cross office badly needed a woman to supervise a large number of woman employees. The wife of a friend of mine had just the qualifications for which they were looking and for which they had long searched. After figuring income tax and cost of a substitute to care for the children while she worked, my friends decided that they could not afford the financial sacrifice involved. Had they been able to deduct the cost of a domestic in reporting the income tax, the decision would have been different.

These few serve to give you an idea of the injustice of this ruling as contrasted with the ability of the salesman, for instance, to deduct costs of owning and operating an automobile when this is an essential condition of his employment. What must be the hardship in the case of a widow who has no relative with whom

(Continued on Page 8)

FOR CLEANIN REFRIGERATOR

Use Our Baking Soda

- **quickly removes all trace of food deposits and odors because it emulsifies the greasy film which holds them**
- **leaves no after-odor of its own to taint the delicate tastes of stored food.**
- **freshens and sweetens as it cleans.**
- **leaves no gritty sediment, is completely soluble in water.**
- **will not injure the finest porcelain surfaces.**

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (pure Bicarbonate of Soda) is the cleanser to use on all food receptacles

For cleaning glassware, nursing bottles.

For bread boxes and vegetable bins.

For outer refrigerator surfaces and other metal cabinets and counters.

For wash bowls, tile.

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SOD
OR COW BRAND BAKING SOD

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Baking Soda; also a set of Colored Bird Cards

This offer good only in the United States

Please print E-93

Name_____

Street Address_____

City or Town_____ State_____

ONE-THIRD MORE FOOD STORAGE IN THE SAME KITCHEN SPACE!

Thanks to General Electric's revolutionary advance in refrigerator design

Here's the great new General Electric Model ND 8. Big Freezer holds 20 standard packages of frozen foods, plus 4 ice trays (80 cubes). Bottle space big enough for 12 square quart-size milk bottles—also takes very tall bottles.

Ample, conveniently arranged shelves . . . big drawers for meat, fruits, and vegetables (fruit and vegetable drawers knee high) . . . to keep these foods market-fresh. What a refrigerator! There is nothing to equal it on the market.

Notice how the new General Electric 8 cubic-foot Space Maker model fits in the same space as the ordinary 6 cubic-foot refrigerator . . . *yet gives you one-third more refrigerated food-storage capacity.*

Now you can get a brand-new refrigerator that gives you one-third more refrigerated food storage—8 cubic feet of storage—in exactly the same kitchen floor space you'd need for an average 6 cubic-foot model!

And in this new refrigerator you'll have an extra-large Freezer that gives you plenty of ice cubes and plenty of room for storing frozen foods.

That's what General Electric offers you in the sensational new Space Maker refrigerator line.

The result of General Electric's engineering progress

Progressive improvements in design and engineering have made it possible to give you all the advantages of greater capacity, greater shelf area, more room for bottles and bulky foods, more space for frozen foods—without increasing the *outside* floor measurements of the refrigerator or decreasing the thickness of insulation.

Greatest advance since General Electric pioneered the "sealed-in-steel" unit

This increased refrigerated storage capacity is the biggest step forward in home refrigerators since G.E. pioneered another basic development—the famous "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit.

Now refined and made more compact and efficient than ever . . . the General Electric unit is a refrigerating mechanism permanently sealed up in an airtight steel case. Oil can't leak out; dust and moisture can't seep in!

In this unit lies the secret of General Electric's unmatched record in giving the vital service you expect from a refrigerator—constant, trouble-free refrigeration year in, year out.

More than a million General Electric Refrigerators have been in service 10 years or longer.

See the new General Electric Space Maker Models

Go to your General Electric retailer *now* and see the amazingly compact Space Maker models. They're the answer to every woman's demand for *more food-storage capacity inside the refrigerator with no increase in floor space.* General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

REFRIGERATORS

OVER A MILLION IN SERVICE TEN YEARS OR LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Holds 144% Better
At last—a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test*. . . a totally new kind of bobby pin!
You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.
NEW!
HOLD-BOB
SUPERGRIP
10¢
*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946

(Continued from Page 6)

to leave her children while she works to support them!

Other tax laws seem unfair to women. Think of the inheritance tax as it works out in some instances:

A woman worked with her husband to build up his business so that they should have an independent income for retirement. She worked at her profession, put money into his investments. But at his prime he suddenly died, leaving most of these holdings in his own name. She finds that what they considered their joint property is shrinking vastly since, at least under state laws, it is considered his, not theirs, and she has large taxes to pay on the "inheritance."

Don't you think these situations should be called to the attention of women?

Sincerely yours,
L.R.B.

Deer Panhandler

Alberta, Canada

Dear Editors: Just the other day there was a gentle tapping on the screen door, and there stood this beautiful creature.

Visitor from the forest.

His huge brown eyes kept watching me as I stepped out, put my hand on his head and called to my sister. He then very obligingly turned and faced the camera.

His reward consisted of half a grapefruit, three or four cookies, a piece of cake and a handful of oatmeal. Having finished, he slowly walked toward the cabin beside ours. Soon we heard a gentle tapping on our neighbor's screen door.

Sincerely yours,
KAY WALDIN.

Likes Regional Houses

Chicago, Illinois.

Ladies' Home Journal: Just a line to tell you how interesting and colorful your articles on old houses are. Do keep it up!

Very sincerely,
MRS. W. H. McINTOSH.

Not Everybody Can Stay Home

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

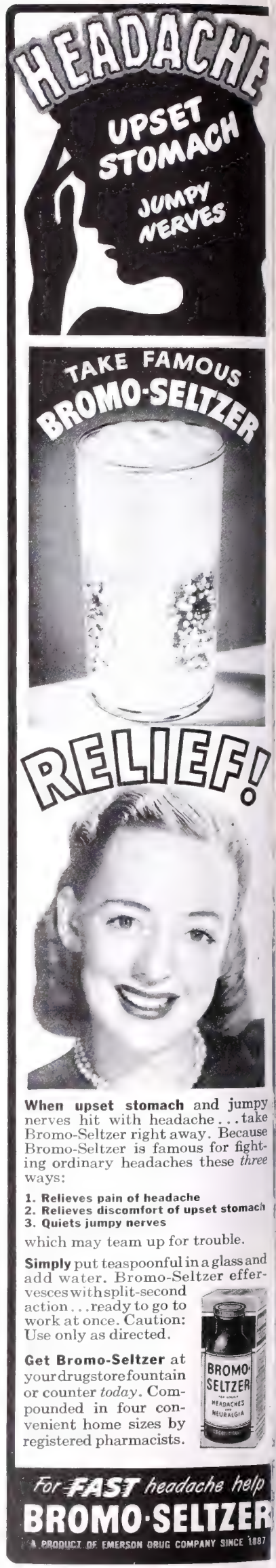
Dear Editor: About the time I was expecting word that my son Bill would be released from the Army, we received a letter saying the commanding general of his field had selected him as his aide and personal pilot. We were not surprised, because Bill had over 5000 hours in the air, wears the DFC with four oak-leaf clusters and has been awarded the Air Medal six times. We were quite proud—but that was before we found out how the public now feels toward any boy who happens to stay in the service one minute longer than he absolutely has to!

Our friends soon questioned, "When will Bill be home? Surely he's out of the Army by now, isn't he?" Upon being told he isn't they answered, "Well, I shouldn't have thought Bill was the kind of boy who'd want to stay in the Army when everyone else is out—can't he get his old job back?"

After several months of this, we began to justify his staying in by explaining what a wonderful job he had, what good pay. They'd counter with, "Oh, but think what a life Army people live!" Others would say, "Yes, and to think we're paying for all that!" They are simply through with the armed forces now! A boy in uniform on the streets now is stared at in the same manner as one in civilian clothes was only a short year ago.

So I decided to see what was causing Bill to stay in. I remained at his field two

(Continued on Page 125)


HEADACHE
UPSET STOMACH
JUMPY NERVES
TAKE FAMOUS
BROMO-SELTZER
RELIEF!
When upset stomach and jumpy nerves hit with headache . . . take Bromo-Seltzer right away. Because Bromo-Seltzer is famous for fighting ordinary headaches these three ways:
1. Relieves pain of headache
2. Relieves discomfort of upset stomach
3. Quiets jumpy nerves
which may team up for trouble.
Simply put teaspoonful in a glass and add water. Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action . . . ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.
Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. Compounded in four convenient home sizes by registered pharmacists.
BROMO-SELTZER
HEADACHES AND NEURALGIA
For FAST headache help
BROMO-SELTZER
A PRODUCT OF EMERSON DRUG COMPANY SINCE 1887

"It's going to be wonderful tonight!"

As Kathryn stood there, waiting for the boy she loved to waltz her into the glittering ballroom, she knew this was her night of nights.

Never had she felt so completely happy or looked so immaculately fresh and sweet.

Indeed that eternal freshness was one of Kathryn's charms. It was something that she strove for, recognizing it almost as a passport to the popularity she had known since her teens.

Just to look at her was to realize that here was a girl far too clever, far too fastidious to ever take chances with off-color breath (halitosis).

Can You *Be Sure?*

Can you say as much for yourself? Do you foolishly take your breath for granted? Well . . . *don't!*

One little offense (and you may not know when you're guilty) can stamp you as a person to avoid.

Follow the delightful precaution that countless popular people take . . . Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times when you want to be at your best. While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Can you look Monday in the Face?

• Don't shrink at the sight of a big wash. Use Duz. Duz was *made* to take the fuss and bother out of washday. Now this one great soap does *all* your wash—tough or dainty—does it fast, does it clean, does it safe!

Duz gets even the grimiest overalls *clean*, even the dingiest towels *white*. Why, no soap made can beat Duz at getting out dirt! Yet Duz is actually *safer*—even for dainty colored rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

Use those rich, soapy Duz suds for *all* your wash—*'cause Duz does Everything!*

1 NO SOAP CAN BEAT DUZ FOR GETTING TOWELS **WHITE!** NO SOAP GETS WHITE THINGS WHITER!

2 NO SOAP CAN BEAT DUZ FOR GETTING OUT DIRT! DUZ DOES EVEN THE GRIMIEST OVERALLS **CLEAN!**

3 YET DUZ DOES EVEN DAINTY RAYON UNDIES **SAFER** THAN ANY OTHER LEADING WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!

Duz does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

WHOLE WIDE WORLD!

Mrs. Milfred [illegible] Owens, [illegible] clean [illegible] in no time at all with Duz. Those soapy Duz suds get grimy finger smudges off the [illegible]!

SLICK CHICK!

Dingy little chicken—like all dingy white things—clean [illegible] new snow after a good Duz bath, according to Madeline Robinette of Linthicum, Md.

THE LATEST DIRT!

A youngster's dirtiest, muddiest clothes are shining clean after a good Duz-zing, says Mrs. M. H. Wilson of Rye, New York. Duz sure is tough on dirt!

LADIES' HOME Journal

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Keep Your Eye on the Ball

BY STRUTHERS BURT

IN football, in tennis, in baseball, in golf, in every game where there is a ball, there is one fundamental, underlying rule: keep your eye on it—the ball. In all ball games where there are two opposing sides, your opponent tries to deceive you in this respect. Either, as in baseball and tennis, he tries to put the ball where you are not, or, as in football, he fakes a play in one direction, and then runs in another. Unless you are alert and wary, you'll lose.

Words are even more deceptive than a ball. Especially big and all-embracing words. Political words. Economic words. Social words. Unless you know just what you are saying when you use them, the first thing you know you'll be way off balance, and all mixed up, and you won't know where your opponent is, or even who he is. Or, changing the figure, you won't know what it is you are fighting. The point you should attack. Where you should man your defenses. Furthermore, in every period, in almost every decade, there are especial pet words, and the unwary and ill-informed, the angry and the careless, also the sly and evil-intentioned, hurl them about with conscious or unconscious recklessness.

When you say a man is a communist, whether you know it or not, you are saying a certain definite thing. It is exactly like *(Continued on Page 155)*

Justice and Common Cause

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

THERE is a new movement in America taking on supporters with speed, which calls itself by the attractive title "Common Cause.*" The merit of this movement is that it seeks to recall to the people of the United States the essentials of their own great tradition, and to remind them that this country, far from being the reactionary center of the universe, as so many people at home and abroad now describe it, was actually "brought forth upon this continent"—and not, historically, very long ago—as a "new nation," and a new type of nation, breaking radically with traditional European system.

"Here below to live is to change": neither persons nor nations nor civilizations remain static; they are always growing or they are certainly declining; and to resist all change is to resist life.

But it is also true that neither persons nor nations can fall out of their own characters with impunity, and that change and reform are constructive only when they evolve naturally out of the essential character and tradition of a people.

The United States of America was a new kind of nation and a new kind of state. It was a new kind of nation—and it is still a new kind of nation—because it broke completely with former parochial conceptions of the nature of nationhood. Some sort of race theory lies at the foundation of all European and Oriental states. A Frenchman bases his citizenship in France on the fact that he is "French"; that is to say, of a certain original race and language. Even the newest states of Europe could not cut themselves loose from that parochial conception. Indeed, they would be shocked at Walt Whitman's remark about "the *ignominy* of a nativity"; Whitman saw race and nativity as something to rise above, not to fix oneself into. Ever since the last war, the states of Europe have been busy getting rid of citizens, or subjects, who were not "born" Czech, or Yugoslav, or of a nationality that could be described as "kindred" as to language or race. And the Soviet Union, though it is a federation of many nationalities, is not a melting pot of them, but keeps them separate.

THE United States completely separated itself from this parochial concept of nationhood and was assisted in doing so because of a radical conception of the nature of the state as such. In the rest of the world, the state is of ancient lineage and its whole history is one of subjection: of the person as "subject"—to a king, a prince, a lord of the manor or whatever constituted the state; the person or his ancestors were born subject, and evolution to democracy occurred in stages whereby the people wrenched themselves free by degrees from that original subjection, often only to relapse into a new subjection later.

But in America the people antedated the state. When they broke with the foreign power which ruled them, they created a new form of state, and they created it straight out of mind and intellect. The concept which they introduced was that the state is a *creation* of the people; that the people are always supreme, and delegate *to* the state only certain functions; that apart and outside of those functions, the state has *no sovereignty*; and that, to put it in a nutshell, the state *exists* as the result of a *contract*.

In other words, the people did not struggle to take something *from* the state, because they were creating a brand-new one. They conceived of themselves as being the prime movers—as indeed they were—and decided just what to give to government and the various branches of it and what to withhold. And they withheld a lot. They withheld, among other things, the right of the state to exercise any control whatsoever over religion, or to tie itself to any establishment of religion, or to control the thoughts of the citizens and their expression of them, or to organize the police for the purpose of maintaining the government itself in power, or to institute cruel and unusual punishments, or to make arbitrary arrests, or to deprive people of their property without due process of law.

But the main thing was the concept that the state exists as the result of a contract with the people; it derives from them, and

*1775 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

L FLAVOR
HEATS FROM ALL SIDES
See how even heat cooks the food on all sides. "Waterless" principle means vitamins and minerals stay in, don't drain away. Low-heat method saves on your fuel bill.

How to bake a better apple

use...

Club Aluminum

Here's an idea that puts the super-deluxe in your old friend, the Baked Apple.

Secret number one is **Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware**—in this case a Dutch Oven.

Secret number two is this set of directions:

Core apples two-thirds through. Fill with sugar and seal with butter. Arrange in layers in your Club Aluminum Dutch Oven (or saucepan for small quantity). Cover and cook over low heat 15 minutes or until tender. Take out, top with whipped cream, and serve something that brings back the Garden of Eden to an apple.

Yes, Club Aluminum cooking is "Full Flavor" cooking—meats, fruits, vegetables. The kind that makes happier tables.

So start your Club Aluminum set from the nine pieces now available. And, make someone else "pot-happy" with a gift of silvery hammered Club Aluminum for wedding or anniversary. It's the famous cookware formerly sold through home demonstrations, now sold by leading retailers.

CLUB ALUMINUM PRODUCTS COMPANY • CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

Other distinctive Club lines:

Club Glass Coffee Makers...Club Coffee Dispensers...Club Household Cleaners and Polishes

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in them, and not in it, reposes ultimate sovereignty.

Not only do we Americans have a state thus built on contract; our whole society is a society of contract. It is much more accurate to call it that than to call it a "capitalist" or "private-enterprise" state. A true "capitalist" state would be one ruled by capitalists and existing altogether for capitalists, capitalists being the owners and controllers of all wealth and all politics, and all others being subject to their whims. That has never been the case in the United States, and is less so today than ever.

The essence of American democracy, as far as the political life is concerned, is that the state exists by contract with the people, who can enlarge or limit its powers through constitutionally provided procedures for constitutional change; that the system provides for checks and balances as a means of protecting the ultimate sovereignty of the people; and that within constitutional rules and restrictions decisions are made by majorities of elected representatives, but *always without prejudice to the constitutional rights of the minority.*

And the basis of our economic life is that every citizen is free to contract for his own labor—whether he contracts individually, or through an organization of other laborers, or whether he sells his services for a fee, or engages himself at a salary, or whether he contracts for the labor of others. Thus contract is the basis of our society, and also the basis of American liberty.

Immigrants by the millions came to this country freely to assume a contractual citizenship regardless of European nationhood.

Such a free society, based on contract between the citizens and the state and the citizens and one another, cannot set as its goal the guaranty of every person's security by the state, for it presumes the right and capacity of every adult to make his own bed and lie in it. No free society can guarantee anyone against his own errors, for if a man is to be guaranteed against his own errors, he must at the same time be deprived of the right to make his own decisions! The two things belong, in the nature of things, together. The state can, and should, make provisions for circumstances of misfortune which are beyond the control of individuals; it can and should use the power and means of the state to avert or temper the effects of great rises and falls in economic life as a whole, resulting from periods of overinvestment or underinvestment and other economic causes. It properly should regulate conditions of contract by law, as, for instance, in the Workmen's Compensation Act.

But the moment it infringes on the rights of the citizens individually or collectively to contract for their own labor or for the labor of others, it will destroy American society. For that is the basis of American society.

Now, the issue in matters of contract is always *justice*. The American concept is not that if we have general security guaranteed by the state, we shall have justice. The American tradition greatly distrusts the state except for the performance of limited functions. The American concept is that if we have a society of *just* contract we shall get general security with *liberty*.

American reform movements stray from the American goal and the American character if they lose sight for a moment of the goal of justice between free men in their contractual relations with one another. There is no injustice in a man or a group of men employing others on an enterprise aimed at profit. All economic enterprises, whether conducted by private persons or state bureaucrats, must aim at profit, for the opposite of a profitable economy is a bankrupt one. It is in the order of nature, also, and the variety of human capacities, that some men look for and take responsibility and risk, whereas others prefer to offer services in exchange for less fortune and less responsibility. The issue of justice comes into the matter of determining what are fair conditions: returns, fixed in contract, to the elements that create an economy or dustry: those who contribute their s those who contribute technical, scier managerial brains; and those who con labor.

Injustice occurs where there is not f reasonable distribution of returns, a element in the economy may suffer justice, not power, is the goal. In times and industries gross injustice h done to labor. But injustice can done—and sometimes has been—to o ements in the economy. Injustice es occurs when elements of extortion ar duced into the economy, whereby sor gets something out of it for *nothing*; to say, gets something that does not tice belong to him.

Almost invariably, totally unearn crement accrues through the *political*, *economic*, means. If, for instance, a growers' association is able, by or pressures, so to influence a state legi that it gives their members grazing ri public parks and other properties of domain free, or at a price below valu have managed a legal thievery. The belongs to the people; it has been pur by them for purposes of soil conser recreation and national beauty. If private individuals fatten their cattle which they have neither purchased no they are getting something for nothin is unjust.

I have always believed that all re of nature—the wealth which exists cause of the work or investment of m because of the bounty of nature—sho long at all times to the whole people does not mean tha natural resources or should not be dev by private enterpris it does mean tha must be leased, not that private enterpr not buy or sell th profit, but may only *develop* them for able profit, commensurate with furt investment in their exploitation.

In our days the discovery of atomic as a source of power must lead inexora a recognition of just and unjust own The scientists who discovered the fis elements cannot claim ownership of they but discovered a secret of natu atomic energy was there always—th not *create* it.

The question of the adequacy o compensation is another matter. Bu required also immense amounts of c which was furnished by a tax upo whole American people. This does no that in the future private enterprise not employ atomic energy as power. mean they must lease it, not own it, i is to be *justice*.

There will never be perfect justi there will never be a perfect social orde best man is not perfect, and no socia can be more perfect than the best ma the search for justice is the highest s of man and societies.

And it is only in the quest for justic all men, of all classes, *can* make co cause. If the quest is for power—the nation of one class, for instance, ov other—society *must* be divided into t terest factions, for the contenders wi know that with the victory of the justice for the other will cease.

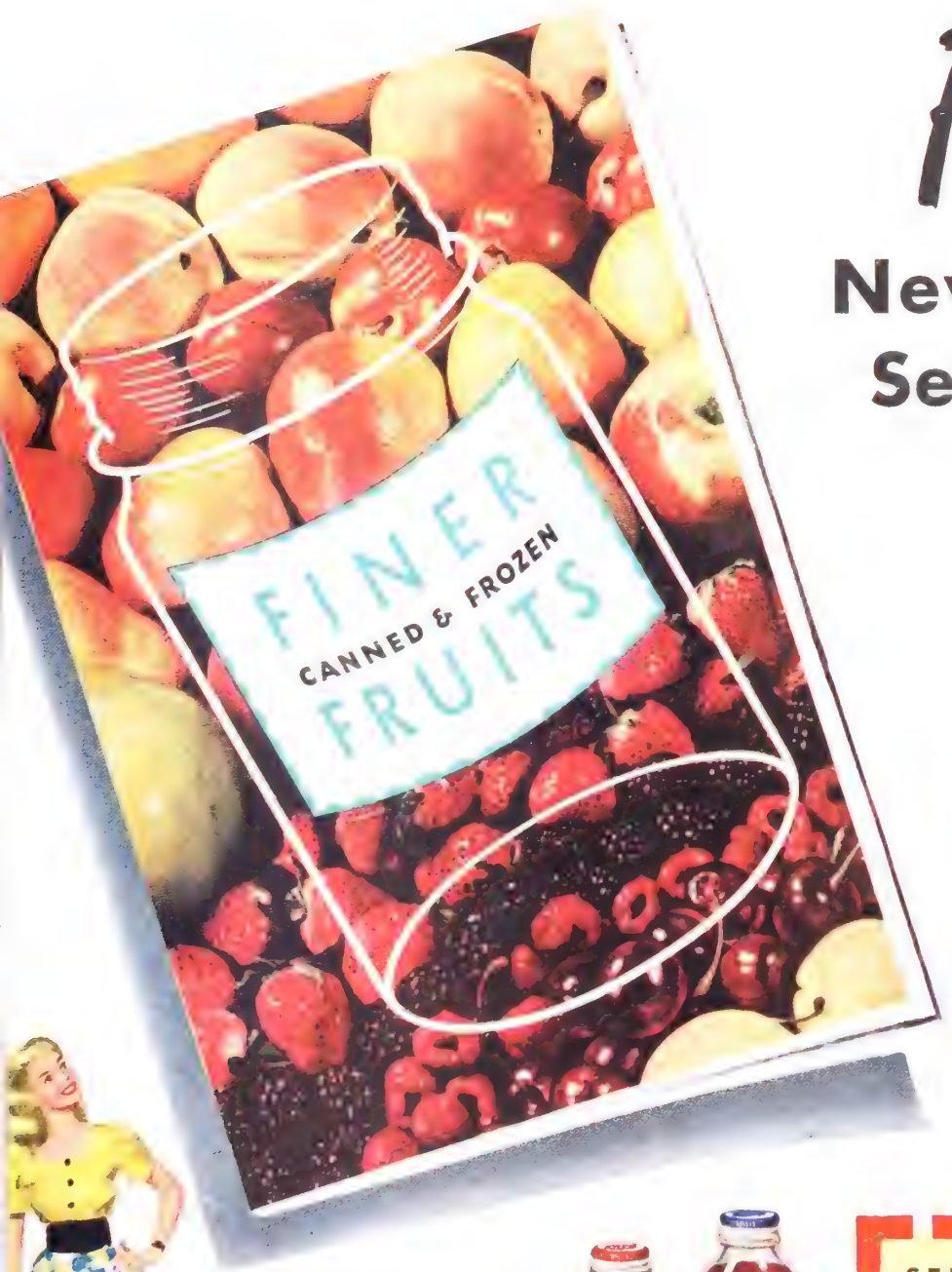
Justice, the grave goddess, holds the Justice is equilibrium, hence peace.

And the sense of justice is an inbor in man. Every child has it. Let h punished for a wrongdoing, and he angry or hurt, but he will accept the ment. But let him be *unjustly* punish the wound will fester without healin the injustice is righted.

A sense of which all are sensitive which all are sensible is a bindin among mankind. Justice, and only can therefore be the creator and obje a common cause.

Even a small star shines in the darkness. —Danish Proverb.

The Canning and Freezing BOOK-OF-THE-YEAR



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ALSO MAKERS OF REPRODUCTIONS IN WILDWOOD CHERRY —ARISTOCRAT OF AMERICAN CABINET WOODS

"Our marriage will be different."

UNDER-COVER STU

By Bernardine Kielty

EVERYONE who is married, of whatever age, will find him and her self in ***William Steig's*** devastating book of cartoons, TILL DEATH DO US PART. The combination of old-gag captions and strictly up-to-the-minute emphatic line drawings is highly effective. "Some ballet notes on marriage," Steig calls it. It is not a book to give to the couple that isn't "getting along," but one that will be a source of considerable delight between yourselves.

• • •

The most popular song hit, July, 1945, to July, 1946, according to radio-audience polls, was Symphony—the original C'est Fini which the G. I.'s in Paris took over phonetically. Which for some reason reminds us of ***Ben Huebsch,*** *the publisher, ordering Acetylene Encyclopaedia Britannica. And of* ***Bennett Cerf,*** *who does not like to go to concerts. Forced to attend one a few weeks ago, Bennett said, "If they play Bach and Beethoven, I'm going Haydn." To which* ***Bill Webber,*** *the Whodunit expert, replied, "A good pun to Handel."*

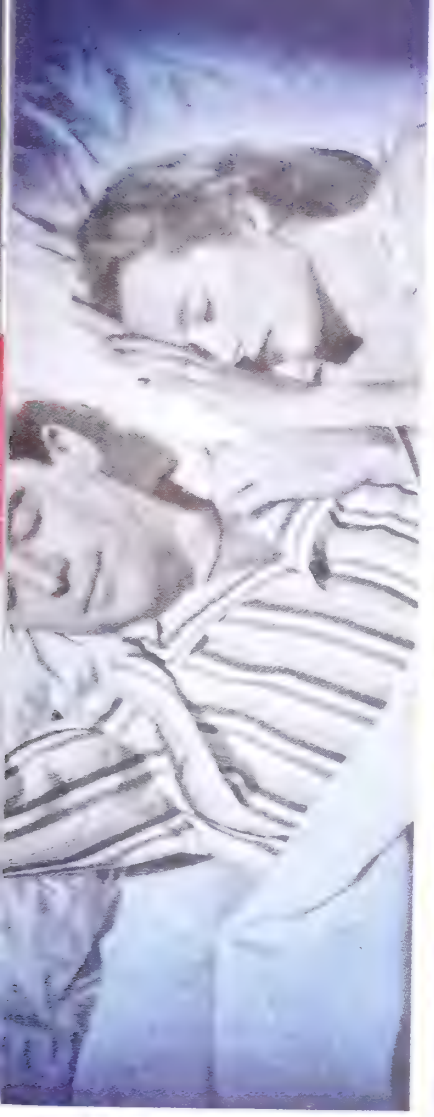
The account of George A's (GEORGE ADE, A BIOGRAPHY by *C. Kelly*) is a history of one A ca's happiest generations. Wh Ade's father and mother land diana, the first white baby born in that region only twe before, so close were they to By the time George was a boy had a drugstore, a watch r blacksmith shop and four salo was the day of the "su sets"—books sold by the pou bouquets stamped on the out engraving inside, with tissue- to cover it—*Manual of Depor Social Usages*; *Noble Deeds o and Brave*; *Poetical Gems*; *Mo and Heaven.* Front-room George Ade called them. The he saw were *East Lynne*, *Lad Secret*; the light operas, *Olive Girofla*, *La Mascotte.* Great a barnstorming in those days an his town: Edwin Booth, Barrett, Thomas Keene, Mm Modjeska; the Irish singers,

(Continued on Page 16

CARTOON BY HENRY BOLTINOFF. REPRINTED COURTESY COL

"Next we will play Beethoven's Third Symphony in E Flat, Opus 5 per haps better known as the theme for the radio drama, Her Third Hu and

Better Sleep makes Better Husbands



plete relaxation . . . the secret of perfect rest!

That's the Magic of a Luxurious Englander Mattress!

can you buy half so important issfully comfortable Englander? s emphasize more and more that rest . . . the support you get from attress . . . often makes the dif- e between "borderline health" oyant energy!

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oment you lie on an Englander ss, you feel a wonderful new ion. For Englander's special con- on provides *balanced* support for every part of your body. No sagging spine. No muscle strain. You sleep in bed-of-roses comfort . . . the deep *restorative* sleep that puts a smile in your eye, and a bounce in your step!

Remember you get a 52-year heritage of fine mattress-making in Englander. You get superb construction, plus the finest of springs, fabrics and hand craftsmanship . . . the *utmost* in sleep luxury. *Sound rest is far too vital to compromise on less!*

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ENGLANDER EQUALIZER,

weight is concentrated, is designed to keep spine level, as doctors urge . . . to prevent backache, chronic fatigue. Promotes utmost relaxation, gloriously refreshing sleep.

Englander
AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS
mattress

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IMPERIAL
CANDLEWICK

On your dining table . . . in your living-room Candlewick crystal is an invitation to gracious hospitality. Because it is America's most wanted hand-crafted crystal, it quickly leaves the shelves of fine stores but keep asking for the items you want to complete the enjoyment of your home. Candlewick is made by master craftsmen at Imperial Glass Corporation, Bellaire, Ohio.

George Ade.

(Continued from Page 14)

Olcott and Andrew Mack; and the "pin-up girls," Minnie Maddern, Fay Templeton, Mlle. Rhea. It was also the heyday of the minstrel show—of George Primrose and Lew Dockstader.

George Ade's FABLES IN SLANG *came out in 1899, just about the time that his great friend,* ***Booth Tarkington,*** *had his first great success,* THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA. *The Fables were an instantaneous success. "I would rather have written Fables in Slang than be President," wrote* ***William Allen White.*** *They sold 69,000 in their first year and continued at the rate of at least 1000 a month for a long time. One has to be quite an age to remember them.*

Another Hoosier friend of George Ade's was ***George Barr McCutcheon.*** McCutcheon had been writing for years and getting nowhere. Finally he took his troubles to Ade. A publisher had offered $500 for one of his books, but he was too proud to accept such a small sum. The book was GRAUSTARK, and George Ade advised him to take the $500 rather than nothing, and see what would happen. Graustark and BREWSTER'S MILLIONS and the dozens that followed made McCutcheon a millionaire. It was the day of poor boy makes good, the typical American success story, and we read it now like a fairy tale.

• • •

Errata: TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA *is not a Modern Library Giant, costing $1.95, but a Random House publication at around $7.50. . . . Omission of the name of the well-known sculptor,* ***Abram Belskie,*** *who did those fine upstanding figures of Norma and Norman in the January column.*

• • •

Every month there is at least one good resounding nostalgic novel. THERE'S A SPOT IN MY HEART, by FRANK LESLIE (condensed in the December JOURNAL), is the May contribution—a hilarious account of life with Mother and Grandfather and Grandmother, Uncle George and McCloskey, the cook, in the helter-skelter well-to-do household of the Monahans a generation back.

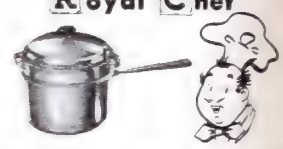
Grandmother was pious and lived on terms of intimacy with several saints, the most frequently called upon being the patron saint of lost articles ("Good Saint Anthony, please find my garters!"). Uncle George was a "cyclone trapped in a barrel." Once he brought home a girl named Mildred to meet the family. After she had gone Grandfather said she was as "distinguished-looking as a pile of sand," and when months later Grandmother asked why Mildred had never come again, Grandfather answered, "I think that she got mixed in with a load of cement and is now part of the fifth floor of the Flatiron Building." Needless to say, Uncle George never married. Grandfather went all the way

(Continued on Page 18)

Build Your Housekeeping Reputation on These Symbols

—they're more than mere letters —they stand for the Regal Course* to Right Cooking*—Royal Chef*. Features like steam-seal and self-basting assure Roasting Control*. Rigid Construction* for everlasting service. Get Royal Chef* to get Right Cooking*!

Royal Chef



This fine heavy gauge, solid aluminum kitchenware is available in everlasting Mirror and Satin-Tone finishes.

Rapid Cleaning

Streamlined design and smooth surfaces permit Rapid Cleaning* — help Reduce Chores!

Roasting Control

Heavier bottoms assure even heat distribution to help you achieve Roasting Control*.

Rigid Construction

Airplane-riveted handles and special reinforcements assure permanent satisfaction.

Royal Coffee

Patented construction eliminates flavor destroying scum—special spout eliminates drip, drool and dribble.

I ALWAYS JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO EAT MUFFETS!
HERE'S YOUR GROCERIES, MA'AM WITH THE PICKLES IN THE MIDDLE AND THE MUFFETS ON TOP!
MUFFETS ARE ALWAYS ON TOP WHEN IT COMES TO TENDER, TASTY SHREDDED WHEAT!
NO ONE EATS LIKE A BIRD WHEN YOU SERVE MUFFETS!
AAH-H MUFFETS! TENDER AS A MOVIE LOVE SCENE!
THIS WOULDN'T BE A DOG'S LIFE IF I COULD GET 'ROUND SOME MUFFETS!
I'D LIKE TO GET A BITE OF ONE SOMETIME.... EVEN IF IT'S JUST A CAT-NIP!

If you *Like* shredded wheat . . . you'll *Love* Muffets the Round Shredded Wheat

THE whole day rolls merrily along when you start with Muffets, the round shredded wheat. Tenderest, toastiest tasting shredded wheat that ever glorified a breakfast!

Why are Muffets tender? An exclusive process shreds the healthful grain especially fine . . . spins it to crisp ribbons of tantalizing crunchiness.

What makes Muffets toastier? Each Muffet is toasted all over . . . a beautiful golden-brown that captures every single bit of matchless whole wheat flavor!

Easier to eat, too. Youngsters love the way round Muffets fit the cereal bowl . . . smoothly and snugly as cream fits the pitcher. Yes, a breakfast of Muffets is the fitting way to start the day. Ask for Muffets . . . the round shredded wheat!

DON'T MISS

Muffets

THE *ROUND* SHREDDED WHEAT

A BEAUTIFUL PIANO WITH A MAGNIFICENT TONE

LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

Gracious Living

Music is a vital factor in every home that reflects an atmosphere of cultured good living . . . and the Betsy Ross Spinet will add this treasured graciousness to your home . . . will be the Keys to Happiness for your entire family!

Styled by master designers to live in harmony with any setting, the Betsy Ross Spinet is compact in size to fit large or small rooms. It possesses rich, magnificent tone that actually improves with use; and its featherlight action makes playing a pleasure for children and adults.

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DRAWING BY FREDERICK L. BANBERY, FROM "HERE'S A SPOT IN MY HEART"

(Continued from Page 16)

in underestimating the influence of a woman. "What a woman has to say above a whisper is seldom worth hearing" was one of his pleasanter axioms. In tune with Grandfather, McCloskey, the cook, recognized that she was living in a man's world. When serving at table she served Grandfather first, Uncle George next, then the lad (who reports all this) himself. Grandmother came next and Mother—whose brain, according to Grandfather, was still struggling to be born—was a permanent last. Guests were served as they fitted into McCloskey's philosophy, regardless of place at the table. If a priest came, all others present got only what amounted to a buffet supper.

• • •

In CURIOUS RELATIONS, *an equally delightful, though more remote story of forebears,* ***William D'Arfey*** *tells about Great-grandfather and Great-grandmother, who used to get very excited in arguments at meals, frequently taking off their wigs and hurling them at each other. This was trying for the butler, especially when a wig landed in the soup.*

• • •

The hard practicalness with which the nations of the world have disregarded Poland is bitterly pointed out in DEFEAT IN VICTORY, by ***Jan Ciechanowski,*** the distinguished Pole who was ambassador from Poland to the U. S. from 1941 until 1945, at which time the U. S. saw fit to withdraw recognition from his government. Those who once cried "Traitor!" at Munich, who believed that Chamberlain and Daladier had sold

(Continued on Page 21)

INTERNATIONAL

Jan Ciechanowski

Alan Ladd

PARAMOUNT STAR

...all set "for the REST of his life!"

ALAN LADD is currently appearing in Paramount's "CALCUTTA"

At Ease... in his beautiful Streit SLUMBER CHAIR...the most comfortable chair in the world

No. 48
THE ENGLISH CLUB

Did you ever dream of floating on a cloud? Well . . . you'll get that same glorious feeling of perfect relaxation the first time you sink into the Slumber* Chair. Your body simply "floats" on the soft, thick, spring-filled seat and back cushions—and you instinctively stretch out your legs to full length on the cushioned, seat-high, matching footstool . . . *for the REST of your life.* See—and try—the Streit Slumber* Chair at your dealer's today.

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THE BEAUTIFUL Streit SLUMBER* CHAIR

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Double duty room... double duty rug

Combination guest room and study, carpeted in Bigelow's sensational new Curlweave

By day this room is a hobby-haven where you turn painter, sculptor, hand-loom weaver or whatever. At night it becomes guest room with a comfortable couch for sleeping.

Thanks to Curlweave, Bigelow's sensational new carpet, this room can take double duty. Curlweave is different for three reasons: (1) It's one of the heaviest, longest-lived carpets ever made, with more yarn in every square yard. (2) It's Permaset . . . Bigelow's patented process that makes twists permanent. (3) It's Lokweave construction . . . Bigelow's exclusive weave with tufts locked in, seams sealed, not sewn.

See, feel, walk on Curlweave's thick, springy softness at your favorite store. To the left, two other Bigelow beauties. There are many more . . . all of Lively Wool. See them soon.

SEND FOR Bigelow's purse-size, color "Match Book." 72 paper color samples to use in harmonizing your rug, wall, upholstery and drapery colors. Send 10¢ to Bigelow Weavers, Dept. L-57, 140 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

LIVELY WOOL...SPRINGS BACK UNDERFOOT

BIGELOW WEAVERS

FINE RUGS AND CARPETS SINCE 1825

BIGELOW WEAVERS

ght 1947, Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co., Inc.

Who said nothing could astonish a secretary?

Office girls test new napkin—
82 out of 103 report no chafing
with new Free-Stride Modess!

East, West, North, South—the bright girls who smooth the path of business have made a smooth discovery for *you!*

It all started when stenographers, typists, clerks—girls who had suffered chafing with their regular napkin—were asked to test a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess.

The girls weren't told the brand or name. They were simply asked to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

Here are the astonishing results: 82 out of 103 girls reported *no chafing with new Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort which so many smart young business women found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges.*

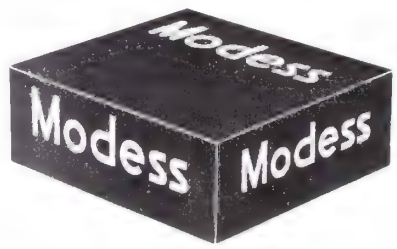
Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton—*extra* softness on its edges—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. (And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!)

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield—a wonderful guard against accidents. And a fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you fresh as spring. No telltale outlines with *Free-Stride* Modess—it's *silhouette-proof!*

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin now. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.

Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort!
Move with freedom!
Try the new Free-stride Modess!

Rengo Belts

the key to figure-control

XPERTS agree that no foundation garments offer greater alues than Rengo Belts. This is es-ecially true of styles like the above; or among garments for the heavier gure, Rengo Belts have won recog-ized leadership. This Rengo Belt, tyle 859, is a 16-inch combination, ade of batiste, with inner belt; side anels of elastic; elastic gore lower ont and upper back; 6 hose sup-orters. Sizes 36 to 50.

Made by the Crown Corset Company 295 Fifth Avenue New York

(Continued from Page 18)

out to the Germans for a questionable peace, are now supporting another Munich, as far as Poland is concerned, according to the Ciechanowski book. This is the story of Poland's tragedy—Poland, who was first to fight the Germans, who never had a Quisling, who is yet abandoned by her original allies. Churchill openly gave up the Polish cause before the war was over, while Roosevelt, as far as the world could see, was putting off a decision. On this the Polish government placed great hope. But actually, as Molotov revealed in October, 1944 (again according to this book), Roosevelt had accepted the Russian plan of the Curzon Line nearly a year before (at Teheran), and had insisted on secrecy. Poland had thus been sold out to Russia far more baldly than Czechoslovakia to the Germans at Munich. Of course Defeat in Victory is partisan. But it contains many incontrovertible facts, and it lifts the veil of Washington diplomacy which we certainly, by now, have every right to have lifted.

• • •

Apropos of the not infrequent mutual attraction of British and Slavs, there is an excellent book, I MARRIED A RUSSIAN: LETTERS FROM KHARKOV, which is a collection of the letters written by an English girl, married to a Russian scientist and living in Kharkov from 1930 on. The letters are to her sister, and in them, sisterlike, she tells all—the good and the bad. Here is without the shadow of a doubt the unvarnished truth about how one family, at least, lives in Russia. And it is good to know that life, though often awkward, is not unbearable, and that this particular young Englishwoman, though she visited her English family occasionally during the years, was always glad to get back home to Kharkov. She isn't politically minded—really. She talks about food and babies and clothes and bedbugs. But she is 100 per cent behind the regime. One is especially sure of that from the very fact that she writes so little about it, and when she does, so casually, taking it for granted, much as we do Democrats or Republicans. Of course her husband must have been favored, being one of the nuclear physicists. Nevertheless, there are Americans who believe that all but the top ten in Russia want to get out of their country, and this is for the record, that they don't—not all of them anyway.

• • •

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE: THE STORY OF OUR EFFORTS AT WARTIME COOPERATION WITH RUSSIA, *by* ***John R. Deane****, is said, by those experienced in the field, to be the fairest account yet of U. S.-Soviet relationships. General Deane was head of the U. S. Military Mission in Moscow, 1943–45.*

MODEST MAIDENS

A. P. NEWSFEATURES

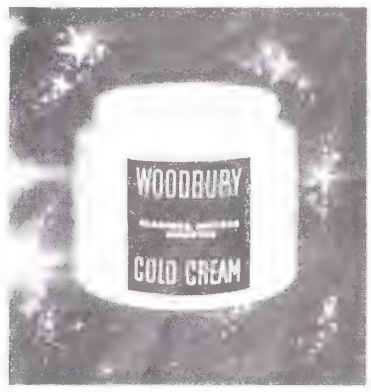
"Phhtts! I don't know WHAT we're going to do with Russia!"

—that Always-Fresh look

says **BARBARA BRITTON** co-starring with Randolph Scott in "Gunfighters" a Producers'-Actors' Production

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"In Hollywood, a girl's skin *has* to be on the glow! I'm always *cleansing* fresh with Woodbury—my Cold Cream for the cleanest, freshest skin! It's different—so *quick 'n' clean-cleansing*—even heavy make-up whisks away,—and skin's fresh-lovely!" Know why, Barbara? Four rich oils in Woodbury Cold Cream—*deep cleansing oils* float out dirt, powder, rouge. Your cue, girls, to that Woodbury "Always-Fresh Look"!



Barbara looks dream-lovely—dining with husband Dr. Eugene Czukor. "After the studio—my Woodbury cream-cleansing again! So smo-o-thing to tired, work-dried skin. Almost instantly, my skin looks new bloom!" Reason? Woodbury's *rich softening oils!* Make Babs' beauty care *yours*, girls—Woodbury Cold Cream for your daytime and bedtime cleansing, and for softening your skin all-night. Keep skin Woodbury-Wonderful!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts*—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

Ford's out Front with the feminine touch!

The new 1947 'Easy-to-look-at' instrument panel

If you could buy Ford upholstery fabric by the yard, you'd probably re-cover your squashiest sofa with it! Ford offers both rich, lustrous mohair that wears and wears and broadcloth —*such* broadcloth!—you'd be proud to have it in your living room!

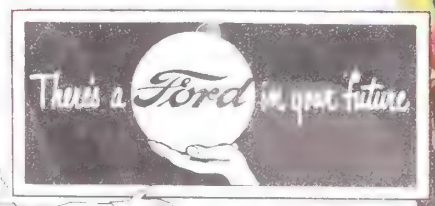
The '47 Ford instrument panel is good-looking, you can see that at a glance! But more important, everything is right there before you for easy *reading*, easy *use!* Controls are handy, work easily. Dials are *big*, with *big* numbers. And you can even regulate the illumination as you wish for night driving! P.S. The glove compartment is especially roomy!

GLADE GREEN

TUCSON TAN

PHEASANT RED

FEATHER GREY



You'll love the longer lower look of the '47 Ford Sedan

"Handsome is as handsome does," when it comes to Ford's baked-enamel finish! Not only are the colors "right"—they're applied over Ford's rust-proofed "Lifeguard" bodies and then baked-on to keep that famous showroom complexion!

LISTEN to the Ford Show starring Dinah Shore on Columbia Network stations Wednesday evenings.

The Role of the Community in Preventing Juvenile Neglect

By Margaret Hickey

Editor, Public Affairs Department

JUVENILE delinquency can happen in the best of families. The "bad boy" or "bad girl" comes from the right side of town almost as often as from the wrong side of the tracks. Approximately one half of the children in America's better-off families, according to reliable statistics, grow up in homes lacking in emotional stability and plain "horse sense" about children's needs. Death, divorce, illness, constant moving—these are the factors which implant the germs of juvenile delinquency in any family.

Society has a tendency to point the accusing finger at the parents. "It's all the parents' fault—let them go and learn better," society says.

In San Francisco, a scheme to educate the parents has been in operation since May, 1943. This "school for delinquent parents" is administered by the public schools. After its first three months of existence, the school had prescribed attendance by parents referred from the juvenile court. Yet a careful sampling survey over a period of four months at the Parent Guidance Center revealed no "spectacular successes." Punishing the parents by sending them to school is not a complete solution for juvenile delinquency. The survey also failed to prove that any adjustment in individual cases was due to the parents' attendance at the center.

In an enlightening report on this project, the National Probation Association points out that special schools for parents of delinquent children may become community liabilities. It often proves humiliating for parents to be directed to the center. Further, parents of "bad children" may or may not themselves be inadequate, ignorant or delinquent. The development of a real program of education for successful parenthood should be made available and appealing to all. Attract the good with the bad parents, says the association, and the stigma of attendance will be removed.

> "New life is stirring in the roots of local community institutions; a new initiative is strengthening community agencies to promote the people's common interests—locally financed rural libraries, public-health services, town planning boards, county fire-protection units, state conservation boards concerned with stream pollution and public parks, and so on. These are but first returns of this burgeoning sense of community responsibility, which is but another way of saying an ethical concern of one man for the well-being of his neighbor."
>
> DAVID E. LILIENTHAL
> Science and the Human Spirit
> *Before The American Library Association*
> *Buffalo, New York, June 21, 1946*

But educating the parents is not enough. The community as well must be made aware of its danger spots for the breeding of delinquency. Such an attempt to reach community-wide has been made in Chicago by the Association of Family Living. They co-operate with church groups, P.T.A.'s, settlement houses and other community organizations. Last year the association worked with a total of 750 groups, reaching 13,823 parents. They try to interpret the ways and needs of children in the years of growing up. Workers counsel parents collectively, and offer individual interviews for a small fee. The staff offers leadership in planning child-guidance courses, programs in schools on premarriage education, counseling for the mature person, and further research.

Still another plan directed at once to parents and community has been followed by the New York State Youth Commission. Their program, "Prevention in Action," focuses attention upon the needs of "vulnerable children." They have worked through the schools first, where tests have been given by school personnel to over 5000 children from the third to the eighth grades, inclusive, in ten communities. Special consideration is given the child who is either markedly above or below average in intelligence, or handicapped by some physical or health defect.

The keystone of the plan is the Youth Bureau, set up in individual communities and locally sponsored by the several agencies of home, school, church, welfare, health and recreation. Juvenile delinquency thus assumes a major role in the municipality rather than a minor one handled by welfare or law-enforcement agencies. To the Youth Bureau come disturbed parents, school authorities, interested citizens. Recreation is often used as a pleasant foil for the necessary educational and psychological counseling youth needs. Each center has a full-time staff and a representative advisory committee of citizens.

Strengthen the home, correct early tendencies toward delinquency and create a healthy community environment, advises the commission. Like the old proverb, a stitch in time in the character-building of a child may save nine in the future.

Is the behavior of your neighbor's child your business? It may very well be. You and I create the sort of community our neighbors' children live and grow in. The bad child of today is the delinquent parent of tomorrow. Let's inoculate our communities against the disease before it becomes epidemic.

THE SMITHFIELD RECREATION ASSOCIATION

By Joan Younger

MARCELLO

A mountain of fun—built by community spirit.

THE events leading up to the crime were, in police vernacular, routine. The boy left school on his sixteenth birthday and went to Philadelphia and found a job. He lost it after two months and couldn't find another. He went home, where he was just one more mouth to feed and where there was little for a boy to do. He quarreled with his family and got into trouble in the neighborhood. Then one night he killed the man next door after roundly beating him.

"I knew that boy was a bad one," a state trooper said after his confession. "Two months ago I picked him up on suspicion and took him home. I told his father if he didn't punish him and hold him in check he'd have real trouble on his hands."

In its unpleasant way this story is typical of many juvenile-crime stories. The warning signs of restlessness; the lack of understanding on the part of the parents; the failure of the youth; the stern but vague voice of discipline saying "You be good or you'll get punished." Then the revenge, the brutal crime, confessed without emotion, without motive, without reason or driving desire.

It happened that this story's locale was Garden City, New Jersey. With variations, the same sort of thing has taken place in thousands of other American towns and cities.

But it has never happened in Smithfield, Rhode Island, and it never will.

These are strong words. But they could be said not only about Smithfield, but about many other cities and towns. "No news is good news," runs the old adage, and "Good news is no news" could well be said to be its modern counterpart. The homes where there are good will and understanding, the towns where there are serenity and high responsibility are infrequently heard from. Smithfield is one of the quiet places. *(Continued on Page 102)*

What makes a gal a good number?

THE GIRLS who get the calls . . . the girls who get the rings . . . are the girls who are in the know when it comes to caring for their clothes. So we show you the inside story of one who has *a way* with all her clothes . . . both those that show and those that don't.

Daisy-Fresh:
Her undies are bright and right, of course! Ivory Flakes gentle care keep the colors radiant longer . . . guard against fraying straps . . . help keep undies *so* dainty. There's *your* cue: Shun strong soaps, rough handling. Wash undies in Ivory Flakes—the fact Flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory.

Smooth, Smooth Figure:
And so simple! Frequent washings in Ivory Flakes help her girdle keep its fit longer, wear longer. Ivory Flakes is one soap fashion designers and fabric experts recommend to pamper your clothes.

Head-turning legs:
Because gentle Ivory Flakes care helps safeguard sheerest nylons from embarrassing, eye-catching runs. Strain tests prove nightly rinsings with Ivory Flakes slow down stocking runs up to 50%!

The full impression:
Colors perk up—brighten up—when you suds your washables in Ivory Flakes. Take this dress of Foreman's Tubrite fabric. Ivory Flakes care helps *preserve* both its fit and color. There's no finer soap than Ivory Flakes—99 44/100% pure!

IVORY FLAKES

If it's lovely to wear
it's worth Ivory Flakes care

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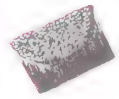

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Stunning new ballet length theatre dress—its beautiful quality revealed in its pure silk fabric, its jet-studded Chantilly lace overskirt, its smooth, smooth Talon slide fastener.

e silk and sensational!...Wonderful, memorable... the kind of dress you own once in a lifetime. Right in every respect... quality even in details you don't see. Like the Talon slide fastener that flows so fluently in the bodice. A treasure in this $295 fashion... it is actually so inexpensive that a $2.65 house dress can afford it! And it adds extra value to each.

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
TALON, INC. MEADVILLE, PA.

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Do you think the number of children parents plan to have should be influenced by the family's income? After all, a man doesn't know how much he'll be making when his children reach college age, so how can he judge?

It probably isn't possible for a man to judge how much he will be making when his children reach college age, but if he goes along and has children reasonably spaced, he is apt to have a fairly good idea of how he is getting on in the world.

Don't you think if people learned to say "cancer" without shuddering or whispering, more victims would consult physicians when the first significant symptoms appear?

Yes, I think you are right, and I think the sooner we learn that cancer is curable if recognized in time, the greater the chances of curing and saving more people who suffer from this disease.

My daughter has been working for about a year—since her graduation from college—and receives a fairly good salary. However, we still buy her clothes and frequently give her money for "extras." We can afford to do this, and if we didn't she would have to give up some of her week-end trips and various activities that she enjoys. But I sometimes wonder whether we're really being fair to her. If she marries someone of moderate means—as she probably will—I'm not sure that she will be able to make the necessary adjustment easily. What do you think we should do?

I think when a girl or a boy is through with her or his education and starts out to earn a living, it is very salutary to have to live on a salary. In fact, if a child earning a living has to pay something for board and lodging at home, I think it will give him a better idea of what living costs amount to, and even if the parents take the money and put it into a fund for that child to have in the future, I think it is a good experience.

In our freshman year at high school we had a course given by a public-health nurse covering many phases of health, and also some sex education. We liked it because it was the most wholesome and natural approach and we could ask questions which we hesitate to discuss with our parents. But the course was so short! Why can't all high schools have a semester of this kind of instruction, just when girls need it most?

If such a course is well given, I think the kind of instruction that you seem to have had is well worth while; but if it cannot be given well at school, then I think the parents should manage to answer the questions and a child should not hesitate to ask whatever is on his or her mind. This is natural curiosity, and knowledge is necessary for safety.

Should an elderly woman with no means of livelihood have a sense of guilt at having to take charity from the county? True, I'm not physically fit to hold a job, and my three daughters have all they can do to keep their own families. But I can't help that feeling that if people knew (besides the bank and county employees) I just couldn't face them. Is it guilt or false pride? I earned my own way since I was 13 years old, married at 17, widowed at 36, and lost close to $20,000 in the depression years. Maybe it's that word "indigent" on the check. I don't know. What do you think?

I certainly do not think you should have any sense of guilt. In a few short years I hope Social Security will mean that everybody who has worked during the best years of their life will have sufficient to live on from the time they stop work. In the meantime, I wish that checks did not have to carry the word "indigent"; but just forget about it, and certainly do not feel any sense of shame or guilt.

In my state only 8 per cent of the feeble-minded are in institutions. Do you believe the remaining 92 per cent who are at large should be allowed to produce children three times as fast as normal citizens? Would it not be better to sterilize the mentally deficient and prevent children from being born to feeble-minded parents?

I have always felt that in some way the objectives you are suggesting should be achieved. Just how to do it is the difficulty, since some states do not have the proper legislation, and in other cases there are religious scruples to be encountered, but it seems quite terrible to allow the mentally unfit to continue to have children.

Which of the many honorable and enviable jobs you have undertaken do you enjoy the most?

I think I enjoy most my service on the United Nations, though while I am actually doing the work, I find the amount of time consumed going back and forth leaves me so little time for myself that I feel a little driven and sometimes a little resentful! Nevertheless, the work is very interesting and I feel that if we succeed, this small amount of sacrifice will mean nothing to any of us. Almost equally, however, though for different reasons, I enjoy writing, so I am a fortunate person.

I am a retired teacher, 70 years old, with a pension which would keep me in comparative comfort—one room in a residential hotel in the heart of the city. My children are married and the gulf between us is wide. We don't seem to see eye to eye. I have no social life; was always too busy with my work and study to build one. Have very few friends and am no mixer. Homes for the aged require all our possessions. I cannot give them up, for I paid a high price for my independence. Now I wonder, is there any place for people like me? I am "not alone," I know that.

I think there are many people who are lonesome as they grow older, but I wonder if you could not do something to narrow the gulf between you and the younger generation. Usually we cannot see eye to eye because we grew up in different periods, and have different viewpoints, but we can listen understandingly to each other, and those of us who are older can provide patience and tolerance and interest for the young. When we get older we see more and more clearly that it is only through companionship with the young that we ourselves can stay young.

I am twenty-two and an unusually shy person. I am attractive enough and have nice clothes and I definitely am not conceited, but I don't seem to have nearly as many friends as those who are less fortunate than I. Please advise.

I really cannot advise you except to say that if you would stop worrying about yourself and think about others, and give them a good time, you probably would find yourself gathering more friends around you, and before you knew it you would have as many friends as you wanted.

Many things that were frowned upon by society in 1897 seem to be accepted by most people today. Do you think this is a sign of social advancement, or of moral regression?

It depends entirely on what those are. Some things that were frowned upon in 1897 can well be accepted today. Others we would be wise to continue to oppose.

"If that's the way she looked, I'm surprised grandfather ever married her."

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

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Swift & Company presents
America's finest
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Only Swift's Cleanser gives you BOTH!

1. Instant grease cutting!

It's here! New! This wonderful Swift's Cleanser cuts grease *fast*, dissolves the stubborn film that clings to pots and pans and makes it a simple matter to wipe the dirt away! Really purifies! And Swift's Cleanser is clean-white in color, leaves no sediment that takes time to rinse away. A sprinkle in your dishwater makes dishwashing easier, *saves soap*, too! You'll find no other cleanser works faster!

2. Scratchless cleaning!

So smooth it never leaves a scratch on the finest surfaces. Just test it. Wet your fingers. Take a pinch of Swift's Cleanser between them. Rub, and feel how velvety-smooth it is. You'll find it *polishes as it cleans!* Yes, Swift's Cleanser actually gives you BOTH—*scratchless* cleaning and *instant* grease cutting!

Pick the Polka Dot Package—
choice of 3 colors

Don't Be a Dope

THE SUB-DEB • • • • • EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

BELIEVE in fairy stories? Well, here's an old-fashioned, little-girl tale that may interest you. It's about Little Red Riding Hood, the ingénue character who put on her red hood one day and plodded through the woods with a basket of goodies (fried chicken legs and sugar cookies, to you) for her grandmother. She was sitting on a tree stump, adjusting her ankle-strap sandal, when she heard a long, low whistle, and there, peeking from behind a tree, was a big, brown character with a bow tie, and a broad grin on his face. She took one quick look, picked up her basket and went off through the woods at a fast clip. The girl arrived at her grandmother's safe and sound, delivered the basket, and went home wisely by another path. All of which proves Red Riding Hood wasn't so dumb after all—she knew a wolf when she saw one!

And if the little girl in the red cape weren't so busy playing nursemaid to Grandma Hood, she might pass on this sound information to all *other* girls who go out for strolls alone, or even with their girl chums. It's a set of six rules to pin in your pocketbook next time you go out on a long, lone walk, or to remember even if you're just sauntering down to the local drugstore for a sundae with the rest of your Sub-Deb club.

Don't talk to strangers. In our modern dating system, a girl no longer needs a chaperon, a family tree and calling cards to strike up a boy-girl friendship, but don't think that "Hiya, honey!" is a formal introduction either. Make up your mind right now that you'll never meet Guy Madison standing on a street corner with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, watching the girls go by. Boys worth knowing are too busy for that. On trains, in busses or at public gatherings, you'll have to use your own good judgment in deciding where to draw the line between casual conversation and pickup talk—but don't let your comments or attitude start anything you wouldn't want to write about in your diary afterward!

Don't accept a ride with a stranger. If you're waiting for a public conveyance or just walking on the street and something sharp on four wheels pulls up at the curb to ask if you're going *his* way, simply say, "No, thank you," and look the other way. Don't get huffy, don't antagonize the chap, but *don't* get into the car either. Most fellows think that a girl who is willing to be picked up is also willing, and some of those boys have the wrong idea about what is meant by "driver's license."

Don't be a pickup date. And that includes boys in drugstores, dance halls, on street corners, at roller rinks—even boys round your own neighborhood. You should know *something* about a boy before you accept a date with him! Most high-school girls have ample opportunity to get to know datable material without resorting to the pickup method. You meet boys in school, you meet them in church groups, you meet them through civic activities, and you meet them through friends. You may need personality polishing and a bright smile, but you can always find one boy who likes you. But as a pickup date, you are immediately typed—just another girl who isn't too particular who her friends are or where she finds them. And a boy will never forget that yours started as an "on the hoof" friendship.

Don't "hang around" public places. It's a great big world, full of interesting places to go; but if you must go around alone or with a girl friend—do try to *look* as if you're going somewhere, not just walking along waiting to be stopped. Even if you're at the public library doing an evening of studying, keep your mind on your books! A girl who is constantly seen in parks, parading up and down Main Street or just wandering around town will soon get a reputation for being "fast"—even though she's honestly just out for a breath of fresh air.

Don't stay out too late, don't visit "date places" without dates and don't walk down dark streets alone or with a girl friend. Most of the bright-eyed boys get home to bed early, so if you're out in the whee hours of the morning, your chances of running into trouble are greater. And if you go alone or with another girl to a place where most of the fellows and girls are in pairs, everyone will presume you came in looking for an easy evening. And remember, there is a difference between "being afraid" and "using common sense"—so keep away from dark streets or sections of town where you know you *might* run into loiterers.

Don't dress, talk, look or walk as if you want to be picked up. It may sound old-fashioned, but if you "behave like a lady" you will be treated as one—so watch your walk and your talk. And though all girls want to be attractive to boys, it doesn't take tight skirts, red sandals and sequins to do it. A fresh-and-healthy look is much more appealing—and will cause you less trouble!

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU!

Oh, yes, it could! Why not be smart about all this? Misfortune, unhappiness or even violence could happen to you just as it could to any girl you know, hear about or read about in the papers. You're sure you "know" yourself—but you don't know all the people you see and meet every day. You won't have to be a snob, a coldhearted character or any kind of prude—but there *is* a difference between being easy-going and simply "easy." Just don't let yourself take chances with strangers! It isn't smart and it isn't safe. And since you should have a lot of good happy years ahead of you, don't spoil everything now! Just act as smart as you look!

YOU HAVE A DATE

. . . to order the new Sub-Deb booklet, LET'S DANCE, No. 1303—5¢. It's full of dreamy prom ideas so that your gang can plan that big spring affair well in advance. Any of the ideas in this booklet are good to the last strains of "Good Night, Ladies," and your guests will think so too! Order LET'S DANCE, No. 1303, from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

STUBBORN FILM ROBS YOUR SKIN OF *Half its Beauty!*

You can't see or feel this tubborn film . . . and ordinary cleansing fails to remove it

BUT

once you try this treatment you will instantly see and feel the amazing *difference!*

JUST ONE TREATMENT *with unique Lady Esther Cream shows how much* clearer, fresher, younger *your skin can look. Try it tonight, and see!*

Every woman's skin has this insidious enemy . . . a stubborn film, caused by your natural skin oils mixed with cosmetics and dirt.

You can't see or feel this stubborn film. That's the danger! You think your skin is clean, when it isn't.

Ordinary cleansing fails to remove this stubborn, invisible film. Day after day, it clings . . . dulling the true freshness and beauty of your skin . . . encouraging blackheads and blemishes!

Here's the safe, sure way to get rid of this stubborn, clinging film!

1. Smooth over your face and neck my unique Lady Esther 4-purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off thoroughly.
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This second cleansing, with Lady Esther, really removes that stubborn film. Now your skin is really clean!

Instantly, you see and feel the difference! Your skin looks so much clearer, fresher, younger! It feels so much softer, smoother. And now, your skin has a real chance to build new loveliness for itself!

My Cream is Unique! The very texture of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different . . . so soft, so effective. And remember . . . every time you use my unique cream, it does four of the things your skin needs most: **1)** *cleanses thoroughly;* **2)** *softens your skin;* **3)** *helps Nature refine your pores;* **4)** *leaves a perfect powder base.*

Get Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream today. Let this unique cream work its beauty wonders on your skin!

Lady Esther

4-Purpose Face Cream

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Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

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Breck Special Shampoos. The reason for three special shampoos is very simple. Hair t
to be dry, oily or normal. A special shampoo has been developed for each of these three
different hair conditions. The next time you are having a shampoo at your Beauty Sho
buying a shampoo for home use, be sure to ask for Breck pH8 Lather Oil Shampoo if your
is dry — Breck Lacene Shampoo if your hair is oily — and Breck Regular Shampoo if
normal hair and scalp conditions exist. There is a complete line of Breck Preparation
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LETTERS TO JOAN

This is the third in a series of letters from a mother to her daughter, in which standards of today are discussed, frankly and understandingly — to insure the success of tomorrow.

BY GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

REST JOAN AND GIRLS:

at am I doing, anyway—conducting
nar on Sex, by remote control? I'm
e I have the qualifications! But I do
could have sat in on the discussion
ter on petting evoked.

principal objection, I take it, was
plication that a girl should not "go
nit" in her relations with men, and
her naïve assumption that if she did,
ght become pregnant. Various girls
d out that birth control has changed
t. Women have desires and passions,
men do—I admitted it. With birth
l to protect us from the consequences
ar to our sex, why shouldn't we, asks
:l, gratify them just as men do?

as interested in Shirley's comment:
's the trouble with the advice our
rs give us. They always want us to
virgins, and why should we?"

also in the point Jenny raised: what
ng, if it comes to that, with having an
mate child? It's an incontrovertible
s she says, that there won't be hus-
enough to go around for all the girls
r generation. A great many will be
motherhood if they wait for mar-
intelligent women, perfectly capable
porting and bringing up children.
houldn't they have babies too? Why
any stigma be attached to this?

heaven's sake, Joan, don't apologize
ssing these criticisms along. I realize
ou youngsters are confronted with
ons and with problems that we of my
tion never had to face. Our society
state of violent change, and perhaps
oral concepts my friends and I grew
are due to change with it.

all means let us look at these things
er. I don't assume for a minute that
w all the answers—indeed, I suspect
he middle-aged are as confused as
an possibly be. But on the other
experimentation along these lines is
new thing in the world. I dare say
ll the possible variations of sex be-
have been tried, time and again. In
etime, I've seen quite a few of these
urricular arrangements and have
d to the stories of many people. I
least pass along to you the results,
ou can use your own intelligence to
e them in terms of human happiness.
what you girls are aiming at, after all,
y of life, under conditions as they are
, which will give you the greatest hap-
and fulfillment as women. Correct?
ll for that, believe me. I'll try to get
from prejudice and preconceived
and give you the best thinking I'm
le of. You girls jump on any weak
in my argument. I'll welcome it.

I assume that, whatever the morals
future are to be, none of you are
to take on motherhood just yet. I
st, therefore, that we start out by
ng at birth control, since it has an
tant bearing on these matters. Also
subject on which I can give you facts,
st opinions.

a point of departure in your own
ng, you ought to know that birth
ol is not as simple or as foolproof as it
ls to the uninitiated. I am reminded
reaction of the young son of one of
iends, when she described to him all the various methods in detail, outlining the hazards, difficulties and relative merits of each one. She thought she was doing a bang-up job, in the best modern tradition, and I am sure she was.

"H'm," mused the boy when she had finished, "I should think it would be so much simpler just not to have intercourse!"

The fact is that any method of birth control now known either involves some apparatus, which on occasion may not be available, or else entails a rather large amount of self-control, and a very high sense of responsibility on the part of the man. The kind of man who possesses that much responsibility is inclined, I rather believe, to marry the woman of his choice rather than subject her to the risks of illicit love. That, however, is just opinion. (But I think it would be very interesting to know whether this sense of responsibility has declined in men as women have become more openly anxious for sex experience.)

Second, no method of birth control now known is completely infallible—medical literature will assure you of that. The most reliable one requires an individual fitting on the part of a skilled physician, otherwise it's not dependable. And even then accidents can happen. (Reputable physicians, I might add, do not, if they know it, give fittings except to married women or brides-to-be.)

As for the other methods, their efficacy depends to a considerable extent upon luck plus the potency of the man and the fertility of the woman involved. I had one friend who, having had one baby after another, was trying everything in a rather desperate effort to limit her family. Once more obviously pregnant, she met another friend on the street one day.

"Stay away from ——" warned the fecund lady, naming one of the most widely advertised solutions. "There's a baby in every bottle!" You'll hear many similar tales after you are married.

THIRD, human nature being what it is, and the romantic urge being what *it* is, couples are few, in and out of marriage, who do not at one time or another take a chance. Quite often there are no consequences. But both men and women differ widely in their degree of fertility. One girl may escape time and time again. Another may be "caught," as the old wives express it, at her one and only misstep. It's a thing that can't be determined in advance.

Even with all due precaution, there is some risk, and it's particularly high in the case of the young and inexperienced. More than one bride and groom, who had intended to wait awhile before starting their family, find themselves parents before the end of a year. Old married couples, too, have offspring they hadn't planned for.

I am not denying that birth control has greatly cut down the risk of pregnancy, and for many people it works without mischance. No doubt it has played a large part in the general loosening of morals. But I wouldn't be carrying my end of this discussion if I didn't warn you that it's by no means 100 per cent effective. Any normal woman who has sexual experience must figure that she takes some chance of becoming pregnant.

(Continued on Page 265)

That April shower won't bring you flowers!

LEAVES YOU whistle-clean and sweet—a refreshing shower like that. But don't stop there, honey. Think of your *future* charm!

Remember, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor *to come.*

Mum

Product of Bristol Myers

So follow up your bath with safe, dependable Mum. That's the way so many popular girls win bouquets and *keep* a beau enamored.

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even *after* you're dressed. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

No wonder her mother snuggles her so close, hums a lullaby so softly.

No wonder care and more care is lavished on her.

No wonder only a pure soap, a mild soap is used to bathe her tender skin.

And, of course, the pure, mild soap is Ivory. Ivory is *so* mild. Ivory is 99 44/100% pure. More doctors advise Ivory Soap for babies' tender skin than all other brands put together.

Mildness Makes the Difference

For generations mothers have been using pure, mild Ivory to help keep their babies' skin at its natural, lovely best. And generations of Ivory babies have been growing up with that lovable *Ivory Look* . . . young, fresh, na beauty!

Your Skin Never Outgrows Ivory!

The soap that's pure and mild enoug baby's skin is *right* for your skin, too. So, i want *That Ivory Look*, stop using the wrong Change to regular care with baby's pure, Ivory . . . and in just one week you can *That Ivory Look*, too.

* * *

Yes, take your cue from baby: *wherever* pa and water touch your skin, make sure your is pure and mild. Make sure it's Ivory.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap. 99 44/100% pure—it floa

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN May, 1897, imaginations were stirred by the chess match played by telegraph between our House of Representatives and the British House of Commons. Oscar Wilde was released from prison, and Cambridge University voted to refuse degrees to women. Twenty were killed when a tally-ho coach hit a Long Island train; and Harry Truman became a teen-ager.

In the May, 1897, JOURNAL, Editor Bok takes men to task for spitting. "The sidewalk in front of the rural general store or post office is made almost impassable to woman by this offense. She cannot keep her skirts constantly free of the sidewalk . . . yet this dangerous and filthy practice is allowed to go on without any attempt to check it."

"Family portraits should not be hung in the dining room," rules homemaking expert Sarah Tyson Rorer, who fails to give a reason.

"Stella: When it is necessary for a girl of seventeen to pay long visits to a dentist's office, she should be accompanied by her mother."

"Where one servant is kept and the laundry done at home, four or five dollars a week is a fair price for trained help," believes Mrs. Rorer. She adds, "Servants are only human beings, yet we expect them to go like machines from five in the morning until eleven at night. See that they get a full afternoon off on Thursdays."

"Bonnie: It is not in good taste, nor even proper, for young ladies to go alone to a hotel to dine with men."

"Verdant: At a matinee, there would be no impropriety in expressing gentle applause, but a loud clapping of the hands would be decidedly vulgar."

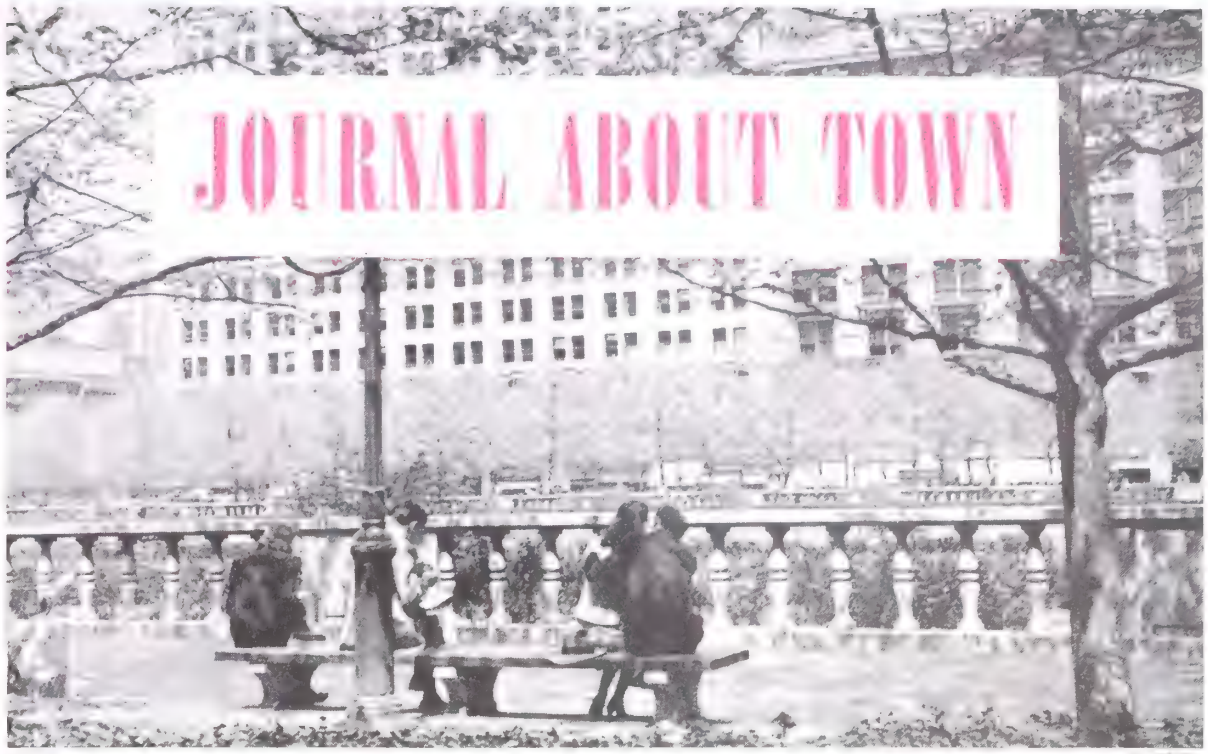
"Irene: No matter how long your gloves are, they should be entirely taken off at supper."

"Always address, in letters, a servant in the third person," admonishes Walter Germain.

"Netty: The word 'golf' is pronounced as though spelled 'goff.'"

New parasol: "A dainty protection from the sun is of pale blue silk."

JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN



In the spring—in Bryant Park—a young man's fancy lightly turns from Proust to love.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

ONE of the most literary parks we know, and one of the loveliest in spring, is the one down the street from the Workshop and right back of the public library. Very European in feeling, under its fresh green canopy of plane trees, with regiments of bulbs and formal balustrades, it makes an immense outdoor reading room, much nicer right now than the ones inside the building it adjoins. **The funny part is the hush. People, if they speak at all, speak quietly, not wishing to disturb other people deep in practically anything from Plato to Proust—or even their own romances, on account of its being spring.**

The talk we overhear in our elevators is daily becoming more polyglot, due to the fact that one of the places where they're designing the vast U.N. establishment is downstairs, and consultant architects are dropping in from all over—France, Belgium, Russia, Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Uruguay, not to mention England, Canada and Australia—to work with ***Wallace K. Harrison,*** who's the architect in charge. Don't be misled by the blocks in the picture; they're

Planners for the U. N. site.

just to indicate what surrounds the site. No sketches yet to show you. And surrounding the blocks, from the left, are ***Corbusier,*** France; ***Bassov,*** U.S.S.R.; ***Robertson,*** United Kingdom; ***Harrison,*** U.S.A., and the interpreter, who unfortunately doesn't function in the elevator. . . . Come to think of it, just ten years ago this month the JOURNAL exhibited at Madison Square Garden its House of Tomorrow, which appeared in the magazine that June; the architects being this same Mr. Harrison and the late ***André Fouilhoux.*** It's *still* the House of Tomorrow!

The veiling on the hat that ***Audrey Beck*** *is wearing on this month's cover is just a handful out of the 600,000 yards of veiling* ***Lilly Dache*** *uses every year, doing wonders with it, for we don't know how many women—among whom you know* ***Marlene Dietrich, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford*** *and* ***Joan Fontaine.*** *If you don't yet know Audrey Beck, it may be because she just arrived from England—her first cover in this country.*

Almost half of the 650,000 fires in the United States each year occur in private dwellings. . . . An Indianapolis woman recently discovered and paid a bill that she doesn't remember contracting—a $15 fee to the doctor who delivered her into the world. . . . There are fifty miles of canals in every human tooth. . . . There are now more than twenty radio shows on the four major networks in which the audience participates and receives gifts. . . . The 3,260,000 births in the U.S. during 1946 set an all-time record. . . . A Canadian woman, who's been practicing flying by jumping off buildings with a pair of homemade wings, has got her altitude up to twenty-five feet. . . . The latest in jewelry is a palladium ring with the large center stone detachable so that the gem can be changed to match the wearer's dress. . . . Only half of U.S. farmhouses have electricity, slightly more than a fourth have running water, a sixth have bathrooms and still fewer have central heating. . . . Recent statistics indicate that families are moving from the big cities to the suburbs at the rate of 1,000,000 a year. . . . American women are getting older, says the Census Bureau. Today women over 35 account for 55 per cent of the total female population, rather than 52½ per cent, as in 1940.

A man who's helping to put on the big international philatelic exhibition at Grand Central Palace this month, celebrating the centenary of the first U. S. postage stamps, told *Bruce Gould* there are more than ten million stamp collectors in this country, of whom about 75 per cent are very ardent juveniles, which should guarantee an especially big attendance at the show out of school hours. Told Mr. G. that next to the most famous stamp collector of modern times, ***F. D. R.,*** comes the ***King of England,*** who's sending over his father's collection—all blue stamps. He'd certainly come himself, if it weren't for his royal commitments, as would ***King Faruk*** and ***Queen Wilhelmina***—both feverish philatelists. There'll be all kinds of special collections—stamps depicting animals, birds, airplanes, and goodness knows what else, including musical celebrities, of which ***Vincent Lopez*** and ***Theodore Steinway*** have the finest in the world, but no stamp showing Lopez—yet.

Breakfast in New York, for most wives and husbands we know, is ordinarily a

Cat lovers at breakfast.

brief and fairly silent meal, but for two couples in particular it is anything but that. Every morning, ***Ed*** and ***Pegeen Fitzgerald,*** over on East Thirty-sixth Street, not only talk steadily for forty minutes, but let countless people with radios listen in to their conversations—considerably about cats, for almost five thousand of which they found homes last year—while having their orange juice and coffee. Simultaneously, each morning, up on Park Avenue, the ***Kollmars,*** over another network, converse their way through a much more substantial breakfast—you can even hear Mr. K. crunching his toast. A hardier couple, the ***McCrarys*** (she is ***Jinx Falkenburg***) arise at six-thirty and motor in to their studio from Long Island, Jinx driving, Tex typing, both breakfastless; interview themselves and other celebrities till nine (while the Fitzgeralds and Kollmars are eating over their stations), then rush down to the corner drugstore and gorge.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

By Martha Albrand

WHEN Norah Sedley was forty-six she did not look a day older than thirty. She aged abruptly when Lou Sedley died. After that night she had somehow frozen in her outward appearance, which remained what it became during those first hours of realization of her husband's death. The lines which then, for the first time, marked her face had neither deepened nor spread, and even now looked rather like the slight indications one can see on a newly born child's face, sketched in lightly at the very beginning as a pattern for life.

There was something mysterious and fascinating about this genuinely youthful beauty of a middle-aged woman: the perfect texture of her skin, the luster of her hair, the sparkle of her eyes, the clean contour of her profile and the lithe, weightless carriage of her long slim body.

"She'll never grow old," women discussing her would sigh; but though they were envious of Mrs. Sedley's beauty, she was popular with them. They liked her more than men did.

Men, though intrigued by her personality and apt to fall wildly in love with her, still resented her aloofness, her independence. "No sex," they said, their wounded egos seizing on an explanation which could save their vanity. "Pretty as a picture and plenty of brains, but no sex."

There was never any malicious gossip about Norah Sedley. The community in which she lived respected her for never giving cause for the slightest rumor, yet felt oddly thwarted that a woman with her looks, her graciousness as a hostess, her ability to make money should remain so spotless.

Many a man had wanted to marry her throughout the years. At first her remoteness was attributed to the belief that she had loved Lou Sedley so irrevocably and completely that she couldn't even imagine any other man as a husband or a lover. Then, too, she was absorbed in her son, young Lukas Fair Sedley, who was not quite nine when Lou died so tragically. Of course it was understandable that Norah might fear a painful reaction toward any man who attempted to take his father's place. But, when boarding school and, later, college took most of Luke's time and Mrs. Sedley was left alone in the big house on the hill, curiosity and speculation regarding her future started up again.

Norah Sedley was quite aware of all this interest. There were days when, sitting before her dressing table and brushing her hair with long swift strokes, her face in the mirror would suddenly attract her attention and she would think, *What a waste!* But she thought *(Continued on Page 158)*

Copyright, 1947, by Martha Albrand. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Random House, under the title of "Whispering Hill."

"Since you came I don't know the meaning of loneliness," he told her. "It isn't just your being beside me. It's the peace that comes with you."

When Norah saw the girl, she thought: This is what I've feared for nearly twenty years.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Educating Children for

Every year we train thousands of our youth toward disappointment that could be avoided. • *By Henry F. and Katharine Pringle*

OUR nation is still the land of greatest opportunity. The American boy enjoys his inalienable right to strive toward wealth and power. The American girl is not denied the dream that one day her name shall be spelled out in lights which add to the glitter of Broadway. Thomas Jefferson's phrase, "the pursuit of happiness," still shines in the Declaration of Independence.

But it has been a vastly misunderstood phrase. The declaration does not, obviously, guarantee happiness. Nor does it, in proclaiming that men are created equal, mean all are identical in brain power, ability, determination or ambition. What the document does mean is that all men are to have equal opportunity to make of themselves what they can. The misunderstanding has caused countless Americans, through all our history, vainly to pursue happiness down roads which lead only to disappointment and heartbreak.

This June some 1,200,000 boys and girls will graduate from American high schools. Too many of them will want to be doctors, lawyers, engineers and merchant princes. Too many will seek success as actresses and singers, dancers and models. Too few will realize, before their chance has passed, that the true road to happiness may lie in doing humbler work for which they are really qualified, and which will bring greater spiritual and possibly even greater material success. The men and women who fill these jobs, essential to the welfare of the nation, are not really failures, of course. Actually, they had no chance to enter the callings of their wistful choice. They would not regard themselves as failures had it not been for early influences which held out false hopes.

The cold impartial figures of the Bureau of the Census give convincing answer to the erroneous idea that fame and fortune can be won by any man if only he will work hard enough. In 1940, in round figures, 37,400,000 American males were employed, and of these only 1,900,000 were classified as professional or semiprofessional. Of the 12,000,000 positions held by women and girls, 1,500,000 were so listed—a far better percentage. Among the men, there were only 21,000 architects, as compared with 4,500,000 clerks; 150,000 doctors, as against 5,500,000 craftsmen and 1,600,000 chauffeurs and truck drivers. Some 19,000 lady writers contrasted with 361,000 trained nurses, 800,000 schoolteachers, 3,000,000 girls doing clerical work and 2,000,000 domestics. Only 4000 women were lawyers; 400,000 were waitresses.

In all of bustling Chicago in 1940 there were but 2400 civil engineers and 7000 lawyers, compared with 200,000 factory hands and 200,000 clerks. A fraction over 200 lady lawyers unraveled legal snarls in the Midwestern metropolis, contrasted with 16,000 schoolteachers, 180,000 clerks and 60,000 stenographers and secretaries. Census figures from all parts of the nation confirm this inescapable fact: not enough professional jobs with large salaries exist for the 2,000,000 young people who normally enter the American labor market each year. Neither their parents nor the country's educators are adequately preparing them to face the true situation. The American educational system is producing misfits, by the tens of thousands, each year in every state in the Union.

The nation's schools are changing, of course, but most of them—both elementary and secondary—have not modified their courses enough to meet the needs of business and industry. More serious, the courses offered are not in harmony with the radically altered pattern of today's social structure. In 1870, as the Harvard report, General Education in a Free Society, pointed out, the high schools had 80,000 students of whom three quarters went to college. But in 1940 the high schools enrolled 7,000,000 students, and hardly more than a fifth had either the ability or the desire for university training. Yet huge numbers of them are educated without due recognition of this change.

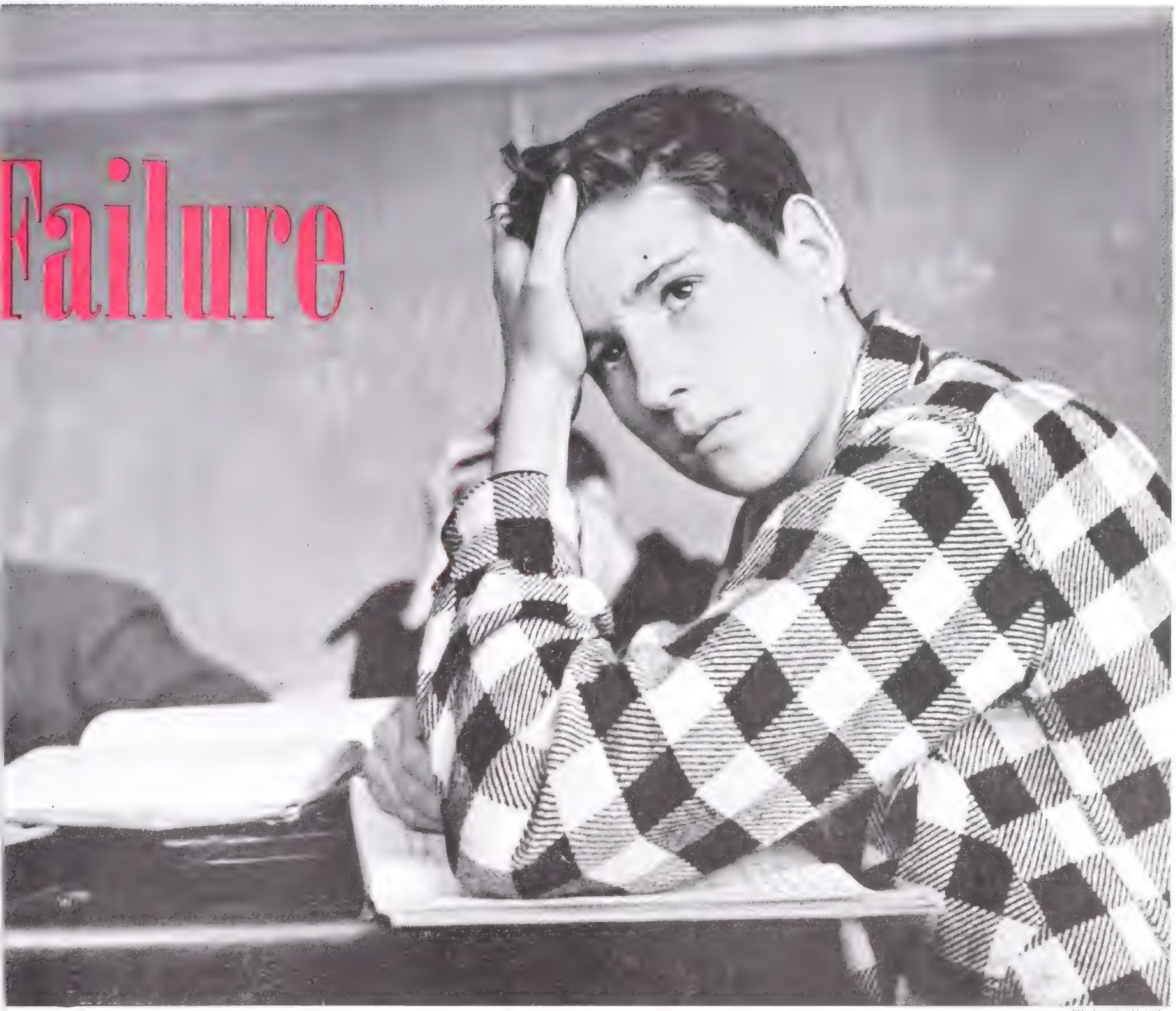
The labor laws of most states require that children must remain in school until they are sixteen. So millions of youngsters, destined ultimately to work in factories and commercial establishments, struggle to master Latin and other cultural subjects of dubious value to them.

"Many of our young people," observed Harold J. Dillon in a recent study for the National Child Labor Committee, "complete their secondary education insulated from the reality of what makes up the outside world."

THE time has come for realism. It may be that the school authorities of the United States should have more zealously aroused public opinion to the need for more widespread vocational training. After all, they have had the closest contacts with the masses of children. Yet to put all the blame—or even half of it—on our superintendents, principals and teachers would be very unfair. A large part of the responsibility must be shared by parents. Basically, it rests in the American misconception that it is somehow socially preferable to be a starving, incompetent architect or a bungling, dangerous doctor than a skilled mechanic or a well-paid carpenter.

The parent, of course, wants his son or daughter to live a fuller, better life than he did himself. Wherever we went, talking with

Failure



PHOTOGRAPH BY ACME

Less than 8 per cent of all job opportunities are professional, but more than 60 per cent of our high-school graduates are aiming for them.

high-school teachers and students, we heard again and again of the fathers and mothers who flatly refused to admit that their darlings could not rise above their own positions in life. There was, for instance, Maria, who was graduated from the Julia Richman High School in New York City four or five years ago.

Maria, of Italian parentage, was pretty, willing and a hard worker. She was popular with teachers and students alike, but she simply did not have the brand of brains required to get through the school's normal academic course, much less to enter college. So Maria was enrolled in the co-operative course, taking typing and comptometry. On graduation she was almost certain to find work with one of the fifty New York business houses which are closely associated with the school.

At first, Maria's parents were willing enough. Times were hard. There was no prospect of putting their daughter through college. Then her father got a war job. The money rolled in. In her senior year he notified the school that Maria must be transferred to the college-preparatory course. Her teachers and Miss Marion D. Jewell, principal of Julia Richman, protested. Maria was a wonderful girl, they told papa, but she could not do the academic work of her classmates. She would have to drop back two years. Promotion, even so, was doubtful. But papa was adamant; nothing was too good for his Maria. She was put in the sophomore class, with girls much younger. But she had been there only five days when her father came in misery to Miss Jewell. Maria would neither eat nor sleep, he reported. She did nothing but sit in her room and cry. Obviously, she knew how to handle papa, for she went happily back to the co-operative course.

Mrs. Bessie W. O'Brien, the school's placement adviser, told many such stories. She described her protests to parents.

"I'VE said it so often it has whiskers," she remarked. "If we made Peggy carry around a hundred pounds of books, I point out, they'd come screaming in protest. Yet they're asking her to carry a hundred pounds of books in her head, and she just hasn't the mental strength. But rather often, the parent just keeps repeating that Peggy will get the regular diploma, all right, if only she will work harder."

This reluctance to face the truth is probably even more pronounced among the parents of boys. In Baltimore we sat in a small ice-cream parlor and talked with some

(Continued on Page 128)

WOLF STORY

"A little dinner?" Waldo urged softly. "A slight snack at my place? I've an interesting collection of feathers I'd like very much to show you."

"Listen," the man said. "I can't just keep talking all the time. Now and then I've got to breathe. Do you mind?" "Well—hurry up!" Michael said coldly.

BY WILLIAM McCLEERY

ONCE upon a time a man was putting his five-year-old son, Michael, to bed and the boy asked for a story. "All right," said the man. "Once upon a time there was a girl called Goldilocks."

"No, no," said the boy. "A *new* story."

"A new story?" said the man. "What about?"

"About a hen," said the boy.

"Good!" said the man. "I was afraid you might want another wolf story. Well, once upon a time there was a hen." The man stopped. "What is a good name for a hen?"

Michael looked thoughtful. "Make it Rainbow."

"Why Rainbow?" asked his father.

"Because," said the boy, "he had all different colored feathers."

"He?" said the man.

"She," said the boy.

"All right," said the man. "She was called Rainbow because her feathers were of many different colors: red and pink and purple and lavender and magenta"—the boy yawned—"and violet and yellow and orange ——"

"Daddy! Stop!" cried the boy. "Stop saying so many colors. You're putting me to sleep!"

"Why not?" said the man. "This is bedtime."

"But I want some story first!" said the boy. "Not just colors."

"Rainbow lived with many other hens in a house on a farm at the edge of a deep dark forest and in the forest lived a ——"

"A wolf," said the boy, sitting up in bed.

"No!" cried the man. "Not another wolf story. Anything but a wolf. A weasel, a ferret, a lion, an elephant ——"

"A wolf," said the boy.

"Well, all right," said the man, "but please don't sit up. Put your head on your pillow; shut your eyes."

"O.K.," said the boy. He turned his pillow over so that it would be cool against his cheek.

"So," said the man, "in the forest lived a stupid old wolf, too tired to do any harm."

"No!" cried the boy. "The wolf is fierce! Terribly, terribly fierce!"

"All right," said the man. "A terribly fierce wolf with teeth as sharp as butcher knives."

"M-m-m-m," said the boy.

"I suppose you like that about the butcher knives," said the man.

"I love it," said the boy. "Go on."

"Well, one night the wolf came slinking out of the forest. By the way, what is the wolf's name?"

"Waldo," said the boy.

"But Waldo's been in every story since Christmas. Can't we ever have a new one?"

"No," said the boy. "Because Waldo is the fiercest wolf in all the world!"

"Well, this wolf named Waldo came slinking out of the forest very quietly," whispered the man. "Very, *very* quietly." *(Continued on Page 270)*

Copyright, 1947, by William McCleery

ILLUSTRATED BY

JESSIE KNEW
LOTS ABOUT PROBLEM
CHILDREN, TILL THE DAY
SHE MET UP WITH HER
HUSBAND'S DAUGHTER

Crack in the Floor

BY ROMA ROSE

I OUGHT to be ashamed, she said to the empty classroom. The students had gone home long ago, the boards were erased, the papers neatly stacked with rubber bands around them. Everything was done, and still she delayed. It was harder to go home each afternoon, because Angela was there. *I will try to like her. I have tried. And I understand children—after all, she's barely eighteen.* But it was no good. Her hands trembled as she picked up the stacks of papers.

Resolutely she closed the door marked with a little card: MRS. MORRISON, HISTORY. The halls were silent except for the sound of her own steps. The office was empty. It was Friday afternoon and the week end stretched ahead—the fourth with Angela.

It's true about stepmothers. And I'm one of them.

The outside door swung shut behind her and she stood in the late-afternoon sunshine, the safe refuge of the classroom gone until Monday. The orange tree by the school steps was in full blossom and the sweet scent filled the bright air. The building and the grounds were beautiful but she must go home now.

If only Angela had been like other young girls she knew—affectionate, or comradely, or even reasonably polite. Anything at all except the way she was.

Angela had telephoned one night a month or so ago from her mother's home, two thousand miles away, and her thin voice asked if this was Mr. Todd Morrison's residence, and who was this speaking?

"This is Mrs. Morrison," Jessie had said, puzzled. "Mr. Morrison is away until Friday. Could I—"

"This is Miss Morrison," the cool little voice said. "Will you please tell him to meet me on Sunday morning at the station at eight-forty-five."

"Why, yes, I'll tell him," Jessie said in surprise. "Is this Angela? Are you coming out?"

"Yes. This is his daughter. Just tell him to meet me. That's all. Good-by."

Since that Sunday morning when she arrived with a remote, "How do you do?" for Jessie, Angela's clothes had been scattered on the living-room furniture, her make-up littered the bathroom, her appetite was capricious, and when her father was home she sat on his lap every time he sat down. She never spoke to Jessie except to answer questions, and even then she acted as if Jessie were an inquisitive servant.

But surely we can learn to be friends. Jessie thought, dreading the approach to her own door. *Of course, I am sort of an old maid, and not young and gay, but I work with young people all the time. I'll try.*

She fitted the key into the lock of her apartment, and paused while she smoothed out her face and got ready to smile. Eighteen was such a nice age for a girl. Those high-school youngsters in her classes with their loose shiny hair, their wild exaggerations, their pretty skin, their absolute absorption in themselves—they were sweet and funny.

"Hello, Angela," she said brightly. "Are you home?"

The room smelled of perfume and nail polish. Angela was at the desk, a scramble of old envelopes and letters spread out in front of her, writing.

"Oh, hello," Angela said indifferently, without looking up.

A sweater, pajamas, slippers, stockings and underwear lay on the chairs and floor. The bed on the couch was still unmade.

Jessie walked to the desk to lay her papers on one crowded corner. At her approach, Angela covered her writing with her hand. It was done so deliberately that Jessie felt her face go hot. She looked out (Continued on Page 25)

Angela slowly turned her head. "I don't think," she said, "that I care to discuss it with you."

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR CRAWFORD

She didn't look like the tree-sitting type

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN A TREE

"VICHYSSOISE," Peter was saying to the waiter. "Vichyssoise, lobster thermidor, a salad—tossed green salad—*profiteroles au chocolat* and a large coffee." Peter put the menu back on the table. He was twenty-three, but a fair complexion and light brown hair that looked unfamiliar with the brush and comb gave him the appearance of a sophomore.

The waiter turned to Dan.

"Shrimps à la Russe," Dan said. He hesitated and ran his eye up and down the list of entrees. Dan was the same age as Peter, but he had the manner of a man twice that age, just a trifle weary.

"The lamb," the waiter said, "is very nice. Spring lamb, very nice."

"No lamb," Dan said. "My psychiatrist won't let me eat lamb."

"I am sorry," the waiter said, and cocked his head sympathetically. "*Rognons?* In a nice wine sauce?"

"What are *rognons?*" Peter asked.

"Kidney, monsieur. Very nice."

"No *rognons*," Dan said. "I will have the pompano."

"Pompano? Very nice."

"The avocado salad, *pot de crème* and a large coffee."

"Very nice," the waiter said. He picked up the menus and darted toward the swinging doors into the kitchen.

Peter leaned back into the heavy leather cushions and inhaled deeply. It was such a wonderful smell. From the kitchen where Peter glimpsed a row of shiny copper tureens, and the chef in white linens gesturing excitedly, came the steamy aroma of pink roasts and rich sauces. From the dozen or so women in

"Do something!" advised Dan. "Grab her by the hair and say, 'My name is Peter Whipple and I want you!'"

but she sure had Peter out on a limb!

★ BY JOHN LEGGETT

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

the restaurant came tantalizing whiffs of heavy perfumes. "It is a frightening thing, really," Peter said.

"What is a frightening thing?"

"This gastronomic phase in our lives. It is a pastime for old men. At my age I should be interested in girls and in reforming the world and in the National League pennant. It is wrong. It is very wrong indeed that the thing that excites me most in this world is the anticipation of a good meal in a good restaurant."

"I have a feeling," Dan said, "that you do not know when you are well off."

"Me? Well off?"

"You may congratulate yourself that you are one of the handful of people in America who are wealthy enough to eat at the Napoleon and who are healthy enough to enjoy it."

"Perhaps, but I can't help feeling that my existence ——"

"If you were in love you would be very unhappy. Reforming the world is a thankless job, and I assure you the Dodgers have cinched the National League pennant."

"You are right," Peter said, and reached for his soupspoon as the waiter placed the vichyssoise in front of him.

It was at this moment, as Peter was reaching for his soupspoon, that she came in. She was the youngest woman in the room, yet she walked with such cool self-confidence that the captain was already making little bows with his head in her direction. She wore a white evening gown, a short mink jacket and no jewelry at all. A Twentieth Century-Fox vice-president who was standing at the bar asked the bartender who she was. The bartender didn't know. He had never seen her before.

Peter put down his soupspoon without tasting the vichyssoise. "Dan," he said, "*that* is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."

Dan looked up from his shrimps. He studied the girl carefully. "Good bone structure in her face, but she's too healthy-looking. She looks as if she came in here on a pair of skis. I'm getting exhausted just looking at her."

The captain was indicating a wall table next to the one where Peter and Dan were sitting. The captain looked at the girl's escort, a spare, dark young man in a white dinner coat. The spare, dark young man in the white dinner coat turned to the girl. She nodded to him and he nodded to the captain. The captain ran ahead of them and pulled the table out from the wall. The girl brushed by the corner of Peter's table and slipped into the wall seat. The young man sat down next to her, between Peter and the girl, and the captain pushed the table in against their stomachs as if he were tucking them into bed.

"That girl," Peter said, "is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen." Peter had to whisper, for the elbow of the young man in the white dinner jacket was within a few inches of Peter's.

"You said that before," Dan said. "Finish your soup."

"I can't," Peter said. "Suddenly I have no interest in food."

The young man in the white dinner jacket was obstructing his view. Peter leaned forward so he could look at the girl again. As he stared at her she glanced up from her menu and looked at Peter. For a fraction of a second they looked at each other. A great lump formed itself in Peter's *(Continued on Page 252)*

Do Men or Women lead the harder life?

"By gorry, I'm tired."
"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're workin' in a nice cool sewer!"

"IN general, who do you think lead the harder life, men or women?" The question sounds like a new phase of the war between the men and the women, but if you expect the battle to end in a deadlock, with neither side winning a stronger claim to the title, you're mistaken.

When this question was asked among a cross section of the country's adults in a recent JOURNAL survey, the women won handily: the people who think woman's role is the harder outnumber those whose sympathies are with the men, by two to one. Here's the way the people voted:

"Women lead the harder life," said 48 per cent.

"Men lead the harder life," said 24 per cent.

"There's no difference," said 23 per cent—and some added, "They all have a tough time!"

"I don't know," said 5 per cent.

Nor is this a case where women line up solidly on one side of the issue, the men on the other. As a matter of fact, considering the controversy implied by the topic, the views of men and women are surprisingly close to agreement:

Among women:

53 per cent think women lead a harder life than men.
19 per cent think men lead a harder life than women.

Among men, the situation is altered, but by no means reversed:

43 per cent think women lead the harder life.
28 per cent think men's life is harder.

In other words, nearly as many men as women concede that a woman's life is harder. But remember, this is a general statement; a husband may easily believe that most women have a harder time than most men—but object strenuously to the idea that his own wife leads a harder life than he does!

Especially if you disagree with the verdict of the people interviewed in the survey, you'll want to know just what arguments are

Maybe the man brings home the bacon—but it's

dvanced to support women's claims. When people who believe that woman's life is harder than a man's were asked to explain how, iese were the reasons they gave:

"Because women have to care for the children and bring up the imily," said 26 per cent.

"Woman's work is never done—longer hours, or harder work, or ore work," said 24 per cent.

"They have more responsibilities, or cares, or worries," said 22 er cent.

"Housework and running the house—it's monotonous, it's endss," said 14 per cent.

"They bear the children," said 13 per cent.

"Women are more tied down," said 8 per cent.

"Women are greater worriers, they're more emotional; their ental or physical make-up makes their burdens harder to bear," id 6 per cent.

"Women have less independence," said 2 per cent.

Plus a wide variety of other specific arguments amounting to 7 er cent.

If you bother to add up the percentages, you'll find that they total ell over 100 per cent. This is because many people mentioned sev-al ways in which a woman's life is harder than a man's; in fact, ie reason for the belief that women's lives are harder is the feeling iat women are required to function in more capacities than men—woman's duties and responsibilities are more numerous, varied id continuous. This underlying attitude is a connecting link between ie individual points.

Let's look at some of the categories in more detail:

Caring for the children and bringing up the family. Not many eople feel that the care of her own children is in itself any parcular hardship for a woman. However, they (particularly women) el that the duties of a mother also involve a heavy responsibility. irther, both the responsibility and the actual tasks are continuous, compared with a man's working day, which ordinarily has a finite end.

Although "the care of the children" was mentioned by almost ual proportions of men and women as one of the reasons why a oman's life is harder, here we find one of the subtle differences in e point of view of men and women. Men are inclined to think of ild care as difficult mainly because it is endless; women are much ore likely to be impressed with—or depressed by—the responsility they must assume as mothers. Said one, "Men leave the *entire* sponsibility for bringing up the family to their wives—anyway, ost men do."

"Woman's work is never done." The old saying summarizes general attitude; these very words echoed and re-echoed throughout e interviews. Be it noted again that the feeling underlying this gument has a lot in common with the one before—it's the lack of ime limit on the job that is difficult, rather than just the job itself. me people do feel that women have more or harder work to do; t the more typical point of view is that of a housewife: "Women id the harder lives, because though men work harder while they're out it, women work longer."

More responsibilities, more worries, more cares. The words of e person explain the point of view of many others: "A woman has twenty-four-hour responsibility. She's got the house to run, the ildren to raise, a man to please—all the troubles of the whole nily; men only have a job to worry about."

It's on this point that a man, even one who feels that women's lives e generally harder, is most likely to take issue with the ladies. A man sympathizes with them for being tied down, he's aware of the tedium of housework—but only one man in six feels that the wife bears a disproportionate share of the responsibility, as compared with one woman in four who voices this belief. Maybe there's a clue in this comment: "A woman's life is harder, because by nature she worries more. A woman's mental make-up tends to cause self-pity." And it was a woman who said it!

Most of the arguments are so closely related that they are almost inseparable; people have discussed different aspects of the same underlying problem. No system has yet been devised for compressing a housewife's work and worries into a forty-hour week. Add to this the fact that many women find their duties dull and monotonous, and you have the story. As one of them said, "Women have to put up with the same work, day in, day out. And they never get a vacation!"

There is one other striking aspect of this bill of particulars: if you look back at the table, you will see that most of the discussion applies primarily or exclusively to married women. A woman's life is harder because of the duties and responsibilities that go with being a homemaker!

Yet another question in the same survey shows that the great majority of women as well as of men believe that marriage and children are far more important sources of personal happiness for a woman than money, friends, owning a home or having a job; with marriage slightly ahead even of children!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ARGUMENT

Incidentally, the survey suggests that men value their family life more highly as a source of personal happiness than women give them credit for. When people were asked their opinions about sources of happiness for men, husbands ranked marriage far ahead of satisfying work as a source of happiness for men, and put work only slightly ahead of children. (This doesn't mean, either, that they get more happiness from their jobs than from their own children: the question was asked in general terms.) Wives, on the other hand, rate work almost as important as marriage to men's happiness, and far ahead of children!

Now let's look at the men's side of the case, as presented by people who believe men have the harder life. Here are the reasons they advance:

"Men have to work all the time, they're the breadwinners," said 42 per cent.

"They have greater responsibility," said 32 per cent.

"They work harder," said 16 per cent.

"Men are not sheltered, they're under a greater strain," said 6 per cent.

"They have to please a boss and a wife!" said 2 per cent.

And again miscellany, totaling 3 per cent.

If you again total the figures, you will see that the advocates of the men's case advanced fewer arguments!

The words of a few people put the case for the whole group who believe a man's life is harder: "If finances aren't provided, nothing clicks," said a man. "Men have to go out and work all day; they have the responsibility for the household, but not much chance to enjoy its pleasures."

A woman expressed pretty much the same idea in different words: "A man has to face the business world all the time; on top of that, he has the greater responsibility for the family's happiness," she told the interviewer.

A man: "He makes it—she spends it!" *(Continued on Page 152)*

woman who fries it! ★ *By Barbara Benson*

The Little Willow

BY FRANCES TOWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

THE first evening, Simon Byrne was brought to the house by a friend of Charlotte's, one of those with whom she would have to settle an account after the war—unless, of course, he didn't come back. The stranger stood on the threshold and took in the room, and a look of such extraordinary delight came over his face that the youngest Miss Avery's heart gave a little leap, almost as if, independently of her mind and will, it greeted of its own accord another of its kind.

It was, of course, a peculiarly gracious room, with its high ceiling and Adam chimney piece. The shiny white walls were painted with light and dim reflections of colors, and a thick black hearthrug smudged with curly pink roses—an incongruous Balkan peasant rug in that chaste room—somehow struck a note of innocence and gaiety, like the scherzo in a symphony. That rug, and the photographs on the lid of the grand piano; the untidy stack of books on a table; and a smoky pseudo old master over the fireplace, with the lily of the Annunciation as a highlight, a pale question mark in the gloom, gave the room an oddly dramatic quality. Lisby had often thought, *It is like a room on the stage, in which the story of three sisters is about to unfold.*

The passing reflections of Charlotte in red, Brenda in green made a faint shimmer on the walls as they drifted about, as if a rose garden were reflected momentarily in water.

"Charlotte dear, I've brought a friend. He was at Tobruk. Comes from South Africa, and doesn't know a soul over here," said Stephen Elyot. "He's just out of hospital."

"I am so glad!" said Charlotte glowingly, giving him both her hands. "You must come as often as you like."

His eyes dwelt on her dark, lovely face, and he said, "You don't know what it feels like to be in a drawing room again."

"I can very well imagine. It must feel like the peace of God," said Brenda, in that soft, plangent voice of hers, which was so perfect an instrument for the inspired remarks that seemed to fall so effortlessly from her lips.

She could say the most divinely right things without a throb of real sympathy, and would spend pounds on roses rather than write a letter of condolence. As for her cello playing, it was strange how deeply she could move one, while she herself remained quite aloof. It was because she knew what the music was meant to say and was thinking about the music all the time, and not of how she played or how she felt. It was a great charm in her.

Lisby said nothing. She had no poetic conception of herself to impose on the minds of others. However, she had her uses. She cut the sandwiches and made the coffee and threw herself into the breach when some unassuming guest seemed in danger of being neglected. And unassuming guests often were. Charlotte and Brenda had such brilliant friends—musicians and artists and writers. The truest thing about those girls was that they were charmers. Every other fact sank into it significance beside that one supreme truth. Though each had her own strongly marked individuality, they had this in common: that by lamplight they acquired, in their trailing draperies, a timeless look, as if they might have stood for types of the seductive woman in any age. Not a modern girl; but the delicate creature who through the ages has been man's rose of beauty, or his cup of hemlock.

Always, destroying friendship, there was this allure—the glow, the fragrance, the what-you-will, which, sooner or later, ensnared every young man and made him the captive of one or the other of the two elder Misses Avery.

"Charlotte, dear," said Stephen Elyot, wandering about the room with his coffee cup in his hand, "I wonder, with your exquisite taste, you let that picture hang there! It's all *wrong*, my dear, as I've told you before. A Watteau, now, or a Fragonard, for this eighteenth-century room. And yet your *décors* for the stage are so perfect! You are *quite* my favorite designer."

"Lisby would die if we banished the picture. It's been in the family for generations," said Charlotte.

"It has been loved by people who are dead, for its . . . holiness, not for aesthetic reasons; and that makes it spiritually precious," Simon Byrne said in a low voice to Lisby, by whom he chanced to be sitting.

SHE gave a little start. The thick white paint of the lily, and its golden tongue, had fascinated her as a child, making all lilies seem not quite earthly flowers. How did he know so quickly that the dark picture in the white room brought spiritual values into it, brought her mother saying, "Yes, darling; perhaps the angel has a queer face—perhaps he *is* a little bit like Miss Nettleton. How interesting that someone we know should have a face that an old master chose for the Angel Gabriel! I shall always think of Miss Nettleton as a very special kind of person"?

It almost seems as if he might be my kind of person, she thought. Perhaps one would have thought his face unremarkable if one had not caught that look on it. *He has known horror and violence, and is terribly vulnerable to beauty*, she had said to herself, with one of her flashes of insight.

Brenda played that evening, and Simon Byrne never took his eyes off her. In her long green dress, with her gold hair like an inverted sheaf of corn, she held him spellbound. Or perhaps it was the music.

When she went to bed that night, Lisby caught herself hoping quite desperately that it was, after all, the music; and for such a foolish reason. Because as he was leaving he took her little willow tree in his long thin hands.

"So cool," he said, "and watery. Willows and water—I used to dream of them."

"In the desert?" she asked.

"When I was lost," he said, "and parched with thirst, and terribly frightened."

"It's the loveliest thing I have," she said.

It was made of jade and crystal and it stood on the lacquer cabinet in the hall. She had fallen in love with it in an antique shop and had expended on it, with wild extravagance, her *(Continued on Page 143)*

aught herself hoping quite desperately that he would see her. That some miracle would happen and he would turn from Brenda and join her.

From one man's lips came another man's words, telling of a love that there had not been time to tell.

BOB LANDRY

Someone to talk to

The art of listening will win more friends and influence more people than the art of conversation— says the latest scientific theory! . . . By Gretta Palmer

"BE a good listener" is a piece of sound advice handed down from mother to daughter throughout the centuries. Women have always known that brilliant conversation is not the way to a man's heart: he would rather do his own talking and good listeners turn into early brides. They are rewarded in other ways: invitations rain down on those who practice listening as a drawing-room extension of the Golden Rule. Most of us enjoy talking: the woman who gives those about her more than their share of this pleasure is popular for her courtesy. And the same woman, like as not, is a particularly perceiving and successful mother: she finds that by letting her children prattle away and reveal their secret reveries she is better able to guide them in the difficult job of growing up.

Women's intuitive understanding of the importance of listening has lately been substantiated by a mountainous body of scientific fact. Courses in just listening are now taught at Princeton University, at the Universities of Wisconsin and Chicago, at Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates and at Harvard Graduate Business School executives-to-be. The social scientists who teach these courses can now explain why all of us desperately need someone to talk to: research studies by anthropologists, psychologists and other learned men can give us rules for better listening.

Do we talk in order to communicate information to another person? Not always. Talk has at least three other purposes.

The desire for mutual communication is very deep and strong in most men. One motorist cited by the Harvard students as typical: a man stalled in the dust of the road, steaming hot under the hood. A stranger comes ambling along and says to him, "Having trouble?"

Logic: the stranger is an insensitive ox to ask for information: he can *see* that the driver is having trouble. Why does he bother to talk? Because men and women are social beings, who often use words to express that simple fact. If we analyze the meaning of the stranger's remarks, they are something like this: "I don't know you, but to pass you by like a log of wood would be unnatural and unfriendly. I don't know anything useful to say to you, so I won't say anything that is useful to the point. But I can speak a word to you—and with a word or two—and we'll feel better than if I had kept quiet. People like to talk, even when there's nothing much to say."

A good deal of the conversation that goes on in the world is of this type: don't criticize it too harshly on the grounds that it doesn't add to our stock of information. It isn't meant to. It's just an expression of man's friendliness to man.

Another large portion of day-by-day talk is an effort to get rid, at any cost, of an emotion that is plaguing us—especially anger. Such rage may have no relation at all to the person on whom we "take it out." This is unreasonable, but it is the way all of us behave. A wife who judges all that her husband says from the viewpoint of a person is being unkind and unfair: she did not marry sheer intellect.

TROUBLES PUT INTO WORDS OFTEN DISAPPEAR

One of the teachers of counseling says, "Suppose that a man who has cheerfully eaten tomato soup for ten years of married life suddenly says some evening, 'I *hate* tomato soup. Always have. Why do you serve it?' Instead of telling him that his remark is ridiculous, the wife who understands listening will realize that he hates something else at the moment—something quite different. If she's quiet and sympathetic, he'll get around to telling her what it was that went wrong during the day. Wives have landed in the divorce courts because they got angry at the words about tomato soup and didn't give the man a chance to pour out the real anger that lay behind the foolish words."

Men who are not encouraged to get rid of their unhappiness by talking it out at home often carry the unexpressed emotion back to work with them. An industrial nurse reports that employees never come to her for the removal of splinters or the bandaging of small

RULES FOR SKILLFUL LISTENING

as you are able to:

3. When you have embarked on a conversation, always be quite clear in your mind as whether you are trying to help the other person or are merely exchanging views for everybody's equal enjoyment. Otherwise, in the midst of a talk that is very helpful to the other person, you may say to

VIEUX CARRÉ . . . *The streets in the old quarter have names like Iberville, Toulouse, Bienville, Bourbon, Dumaine and Chartres; and as you walk along under the lacy galleries you hear snatches of Creole French, and look through dark passageways into patios filled with sunlight and palms. Off the end of the street ahead, the Cathedral of St. Louis flanks a luxuriant square; and a few steps farther on oysters Rockefeller and the trout Marguery are as out-of-this-world as the Quarter itself.*

EXTERIOR PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD PRATT, INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY FLANNERY

LANC HOUSE . . . *Northwest of the Quarter, along Bayou St. John, are some f the early W est Indian plantation houses, of which this is by far the most striking.*

BUCK HOUSE . . . *The symmetry and generous proportions of Garden District houses make an effective foil for their costumes of color and shadow.*

NEW ORLEANS

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

YOU can see what Thackeray and Mark Twain meant when they called this a Paris in America—which it isn't exactly; but the flavor of the famous old Creole Quarter is decidedly French provincial; and for a flavor of another sort you encounter in farther parts of the city occasional countrylike plantation houses that are marvelous in the moonlight; while in what they call the Garden District, where the air is scented with sweet olive blossoms, and the houses give off an aroma of ante-bellum elegance in settings of almost tropical lushness, you find still another flavor, that could be called crinoline. Altogether, it makes a unique and romantic potpourri, French, Spanish, English, named New Orleans. With the accent on the *Or*.

OBINSON HOUSE . . . *In the Garden District, as well as the Quarter, many ouses decorate themselves with delicate ironwork like lacy overlays for a valentine.*

PIRATE'S ALLEY . . . *Like a little street in the south of France. Notice that French Quarter façades may be repaired, but never modernized.*

THE COURTYARD *of the Gauche house tinkles with the splash of the tall fountain, and the air that rustles the big banana leaves is fragrant with flowers. A gallery above connects the main house and the guests' and servants' quarters.*

The shutters, ordinarily closed for coolness and quiet, were opened as a favor for this photograph.

THE GAUCHE HOUSE IN THE VIEUX CARRÉ

IN the days when the Vieux Carré was almost exclusively Creole, and the Old Quarter was the special domain of the haughty French-Spanish set, John Gauche built this house at Esplanade and Royal, and hung its simple foursquare outside walls with cornices and galleries lined with lacy ironwork. The tallness of the windows gives away the wonderful ceiling heights within, upstairs and down. And inside, the present owner has given her rooms the French elegance they must have enjoyed at the hands of John Gauche in the Fifties, when only French furnishings were considered suitable for Creole homes.

THE DRAWING ROOM *here is one of two on the first floor, which further contains the immense dining room and the large study of the owner, Miss Mathilda Gray, who says that her house takes a party for six or six hundred, at will.*

THE BEDROOM *of the owner recalls the splend of earlier Creole days in New Orleans, but of th monde of France itself, for much of the furnitu brought by Miss Gray from her country house n*

In the old days the main central part of the house was the domain of the parents and daughters; the wings were the garçonnière, or quarters for the sons of the family and for the steady stream of guests who came by horse and carriage from the city and from plantations surrounding the countryside.

ORMOND PLANTATION

A FEW miles up the Mississippi River from New Orleans in a wide sweeping bend of the river, this plantation house, as you approach it from the road below the levee, appears very much as it must have looked when it went up, although the brick wings were added later. Built by the Butler family in the 1780's, its wide galleries clearly show a Spanish influence; its columns are typical of Louisiana.

THE LOWER HALL *leads from the entrance through a broad archway into a kind of casual sitting room that in turn leads out upon a garden stretching off into the distance between two great rows of camellias.*

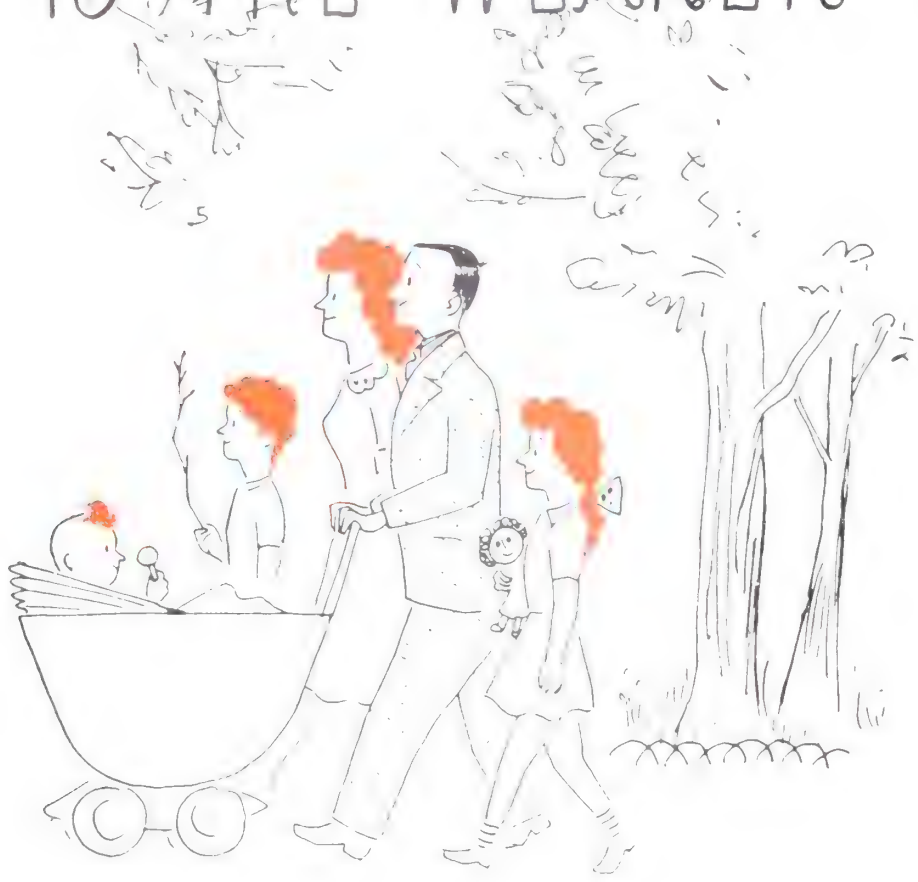
STRACHAN HOUSE

This handsomely porticoed home in the Garden District is the house where Jefferson Davis died. Ionic below and Corinthian above, the columns of this double gallery create an architectural effect familiar in the neighborhood, while indoors the woodwork and furnishings are notable, even for New Orleans.

HURST PLANTATION

A house that was moved to the new residential district from the banks of the Mississippi, five miles away. After its journey this fine old plantation house was given a setting its tradition and beauty deserved. An extraordinary Coromandel screen dominates the drawing room.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?



SCIENCE VIEWS THE SEXES THROUGH MODERN EYES, AND CONCLUDES YOU SHOULD *NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN!*

BY ALBERT WIGGAM, D.SC.

BOTH men and women have always taken for granted that woman is the weaker sex. But recent discoveries in biology and psychology, as well as the unquestioned success of women in business, industry, politics and even engineering, have brought this assumption into serious question.

Your first thought, of course, is that men are, on the average, bigger and stronger than women. True, but you see only the exceptions to the rule—the males who were strong enough to survive being born. You may ask, "How can these be exceptions, since a hundred and six boys pull through this ordeal to every hundred girls? This surely proves the males are the stronger sex." It might do so, were it not for an astonishing set of facts, only recently discovered. Let us examine a few of the most striking.

Prof. Samuel J. Holmes, eminent biologist of the University of California at Berkeley, has shown that if you go back through the prenatal life of babies to the *moment of conception*, from 150 to 200 males start the race of life to every 100 females. Yet even in this superprotected uterine environment, 40 or 50—probably 80 or 90—of the males perish before birth, owing to their inherent weakness. As a final result of this "battle of the sexes," only those males endowed with almost heroic strength ever see the light of day.

Other facts assembled by Professor Holmes show that the male is nearer than the female to the apes in his anatomy, especially in the head and sex organs. The sex organization of the female is far more elaborate and powerful than that of the male. Furthermore, her astonishing capacity to reach a climax in the sex union many times more often than the male—in some authenticated cases, 100 times as often—is additional proof of the greater organic vigor of the female. All these facts have led anthropologists to conclude that the female, not only in man, but in all animals, has, owing to her organic vitality, been the leader in the struggle for survival.

Let us once more go back through the prenatal history of babies, and read, with Professor Holmes, the amazing facts revealed by the records of premature births, both natural and induced. In Budapest, 3781 premature births showed 152 males for every 100 females had failed to survive. In Vienna, among 2608 premature births, 197 males to 100 females perished before birth. Combining the figures from many countries, 162 males to 100 females perish before birth.

Even this does not reveal fully the drama of life which has been going on. As we go back nearer and nearer to the *moment of conception*, the higher is the proportion of males who perish. In one sample of premature births that took place at the seventh month, there were 116 males to 100 females; but back at the fourth month—three months earlier—229 males were prematurely born and perished to 100 females. In another sample there were 112 males to 100 females in the sixth month, and 180 to 100 in the fourth month. All evidence, therefore, indicates that not far from 200 males are conceived to every 100 females; but since only 106 boys to 100 girls reach birth, evidently about half the males are too frail to live, even in the protected prenatal environment.

(Continued on Page 246)

Lilly Dache's flowered veiling is worn for evening, or trims a big hat.

an use a flower-trimmed veiling tied with velvet ribbon around a big straw hat as Lilly Dache does. Wonderful, too, in white or natural straw.

Take a small black or navy straw: drape the crown and make a mammoth bow of organdy: by Lilly Dache.

Wreath for the very young head: satin ribbon and flowers and veiling: also for a hat: by Sally Victor.

Piqué Bonnet pattern, No. 2320, 5¢, and Trimming Directions, No. 2321, 5¢, can be ordered from the Journal Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

There's Something about Her ... she always arrives looking rig

Infallible black, in sheer draped jersey.

Linen jacket, navy-blue jersey skirt.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

For Mrs. Sidney Wood, wife of the te player, summer is one week end after anot She goes to the matches with her husb plans her clothes to the rather special spe cations of travel by car or plane, fast pack little pressing. She must, and does, v into the clubhouse—from Newport to P Beach—looking fresh, cool and unfluste usually without a chance to change.

> *"I have to travel in something th right for a luncheon before or a p after the match. I never see a h till time to change for dinner or d ing. Crazy, isn't it?"*

Not so crazy, after it has been dealt wit Mrs. Wood's outwardly offhand but actu expert way. She has discovered not one, t three types of summer fashions which l all the necessary qualities: a cool sui shantung, noncrush linen or cotton; a li weight knitted dress with a 5 o'clock neck and a separate jacket; a 2-piece costu a wool jersey skirt and linen or cotton ja

> *"I try to go with only one bag, and d have room for more than one eve dress—always black. If I had they'd still be black."*

Sheer black jersey or black chiffon wi lace jacket or cape could travel round world and back—with Mrs. Wood or any o globetrotter. Mrs. Wood likes pearls diamonds, real or not, with her black dre

> *"When I'm a house guest, or when at home for Sunday-night supp always wear slacks. Black or midn blue, with white silk shirts."*

These are the clothes Mrs. Wood has lea to count on, and that make her so u countably right. She takes a half-dozen of white gloves, fresh for every week end; pairs of sandals, for day and night; one or hats, crownless or flat enough to pack; colorful leather bag; the most glamo lightweight coat she can lay her hands

> *"I'll admit I don't like to shop—e I had time. I buy one thing at a t add to what I have. So it must be rig*

Like every woman who has the wit and to develop a personal style, Mrs. Wood h complexes about wearing a favorite dre suit as long as it is right. Her planning pert. And all the more workable becau does not need constant revision.

Knitted jacket over gold knitted dress.

Dinner pajamas, navy crepe pleated like a skirt.

The hooded wrap—in car or plane, over everything.

Silk shantung suit, a necessity she adores.

You'll Love them in August as you do in May

Remember the spring you fell in love—or thought you did—with a collection of disarming but deceptive clothes? Spring shopping is like that. Some fabrics wilt. The most tempting color or print may not belong in your wardrobe. A catchy style can become tiresome before summer is half over. This spring you will remind yourself that you can't live without a lovely simple black dress—and find styles that are diverting but not extreme. You'll be charmed with pure silks and linens that have no disappointing qualities; with beige and cool gray that look well for months on end; with a print that doubles for afternoon and evening, and that has its own wool jacket to wear over anything when nights turn cool. ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

This is the print with a bare neckline, cover-up scarf and jacket that is your summer coat; by Jo Copeland.

The cool linen suit in natural beige; it comes to town or crosses the ocean; comfortable and right all summer; designed by John Strassner.

Pure-silk, coin dot in white or gray, shantung—summer's l love; at home in any setting or in any wardrobe; by Joset Wal

The black crepe that lunches or dines, wears flowers or jewels, a big hat or a wreath; by Larry Aldrich.

The country casual of sky-blue linen, for early or late vacations or any week end, with a wide canvas belt; by Joset Walker.

Shorts-and-jacket play suit, well cut and tailored in pale beige gabardine, with crystal buttons by Arpad, for seashore or countryside

Your Money

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR MONEY GROW

By Sylvia F. Porter

THE average "lifetime" of a $25,000 estate left in the hands of a woman is less than seven years! Every twelve months, more than a billion dollars of insurance benefits flow into—and flow out of—the pocketbooks of American wives and daughters. Only one in four families plans its savings today; one out of every four families doesn't save a cent; more than half of us spend our incomes first, save only what's left. And as a result, millions of Americans who should be free from worry as they approach middle and old age are living instead on the edge of poverty and dependence. The truth is frightening. The records are a challenge to our own instinct of self-preservation.

Avoiding the risks of losing your savings is frequently harder than earning the money to begin with. It wasn't too long ago that I tried getting rich quick through the stock tips and rumors that a person in a position like mine hears all the time. I had accumulated some cash through putting aside a few dollars a week and I was feeling mighty pleased about it.

Then one of my Wall Street friends telephoned. "I thought I'd let you know that XYZ Corporation looks like a sure bet. It's selling at $20 a share and it should go to $40."

It was a terrific temptation, and I didn't resist it. I withdrew my savings and became one of XYZ's owners. You can guess the end. To a painful degree it was not a sure thing. When I finally needed some money for an emergency, I was forced to sell out at $8 a share. My savings had been virtually wiped out.

SPECULATION VERSUS PEACE OF MIND

But I learned one lesson from that harsh experience. I know that the way to family fortune is not through stock tips and rumors, but through common sense and saving. I realize now that only the person who can afford to lose can afford to speculate in stocks or in real estate or in anything—and that eliminates 99 per cent of us. And I find that what I've done since is not only more productive, but also a lot easier on the nerves. Worrying about the stock quotations or the ups and downs of a stranger's business to see whether I'm worth $500 or $5000 is not my idea of peace of mind.

At a wedding party a few weeks ago a group of us gathered in the bride's room for a strictly girl chat. Suddenly the voice of one of the women cut into a silence:

"Sure, I know what I want. It's the security I'll feel when Dave and I know we'll be independent in our old age."

The bride's sister interrupted, "I want that, too, but how am I going to get it with two youngsters to raise on $75 a week?"

Mary, another of the group, added, "I'd like to hear a few hints for me! I don't know if I'll ever find my man, but I'm working and I suppose I should be saving somehow. But all the advice I ever hear is for wealthy widows with $100,000."

Right here, let me tell you about my own program, under which I'm moving steadily and easily toward future independence. No matter who you are, if you can save a few dollars from week to week you can take over this plan for yourself.

STRETCHING $18.75 TO $102

Every month I buy a regular Government bond—one of those $18.75 savings bonds that 85,000,000 of us bought during the war and that tens of millions of us own right now. These bonds are the best, the safest bargain in the world. What's more, over their ten-year life, they pay interest of almost 3 per cent; which means that a decade from now, my $18.75 bond will be redeemed at $25, my $3 investment will come back to me as $4.

Now, since I've been buying these bonds every month since 1940, my first E bond will mature for $25 three years from now. But in 1950 I'll still want to work; and if not, I expect I'll be able to put aside $18.75 a month. So in 1950, when my Government starts handing me $25 a month, I intend to take that $25, add it to my usual $18.75-per-month saving, and put the entire sum in bonds. Actually I'll be putting up only $18.75 of "new" money, but my investment will be $43.75.

But thirteen years from now I still don't plan to retire. So in 1960, when my $43.75 investment is coming back to me as $58.33, I'm going to reinvest the $58.33 and buy my usual $18.75 bond in addition. Remember, I'll still be saving only $18.75 "extra" a month—but I'll be investing $77.08.

At the end of that ten-year period, I presume I'll be ready to try out my dream of days without time clocks. And I'll be able to, for during the next ten years my bonds will be bringing in $102.77 a month. From $18.75 to $102—imagine it!

Because I have a job, I'm also under the Federal Social Security System—along with *(Continued on Page 153)*

Your Life!

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF GROW

By Louise Paine Benjamin

THIS piece is directed chiefly to young businesswomen. It is written because, in my opinion, they usually receive very dull and unprofitable counsel concerning what to do with their hard-earned dollars.

Did you, for instance, ever hear of a girl who, upon receiving her first pay envelope, was advised, "This can be your first step toward a wider, richer life. Do start planning now to have some perfectly grand fun!"?

Probably not. More likely she received a sober lecture on *thrift*. Starting something like this: "Now that you are a wage earner, you should begin at once to save for a rainy day. Remember, bad luck hits everybody sooner or later."

A nice cheery philosophy with which to start a beginner on a business climb!

In present-day fields of education and child discipline there are *fewer don'ts, more do's*. No modern leader tries to frighten young people into learning, or into good behavior. Why try to frighten them into saving?

Not that I am against saving. I think it has innumerable delightful, as well as practical, uses. But I am firmly against a penny-pinching program, undertaken because one is terrified of unknown disasters, or simply as an end in itself. No one ever got rich just from saving. Furthermore, the practice of stringent economy over a lifetime is a warping experience. Relentless scrimpers pay a high price in personality.

This article, however, is not written to encourage spendthrift habits. As a matter of fact, a good way to put money in its proper place is to do your level best to acquire enough of it so the mention of it doesn't touch a sore place in your mind. But why be long-faced and unhappy about something that can provide a lot of fun in small doses while you are working toward larger operations?

RULE NUMBER ONE ABOUT MONEY

As you climb the financial ladder, stop from time to time to catch your breath. Look around and enjoy the view. Otherwise, you lose your perspective. Even if you don't expect to stay in business forever, do get intelligent fun out of your earnings as you go along. This not only gives more flavor to your life, but it will give more flavor to *you*, assuring your personality of seasoning; a priceless asset, no matter what sort of niche you hope to fill eventually.

From the moment you receive your first earned dollar, fix firmly in your mind this basic idea: *You are not going to work for money. Money is going to work for you.*

Once you accept this fundamental precept, your emancipation has begun. You will never be a wage slave, no matter how small your salary. You may not easily be able to change the amount of money you receive, but you can decide what you are going to do with it, at least with some of it.

THE UNCOMMON-SENSE APPROACH

Your second rule is: Don't let yourself be bullied by a budget. Too many otherwise clever people live in constant fear of these monsters which they themselves have created. The real test of a business girl's budget is not whether it is full of common sense, but whether it contains any of the uncommon variety.

Common sense might suggest, for instance, that out of a forty-dollar-a-week salary, sixty-five cents a day be set aside for a hot, filling lunch. Uncommon sense might substitute milk, or soup, and a sandwich at a counter three times a week, with an apple in the office afterward; or might even prompt a lunch box from home. With this saving of a dollar or more a week, enough accumulates by the end of a year for a real splurge: a week-end trip, a new party dress, a series of concert or theater tickets, or a substantial addition to your travel fund. All these are delightful, soul-cheering experiences, and something to remember and enjoy long after the taste of the sacrificed luncheon dishes has been forgotten. Naturally, only a very silly girl would go to extremes and cut luncheon down to coffee and crackers. Any wide-awake girl can work out a simple, balanced lunch that will protect her health—and her figure too!

I know a girl who saved ten dollars this way, then blew herself to an experience she had always wanted to have: a meal in a dining car. She bought a round-trip ticket to a city a couple of hours distant, went there one Saturday, did some sight-seeing, then got a thrill out of her dining-car dinner on the way back. She pretended she was a celebrity arriving in town for the first time. That's the spirit! What better way of investing ten dollars than in adding to one's geographical and social knowledge, and at the same time deriving a sense of adventure?

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"It's ridiculous to think of Clay looking at another woman," she said with certainty. "In spite of everything, I know he's still wild about me."

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

By Dan Sensney

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPETER

THE lawyer, whose name was Mr. Larch, wanted to know why she had decided upon a divorce. Well, that was natural, she supposed. He couldn't simply step into the courtroom one fine day and say, "This client of mine wants a divorce, your honor. Will you give her one, please, as a favor?" Even out here, judges weren't that accommodating. But the difficulty was in putting her reasons into words. After all, Mr. Larch was a stranger; he didn't know Clay. On the other hand, Mr. Larch was on her side.

She had sat there, across from Mr. Larch at his expensive-looking and efficiently barren desk, feeling perfectly at ease while he went through the preliminaries. She was certain that her new gray suit was trimly tailored and most becoming, that her hair made a dramatic golden aureole between her face and an amusing hat, that she was looking her best and most appealing—certain of all the things a lady needs to be certain of when she consults her lawyer. She smiled tolerantly when he asked, "Your full name is?" because he surely knew it already from the letter the lawyer at home had written to him. But lawyers were funny, she realized; they liked to hear you say things yourself, so she answered:

"Olivia Grant Manners."

He wrote it down on a printed form. He was a youngish man, in his thirties, with a precise little mustache, and he had done this sort of thing so often it no longer embarrassed him or even interested him particularly.

"And you're staying at The Cottonwoods," he said. "What was your former address?"

She gave him the number and the name of the street of the apartment in Rochester.

"Your husband's full name?"

"Clayton Hugh Manners."

"His present address?"

"Why"—she hesitated—"I suppose he's still at the apartment, but I really don't know. We didn't talk about—about his plans. He may have decided to sublet and move to something smaller." That would be like Clay's thrift, his so-irritating thrift, but the possibility disturbed her. For some reason, she wanted to think of him staying on in the apartment. "One thing, I'm sure he must still be in Rochester. He works there, and he wouldn't think of giving up his job." Not Clay, though the heavens fell.

Mr. Larch said, "Just so we can reach him by mail. You see, he should appear in the case—not personally of course, but through a power of attorney—to answer the complaint. Otherwise we'll run into delay. I take it you don't expect him to contest the suit? He has agreed to the divorce?"

"Yes—he agreed to it." You could say, she supposed, that Clay's words amounted to agreement. "All right, go!" he had said—his face tense with weariness and anger, his black hair wild from the plowing fingers. "You say you can't stand it any longer—well, I can't either. So finish it, and let's pretend it never happened!" That was agreement, surely, though it had been spoken in thoughtlessness and rage.

Mr. Larch was still asking questions and making notes. "You arrived this morning," he murmured, "so we can file the action on—let's see, six weeks—on the second of October. And when were you and Mr. Manners married?"

"The sixteenth of June, nineteen-forty-one." In All Souls, with the organ playing Oh Promise Me, and mamma weeping and daddy putting the best face possible on something which definitely was not his own idea.

"Are there any children?"

"No," she said. "None," and was disconcerted for the first time, wishing that she had let it go with a single negative, because Mr. Larch glanced up at her. On her side or not, he was a man, and it seemed all men thought a woman's one duty was to have children. Yet it was beyond question a good thing—a *very* good thing—that she had held out against Clay in this respect, since children would only complicate matters now. She had no wish to be one half of those marriages which were kept together solely because of the children.

"Well," said Mr. Larch cheerfully, "all right. Now, Mrs. Manners, suppose you tell me a little about your marriage, and why you decided upon a divorce."

If she knew exactly what he expected—what he wanted—it would be easier. There was no one reason; there were so many reasons. She laid her gloves across her knee, smoothing their white kid out straight with intent movements of her hands.

"It was just . . . a mistake," she said carefully. "We stopped being happy together. We spent all our time quarreling."

"You were incompatible," Mr. Larch suggested, and dismissed his suggestion. "But unfortunately, incompatibility isn't grounds for divorce. Quarreling about what, Mrs. Manners?"

"Well—money. Quite often about money. And he wanted us to have children, though we couldn't afford them. And he was always criticizing me."

"I see," Mr. Larch said thoughtfully. "You disagreed about money. He accused you of being extravagant?"

"Yes, he did." She looked at him, faintly surprised and displeased that he should have guessed it. "When I tried so hard to be economical! But the point was that there was no need for me to be economical. My parents have plenty of money, and they wanted to help us, but he wouldn't let them. You see, they opposed our marriage to begin with, and Clay never got over that."

She could have added, he hated them. Hatred was the only possible explanation for the way he *(Continued on Page 111)*

OLIVIA NEVER REPEATED A MISTAKE. SHE SIMPLY MADE TOO MANY.

Morning in their Eyes

These were the lost ones, too young to be left, but too old to be led by delusion.

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

HEINI woke from deep sleep. At the bottom of his sleep, way down in the dark, was the dream. It was always the same dream. But when he floated up to a sunlit wakefulness, he had forgotten it. Sometimes he would lie with closed eyes and fish for it as he fished with Helmut and Trüdchen and Fritzle for perch in the black pond under the willow trees. (Fritzle was only a flop-eared puppy, but he had learned to sit quiet and watchful.) And once Heini had caught something. It was as though his line had tightened. Cautiously, in breathless excitement he had drawn a face, blurred featureless by the riffling waters, almost to the surface. A hand had reached up to him. It was a strong-looking hand, but it was asking him for help and he had plunged his own hand down to meet it and had felt it close gratefully on his. Its strength and gentleness had flowed like a warm tide up his arm to his heart—all over him. He would never forget the feel of it. It began to draw him down into the dream itself.

Then Fritzle had jumped on his bed, licking his face, and he had become wide awake. The hand that had seemed so strong weakened and let him go, sadly. It sank back into the dark. His throat hurt him as it did when he was trying not to cry.

This morning *Mütterchen* stood by his side and shook him. He called her "little mother" because that was what she had taught him to call her. But really she was a big woman, strong as a plow horse. She had light blue eyes in a weathered face. Sometimes they were soft and kind and smiling and sometimes hard and cold as steel. This morning they were bright with angry fear.

"Get up, Heini, you must get up at once. The bad people have come at last. They are asking for you."

She helped him with expert hands. All the time she talked to him. She said the same things over and over again, for though he was ten years old he wasn't like other children of his age. He couldn't always understand what was said to him or say what he wanted to say. His mind was like a trick box with a false bottom. Somewhere in it, like the dream in the deep places of his sleep, was a secret treasure.

"They are cruel people, Heini. They will want to take you away from me and beat and kill you. They will ask you the questions." She held him away from her. Her fingers bit into his thin arms. "Do you remember the answers?" she whispered to him.

"Yes," he said.

"Repeat them to me."

He obeyed, slowly, painstakingly, and her fingers relaxed. She ran her hand through his thick,

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

"You can even be President," said Rachel. "But you can't make the people do what you say, because there everyone is free!"

ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE

THE SECRET OF HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE: DON'T ASK SENSELESS OR EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS. ★ BY HUGHES MEARNS

QUESTIONING one another is the distinguishing mark of Americans everywhere. The English have always taught that it is ill-bred to inquire about one's personal affairs, and this is also the general view of other cultivated persons outside of this country. Foreigners who really like us remark that we do not seem to have any deep sense of privacy. We do not converse; we quiz.

Most of our questions in ordinary conversation, however, represent merely a careless national habit. Admitted that Americans are conspicuously quiz-minded, they don't always seem to care what sort of answers they get. We greet one another with, "How are you?" The answer is "Fine. And how are you?" Then comes, "Fine. And how are all your folks?" . . . "Fine. And how are all your folks?" . . . "Fine." As the answer is always "Fine," there is really not much point in asking. In fact, the chap who replies by reciting all the family aches and pains is rated unsporting and a bore.

Useless questions pound upon our ears. Going to an old vacation spot, we are met with, "When did you come up? How long are you going to stay? When are you going back?" Once would mean nothing, but every native and every winter resident holds the newcomer with the same machine-gun drilling. It drives him to resolve to go next year to a place where nobody ever heard of him.

Elevator attendants and receptionists tell me that they use up most of their early energy thinking up replies to serious and facetious morning quizzes. These vary from, "How are you feeling this morning, big boy?" to "How *do* you manage, girlie, to look so beautiful *every* day?" From nine to ten-thirty the average is about one hundred such bombardments. Add to this the procession of "Good mornings," each one a distraction from the work at hand. However, these buffeted persons notice with relief my innocuous "Hello." "Hello" requires no searching for appropriate words of reply. The answering "Hello" is easy and restful, and it is wholly impersonal.

"Hello" is first on my agenda of social reform; it has dozens of friendly intonations characteristic of the really considerate attitude of our people; it breaks down class distinctions and superiorities. Think of the difference in effect between the standoffish "How do you do?" and the free-and-easy American "Hello." I am recommending it everywhere as one of the best devices for opening up good and profitable communications.

But questioning may be something much more than an unthinking habit. Children sense early that home questions are often devices to gather evidence against a culprit. "Where have you been all afternoon? Who were with you? Did you have anything to eat?" Such cross-examination drives even good children into the minor immoralities, into evasions, silence and prevarication.

IN the school and in the home, therefore, questions have earned a bad reputation; even the most innocent of them suggest a probe, an insinuation or a rebuke. Convincing parents of this fact, we have had good results in persuading them to ask their children fewer and fewer personal questions. This does not mean that mothers and fathers are not still eager to hear every bit of trivial news about their own; but once made aware of the dangers of forcing private disclosures here, they listen to us and learn to wait. Eventually they hear from willing lips everything that they need to know.

Deep wounds of grief are needlessly stirred by thoughtless inquiries. Questions that give distress could be avoided by a little considerate thinking. It is dangerous to inquire directly about the absent unless one is confident all is well with them. One should survey the ground cautiously even with our most intimate friends. After a short absence I once greeted an old acquaintance jocularly with, "How is the good wife?" He came back promptly, "Which one?" One must be strictly up-to-date in these swiftly moving times.

The place to start this personal and social reform is at the beginning of any casual or customary meeting; that is, between parent and child, husband and wife, friend and friend, between business associates, and especially between the boss and those under him. This, we have found, is the spot of greatest sensitivity and that is where most of the later trouble originates. Begin there to cut down questions if not to avoid them altogether.

Instead of the customary quizzes, for example, one could learn to have something pleasant to say about oneself, about a recent happening, say, or something wished for. The helpful slogan here is, "Don't ask; tell."

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Portrait of a Woman painted about 1830 by an unknown American artist

The fascination of American primitives is to be found very often in their use of distortion. Here the artist has caught his sitter in a moment of self-communing, the kind of mood one longs to destroy, almost instinctively, with the old byword, "A penny for your thoughts." To convey this lady's self-absorption, her staring into space, the artist has apparently tried to rivet our attention on her eyes. This he does with three distortions, each so subtle that it does not violate our sense of actuality. The eyes are made abnormally large, their highlights are given exaggerated prominence, and one eye is drawn on a diagonal slant to help to call our attention to this part of the face through its surprising asymmetry.

Next to the eyes, the ear is the most prominent feature of the portrait. This is rendered with exaggerated clarity and slightly distorted into a frontal view, instead of being drawn in perspective against the head. Here the painter seems to have been interested in the ear as abstract form, in its sinuous pattern. Notice how the curves of the ear are echoed in the sinuous edge of the dress, the contour of the side of the face, the lips, the eyebrows, the main mass of the hair and its separate strands. Thus the design of the painting is, in a way, analogous to a musical composition, with its major theme a certain sinuous curve, which we notice first in the ear, and which we find repeated with variations in the other features. The distortions, which help to create the mood and the design of the picture, may have been unconscious, even accidental, but they give the portrait its distinction, place it closer to the great tradition of painting than the photographic copying of appearance arrived at by more academic painters of the same period.

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art.*

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A Baby Finds its Hands

Until now it's been a pink rattle, a fluffy blue bunny with silver bells on it, or a handful of multicolored circlets bouncing about on a piece of string, suspended in the air by . . .

Someone. Then Someone gets tired and moves off, and the bright bit of intrigue disappears, as does everything else, into the big strange world lying beyond the even bars of a crib. . . .

But today there's a new toy, nothing at all like a rattle, or a rainbow on a string. A funny toy that waves, and sweeps, and curls, and makes a hundred shapes—and never two the same. . . .

What's more—it stays there for as long as you want it. And no one can tire and move away, because it's a pair of small hands, and the Someone who holds them up is—You. . . .

Sleep if you have to; it doesn't matter. When you awaken they're still right there. Take a bath—it's even better. Hands in water make waves, and splashes, and beautiful sounds. . . .

Touch things. Some are warm, and some are cool. There are soft things and hard things, and smooth and rough things. Finger your face. Until today you didn't know you had one! . . .

Ownership is an interesting business. It gives you that sense of responsibility they're always writing about. It says, "This is yours, and you're the guy that's in charge here!" . . .

And think of the future possibilities. After all, you've been around this town for only sixteen weeks. Envision the magic of sixteen months. Imagine the wonders of sixteen years! . . .

No one can tell how high they may reach. They may be the hands that will build a bridge, or play the piano. These might be the hands that will bring back the stars and recapture the moon!

WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO

By Judith Chase Churchill

EVERYONE has a right to dream. And all of us, regardless of profession or success, have a secret desire to do something else. It may be a pure flight of the imagination or a down-to-earth ambition which, for some reason or another, isn't possible.

To find what their daydreams are made of, we queried these thirty-five celebrities as to what they've always wanted to do.

Here's what they answered. If you think your own daydreams are extravagant or even unusual, just take a look at theirs.

Ever since I was a little girl I have had two conflicting urges in the direction of self-expression. One was to be a writer; the other was to be a painter. Well, I became the writer—of sorts—which eventually led me into the path of politics. I stopped drawing and painting after I was fifteen. But I still have this urge, and someday I hope I shall fulfill it.

There is little time in a busy woman's life for daydreaming, but occasionally I do daydream of the time when I shall be able to daub away in oils on bits of canvas. I think I shall paint pictures of children. Sad children like the brave, heartbreaking little ones I have seen in Europe and Asia. Gay and round and fat ones like one sees, thank heaven, so often in America.

—Clare Boothe Luce.

My secret ambition is to write.

My avowed ambition is to write.

Practically my sole ambition is to write.

But a corollary ambition is to do it in a Size 16 dress, and without ever having to let out a seam, on three meals a day which shall consist exclusively of the rich forbidden foods that never make the reducing menus. **—Fannie Hurst.**

My secret ambition—or, rather, ambitions, since there are three, are very simple. I have always wanted to own a ranch, preferably a county, in a magnificent mountain country, the road into which is known only to myself and a few intimate friends. This ranch would run itself automatically; all cattle and other stock would be perfect from birth; and all ranch hands and foremen would be intelligent, loyal and feverishly energetic. Mail, and especially newspapers, would arrive only once a month.

I have a ranch in a magnificent mountain country, but everyone knows his way into it.

Second: like all writers, on this ranch I would like to write beautiful and earth-shaking novels merely by lying on a bed, thinking and then waving my hand. No pencils, no typewriters, no editors and, above all, no dead lines.

Third: and again all writers feel the same way, at regular intervals there would be brought to me all those who do not understand what I say, and all those who write me letters pointing out mistakes. By another wave of my hand, I would knock all their heads together.

I suppose none of this is practical, but it's a lovely dream. **—Struthers Burt.**

I'd like to be the poor man's John Kieran. I'd like to have the photographic memory that retains all the wealth of information to which we're exposed during a lifetime and that only such a man as Kieran can store in his mental warehouse. That's for me. Then I'd surely know all the answers. **—Morton Downey.**

If the present torrent of historical novels continues—and it shows no signs of stopping—I would like to write a book that will provide an escape from escape literature.

—Max Shulman.

Some people have a secret desire to throw a raw egg into an electric fan. Not *me!* I've always wanted to find out what would happen if, at some highly proper tea party, I raised my hand, the fingers spread wide, and brought it down—*wham!*—into the middle of a huge, puffy, cream-colored Mocha *tarte*. Just how far would it splash, I wonder? And which rule of Emily Post would help the consternation of my hostess? **—Jane Cowl.**

I've always wanted to write a novel that would make me live as Dickens (my favorite of all novelists) has lived. I've always wanted to invent a dish that would be so wonderful that it would go down to posterity with my name on it. I've always wanted to save somebody's life and be a heroine. I've always wanted to be the very best anybody could possibly be at something. This is an honest answer and I'm afraid it proves what I've always suspected—that I'm just an old show-off.

—Mary Margaret McBride.

I'd like to contribute to an economic revolution in my native South, especially in my native Mississippi.

I'd like to grow vegetables and flowers as pretty as those in ads. **—James Street.**

When I go to a very serious play, at the most serious moment of the play, when the audience is hushed and reverent, I always have a wild desire to stand up and scream!

Also, I wish that just once, when a radio announcer is going through his sirupy commercials, I could say, "Aw, keep quiet," and he would hear me! **—Joan Bennett.**

I'd like to look like Hedy Lamarr, be able to act like Ingrid Bergman, sing like Maggie Teyte and have the mind of Dr. Margaret Mead, anthropologist, with my own sense of humor. **—Elsa Maxwell.**

Be the smart-cracking, superintelligent sort of woman that my press agents have made me out to be, just because I happen to have played a few roles of that type. I wish I always had a handy wisecrack, but I don't.

—Rosalind Russell.

I've always wanted to be an ambidextrous baseball pitcher—Walter Johnson with my right hand and Grove with my left.

I always wanted to be flyweight boxing champion of the world.

I've lived out of my time. I've wished that I could turn time back to the days of the Crusades, and be present at the joust between Richard the Lion-Hearted and Saladin.

I want to rise up some night in the Stork Club, pull out my gat, Old Betsy, and cool off everybody that I don't like. And then plead guilty. **—Stanley Walker.**

I should like to be a ballet dancer (but just for the season, mind you) and a nun and a soldier and a poet and the best cook in the world and the matro of an orphan asylum, and a pin-up girl, and Whistler's mother and Winston Churchill and my own mother and Gypsy Rose Lee.

—Elisabeth Cobb.

I have always wanted to be able to dance—not for professional dancing, just dancing for my own enjoyment. Due to an early injury to my spine, my walk was always a little jerky and this was accentuated when I danced. If I couldn't do it well I did not want to do it at all. It was the grace and charm of dancing that I longed for.

I am telling you this because after all I haven't needed dancing to live a full and rich life. Perhaps I have had a richer and fuller life because of my handicap. I had to find other means of expression, other ways of companionship. I like my life. It has had plenty of good things in it.

—Alice Tisdale Hobart.

My secret ambition is to sing a hot boogie-woogie number with President Truman at the piano. **—Cass Daley.**

I should like to be beautiful instead of having to chatter amiably and listen eagerly in order to say the right and intelligent thing. I should like to sit in utter muteness—not alone, of course, not unnoticed, but on the contrary an object of interest and wonder. "Who is that divine creature?" everyone is obviously saying. "What a strange and fascinating personality. What is she really thinking about?"

If I am not the mild little man who wants to be a bullfighter, I am afraid I am the cheerful wholesome housewife who would like to be Greta Garbo—or perhaps only the cagey woman who wants to charm without effort.

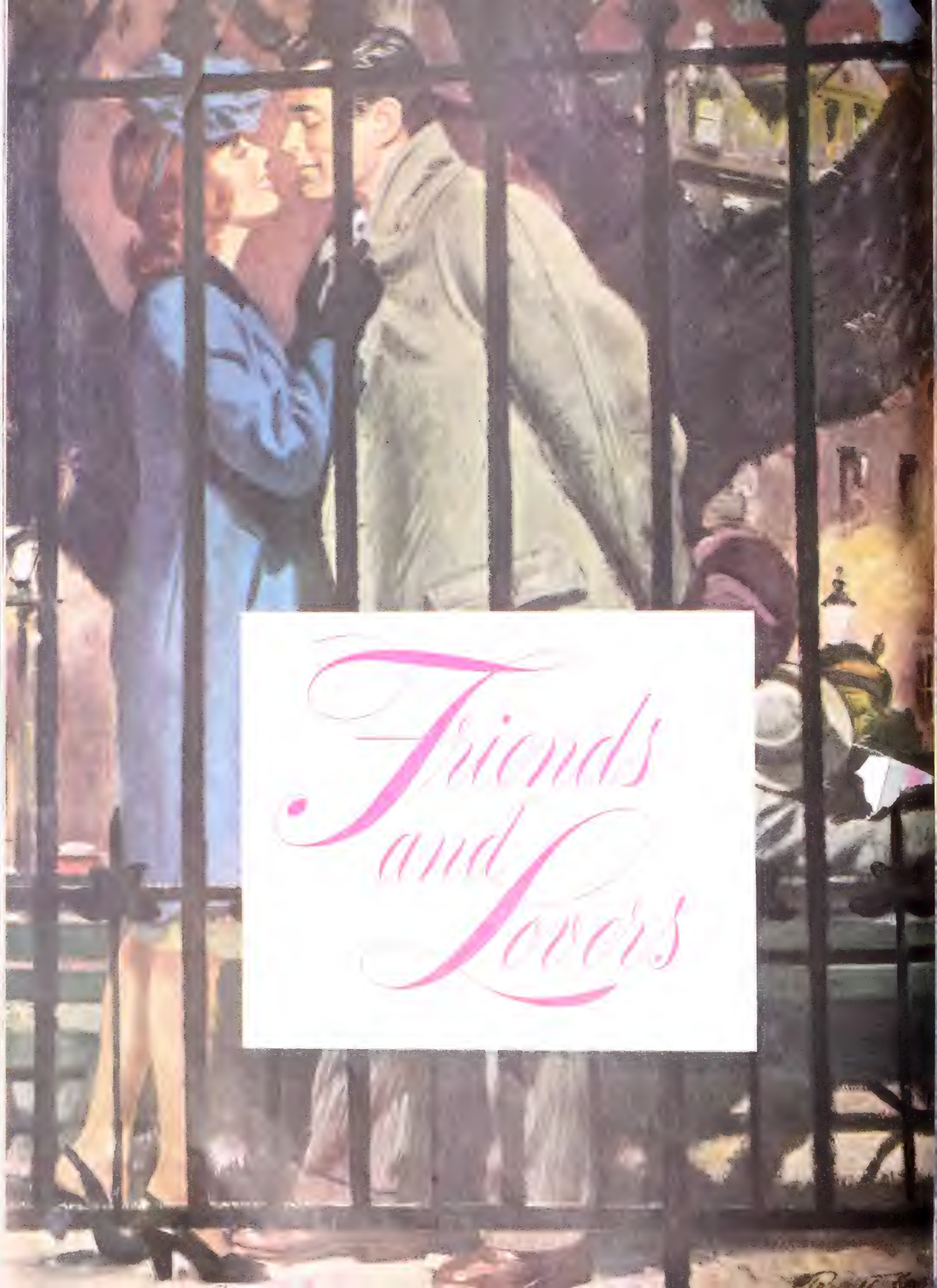
—Ethel Vance.

I'd take the job of writing lyrics for a musical version of some Jane Austen novel.

—Phyllis McGinley.

My ambition since the age of eight—up to then I wanted to be a mermaid—is to be the assistant curator of a zoo. Secretly, of course, I would like to be curator, but I'm afraid that's too high-flown a desire. **—Neysa McMein.**

(Continued on Page 279)



Friends and Lovers

Weather unsettled? Just settle for SOUP!

Here are three taste-tempting Campbell's Soups to build 'tween-season meals around

And suddenly it's Spring! But you're ready for it, and for those nip-and-tuck days when you're Campbell's Soups on hand. Be the weather sunny or dismay, hot-stove lunch or supper soup that warms the heart and comforts the hungry. Here are three ideal dishes to keep in mind—and on your shelf.

THIS HEFTY SOUP got its start in Scotland where appetites are rugged. Adapted by Campbell's to American tastes, it's mouth-watering meat stock, crisp with many fine vegetables, good barley, tender pieces of mutton. Campbell's Scotch Broth is a substantial soup for the hungry of every age.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

IT'S NEW AND IMPROVED! Like green pea soup? Then just taste Campbell's new, improved recipe for 'tween-season meals. This new, improved recipe for Green Pea Soup gives you peas, young and tender, made into a smooth puree with fine table butter. Add water for a tempting pea soup; milk for an extra-nourishing cream of pea.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP

LUSCIOUS TOMATOES are specially grown from special seed to make — "The soup most folks like best." Campbell's Tomato Soup is made by an exclusive recipe which adds fine table butter and blends in just a touch of seasoning. Prepare it with milk added, for an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps
and soap shampoos hide the
natural lustre of your hair
with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

FRIENDS AND LOVERS

(Continued from Page 75)

without being nipped? A friend of mine came home last year all black and blue behind. Can you imagine?"

Penny began to laugh. "Well, I think when Geneva sends you on a mission into Italy, you'd better invest in a bustle. Put it on your expense account. Call it your International Underpinning."

"Stop laughing like that, Penny! You aren't even funny. And you shouldn't laugh at your own jokes, anyway, when they are so bad."

"The worse they are, the better I like them," Penny said cheerfully. "If you won't take my advice, why not ask mother?" she added mischievously.

At that moment Mrs. Lorrimer, in her marabou-trimmed gown and a boudoir cap which covered her hair entirely, entered. "Moira, what are you doing here? You should have been in bed by this time. It is almost midnight. Did I hear that you wanted my advice about something?"

"Oh, I was wondering about the color of my new dance frock. I think I'd like blue for a change," Moira said quickly.

"We can discuss that at breakfast," Mrs. Lorrimer said. "Now, to bed with you." She turned to leave the room. "Good night, Penelope," she said severely as she went into the hall.

Moira looked angrily at Penny, who had caught up a cushion and, holding it behind her back, was limping ostentatiously around the room. "Good night, mother," Penny called. She ignored her sister's undignified face twisting, and said much too gently, "Good night, my sweet." The door closed with a satisfactory bang.

"Moira!" her mother said warningly. And then the murmur of voices, and the footsteps died away.

Penny threw the cushion back onto the bed, went to the window, pulled the curtains aside, and leaned on her elbows as she stood at the sill to watch the night sky. The soft wisps of cloud traveled over the stars, hiding and then revealing them as the night wind drove on. There was the brilliance of the North Star, and down there was the south, and four hundred miles south was London. *London.* She kept repeating the magic name.

She would walk about the streets, and look and look and never get too much of looking. She would see strange things, and meet strange people. She would have a room of her own, where none would come unless she invited them.

And of course she would work; she would be able to paint and think of painting without Moira and Betty and mother all pulling her away from it. And if she could get working well enough, perhaps there would be some success. London would be the gateway to a whole new world. She would travel and be independent. She could live on an island in the Mediterranean, or paint in a village high among the Alps. She would see Paris and New York and Vienna. She would see Everywhere. She shivered with happiness.

Penny went over to the bookcase, and searched for the atlas in its bottom shelf, turned the pages quickly until she found London and the southern counties. She measured carefully with thumb and forefinger and consulted the scale of miles. Why, Oxford was quite near London, nearer than she had imagined. About seventy miles, roughly. That was nothing at all!

She rose, put out the light quickly, slid into bed. The linen sheets were c was like bathing in a mountain Penny was too excited to sleep. She think about today. It had been a go Tightly curled up in the cold narro she thought about everything that ha pened, in the order that it had hap She had reached the restaurant episod the growing warmth relaxed her bod stretched out her legs slowly, feelin derfully comfortable and content. *To tinued*, she thought drowsily. What poor Scheherazade she would mak even waiting for the dawn of da yawned, smiled, fell asleep, all in th delightful minute.

The train from Scotland pulled in last station on its long journey, and with one last deep-drawn breath. T riage doors were flung wide open a hanging on the hinge. The passenger gled over the broad platform.

David changed his bag to his le and searched in his pocket for his ex derground fare. He hurried down th of stairs, walking quickly between tiled walls toward the steadily movi lator which wou him deep into th of his own city his tube train.

Leaving the crossed the sma commonwheret and dim la stretched silen fore him. The empty except fo casional man pipe and dog straggling coup ing slowly wit linked. A cat, its mysterious looked at hi ciously. Then vanished, and left alone in p of the street. I the red pillar b the lamppost, entrance to Walk.

Tonight, its houses were alrea asleep. David halted by the pillar the corner, and felt in his pocket fo ter he had written during the halts in train journey. He looked thought the address, comparing it with thi boxlike red houses, now dirty and s at the seams. This forest of brick mean and makeshift. The archit builder should have been imprisone flicting such eyesores on their fellow It seemed monstrous that people w afford only cheap houses should fin selves automatically surrounded by And it did not take many years bef who lived with it had little sensitivi them. It would be smothered to the amount of bad taste forced on their poverty.

David smiled wryly. Here he wa ing with his letter in his hand, feelin tired, arguing with himself about the in order to postpone a decision.

A policeman, marking his solitar with heavy footsteps, halted ac street and then walked over to the l

"Good evening, officer," David s he thought with a smile, *I am not with intent.*

"Evening, sir." The policeman assured as he had a closer look at t man. The bag had labels of a Glasg a baggage room at Edinburgh. "Ju home from your holidays, sir?"

"Yes." David hesitated and must look a fool standing here, but is, officer, I can't make up my mind to post this letter or write another

(Continued on Page 83)

FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR

Today there are over half a million women in medical and health services, 7500 of them doctors. But the title of matriarch of medicine in America goes to Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman doctor, who received her diploma from Hobart College in 1849—after she had been refused admission by twelve other medical schools. Despite professional prejudice and stodgy conservatives who viewed with alarm the prospect of a woman physician, she built up a large practice in New York. With her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, the first woman surgeon, she was cofounder of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, one of the three U. S. hospitals staffed exclusively by women.

—JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL.

ew! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

instant clean, refreshed look

instant softer, silkier feel

—a lovely blush of color

YOU'LL SEE RESULTS TONIGHT—With the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It cream-cleanses and cream-rinses your face to a softer, lovelier look.

YOU BLUSH-CLEANSE—Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over face, throat. Tissue off.

YOU BLUSH-RINSE—Cream again with snowy-soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

EXTRA CLEAN, SOFT, GLOWING. [illegible] way your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action has softened and loosened dirt and make-up—helped *free* your skin! *Every night* —this complete Pond's blush-cleansing. *Every morning*—for a bright-awake look—a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!

Dunham says—"A blush-cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream gives my face such a clean-glowy look."

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

Miss Claire d'Arcis Dunham, talented daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Dunham of "Meadowmount," Warrenton, Virginia, is engaged to Charles Ranlet Lincoln of Washington, D. C.—who was with the Navy in the Pacific throughout the war.

Descended from many distinguished Virginians, Claire Dunham has inherited their charming air of aristocracy and ease. An accomplished linguist, she has lived abroad most of her life.

There is a glamorous bewitchment about her dark eyes, her exquisite mouth, her clear, cream-smooth complexion and lovely look of mindful chic. "I really enjoy caring for my face the new blush-cleanse way with Pond's," she says. "It makes my skin look *especially fresh* and *soft*."

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get a bountiful 6-ounce jar of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today!

CLAIRE'S RING—is antique French, with 14 diamonds set in the pure gold band.

Among the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT III — LADY DOVERDALE

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE — THE LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR. — MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

Engagement Diamonds and Pond's—flashing emerald-cut diamonds, a pointed marquise, classic round diamonds like those in Claire's unusual ring.

HE: Honest? Your dress was Luxed *20 times*? My best girl is plenty smart!

SHE: Oh it's easy as pie to Lux a dress time after time, and you can see how nice this one looks.

HE: Yes, I could look and look— lovely you, lovely dress

SHE: And figure for yourself what a budget-saver Lux care is!

HE: I can figure for myself what a smart wife I'm getting!

YOU SHOULD SEE this gay rayon print after 20 Luxings and ironings! It looks *gorgeous*— just as it does in this photograph.

Lux is perfect care for all nice washables! Scores of tests proved this. Wrong washing methods soon made colors run or fade. Lux care kept colors lovely up to 3 *times* as long!

Before you wash a fabric for the first time, test a small piece in lukewarm water. If it's safe in water it's safe in Lux!

NEW colors, new fabrics, new "finishes" are coming in the stores. Care for them gently. Makers of modern fabrics recommend Lux.

Gentle LUX Care keeps your nice things lovely up to 3 times as long!

(Continued from Page 80)

ceman relaxed, and gave a broad portant letter, sir?"

f you've any doubts, you'd better again," the policeman told him. y advice."

David agreed. It was a rotten let- iat he thought over it. He shoved iis pocket. "Good night. Thanks ice."

all right, sir. Breaks the monot- e. Good night, sir." He gave a salute and started his lonely is thick-soled boots giving their mfort to all those who lay awake the steady echo.

ck and all's well, David thought. s a rotten letter, full of gush and He had felt rather high when he n it, for the day had been a suc- l hardly dared hope for. Even the of the end had been forgotten in e as he reviewed its events. But pendulum had swung the other ie was left with all the symptoms ional hang-over.

Walk had played its little part in im back to earth too. He passed houses with sadness rather than He noticed that No. 2 had planted l rose trees in its plot of garden, nad painted its railing. But No. 3, new tenants had moved, looked ever. Dirty windows, a garden of wild grass, a gate still lying drunk- st the railing where it had been f its hinges months ago.

ened the door of No. 7 quickly, id stood for a moment to get his i the dark hall. It was small and ith a steep staircase leading ab- tairs from the hall stand. He hung one of its high hooks, placed his l gloves on top of the little table small square of mirror, and, in his nocked against the collection of and walking sticks, which clat- the linoleum floor.

" It was his father's voice.

pened the door which lay opposite. he main room of the house and it o his invalid father. The windows . but the room was warm. The been raised, and the faint light orner lamppost threw the shadow of the lace curtain's coarse pattern over the bed's counterpane and pillows.

"Sorry, father. I didn't mean to waken you. I was trying not to."

The shadowy face against the white pillows smiled. "That's all right, David. I wasn't asleep, anyway. Did you have a good holiday?"

"Fine. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow." David crossed over to the heavy wooden bedstead. He lifted the thin hand which stretched over the counterpane to meet his, and said as he pressed it gently, "Let me draw down those blinds. That lamplight is keeping you awake."

"No. I can't breathe when the windows are covered. That keeps the air out."

"It's pretty warm tonight," David agreed. He heard the light clatter of heelless slippers on the wooden stairs. "That's Margaret," he said with a smile, "coming to give me a row about wakening you."

DAVID'S father smiled, too, as Margaret appeared in her cotton kimono at the doorway and said, "David, you can see father in the morning. This is a dreadful hour to come home."

For a moment the two men enjoyed the shared feeling of innocent conspiracy against female authority. Then David said, "Good night, father." He suddenly bent over the bed and kissed his father's gaunt cheek.

Margaret closed the door impatiently. "Really, David!" she said. "We've only one article of furniture in this hall, and you had to fall over it."

"I had forgotten how narrow the hall was." David pulled one of the long dark plaits of hair which hung over her shoulder. "How are you?" he asked affectionately. "You look about fifteen in that rig-out."

Margaret's thin face softened for a moment. She tossed the plait out of his reach. "I'm all right. What about a cup of tea or something?"

"You'll probably curse me, but I should like some tea. And a sandwich. I haven't had anything to eat since midday."

"Well," Margaret said shrewdly, "they say beer is nourishing."

He laughed softly, and followed her toward the kitchen. *Same old Meg,* David thought.

"Why didn't you have dinner on the train?" Margaret's slippers clopped over the linoleum floor from sink to gas stove.

JENNIFER

"I've gotta get off the phone immediately! Golly, I'll never be popular as long as I have parents!"

Wish Away Pounds and Years

A Martha Manning Original created for the taller, younger, lovelier you. Fresh white eyelet embroidery on Bates Sanforized cotton poplin. No. 500 in "Illusion" half sizes 16½ to 22½. About $13.00. Exclusively at one fine store in most cities.

MARTHA MANNINGS COME IN WOMEN'S AND "ILLUSION" HALF SIZES

Wake Up Your Taste with

V-8 VEGETABLE JUICES

The Goodness of a Whole Garden in Every Delicious Sip . . .

ZESTY FLAVOR. V-8* Vegetable Juices *keens* your appetite, whether served as a cocktail, breakfast juice or in large glasses with lunch. And that zesty goodness is as wholesome as it is refreshing.

ALWAYS FRESH. Made from vegetables rushed from the garden, the juices are pressed, blended—with that harvest-fresh goodness *sealed-in* quickly! That's why V-8 always tastes so fresh . . . and good.

THE TASTY WAY. Each delicious glass of V-8 is like a generous "helping of fresh vegetables"—for a child to enjoy with lunch . . . for a husband who "goes light" on vegetables . . . and for the busy housewife who insists upon keeping meals in balance.

Juices of

● CELERY ● PARSLEY ● SPINACH
● BEETS ● LETTUCE ● CARROTS
● TOMATOES ● WATERCRESS

Deliciously Combined

Contains Vitamins A, B1 and C, plus Calcium and Iron.

Ask for V-8 at your food store, fountain and restaurant.

DRINK V-8 FOR "*Fresh Vegetables*" THE TASTY WAY

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"I didn't feel very hungry."

Margaret looked at him quickly. "The check?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Lady Fenton-Stevens will no doubt tell her secretary in a day or two," he said bitterly.

"Oh." Margaret sat down on the other kitchen chair. Disappointment chased away that young look; suddenly she seemed much older than her twenty-five years. Now you noticed that she was too thin and that the sloping shoulders were round. "No Cornwall. No holiday," she said. "She'll probably forget all about it."

"No, no. After all, she came asking me to take on the job. I didn't go begging her for it. Don't worry. I'll give you the money which I set aside for Oxford. The check will surely arrive in time to keep me solvent."

"What were they like? The boys you tutored, I mean."

"Decent enough. But between you and me, Meg, there were moments when I thought they were solid teak above here." He placed his forefingers across his eyebrows.

"So it wasn't all holiday," his sister conceded. She rose to deal with the bubbling kettle. She was in good humor again; she was reassured about Cornwall. "What is Scotland like?" she asked. "Whom did you meet?"

David brought some cold mutton into the kitchen, and the small brown crock which held butter floating in salted water. "I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. You go up to bed, Margaret. I'll have a sandwich and then turn in too."

"I'm going to have a cup of tea. It's too warm, anyway, to be able to sleep, so we may as well talk."

David thought of the letter he wanted to write and post so that it could reach Edinburgh by tomorrow night. The quickest way to write it would be to eat this food, talk to Margaret and go to his room. So he began to tell her about Loch Innish. He talked, too, of Inchnamurren and Doctor MacIntyre. He knew instinctively that Margaret would be antagonized by the idea of Penny. She had sulked for weeks when she had learned about Eleanor Fenton-Stevens: a cool, calculated sulking to show her disapproval. She had never given any reason for it, even after Eleanor and the sulking period were both over.

"IT must have been wonderful," Margaret said. "How I envy you, David. You get all the luck, don't you?"

"Well," he said, and then smiled and said no more about that. "Perhaps we'd better turn in now. You will have a lot of packing to do tomorrow."

"I've packed everything already. I don't need so very much for two or three weeks. Just as well, isn't it, considering the state of my wardrobe? And Cornwall is so very quiet."

"Well, why not choose a gayer place, if you want it? You will have money enough for a decent holiday," David said, trying to keep his voice even.

"Oh, it is all settled. Florence is expecting me. She has been having a miserably lonely summer, and she would never forgive me if I didn't go. She is counting the weeks until she can be back in London. She will probably be qualified by next spring."

"Qualified as what?" David couldn't resist asking. "A piano mover?"

Florence Rawson, the large, rawboned daughter of a country doctor in Cornwall, had met Margaret at the College of Music in their first year as students there. Florence was going to be the composer, Margaret the concert pianist. Time had altered Margaret's plans. When her mother died, she had had to come home to look after her father, and she could manage to attend only an occasional class. But no time would ever make Florence a composer: she had never had an original idea in her head. Whenever she visited this house, David made his excuses ar for his life.

"You don't need to be so cruel about l ence," Margaret said in swift de "She's as clever as you are, perhaps erer."

"That wouldn't be difficult," Davi lightly. He rose, and cleared away th and saucers. "Come on, Meg. I am l ning to feel exhausted."

She said suddenly, "You are going Oxford the week before term starts, you?"

David looked at her in surprise. "I know yet. I might stay here until Oct At the end of September Penny would riving in London.

"But you said you were going up ea Oxford this term. You said you want work."

HE looked at her worried face. "Com Out with it. Why do you want me to go a week earlier than necessary?"

She was disconcerted by the unexp question. She hesitated, then came out the truth flatly. "I've asked Floren to come here for that week."

David stared at her. "You mean s is going to have my room?"

"Until she finds new digs. Her lan last year was horrid. Objected to the being played."

David restrained his rising temper. "Did you ask father about this? I don't im an invalid particularly enjoys a str crashing all over his house."

"Florence won't disturb father. Bes you might remember that if it weren't f this house would exist. Who looks it and keeps it goi

As usual, David beaten. When Marg started enumera her virtues, he wa ways beaten. Bes he was sorry for M garet. She was at with everyone, inc ing herself.

David said, "L this is a silly hou start having arguments. Come on, M He walked over to the kitchen win opened it, and promptly let two large m and a swarm of gnats into the r "Switch off the light, Meg, and keep the of these blighters outside. Why can't t be something invented to let you have dows open and lights on and still be com able in summer?"

"Men are so good at changing the ject," Margaret said acidly, as she rose switched out the light.

And some women, David thought, *change the subject often enough.* Anyway, light was now out and they could start m ing upstairs, and he could have half an h of peace before he went to bed.

Margaret came over to stand beside h She watched him curiously. "What is w rying you?" she asked. Six weeks in S land; Oxford —— What had he to compl about?

David said slowly, "Father. There is a change in him even in these last six wee I got quite a shock when I saw him."

David suddenly saw again the thin, ho less face staring up at the blank ceiling. had been a long siege, from the time wh his father had been invalided out of the ar partly because of wounds, partly because some Middle East microbe which contin to attack him long after the wounds h healed. At first his father had resented idea of being condemned to illness. But n his will to live had gone; since his wife's dea he had become silent and moody.

Margaret stirred impatiently, and th moved slowly toward the kitchen door. "I after two o'clock. I'm going to bed," she sa She was still resenting his attitude to Fl ence.

David smiled, but his eyes had harden "See you at breakfast. I've got a sc tucked away somewhere in my bag for yo

(Continued on Page 86)

Reverend Mr. Thompson: "How do you do, Mrs. Smith? I hear your husband is ill."
Mrs. Smith: "Yes, I'm sorry to say that he is."
Reverend: "Is he critical?"
Mrs. Smith: "Critical? He's worse than critical—he's downright abusive!"
—ANON.

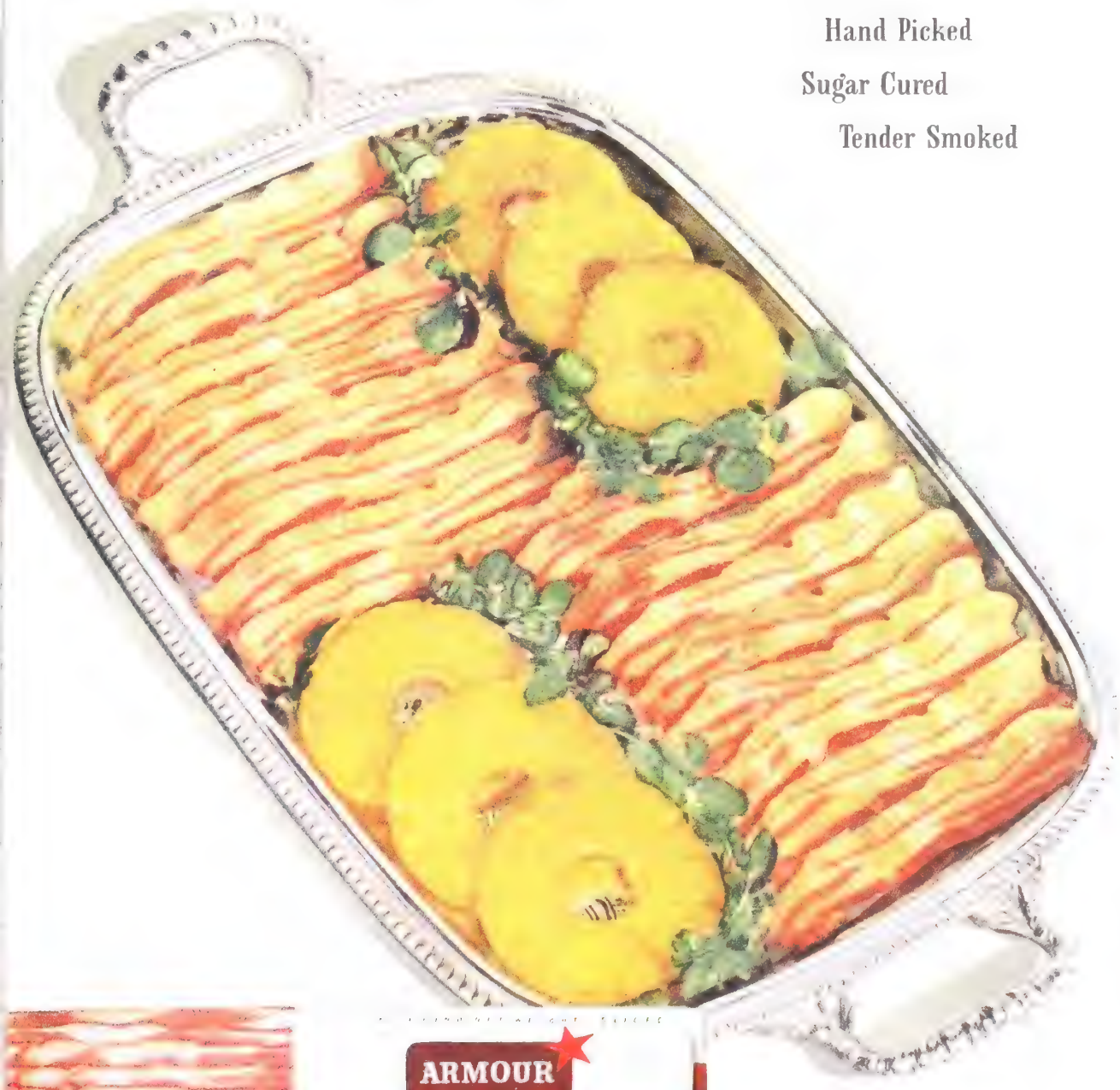
You can tell by its warm wood-smoky fragrance that it's

AMERICA'S LUXURY BACON

Hand Picked

Sugar Cured

Tender Smoked



The best and nothing but the best is labeled **ARMOUR**

This-n-that on good eating

BY Marie Gifford

Director, Armour Consumer Service

There's a secret—did you know it?—to frying bacon perfectly. For instance . . . do you start your bacon slices in a *cold* frying pan? Do you have the heat set at *low*? Do you *pour off* extra fat as it accumulates? Do you cook it until it is just crisp? If you can answer YES to all these—your bacon is tender—crisp but *not* brittle—perfect!

Bacon with Pineapple Slices. Place bacon strips in cold frying pan and fry over low heat for about 8 minutes, turning frequently. Fry drained canned pineapple slices in the bacon fat for a few minutes until lightly browned. Serve piping hot for Sunday breakfast and get ready for rave notices!

Speaking of Compliments . . . You can take a bow at dinnertime, too—when you team bacon with vegetables. Creamed Spinach, for instance, tastes really *good* with crisp bacon crumbled over the top just before it's served. And the same goes for broiled tomatoes!

Glory Be—Less Shrinkage! Armour Star Bacon doesn't shrink away to nothing—because it's dry sugar-cured in its own natural juices! Since no water or curing solution is added, there's none to cook away. And the quality of Armour Star Bacon never shrinks either! Each bacon side is hand-picked—and smoked to perfection over hardwood fires!

Like Romeo Went with Juliet—bacon goes with rarebit! And the best-tasting rarebit you ever ate is made with Cloverbloom American Cheese. Semi-sharp, mild-tasting, it comes from the heart of America's dairyland! And if you fancy yourself a cheese connoisseur you'll try Cloverbloom Wedge-Cut American Cheese with crisp crackers.

Send for New Bacon Recipes—a whole booklet ful. Write Marie Gifford, Dept. 74, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.

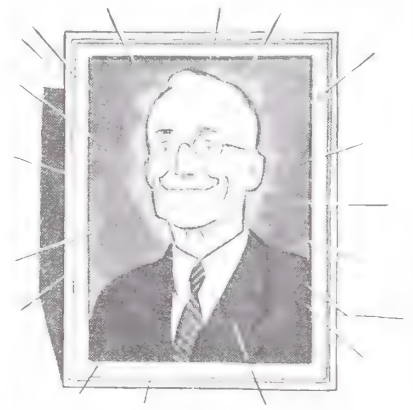
Debbie's dolly had a party,
Dolly spilled her tea!

WINDEX cleaned the table glass
As quick as quick can be!

Time for cleaning windows came, but
Where, oh where was Bob!

Mom got WINDEX. Bob says now
He *likes* to do the job.

Grandpa, on the mantel, looked
So old and gray. But then . . .



Mom used WINDEX on the glass,
And he's himself again!

Spray it on, and wipe it off,
WINDEX is so quick!

Cleans your windows, picture glass,
And gets 'em looking slick!

WINDEX is a must for house cleaning. No dust with WINDEX! No streaking, no film. Insist on WINDEX every time. Don't trust cheap substitutes.

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WINDEX

by The Drackett Company

COSTS LESS THAN A PENNY PER WINDOW—EVEN THRIFTIER IN THE BIG 20-OUNCE SIZE.

Copr. 1947, The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 84)

"Thank you, David. You shouldn't have bothered." She was embarrassed, conscious of the change in her tone of voice. "I'm sorry I was cross." She turned away suddenly. "Good night, David," she said in a muffled voice.

"Good night." Poor Meg, there wasn't anything wrong with her which a legacy of a hundred pounds could not cure. That was all most people needed: just a sense of a little security. They could face their problems more easily then.

In his room, he unpacked his writing pad and placed his books in their proper place beside the others in his bookcase. Then he sat wearily down on the hard chair at his desk. He pulled the crumpled letter from his pocket. There was also that other one which he had written from Loch Innish. So there were two now which he hadn't posted. He tore both letters into pieces, and then burned all the scraps, slowly, in the deep ash tray. He suddenly felt miserably tired and unhappy.

He wrote a very simple note, beginning, "Dear Penny" and ending with, "Yours sincerely, David Bosworth." He thanked her for the pleasant day he had enjoyed in Edinburgh, he hoped he would see her in Oxford or in London.

He read the note again. Suddenly he added a postscript. When would she arrive in London, and what was her address to be? Would she let him know? *You thought you were a fool,* he told himself, *because you let yourself see her again. But you would be a bigger fool if you hadn't—or if you don't.* He kept thinking about her even after he had fallen into a restless sleep.

Margaret had gone to Cornwall and the month passed pleasantly in Cory's Walk. David and his father agreed that it was perfect picnic weather and arranged their meals accordingly. Mrs. Trumble, Margaret's weekly stand-by, now came in for an hour each day to wash up and dust around. Certainly life had become very simple. Mr. Bosworth seemed to enjoy it. And David was happy: his work was going well and the odd hours spent with his father in the garden were pleasant for both men.

It was easy to be happy with this new background of elation to all his thoughts. He was writing twice a week to Scotland, and twice a week he had his replies. He would have written every day if Mr. Lorrimer had not to be reckoned with. Penny reported that a letter even twice a week was raising eyebrows in one half of the family, and amused comment in the other half.

David no longer tried to rationalize or justify his summer madness. He was content to feel the excitement which raced through his blood when he saw her neat, decided writing on an incoming envelope, or to hold the happiness which swept over him when he took his pen and pad and sat down to write her. Sometimes he wondered how strange it was that, having met her only twice, he should miss her so much. And he knew instinctively that if he once let her slip he would never find her again.

September came at last, with its grayer skies and cool evenings. Margaret's visit to Cornwall had been extended to four weeks, and she came back with a new store of energy which she proceeded to use putting the house in order for Florence Rawson's coming.

It was bad enough, David reflected, to have his routine completely upset and his work made more difficult because of interruptions, without being conscious of the fact that all this was happening because of the Rawson woman. Margaret had not thought, before, that his room needed new curtains and that the desk had to be repainted, and that the furniture needed oiling and waxing. It was no good saying what he thought, either; when he tried that, he was shown that he was unreasonable and selfish. If it weren't for his father, David thought, he would find a room of his own somewhere else.

"What's wrong, David?" she asked him one evening.

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For Sale — Happiness

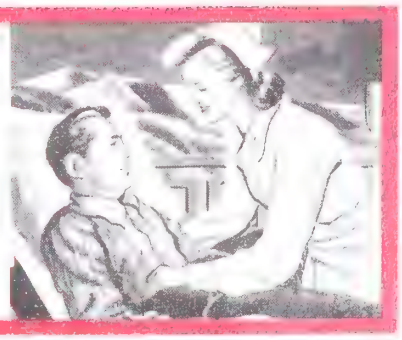
BY HELEN J. GOEDE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

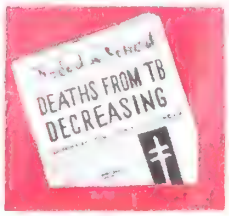
TELL ME, BONNIE, WHAT'S YOUR DRESS GOT THAT MINE HASN'T?
OOOOO- THAT OXYDOL SPARKLE!
Yes, OXYDOL washes SPARKLING WHITE! SPARKLING BRIGHT! SPARKLING CLEAN!
OXYDOL
OXYDOL
SAY, THAT TOWEL'S SO WHITE IT REALLY DOES SPARKLE!
THAT'S OXYDOL FOR YOU!
AND IT'S GRAND THE WAY OXYDOL WASHES MY COLORED THINGS SPARKLING BRIGHT WEEK AFTER WEEK!
WHY THIS WORK SHIRT COULDN'T BE ANY CLEANER!
SURE OXYDOL LIFTS OUT THE LAST POSSIBLE SPECK OF DIRT— GETS MY WHOLE WASH SPARKLING CLEAN!

Can you answer these questions about

TUBERCULOSIS?



Q. Is there hope of conquering tuberculosis?



A. Indeed there is! Since 1900 the yearly death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from over 200 per 100,000 to under 40! Many authorities say that by continuing a well-planned, forceful campaign—with public co-operation—deaths from tuberculosis may be almost wiped out in the next twenty years.

Q. What are the important steps in this campaign?

A. First: constant effort to find and treat more cases in the early stages when the disease is easier to control. Second: adequate treatment for active cases, preferably hospital care, which will help to avoid infecting others. Third: proper care for people who have had tuberculosis, including medical supervision and occupational guidance to prevent recurrence. Fourth: a drive to eliminate poor health habits and conditions which invite tuberculosis.

Q. Why are periodic examinations so important?

A. Tuberculosis, especially in the early stages, often has no symptoms. Its discovery then depends on a thorough medical examination, aided by X-ray. Such examinations are particularly important among adults, especially older persons, workers exposed to silica dust, and other special groups which have high tuberculosis death rates.

Q. How is medical science fighting tuberculosis?

A. New X-ray equipment and techniques are making examinations easier and less expensive. Studies with streptomycin and other new drugs give promise for the future. There are indications that a vaccine may provide a measure of immunity against tuberculosis. But these drugs and vaccines are still experimental, and as yet there is no substitute for standard methods of treatment.

Don't let tuberculosis frighten you

Today, through modern medical skills, most cases of tuberculosis can be controlled if caught in time. The earlier that treatment is started, the better are the chances for a prompt and lasting cure.

If you should have tuberculosis, your physician will recommend treatment, probably in a sanatorium. Once the disease is brought under control you can usually return to a normal way of living, with periodic checkups to make sure the disease does not become active again. You should faithfully follow your doctor's instructions in order to speed recovery and maintain good health afterward.

Regular medical examinations provide comforting reassurance even if you don't have tuberculosis, and suggest immediate treatment if the disease should be detected. For further information about such examinations and about the disease itself, ask your physician, public health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

when he had been with his father, he had said he was worried. But were the reasons he had given the only true ones? Or wasn't he also afraid because the limits of Cory's Walk were still holding him? That was why he had never discussed his future plans with anyone except his father, Chaundler at Oxford and, strangely enough, MacIntyre at Inchmurren. And Penny in Edinburgh. But with no one else.

If he were to fail, he would be thought overambitious. If George Fenton-Stevens were to fail, his friends would laugh and say, "Poor old George. Too bad. Better luck next time, old boy." But if David were to fail there would be no second chance, for his own belief in himself would be gone. When you came from Cory's Walk and aimed high, you had to be so good that there was no possibility of failure. That was why he wouldn't discuss his plans or ambitions with his friends. That was why he was always so vague about them. That way, the laughs and the sneers wouldn't be so loud if you failed, and the pity wouldn't be there, either. "Well, David didn't manage it," his friends would say, "but I don't think he was very serious about it. Never mentioned it very much, did he?" That was right: keep quiet, never mention it, and then if you failed it wouldn't seem such a blow.

Yet he had told Penny. Strange how he had suddenly blurted it out while they were leaning over the wall of Edinburgh Castle, as if he had set himself to impress her, win her admiration. *The mating display,* he thought suddenly. *Did I really behave like that?* But she had not laughed at him. She had listened with her large blue eyes watching him sympathetically as if she really wanted to hear him talk. As if she really enjoyed being with him.

He moved away from the window, and sat down to write her. This was the third letter this week, Mr. Lorrimer or no Mr. Lorrimer. As he dated the sheet of paper, he looked at the calendar and said to himself, *Another week, and I leave for Oxford. And then, after that, Penny arrives here. Blast that Rawson woman. If it weren't for her, I could have seen Penny every day until term started.*

THEN he began thinking how he might see Penny on the day she arrived, at least. He tried to imagine the surprise on her face when she arrived at King's Cross Station and found him waiting to meet her. Then he glanced at his watch, and noted the time, and stopped all his wondering and imagining and began writing. It was "Darling Penny" this time, and he didn't even notice how naturally he had written it.

The notice board, three porters and a ticket inspector had all agreed that the train from Edinburgh would arrive at this platform in five minutes. David was still only half persuaded. He watched the giant hand of the station's clock as it jerked eagerly to each new minute, and debated with himself whether he should stand at the gate to the platform or whether he should use the platform ticket which he had bought. He decided to use it, and yet keep near enough to the gate so he could not possibly miss her.

The notice board, three porters and the ticket inspector had been right after all. The train was pulling in exactly on time. And suddenly the deserted platform was filled with people. The crowd was much bigger than he had imagined it would be, and his nervousness returned. It would be easy to miss her after all in this millrace. He didn't even know what clothes she would be wearing, and she didn't know he was going to be in London.

And then he saw her. There was a man with her, too, a white-haired man dressed in well-cut navy blue. He was carrying her small suitcase and talking to her in a grave, pleasant way. David walked over so that he would stand in their path. Penny was happy. Her eyes were dancing; she was missing no details on the crowded platform as she listened to her companion. *Well, London, here I am,* she seemed to be saying.

She saw him suddenly, stared blankly, halted, and then, without a word of warning

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See what Meds give you:

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Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please send me, in plain wrapper, the trial package of 3 for which I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

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Address

City State

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to her companion, ran forward. "Oh, David!" she said. And there they were, holding each other's hands, gripping them, not shaking them.

"Well," the white-haired man said as he reached them, "I'm glad to see someone did meet you. Yours, I think," he said with a broad smile as he handed the suitcase over to David.

Penny remembered her manners. "Thank you so much for making the journey so pleasant."

"Not at all, not at all. The pleasure was mine." He raised his hat neatly and left them, still smiling, to merge into the stream of people flowing slowly through the narrow gate.

"Who on earth was that?" David said as they, too, joined the queue.

"A captain. Navy. He has just been retired. He is sweet, isn't he?"

"Oh, a friend of your family," David suggested.

"No. I don't even know his name. I met him at one of those small tables in the restaurant car."

"Penny, you are ——" He didn't finish the sentence, but smiled instead and shook his head slowly. He took her arm and led her out of the station. Penny was the kind of girl whose suitcase was carried for her, whose arm was held as she crossed a street. "You know," David said, still smiling, "you really shouldn't talk to strangers."

"Don't you?" She laughed. Then she halted and drew in a deep breath of air. "London! It smells and sounds so good!" she said.

"Only Londoners are supposed to think that. But"—he tried to make his voice sound more severe—"men are different. They can talk to strangers without complications."

When you see a good man, think of emulating him: when you see a bad man, examine your own heart. —CONFUCIUS.

Penny laughed again, and said, "David, this is the most wonderful surprise. Did you come up all the way from Oxford?"

"No, I just happened to be wandering on the platform ready to challenge the whole blasted fleet." He looked down at the suitcase he was carrying. "And am I to be called 'sweet' too?"

"No," Penny said decidedly. "You are much, much, nicer than sweet." Then her color deepened and she pretended to be interested in the long row of crawling traffic.

"Where's the rest of your luggage?" David asked, as he managed to get a taxi.

"The trunks were all sent on in advance."

She settled back in the taxi. She had never been happier in her life, she thought. She studied David's face as he gave the driver her address. David had come especially to meet her. Everything was wonderful: London and the smell of petrol and the multitude of noises, the swarming traffic and this wheezing taxicab. And David.

"We'll dump your case at your address," David was saying. "And then we'll have dinner at a little place I know, and after that we'll take in a theater. How's that?"

"Marvelous." Everything was marvelous. "But I shall have to report or something at this women's residence. I'm sort of nervous inside, David. I keep trying to imagine what it will be like."

"It is a place for women, run by women, so you'll have chintz and dainty salads and rice puddings and gay girlish laughter all around you. You'll find it pretty awful, I expect. What on earth made you take a room there?"

"Father and mother. They let me come to London only on the understanding that I'd stay at this place. They think it is 'safe'! And because it is expensive, it *must* be good!"

She stared doubtfully at the row of four houses which had been converted into one building, before which the cab had drawn up. It had a basement surrounded by iron

Boy, I'm in a BAD way!

You don't need a "funny mirror" to tell when you've had too much feasting. You have inside information... a sickish, upset stomach. Be gentle with these upsets—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation is non-alkaline, non-laxative, non-constipating. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

To relieve *distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn... and to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea.* Three sizes at druggists.

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Recipe for

Breakfast dishes with a Bonus!

It's this special bran that makes them so good... and good for you! Nabisco 100% Bran... the bran that's *double-milled!* More delicious in flavor... more in action... you'll like Nabisco 100% Bran better for muffins or as cereal. Both ways it furnishes important diet-bulk (if constipation is not relieved, see your doctor).

NABISCO BRAN MOLASSES MUFFINS

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran
1 cup milk
¼ cup molasses
1 egg, beaten
½ tsp. baking soda
1 cup sifted flour
2½ tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. salt
¼ cup melted shortening

Combine bran and milk; let stand 5 min. Add molasses and beaten egg. Sift together dry ingredients; add to bran mixture. Add melted shortening; quickly stir in. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in moderately hot oven, 400° F., 25 min. Makes 12 marvelous muffins—flaky, tasty and light because they're made with Nabisco 100% Bran that's finer-milled for finest baking results.

NABISCO 100% BRAN
TO WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED SUGAR SALT MALT EXTRACT AND PRUNE JUICE
FINER MILLED
READY TO EAT
NABISCO 100% BRAN
One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

railings, and a bridge of steps to the front door on the ground floor. There were three stories of uniform windows above that, and attic windows set into the steep sloping roof with its lines of chimney pots. A large polished brass name plate informed the ignorant that it was Baker House, Residence for Women.

"I'll wait in the cab for you, Penny," David said as he deposited the suitcase in the hand of a stiffly starched maid with a measuring eye. The door was shut firmly in his face.

When she came out, at last, he could sense her disappointment. She greeted him with too determined cheerfulness.

"Well, did they show you your cell?" he asked.

She smiled. "No chintz, at least," she reported. "Just faded green baize. Walls distempered at least five years ago in a safe cream color. And the trunks have arrived." With the two trunks standing in her ten-by-eight-foot room, there wasn't an inch of free space. There was not much space to put anything, except on the blank bare walls. "I've a window, too," she said. "One of those up there on the top floor."

"The very top floor?" David asked. "Do they use the attic too?"

"They use every inch. There was another room vacant on a lower floor, but it would cost two guineas a week more." She laughed suddenly. "It isn't only the Scots who count every penny, seemingly."

"Look, this wasn't exactly what your parents planned, was it?"

"Hardly," Penny said, and went on laughing. Not at three and a half guineas a week. "Anyway," she said when she had recovered some seriousness, "I *am* in London."

After that, she didn't talk very much, but David made enough conversation for both of them.

He paid off the cab in Piccadilly Circus, and guided her through the swooping traffic to the little island in the center. Below him, the flower girls strewed their bunches of sweet violets invitingly. Like the ancient sibyls that they were, they guarded their mysteries impassively until David's offering clinked into one of their capacious pockets. Then the omens were good, it seemed: Penny became a pretty lady, and David was God-blessed.

> It was said of a man who was always conjuring up gloomy chimeras and saw only the dark side of everything: "He builds dungeons in Spain." —CHAMFORT.

The restaurant he had chosen was in lower Regent Street. Dusk was beginning, and the lights were going on. Penny had recovered her first enthusiasm. There was a gaiety in her smile that caught the eye. Several men and women looked at her sharply.

"That's the fifth man we've passed who wishes I would drop dead," David said. "Here's the place. We'll have Hungarian music to help us digest the goulash."

Penny halted. *A little place I know.* It certainly wasn't the kind of place to be little in price. "Oh, David. Really—it looks *awfully* expensive."

"It isn't," David said cheerfully, as he caught her arm and guided her through the doorway. "Besides, I've been promising myself this evening for the last six weeks. Come on, don't thwart me. I'm a dangerous man when I'm thwarted. I fall down and have fits."

She smiled, and offered no further resistance.

"Well," he said when they had settled themselves at a comfortable table for two, and had ordered, "this is slightly better than a tavern in an Edinburgh side street, isn't it?"

She looked around at the decorative tables with their white linen, silver and flowers, at the white-and-gold-paneled walls. "I like it," she admitted. "But a man probably enjoys himself much better in the other kind of place. Doesn't he?"

He watched her, wondering at her good sense. And tact too: *It looks awfully expensive.* And when she had seen that he was set on this place, she had made no further objections but had come in here looking happy, charming and absolutely delighted with his choice.

"I find you very unsettling," he said. "Your eyes were puzzled. And blue, so very blue above the simple gray dress. Her hair was smoothly brushed and its warm red lights gleamed under the small piece of blue velvet. "I believe," he said slowly, "that you would be just as charming if I had taken you to a cheap café."

She smiled. "That could be fun, too," she admitted. "If one were enjoying oneself that is."

"And are you?"

She nodded, pretended to look at a group at another table, picked up the bunch of violets and held them to her face.

"No perfume, I'm afraid," he said. "Violets that look so perfect out of season could be expected to smell nice too. You can't have everything, it seems." His eyes caught hers and held them. "Only sometimes," he added, his voice now quite serious, desperately sincere. Only sometimes, perhaps—by the most miraculous good fortune.

But an efficient waiter chose this moment to serve them with much elaborate hovering like an inquisitive hummingbird. David concealed his annoyance as the waiter assisted in his routine.

Penny, with a smile in her eyes as she watched, began to talk of things to which even a waiter might listen. Her father had won a mixed-doubles tournament at Northwick, and then spent two days in bed recovering. Moira was still showing signs of strain from three weeks of International Students' meetings, and she was receiving constant letters from some one who had gone back to Italy. This had been very useful, really, in diverting the family's interest from Penny's own correspondence. Mrs. Lorrimer had become the president of the new Rambling and Health Club (which had to persuade girls from shops and factories to spend Sunday on their feet too); treasurer of the committee to set up Clubs for Bonnier Bairns and member of a Citizens' League for the Preservation and Protection of Ruins.

"The idea," Penny said determinedly in spite of the waiter as he fussed over the coffee cups and emptied the ash tray for the third time, "seems to be that ruins should look like ruins without being ruins any more. They are all to be cemented up efficiently so that they will stop falling down."

Then, from discussing ruins, they turned to elder statesmen—which, in the condition of the world in 1932, was quite a logical development for such a conversation.

"I'll pay this, and then perhaps we will get some peace," David said as the bill was unostentatiously presented. He added a more than adequate tip. "And," he added firmly to the waiter, "we shall take half an hour over our coffee, and we don't need any more ash trays emptied. We like the ash as they are. Is that quite clear?"

It may have been the tip, or the benevolent look which had suddenly appeared in David's eye, but at any rate the waiter removed himself to another table.

"Well," David said as he lit another cigarette with enjoyment. He looked at her with pleasure. "You are wearing earrings. And lipstick."

"They can't be as obvious as I thought," Penny said, "or you would have noticed them at once." She touched the small pearl studs in her ears to make certain that they were still secure. "My gesture of independence," she said with a laugh. "I put them on just as the train was crossing the border."

"Gauguin setting out for Tahiti?" David suggested. He was smiling too. "And did you put them on before or after lunch?"

"Before." And then she remembered. "David! Really, he was the nicest ship's officer imaginable!"

"I am imagining hard," David said, his smile broadening. *Strange,* he thought

(Continued on Page 92)

How to make a muscle

oung friend has growing pains. He s to bulge a bicep. Although he doesn't it, he's quite a man for his age — holds n on the playground and in the class-

And at the dinner table.

wealth of food resources, this is a ate country.

using those resources — making the f them — is where America shows up We have good foods because we've d more about how to grow and process, ship and store them.

ther reason this is the best nourished is because we've taken foods apart, isolated their vital elements and applied this knowledge to feeding babies, growing children, mothers, workers everywhere.

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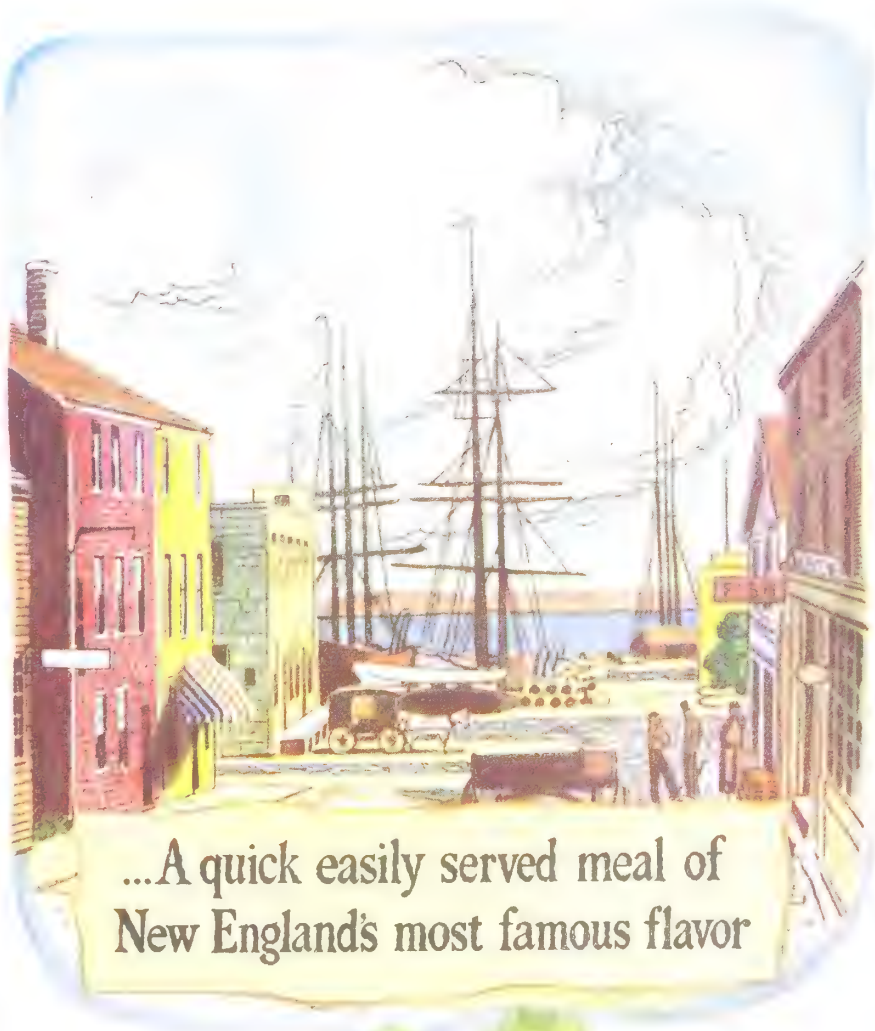

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Burnham & Morrill Company
Portland 2, Maine.

(Continued from Page 90)

natural, how pleasant all this is. Strange how we can talk and laugh, and there is no irritation, no sense of being criticized or of criticizing, only this deep feeling of ease and contentment.

"How many times in our life have we sat together like this, talked and laughed together?" he asked suddenly.

She didn't answer, but her eyes met his.

"Or am I talking nonsense?" he asked with a good pretense of lightness in his voice. "Must be this music bringing out my gypsy blood." There he was, already backing away from the serious into the facetious, afraid of saying too much in case she would be amused or pitying or polite.

She said in a low voice, "It isn't nonsense, David."

Watching her eyes, he believed her. He touched her hand.

The waiter drew near once more: there were still other tips to be earned this evening.

"Let's go," David said quickly, and helped her with her coat. The moment was lost. She was talking to him in her natural voice again as they stood for a moment looking at the clear stars which shone in the crisp autumn sky. "Now, what about a theater?" he asked.

"Might we walk, first of all?" she asked. "It is a heavenly night, and I've been sitting in a train practically all day. It would be fun. Besides"—she smiled up at him as they fell into step—"I've had a lovely time already. You are spoiling me, you know."

"Let me worry about that. Penny, you are the strangest girl."

That was what her mother often said, but David made it sound like a compliment. She said in embarrassment, "I ought to worry about it, David. Because you give too much." She thought of this journey to meet her as she looked down at the violets which she carried.

"No one ever told me that before," he said, which was true enough. He had never met any attractive girls who had not accepted everything quite calmly as if it were their due. And then he began to worry: had she meant she didn't want so much from him, didn't want to accept anything more than she was willing to return?

PENNY was doing her own share of wondering, as she thought over his words. On how many girls had he spent so much thought and time and money as he had spent on her today? And why should she use the past tense? How many girls now of which she was one? Men wrote letters to women, asked them out; and it generally meant little more than a diversion, an amusing way to escape from boredom. She wondered, then, why she had not thought of this before, why she should ever have been so confident that David was different. Because she had wanted to believe that? She still wanted to believe it.

They walked on in silence, each aware of it, each worrying that it confirmed their fears. The gray massive buildings looked down on them coldly. The broad immaculate street, the solid buildings, the richly lighted rooms behind the screened windows, all culminated in the feeling of expensive restraint. David quickened his pace unconsciously.

"I'm sorry," he said, as her ankle twisted and he steadied her by the arm. "I've been walking too quickly."

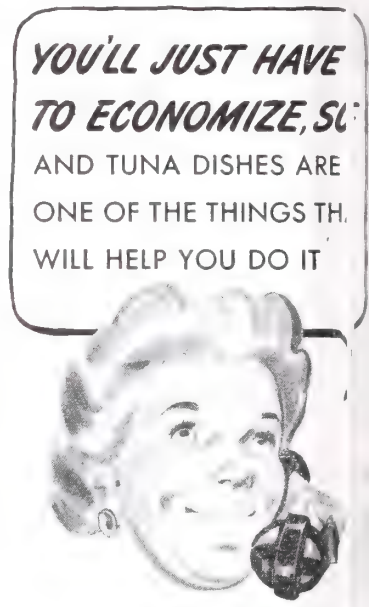
"No."

He looked at her, wondering what he had done to frighten her away from him again. He halted beside one of the large monuments which decorated Waterloo Place. In front of them were the broad steps which led down to the Mall with its green park and its spaced trees, now a mass of black and blacker shadows.

"Penny," he said, "Penny, look at me. What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she said, and smiled to prove it.

"Penny," he said, and grasped her arm. "Look, I know this may sound madness, but it isn't madness to me. I can't go on with all this hesitating and shying away, this feeling of everything being all right because we understand each other and then suddenly



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THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA F
Buy EITHER Brand . . . the quality is the

ing twisting out of focus again be-
e don't state our emotions frankly.
ıer blurt everything out right now,
I do frighten you off, and for good.
, I'll know where I stand. You must
hat there's only one reason why I
› meet you this afternoon; the same
why I am going to go on seeing you
er I can. Any objections to that

atched the pretended smile fade, her
›iding his no longer. For a moment
›d like that, unmoving, expression-
en a gentle curve came back to her
e bent down suddenly and kissed
ıs he drew back, as startled as she
saw from her eyes that there was no
reason needed; no reason, even, now
He kissed her again, more slowly,
tely, and yet with no sense of calcu-
It seemed that he had never made a
ıtural gesture in all his life. Then he
ıe footsteps near them, and a wom-
h thin voice saying "Really!" He
ıround angrily to see an expensively
back walking quickly away from
He looked anxiously at Penny. But
vas smiling.
'id," she said, and reached up to kiss
ntly on his cheek. He caught her
d they ran down the flight of broad,
steps into the Mall.
r the plane trees, walking arm in arm
ir hands clasped as if to double their
each other, he said, "I am sorry,
I should have waited until we had
›ver here where it is less public."
ıs sorry for her," Penny said. "I saw
, you know. It looked as if it could do
ne kissing."

ghed, and his anger was gone. He
n afraid of the effect of the woman's
ı Penny. It could have pushed her
ck into that tight wall of convention
ad encircled her for so many years.
: he could be thankful, too, to that
ll, for it had kept her untouched. He
ned that when he kissed her. Her
ody had stiffened and her lips had
aid for a fraction of the first moment.
ld never need to wonder, when she
im, who had taught her so well.
y did not appear to notice the cou-
ing so closely together, as motionless
y were in a drugged dream, but her
ickened slightly and she started as a
an's light flickered on and then off.
policeman must have approved of
Another couple was not so lucky.
ıoticed the woman's face with the
noronic look of the night wanderer.
eased their pace still more. "Too
eople around," he said lightly, and
disappointment in a complicated
ion of his new digs at Oxford. This
em through Admiralty Arch into
Cross.

"I do believe you are more conventional than I am!" Penny said with a smile, as she looked back over her shoulder at the comparative peace of the Mall.

"All I am looking for is a quiet spot where we can talk in peace and hear ourselves think." He looked round at the busy traffic. "And this bedlam isn't much help either. Let's cut down Whitehall to the river. Or what about someplace with music?"

"Not tonight, David. I have to be careful about the time. We are all locked up for the night in Baker House at eleven-thirty. They insist on our beauty sleep, it seems." She pretended to be amused at the idea, but it still rankled. "Besides," she went on, "we couldn't hear ourselves think in a night club, either. We probably could not even hear what we were saying."

TRUE enough, David thought. Why should it be made so difficult for two people to be alone with each other? What did a man with little money do if he wanted no blasted interference? If he didn't want to share his girl with a hundred or a thousand other people?

Penny waited for his answer, but when it didn't come, she said gently, "I'm sorry, David. I ruined all your plans for this evening. But I did want a walk. And I still do. I am loving this, David. Really, I am." She looked around them at the changing shapes of silent buildings, and then toward the sky, dark, cool and clean. "Don't you like it too?"

He answered her this time by smiling, by taking her arm again even if they were in an austerely public street. His feeling of having arranged things so badly disappeared; he relaxed and felt perfectly content.

And Penny, conscious of his arm through hers, conscious of the smile on his face, was happy too. Her heart was singing. And in her joy she gave her pity generously to all the women she passed, who could not have David walking beside them.

They reached Gower Street ten minutes before Baker House barred its door for the night. So they walked slowly around the quiet Bloomsbury Square, unwilling to leave each other a minute before they must.

"When am I going to see you again?" David asked.

"When would you like to see me?"

He laughed. "The difficulty is I am as tied down by rules and regulations as you are. Sunday is the only day I have free from lectures or tutorials. We'll meet early on Sundays, so as to get as much time together as possible. Is it a good day for you?"

Penny nodded. Even her ideas about the days of the week were going to be changed in London: Sunday had always been a day of church, family dinner, duty visits in the afternoon and, in the evening, supper to which were invited the dullest sons of mother's dullest friends. Sunday looked now as if it were going to be the day in the week when she was happiest.

"Then Sunday is our day," David said. "You'll keep them free? All of them?"

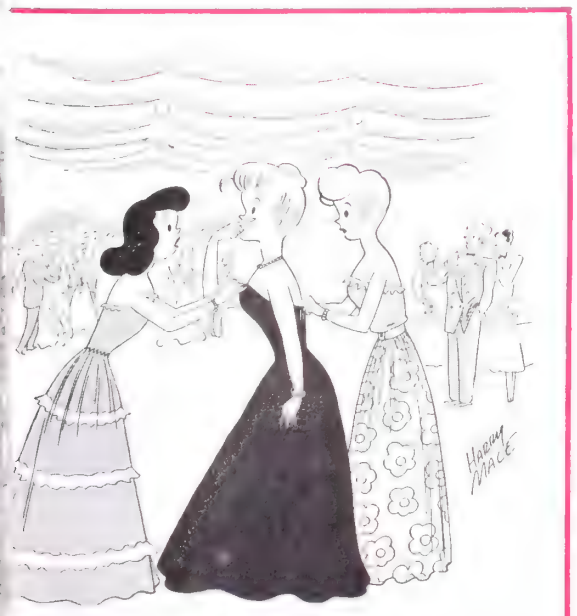
"Yes."

"And I want you to come up to Oxford too. We can walk there. Not just on pavements, or dodging traffic and crowds."

"It sounds marvelous."

"It will be." He looked at his watch. "Almost time now, I'm afraid." They walked quickly back to Gower Street. At the corner, he halted. "Take care of yourself," he said suddenly. "And have a good time."

She smiled a little as she wondered what



"Okay, Mary Lou, go ahead and sneeze."

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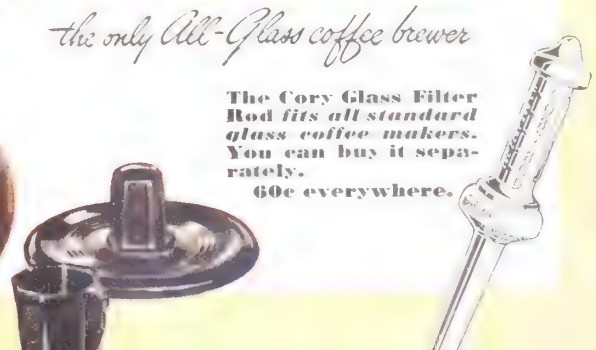

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CAMFIELD

AUTOMATIC TOAST

time would be good if it were not spent with him. But she said nothing. She seemed half afraid, somehow, as she waited.

He kissed her.

"David!" she said instinctively, glancing toward the forbidding front of Baker House. But her voice was happy, happy and relieved. This good-by was not like the other two: then they had never been sure that they would meet again; now they did know, and good-by wasn't good-by at all.

"Better get used to it, Penny," he said, and took her arm toward the green door. "On Sunday, then. I'll write you about train times."

She ran up the flight of stairs, turned to wave as she waited for the door to open. He waited, too, and waited until it was closed.

He looked up at the row of unlighted attic windows. He looked at his watch. He crossed the street slowly and halted at the corner. At last a light appeared in one of the topmost windows. He turned away then, smiling. He began to walk quickly toward Tottenham Court Road. He glanced at his watch again, and began to run for the last train.

By February, the strangeness of Penny's new life in London had settled into the appearance of routine. It seemed simple enough on the surface, falling into three neat separate worlds: there was David, there was her work at the Slade, there was the group of new friends and acquaintances. But it was David's world round which the two others circled.

At Christmas, in Edinburgh, she had tried to introduce the subject of David. But the family, somehow, had always so much to tell her about Moira's great social success this winter, about all the fun that Penny was missing by living in London, that she had stopped trying. Secretly, Mrs. Lorrimer was inclined to worry about the number of letters which Penelope had received and about the much too casual way in which David Bosworth had been mentioned. Still, better to cut off all conversation about him and show that he was of no importance. Mrs. Lorrimer was of the school of thought which firmly believed that if you didn't talk about the nasty pain it would just go away.

> Through not spending enough we often spend too much.

And so Penny returned to London after New Year's, convinced that as long as she appeared to be the same girl in voice, face, health and mannerisms she would always be considered the same. When she arrived in London this time, and saw David on the platform waiting to meet her, she thought of the difference between the Penny who had arrived in September and the Penny who was getting off the train in January.

Strangely enough, the things she had been most assured about—her work at the Slade, for instance—were those that had caused her the greatest worry this winter. And what she had worried about in September had become completely decided by January: once the major change of Penny-without-David into Penny-with-David had been made, there had been no doubts left, and life had become a steady progression of excitement and joy.

But her work at the Slade had been otherwise: here, there had been changes with a vengeance. It had taken her until February to arrive at the state which she thought she had already reached five months ago. For after some weeks of proving that her work was not so bad after all, she found that nothing she was painting pleased her. It was still the same kind of work, developed, of course, which she had done last year. But it did not please her any more. It was then that she realized that she herself had changed, and that was the whole trouble. Somewhere, somehow, she had adopted ideas and little tricks in painting which had seemed to make her work promising. Now she was finding that these had carried her as far as they ever would. There was no possibility of growth in them.

That was a very upsetting admiss make. Still more upsetting was the d to start almost at the beginning ag give up much of what had once giv most pride. At first it was disheart She had abandoned ideas which we tainly as good as any of those held average students. And it seemed as had found nothing to replace them.

Then, gradually, something began velop. Symington, the teacher whom spected most (his own work was ex and, strangely enough, was admired n by his fellow artists and pupils, but the public), was an interested observe this. Because he was a good teacher, as a good painter, he did not upset h advice. But he gave her a good help—more than he usually gave to students.

By February she was happy in he again, although she knew she was only very beginning. And she knew that s still to find out whether it would be a as she wanted it to be; and that gave h enough uncertainty so that her mi open and willing to learn.

She would have been both pleas amazed if she had known that Sym had already picked her out as good m with more than average possibilitie she would have been more than am have heard his comment on her to on colleagues: "The pity of it is, she will Then no more painting." Like every woman, she would have been indignan not marriage *and* painting?

Penny might have been amazed an nant, but it was perfectly true that, al she still took her wo complete seriousne had begun to thi and less of win scholarship to st Rome. Or to live an abroad which woul rate her from Davi hadn't reached th yet of admitting that to herself: s reached only the halfway stage of about visits abroad, holidays to b ured in weeks or months but not, years.

And it was not only her future an which David had altered. There w strange reaction in making new After the first week, when the stude eyed one another, hesitated, circled around, given offhand smiles, tried ou casual remarks, and then suddenly gun to form little groups, Penny had share of masculine interest. There w someone who would drift over tow place in the classroom and look at h and begin talking. Or there would oblique approach to the lunch table she sat. Or accidental meetings at t lege gates, which happened so regular the casual greeting became extraord funny to Penny. She was flattered, t that didn't let her fall into the delusi she should accept invitations "just kind," as so many of the other girls lo it. What kindness was there in letting waste an evening on you when you him dull? For that was the troub liked several of the men, and some w tractive, but none gave her what Dav her, and so they *were* dull in comp That was the trouble; she would alwa that comparison now.

Among the women, there were th sought out her company, and she a some of them more readily. They we And yet, even with them, it seemed couldn't give them the same full which she would have given a year was as if David used up so much thoughts and her emotions that th little left to share among others.

She had not quite recognized that in her own mind; she merely felt an rassment at this new inadequacy fo ship which was so strange and bew In Edinburgh, she had made friend But now she was neglecting them to

(Continued on Page 96)

ne dish! Same recipe! Same success!

That's because you get the same rich flavor in any style of Del Monte Corn!

1–We put extra care here

Extra care where? In breeding a distinct and different character of kernel into Del Monte Brand Corn!

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Taste either Del Monte Cream Style or Del Monte Whole Kernel Corn, plain or "made-up"! Get that full, young-corn sweetness? Those tender, juicy kernels? That's *corn* for you! Prove it—in either version of this delicious

CORNPATCH CLAM BAKE

- 1 7-oz. can minced clams
- Milk
- 3 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 4 tbsps. flour
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup Del Monte Cream Style Corn (Golden or White)—*for dish at left*
- OR 1½ cups Del Monte Golden Whole Kernel Corn—*for dish at right*
- 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento
- 4 tbsps. chopped onion
- 2 tbsps. finely cut parsley
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1¼ tsps. dry mustard
- ½ to 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice

Drain liquid from clams into measuring cup; add milk to make one cup. Use to make white sauce with the butter and flour. Beat eggs; add corn, minced clams, seasonings, lemon juice. Stir in white sauce. Bake in 1½ qt. casserole in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 min. or till sharp knife inserted in center comes out clean. Top with additional hot, seasoned corn. Garnish either way shown. Serves 6.

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3. And, half again as many cups! Most users tell us they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a pound of ground coffee. Remember, Borden's isn't *half* coffee. It's *all* coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.

*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 94)

from her letters to her family, giving them the news of life in London (with mentions of David slipped in here and there to prepare them for the idea that she and David were in love), Edinburgh now seemed a part of her life which had been amputated and thrown away. *How strange,* she would think, and would reproach herself. It was difficult, however, to remain self-reproachful for any length of time, for she was too happy. Life had become much too wonderful an adventure.

On this Saturday in February, Penny was standing at the window of her small bedroom in Baker House. She was all ready for Mrs. Fane's party except for the dress, which lay on the bed until she could press it out. Neri, the Indian student who lived on this floor, was in occupation of the communal ironing board, and it took a long time to iron a sari.

Penny was thinking that she did not in the least want to go to this party. And yet she must. Mrs. Fane had been at school with her mother. Mrs. Fane had asked her to tea on a Sunday, and Penny had had to refuse. Her mother kept writing, "Haven't you visited Mattie Fane's new house yet? She will be so disappointed if you don't." That, considered Penny, was rather an exaggeration. Still, Mrs. Fane's new house was only a few hundred yards away from Baker House. Mrs. Lorrimer kept remembering that in her letters. And Penny, perhaps even Mrs. Fane, had slight spasms of guilt about it, when they had time to think of it. She had probably said this morning, "Must do *something* about Mary Lorrimer's girl," and then had got her daughter, Carol, to telephone. And Penny had said, "Thank you very much. That sounds marvelous." It had seemed a good idea at the time.

Penny looked at the glistening pavements, wondered if her stockings would be ruined by ugly black splashes before she arrived at the party, wondered what she would wear for David's visit to London tomorrow, wondered if it would be decent weather then. It wouldn't matter, of course, if it did pour with rain. Nothing could ruin Sunday.

> Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.
> —COLERIDGE.

The door of her room opened, and a tall girl with fair hair, brushed smooth in the current Slade School fashion, entered. "I did knock," Lilian Marston said, "but you were dreaming." She was slender as well as tall. Her eyes were large, gray-green and very direct. Her wide, slow smile was lazy. Her movements were slow, too, deliberately so: she moved with a grace that did not seem calculated, but gave the appearance of being controlled. Her face was well shaped, and she liked to keep it quite pale without any hint of color except in the bright, generous lips. All this had considerable effect on the men she met.

MARSTON was wearing her gray-green suit today, with a dark-red chiffon scarf folding softly into its neckline. She never wore jewelry except bracelets, but these she liked to clasp in heavy rows around one wrist.

"Fun and games, I see," she said as she looked at the black dress on the bed. She settled herself comfortably in the armchair. "Or haven't you made up your mind yet whether you *are* going out? Hideous day. I've been sleeping practically all afternoon."

"I'm waiting for Neri," Penny explained.

Marston laughed. "Everyone does. I think she irons one of these saris every day. The joy of living on the top floor: we have one ironing board *and* Neri. These bloated plutocrats downstairs have two ironing boards to each floor and no Neri or her dresses."

"They aren't dresses. They are works of art," Penny said. "What a nuisance they must be in London, though. Imagine six yards of the thinnest embroidered muslin trailing over city streets in February rain."

"I wonder why she bothers to wear a sari in England? She catches cold so easily. And in any case, the effect is quite ruined when she adds that brown cloth coat with its piece of fur at the neck. That was certainl designed to cover a sari."

"Well, she will look charming in she doesn't die of pneumonia before Penny said. She was watching th anxiously. She looked down at her see if it really needed pressing. It was a black one, bought at the expe month's adequate lunches. "I am g the Fanes'," she explained, "and I h to look presentable. Mother's frie know."

"A party without David?" M asked teasingly.

Penny didn't answer, but only smil

"Tomorrow is your day, of course got that," Marston said, regarding with a touch of amusement. "Sunda one day on which you get decent foo place, and you always miss it."

PENNY laughed, opened the do looked into the corridor. She can again, shaking her head ruefull glanced once more at the clock. "I su ought to have ironed the dress this n only I did have some work I had t Now, if that were only you outside say, 'Hey! Let me have that iron two minutes.' But I don't like to say Neri. She would probably think I wa to throw my imperial weight about."

Marston nodded. "Makes it difficu agreed, "unless you are like me a don't care. Are you coming back t after your party—if you manage there, that is?" She looked at th lope, waiting to be posted, which w beside Penny's handbag and gloves, herself wonder what on earth they co to say to each ot filled a letter every

"Yes, I'll be here ner," Penny was "I suppose you too, before you g the dance in Col night. By the w Bennett made up about her dress yet? You know, heard anyone discuss a flower on a intricately as she did last night."

But Marston wasn't interested nett's dress at the moment. Now time, she decided, to approach the which had brought her here. "Lor like you," she said gravely, "but so I do think you are certifiable."

Penny looked up in surprise fro ing a stocking seam.

"Let me prove it," Marston sa you coming with me to the dance t

"Oh, I have a lot of things to do, said slowly. "I have to finish that and return it to the library. There' ing list for it, you know."

"Always some old excuse," Mars with amusement. "That is why you tifiable. Lorrimer, have a look in y ror. Now, see what I mean?"

Penny turned away from the mirr the small bureau. "No," she said s

"I am only trying to say that th possible harm in going out with some of the young men who pla And you would enjoy yourself in moping in this ghastly room by y

"But I don't mope, and I have time."

"But David—David Whatever-h is couldn't object to your going to th dances. And you don't have to tell know, if you don't want him to kn sides, why on earth should you d thing he tells you? That isn't go man, not good at all." Marston l Penny with a sudden warm smile. *a sweet innocent,* she thought; *just th get badly hurt.*

Penny said, "In the first place really want to go to this dance as m that. In the second place, David do me to do anything."

She liked Lilian Marston, or s not have bothered explaining. B Marston did not approve of the w was arranging her life, Penny did n

(Continued on Page 98)

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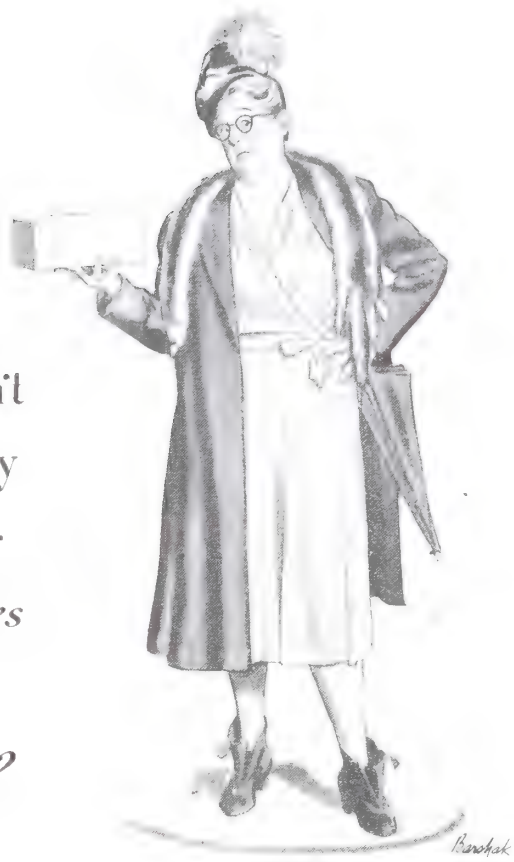


Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my fool head off and my own sister brings home just plain *tissues.* If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I just wish you had this sniffle-sore nose of mine! It knows there's *only one* Kleenex!

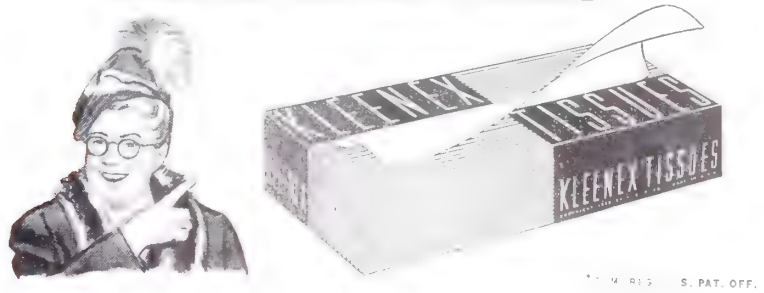
Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. You can bet my *skin* knows there's not another tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!

Don't let it get you, Auntie! said Teena. Just bend an eye at the real McCoy—the one and only Kleenex! See that Kleenex box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues—one at a time? Neat feat! And only Kleenex can do it. What's more . . .

Your own eyes tell you Kleenex is super. Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—always the same—so you just know Kleenex has strictly-from-heaven *softness.* And are those tissues *rugged!*

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 96)

particular wisdom in the way Marston arranged her own life. This consisted of frantic bursts of work, punctuating weeks of fun. You could always tell when the affair with Tom had ended: she worked for ten days as if she were driven by a demon. Then the affair with Dick would begin. You could tell when it ended too: she worked. And then the affair with Harry. And then work.

"I don't quite follow," Marston said. "I thought you were acting under orders."

Penny shook her head. "I am perfectly free to do what I want. And I do what I want. I am really rather happy just this way."

Marston stared. "'Struth," she said. "I do believe the girl means it." She spoke with real seriousness. She looked worriedly at Penny. "Frankly," she said slowly, "I've never known a man who didn't go out with several girls, even when he thought he was being serious about one. It is rather a harsh fact about life, but it is just as well to guard against it. Men are realists, you know. They will write poetry to your eyes, swear eternal devotion and then sit enthralled through one of those Hollywood musicals because they like the shape of the legs in the first row."

Penny laughed. "But I like them too."

Marston shrugged her shoulders and then smiled. For a moment she could find nothing else to say. She was too busy thinking that the extraordinary thing about people was the way they surprised you.

Penny said, "Have you ever thought, Marston, that if his one girl accepts invitations with other men, that might be the reason why he is so realistic, as you call it? That's very human, you know. If you hurt me, then I'll hurt you."

"Look, I was the one who was giving out advice," Marston said sharply. She rose, brushed some lint off her skirt, and looked critically down at the way the material covered her slender thighs. "Well," she said, suddenly businesslike, "I take it you aren't going dancing tonight? Poor old Derek will be disappointed. I'll tell him you have the vapors. And that's as good a description as any."

She walked to the door, turned to give one of her slow shy smiles, raised one eyebrow. She did this unconsciously now, ever since Derek—the Derek of some three months ago, that was—had told her she looked very much like Garbo. Penny thought it quite remarkable how Marston seldom actually said either "Hello" or "Good-by," and yet one always remembered her coming and going.

WHEN Penny did eventually arrive at Mrs. Fane's, there were already enough people to fill two rooms. She had, from Carol Fane's brief invitation over the phone this morning, hardly expected this size of party. She found herself engulfed in a sea of strange faces and voices.

The small groups of men and women gave her a brief glance as she passed them slowly, and then seemed not to notice her. *Where's my hostess?* she wondered, and then saw her, and went forward with a good deal of relief. There was another agonizing moment, however, when Mrs. Fane seemed unaware that another guest had arrived. She was talking to three men near the fireplace. In her tight-fitting black suit she looked quite young from a distance. No wonder it had been rather difficult to recognize her. A crescendo of chatter came from the nearest gr guests as Penny introduced herse Mrs. Fane (she was much deafer th would admit) said, "How d'ye do? you could come." For a moment he stare gave away the fact that she caught the name; and then she beca efficient hostess again. The girl's name matter anyway: no one recognizabl looked toward her sons, who were, nately, within eye-reaching distance. they must look after their own friend they might have told her whom th invited.

"FRIGHTFUL day," she said to th marking time until Robert would ob signal. Robert appeared almost at on whether it was out of a sense of duty his natural attraction to red hair, Mr wasn't sure. "Robert will get you a she said with a death's-head smil turned to continue her conversatio Mr. Bronway, the producer, and Mr son, the editor of New Views.

Robert led Penny toward the other the room. "Frightful crush, I'm afra said. He was ta and dark, with s prominent tee played when h one of his slow

"Frightful, agreed.

Robert, she membering, w elder son. Bill the other one. tween them Carol. When th six years ago, s been a nice blond sausag legs and her sh length ringlets exactly that That was rea that could be r bered of Carol.

Robert was that it was a ful day. Penny again. After th flow of one-se conversation smoothly alon five minutes. did not rely conversational to capture one miration. And deciding that he hadn't seen this girl in any of the right magazines after addition, he liked his women olde looked round for Billy; this was his fruit.

"I say," Robert said with sudden siasm as he saw his brother come towar "you haven't a drink. Let me get you Just in time, too, for Malvina Moor star of Bright Tomorrow, was maki entrance.

Billy came forward slowly, and then noticed Penny, with a slightly quic eye. "Yours, I think," Robert mur as he passed Billy, and made his way t Malvina.

Billy smiled thoughtfully at F "Frightful mob, I'm afraid." *I believ know her,* he was thinking. *I've seen cently somewhere. But where?* "I say haven't a drink. Let me get you one."

Penny smiled as she watched him st toward the table at the end of the room he would come back, she knew.

A man with a round white face, the pin-striped suit and suède shoes had hovering about for some minutes. H looking determinedly into his glass, " let Billy inflict a cocktail on you. The at least comes out of an authentic bott

For a moment Penny was uncertain remark was addressed to her or not young man went on talking to his c glass.

"The trouble is," he said, "that E ice has too much warm water in it." H

(Continued on Page 100)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Last Rites

By Ruth Branning Molloy

Her day was long, her work was hard;
She only saw its bright design.
She found a rainbow in her yard
And used it for a laundry line;
She smoothed green icing on her cake,
And fluted edging on her pie,
And any garment that she'd make
Was spangled up to catch the eye.
Her quiet household often smiled
To hear her color-crazy schemes;
She had the pleasure of a child
In striped and polka-dotted dreams.
She died, as housewives often do,
After her family was fed.
They buried her in pink and blue,
And set a Maypole at her head!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mrs. David McCormick

Lovely British bride of a member of the famous Chicago family

Enchanting

Pamela Street McCormick has a delicate, gray-eyed beauty to which the season's most intriguing make-up ensemble is perfectly keyed.

For her skin tone. Mrs. McCormick wears Pond's smooth, clinging Make-up Pat and Dreamflower Powder in soft ivory "Rachel."

Her lips' color is that rare and delightful phenomenon—a real, *real* clear red—Pond's "Lips" in "Beau Bait," a wonderful color in a lipstick famous for its "stay-on" quality.

There's a superbly flattering Pond's make-up ensemble keyed to *your* coloring, too. And you'll discover—as so many society beauties have—that a Pond's make-up goes on to *stay!*

Complete make-up for beauty—Pond's cake make-up . . . powder . . . lipstick

a Pond's make-up stays on... and on... and on!

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LEAVES YOUR HAIR SOFTER,
MORE LUSTROUS... EASIER TO MANAGE

Not a liquid — Not a soap — but a revolutionary new CREAM shampoo that gives amazing results!

See how soft — how shining — how easy to manage your hair can be with Lustre-Creme Shampoo!

Now, millions of women can have *softer*, more radiant and glamorous hair that's *also easy to manage*—thanks to a remarkable *cream*-shampoo discovery—Lustre-Creme Shampoo by Kay Daumit!

Lustre-Creme Shampoo was created by the genius of Kay Daumit. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, she selected lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve an almost-magic new formula. Once you try Lustre-Creme Shampoo you'll find its abundant, pleasant lather offers these advantages—compared to soap and liquid soap shampoos you've used before:—

1. *Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair glowing soft and brilliant, as though it had been given lots of good brushing.* **2.** *Not drying.* **3.** *Leaves no dulling soap film.* **4.** *Your hair is easier to manage, easier to arrange.* **5.** *No vinegar or lemon rinse.* **6.** *Works just as well in hard water.* So, no matter how you've been shampooing, you owe it to your hair to try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. See how soft, how naturally lovely, how brilliantly-alive and well-behaved your hair can be. Simple and easy to use. Economical—a little does so much. Ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

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(Continued from Page 98)

her a split-second stare, "You are an American, aren't you?"

"No," said Penny, "but I am a foreigner of sorts, I am told."

Billy overheard that remark as he returned. He began thinking of all the foreigners he had met in the last few months, but this still did not help. He had the feeling that she knew him too. She was enjoying some little joke of her own.

"Now do go on telling me about your father's place in Chile," the white-faced man was saying.

Penny managed to control herself in time. "Which one?" she asked, matching innocent stare against innocent stare.

"The smallest one. The one with the golf course and the ski run." He was watching her with expectant interest.

"Oh, it's so tiny really," she said. "Besides, I haven't visited it for years. I was sent to London. For my health. Lots and lots of fog, the doctors ordered. I simply must have fog."

"And in summer?"

"Labrador, usually."

Billy smiled easily at both of them. He hadn't the faintest idea what was happening; but still, if he smiled and held his glass nonchalantly, and looked interested in a polite vague way ——

"Talking of retrievers," the self-considered wit said, "the mistakes in Malvina's new play are simply ghastly. There's the man who invented them." He nodded to the author who had accompanied Malvina to the party. "He needs a little cheering up, I think," he said, with a sudden gleam of interest in his colorless eyes. He moved away as quietly, as inconspicuously and crabwise as he had arrived.

Then Carol Fane appeared. Penny would not have recognized her if Billy had not said, "There's my sister," in a slightly apprehensive way. Her voice was recognizable, though: it still was rather too high in pitch, too thin, too anemic.

"I'm sorry," it was saying coldly. "I'm afraid my brother has been monopolizing you. Billy, Eleanor is here. She and George arrived ages ago."

"Oh," Billy said, looking round the room. "Why, there's old George. Can't see Eleanor. I'll go and find her." He smiled hesitatingly at Penny. "I'll bring George over. He'd like to meet you." Then he felt a wave of supercharged annoyance emanate from his sister, and he left them hurriedly.

Carol was about to leave, too, and then she hesitated. There must be someone suitable to introduce rather than have George come over. Yes, there was Mrs. Bigsley, the almost invisible wife of that awful Labour member. Heaven only knew why father, even if he was a publisher, had to have his parlor pinks to a party. "Ah, Mrs. Bigsley," Carol said, lightly trapping her by the arm as she passed by, "how nice to see you."

"I MUST leave, I'm afraid," Penny said quickly, and smiled with relief as she saw that Carol had found someone she really wanted to talk to.

"Oh, really?" Carol said, and lost all interest in Mrs. Bigsley, who went on her way toward the safe shadow of her husband.

"Good-by, Carol. It has been a most amusing party," Penny said and took her first step toward the door. She could not resist adding, "It *has* been ages since we met, hasn't it?"

"Yes, hasn't it?" Carol said, and concealed her bewilderment admirably.

Penny relented. She was about to say, "I'm Penelope Lorrimer, you know." But at that moment George Fenton-Stevens appeared at her elbow.

"I thought it was you," he said with a wide smile. "And how is Inchnamurren?"

True knowledge is modest and wary: 'tis ignorance that is bold and presuming. They that never peeped beyond the common belief in which their easie understanding were first indoctrinated, are strongly assured of the truth and comparative excellency of their receptions; while the larger souls that have traveled the divers climates of opinions are more cautious in their resolves, and more sparing to determine.
—JOSEPH GLANVILL.

It was at that moment, too, tha Fane brought Essex Rockfort to meet It had taken her a very adroit half h maneuvers to achieve that. Essex R had reached the stage of success where not paint a portrait unless he was int in the subject.

"Carol," Mrs. Fane said with a w sweetness in her voice.

"I say, this is a madhouse, isn George was saying to Penny. "Let's quiet place where we can talk." And her toward the less crowded music "Are you down here on holiday?"

"I'M at the Slade, actually," Penn as they found not only a quieter pla two empty chairs.

"Are you?" George looked at he interest. *Strange I hadn't noticed on l murren what a peach she is.* He began with enthusiasm, to make up for lost

Carol watched them leave the d room. Her mother's eyes followed he and then tried to recapture her att But it remained vague and wander spite of a sharply sweet "*Darling!*" case, Essex Rockfort spoke only abo sentences, and after one keen look at face let his eyes roam back towa actress. Mrs. Fane smiled in resignati let him go: this was hardly the mom introduce her daughter.

"Carol!" she said sharply, still s And then she look ward the music "Who is she?"

"I don't know," said so crossly th Mrs. Fane's anno disappeared, and s came the defending r once more.

"Don't worry, da she said with decisio began to move towa music room. Her c in the chorus of lings," so easily give received as she ma much-interrupted across the room, suc faded as she saw and the girl with no

Penny and George had had a pleasar versation. George had, naturally er talked about David, once she had br him carefully round to her favorite su It was surprising in some ways to fin George had obviously no idea of her vi Oxford or of David's to London. But membered that George and David ha been seeing very much of each othe winter—each was too busy with his interests and friends. And she also re bered that David had kept her very mu himself when she visited Oxford, becau he frankly said, he saw little enough of it was. So she did not mention her and, as she rose, she was finding a ki fusal for George's dinner invitation.

"I'm being collected at seven—a bir party in the wilds of Chelsea." *Boil and stewed cabbage in Baker House,* s membered with a repressed shudder.

"You'll have to hurry," George glancing at his watch. "What is your ac in town? I'll phone you soon."

Penny did not have to reply to tha Mrs. Fane had decided that it was ti come forward, and smile, and say, " George, you must not monopolize a pretty girls."

George's manners were good. H companied Penny toward the door. Mrs. Fane, pressing her advantage.

"I didn't realize Penelope knew you Fane," George said. "I didn't even she was in London. Last time I saw he at Inchnamurren, where Doctor Macl has a house."

Penelope. Something at last fittec place in Mrs. Fane's jig saw of hidden w MacIntyre. Mary MacIntyre's dau Penelope Lorrimer.

Neither Mrs. Fane's step nor faltered. "How extraordinary," she politely. "I'm sorry we had so little ti

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talk." For once she was at a complete loss for the right sentence for the right guest. "Parties are always such crowded things. Quite mad."

"It has been a most amusing one. Thank you so much for asking me," Penny said.

Mrs. Fane looked sharply at her, decided she must be quite serious, and added, "We must have lunch together someday."

"Delightful," Penny said, and smiled at the vagueness of the invitation, at the bewildered stare still clinging to Mrs. Fane's face, at George's total innocence of the effect which his remark had produced.

They passed a group of men talking to Carol and another fair-haired girl. Penny looked at the girl with interest; she really was a beauty.

"That's my sister," George said. "You did not meet her in Scotland, did you? Have you time now?"

Penny's eyes followed his glance, looked at the girl beside Carol for a brief second, and then smiled at George once more. "I'm frightfully sorry," she said, and a sudden coldness made her voice elaborately polite. "But I really am rather late."

So that was Eleanor.

Penny walked thoughtfully down the smooth sandstone steps into the street, and then as she saw its length stretch before her toward Baker House she began to hurry. Her excuse to George had been quite honest. She *was* late.

She arrived breathlessly in the entrance hall as the gong gave its final warning. Marston was waiting near the notice board. Around her, moving slowly toward the dining room, was the usual Saturday-night crowd, some dressed to go out, some dressed to stay in.

"That looks simply marvelous," she said, eying Marston's long black dress and red brocade jacket. But Marston was looking worried.

"He was here," she said, "an hour ago. He could not manage to come tomorrow, so he came tonight instead."

"David?"

"Yes. I heard the maid trying to find you, so I dashed down to the waiting room, just in case it was he. And it was. We introduced ourselves, and I told him you would be back around seven."

"Why didn't you telephone me?"

"Darling, it is good for him to find you aren't always sitting about, waiting for him. I told him you were at a party. And I also said that I thought you might be free this evening, but I didn't know. There was a dance at College which I had been trying to persuade you to go to. I thought it would do him a lot of good to realize there *are* such things."

Penny looked at Marston. "Where did he go?" she asked, trying to keep her voice even.

"Out. Don't worry. He will phone any moment, and try to persuade you not to go to the dance."

Penny shook her head miserably. "Not David," she said. "Not David."

"Look, Lorrimer, I was only trying to help you."

"I know." That was the trouble: people trying to help. But Marston couldn't know just how much time or money it cost someone, who had little of either to spare, to come up to London. Nor had she remembered that the Fanes' invitation had come that morning, so that David had not heard about it yet.

"What about dinner?" Marston called. She had been worrying ever since David had said, "Oh. Well, tell her I was here," and then had left quickly, hardly saying good night to her. She had worried still more as she noticed Penny's face. Now, watching Penny walking so slowly up the stairs, she became angry with herself. Then, as Penny did not answer her, had not even heard her, she turned in annoyance and went into the dining room.

Absolute nonsense, she said to herself. *Really, how tiresome people in love can be! They aren't normal.*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MARCELLO

It's everybody's night out—the Smithfield Recreation Association throws a dance

THE SMITHFIELD RECREATION ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 23)

Its quiet is the quietness of a man doing his best. It was in June, 1943, when the headlines, big and black and ugly, were first making the phrase "juvenile delinquency" a household word, that Smithfield took stock of its young people. There was no Juvenile Court in Rhode Island at that time (it was established in July, 1944), but Smithfield had a few "bad boys" even if they were not delinquents—yet. There was one boy who left school (truants are now delinquents in Rhode Island) after being scolded for trying to trip the teacher. There was another boy who told lies about the smallest occurrences and whose father maintained he was a "born liar," although the boy said he didn't know how his father could tell: he was intoxicated most of the time. There were many restless children; many homes in which mother worked the day shift at the mill, father the night shift. There were more smashed windows in the neighborhood; more loafing on the street corners and in the ice-cream parlors. And in near-by Providence, where Smithfield's teen-agers went to high school, small gangs of hoodlums were forming: kids who found excitement in breaking into a store and stealing a handful of ties, or rifling the cash register; bobby-sox girls who hung out at the bus station ogling the servicemen.

In many communities, restlessness persists. The seventeen-year-old who had a job during the war is now unemployed—too old to go back to school, too young to go on to college. The boy who stuck it out through high school now wishes he hadn't; he can't get into the college he can afford, because it's crammed with G. I.'s. The girl who had a wartime job has been laid off because the returning G. I.'s get the first chance. The veteran and his young wife and child are finding life a tough and tedious business.

The threat that hung over Smithfield never materialized. It never will. Today the people of Smithfield have a sense of responsibility and of belonging in their community as a whole; their fellowship in play has helped give them roots in the four villages which make up this "town." You'll find the kids running the town's football teams, taking in dues at the local teen-age club, helping the little ones act out Jack and Jill, sledding down the hills—and if you catch one in the principal's office, he's likely to be there talking about how the playground will operate this summer. And you'll find the adults working and playing together in the community's name.

This is the story of how Smithfield licked its threat of trouble.

It begins on June 21, 1943, when Cornelius J. Mahon called together representatives of Smithfield's five churches, four schools, several businesses (most of them worsted mills), labor unions and the civic-minded so that he should get a good turnout. Mr. Mahon came right to the point. He told them that it was his feeling that Smithfield had a real trouble maker in its midst: the lack of something to do. Summer was coming on, he said, and last week he'd gone down to the river swimming hole with some of the kids and there was a "No Trespassing" sign there. They went on to another spot, he said, and he got to thinking about whether the water was polluted or not and what would happen if a boy got a cramp.

"I took the kids swimming to keep them out of mischief," he said, "and then I got to worrying about whether I was taking them into danger. The state beaches are closed because of gas rationing; the best water spots are being bought up fast by the city people. The baseball field was closed last week end. We've got to do something—we've got to keep the kids off the streets, and out of danger."

Looking back now, the men and women who pioneered what was later to become the Smithfield Recreation Association recall how, from their own varying viewpoints, they agreed with Mr. Mahon. The town judge,

MARCELLO

Teen-agers' record player—and fans

Joseph Wholey (now clerk of the state Juvenile Court), saw the need of planned recreation as vital to the *prevention* of juvenile delinquency and crime. Robert Tobin, personnel manager of Smithfield's largest mill, felt the same way, only he phrased it differently: "I felt that if you don't do something to entertain kids, you've got no kick coming if they get into trouble."

Raymond LaPerche, superintendent of schools and a father of three, didn't need any persuasion either. He knew that if the town would do something about recreation, home life, in school and out, would be a lot easier. Many boards of education include recreational programs and equipment in the

(Continued on Page 104)

"I see you in White Satin..."

YOU'LL BE ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB!"

Martha Barker Merrick and *her* Woodbury debbie, Susan. That cherub skin is already starting heart-flutters—with Daddy *and* his bachelor-pals at the Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi! "And when Susan's a Woodbury deb, she'll know that skin radiance beckons beaux—romance," twinkles her lovely Mother. Yes, Woodbury Facial Soap has ever cherished romantic skin beauty—for mothers and daughters of three generations!

Academy splendor, Martha and then Midshipman ill Merrick, Jr., U. S. N., were wed—her June-day starred in a Woodbury '45 page! "Bob started range Blossoms' way back at Academy hops," says *ast*—Woodbury glow makes men marriage-minded!

"My beauty-date before glamour dates—a Woodbury Facial Cocktail! Smooth on creamy Woodbury lather. Rinse warm and cold." Martha's tip—for caressable skin—Woodbury Facial Cocktails!

Your skin thanks you "prettily,"—soft as satin—when you use Woodbury Soap. It's different...*extra-mild*...made with a rich beauty-cream ingredient. Try Woodbury—for smooth-skin appeal.

Romance—continued story for Bob (now Lt. j. g.) and Martha. "Skin-sparkle keeps romance aglow," advises Martha. "Take Woodbury Facial Cocktails daily—for clearer, fresher skin—lovably smooth."

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A certain wise family named Dole
Was seated in a modern swivable pole
"What shoe they preferred.
"Why, Red Goose," they averred.
"It's naturally every child's ideal!"

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other Rhode Island towns. If the Smithfield

But Smithfield didn't stop.

Their next battle also proved subsequently to be precedent-making. This was the passage of an enabling act to permit the town finance committee to allocate funds for town recreation. It took them months [illegible]

to obtain a charter from the State, which was approved in March. In it they announced their avowed purpose: "of providing for the children of Smithfield safe and guided recreational facilities so that through the building of strong, clean bodies and a sense of fair co-operative group play, a strong and

1944, they had town financial support and Community Chest backing.

POLITICIANS had advised them to set a ceiling in their demands, and they decided on $[illegible]. The first year the town finance committee cautiously whittled it down to $[illegible], but by May, 1945, the town was sold and that year and the next, the full $[illegible] was

amend their executive act now and then for a smaller amount. This, too, would be [illegible]

as much rumor about the spending [illegible]

grounds" and empty lots not [illegible]

and softball and baseball playing fields. At

their annual town [illegible] and the last [illegible]

first year under [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] the volunteer women, the "recent" was the

the kids at play at the playgrounds and

hall, and, as a result of running their sup-

HATHAM
Blankets

"You mean this doesn't soothe you, Mom?"

BABY: Rockaby, Mom—*and smile!* You're supposed to enjoy this. You *wished* you could be me!

MOM: Me and my wishes! I didn't *know* what a life a baby leads—strapped down one minute, squirming around the next. Does *your* skin get as uncomfortable as mine is now?

BABY: That it does, Mom. I'm sorry about *you*—but I *had* to make you realize what I've been howling about. If ever a baby needed Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder—that's *me!*

MOM: Okay, angel—but why *both?* Is that what the stork ordered?

BABY: It's what plenty of *doctors* order, Mom—including *mine.* Didn't you hear him suggest smoothing me with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil? After my bath, he said. And at diaper changes—to help prevent urine irritation.

And, Mom—where were you when he told you to give me plenty of sprinkles with silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder, to help keep chafes and prickles away?

MOM: Honey, I just haven't been careful enough!

BABY: Oh, well, Mom, skip the apologies—just *never* skip the Johnson's. You'll never want to, when you see how smooth and peach-luscious it helps keep my skin!

Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson & Johnson

maneuver. The SRA feels it belongs to the town, and it does. Even its meetings are so public that any citizen who feels interested can sit in and take part.

And by now, the annual Playground Days which wind up the season at each playground are full-fledged shows with everyone in on them. The mothers make the costumes; the older children help make the scenery; the kids act in the show, and father comes to clap. As well as the dramatic show there are "The Most Beautifully Dressed Doll" contests, the Pet Show ("anything from goldfish to collie dogs welcome"). The town turns out for the playground shows. There are four, because the town wanders over a wide territory, embracing four villages, each with its own school.

Summer playground supervisors include teachers, students in social service and trained mothers, each of whom gets $25 for a six-hour day, a five-day week.

The winters are not dull either. The SRA has its ice-skating program—a small dam makes a pond out of one field, flooding a tennis court makes a pond in another. There are ice-hockey teams for the doughty, closed-off hilly streets for the sled-minded. And a program of holiday dances for the old and young alike. Smithfield believes adults have a right to recreation, too, even if the kids have got a corner on the market.

Their corner is the teen-age canteen. It's complete with dancing, table tennis (T-shirts for those who make the teams), bowling, card games, crafts, and visiting "lectures" from parents who are hobby-minded. Two nights a week—Monday and Saturday—it runs with country-club charm at the mill's pleasant community house.

It is impossible to enjoy idling unless one has plenty of work to do. —J. K. JEROME.

Matthew McDermott, the SRA's all-year-round, though part-time, professional director, concentrates on teen-age activities. He's highly praised by the SRA and the kids alike for "encouraging the kids to do what they want to do—properly." His talents include teaching jitterbugging, and his direction includes learning how to drive and what the traffic laws are, how to shoot and what the game laws are, how to waltz and what the social rules are, and the usual stirring up of football teams, baseball teams, hockey teams and the like. The canteen club elects its own officers and leaders, pays dues to cover refreshments (hot dogs and soft drinks) and the kids report personally at SRA meetings on what's cooking.

Smithfield is also now looking to enlarge its facilities for young-veteran groups. Back in March, 1944, the SRA was "sold" an attractive four-acre plot for $250 by the philanthropic-minded Dr. Gideon Burgess, a retired Episcopal pastor. It's the SRA's prize ace in the hole now; an ideal spot on which to put in—in due course—a public country club and all the trimmings. Right now it boasts only a good football field and tennis courts, but you can almost see bleachers rising and club walls going up when Doctor Tyng, the SRA's Burgess Field committee chairman, starts talking about it.

"We've got plenty to do, but we've done plenty, too," Mrs. Christopher, the current SRA president, said. "We've got community support now, and we're getting a little more of the know-how all the time. Best of all, we've got the realization that you can't leave community welfare up to the other guy—whether he's a parent or a police officer or a teacher or whatever. Everybody's got to help."

And the kids, catching a little of the same feeling, admit cheerfully that sure, they used to be "wreckers" and now they're "rec-ers" (catch, chum?) and they like it better this way.

"What's a street corner got that the canteen hasn't, is what we'd like to know," one fourteen-year-old boy said. "The SRA is okay." THE END

"Let me speak to the grocer, please . . ."

"I wanted to make sure my mommy ordered 'Junket' Rennet Powder so she can make part of my milk into rennet-custard desserts . . . Sure I love 'em! Who doesn't?"

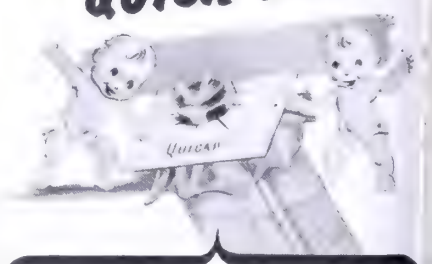
Who indeed, for milk can be given delightfully different texture and a different flavor every day when made into rennet-custards. The rennet enzyme makes it even easier to digest, too. And rennet-custards are non-cooked, so milk keeps all its precious vitamins. The children and your whole family will enjoy rennet-custards—today!

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Brand Rennet Powder—six flavors, already sweetened; or "Junket" Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste. Both at all grocers. Write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 25, Little Falls, N. Y., for free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.

WORTH WAITING FOR!
"JUNKET" BRAND FOODS
Freezing Mix
Quick Fudge Mix
Danish Dessert

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the U. S. and Canada.

QUICK SEAL!



Tilt Quicap collar over Cellophane cover, push down gently—baby's bottle is sealed! Easy! No sterilizing; Quicaps are disposable. For FREE package, write: The Quicap Co., Inc., Dept. L20, 233 Broadway, N.Y.

39¢ pkg.

DISPOSABLE
QUICAPS
NURSING BOTTLE CLOSURES

Do FALSE TEETH
Rock, Slide or Slip

FASTEETH, an improved powder to b sprinkled on upper or lower plates, hol false teeth more firmly in place. Do n slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pas taste or feeling. FASTEETH is **alkali** (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "pla odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEET at any drug store.

THANX AIDS IN CORRECTION OF THUMBSUCKING AND NAILBITING
A "STILL" PRODUCT

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

The breast-fed baby is the best-fed baby, according to medical research. Don't let trivial obstacles cheat your child of this food.

Your Baby's Best Food—Mother's Milk

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

IF you are an expectant mother, you may be wondering and worrying a bit about breast-feeding your infant. Perhaps you had difficulty about this with a revious baby. Or someone has told you at bottle babies do just as well as those n mother's milk—so why tie yourself own?

It's true that medical science has proced excellent formulas. But are these bstitutes as good as the real article?

I should answer that this way. There are few mothers who cannot and should not try to nurse their babies. They include, in the main, women who have tuberculosis, cancer or some other severe illness. These few mothers are justified in feeding their babies from bottles, and should understand that the infants will not necessarily suffer nutritional or psychological handicaps on that account.

But the great healthy majority have no such excuse as the foregoing. And they are the ones who should realize that they have not done all they might for their baby's welfare unless they provide the very best food it is possible for a baby to have—his own mother's milk. Why?

Because exhaustive observations of breast- and bottle-fed babies have shown that the former gain more consistently, have fewer infections and digestive upsets, and are more serene emotionally. That's putting the case conservatively. In Chicago we have learned over the years that breast-feeding plays a great part in helping infants to live.

When I first became Health Commissioner—and that was many years ago—the late Dr. Julius Parker Sedgwick, at that time professor of pediatrics at the University of Minnesota, called my attention to the fact that Chicago had one of the highest baby death rates of the large cities of the world.

"I also understand," he added, "that few babies in Chicago are breast-fed. I believe that is one of the main reasons for the very high infant mortality."

Because of our faith in the great Doctor Sedgwick's wisdom, we went to work on the problem. Investigation showed that Chicago did have one of the highest baby death rates. It also showed that 90 per cent of our babies were bottle-fed. Under Doctor Sedgwick's kindly guidance, we started a campaign to have our mothers

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Cereal Story with a Happy Ending

Ah! Check-up Day! And the doctor says baby's perfect from those tiny pink toes to the top of his head. What's more—he's ready for cereals. That's where Gerber's come in.

Millions of babies start on Gerber's Cereals and thrive on them all *through* babyhood. Gerber's taste so good . . . are so finely strained . . . so easy to swallow. Pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Easy on *mother*, too!

Just add formula or milk to the amount of cereal doctor advises. Gerber's mix to a smooth-as-cream texture with warm *or* cold formula or milk—right in baby's bowl.

Hooray, he likes it! Happy Day!

Remember, Gerber's make 3 Cereals, because variety keeps baby's appetite going strong. So rotate Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, Cereal Food, Barley Cereal. All contain *added iron, calcium* and *B-complex vitamins*—adding extra nutrition to extra good taste. FREE SAMPLES of all 3 special baby cereals! Write to Gerber's, Dept. 85-7, Fremont, Mich.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK
April 26 to May 3.
"Give your baby the right start in life."

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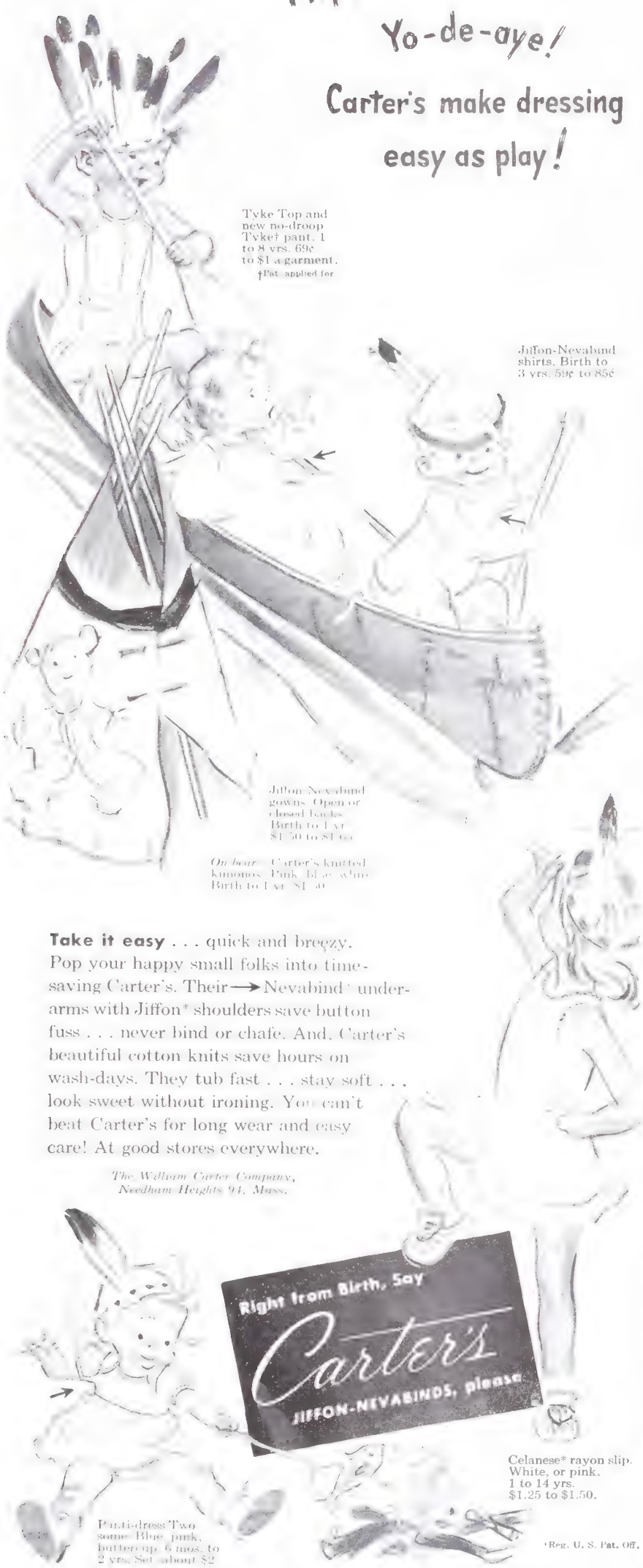
Gerber's


Flippity dippity
Yo-de-aye!
Carter's make dressing
easy as play!
Tyke Top and new no-droop Tyket† pant. 1 to 8 yrs. 69¢ to $1 a garment.
†Pat. applied for
Jiffon-Nevabind shirts. Birth to 3 yrs. 59¢ to 85¢
Jiffon-Nevabind gowns. Open or closed backs. Birth to 1 yr. $1.50 to $1.65
On bear: Carter's knitted kimonos. Pink, Blue, white. Birth to 1 yr. $1.50
Take it easy . . . quick and breezy. Pop your happy small folks into time-saving Carter's. Their → Nevabind* underarms with Jiffon* shoulders save button fuss . . . never bind or chafe. And, Carter's beautiful cotton knits save hours on wash-days. They tub fast . . . stay soft . . . look sweet without ironing. You can't beat Carter's for long wear and easy care! At good stores everywhere.
The William Carter Company, Needham Heights 94, Mass.
Right from Birth, Say
Carter's
JIFFON-NEVABINDS, please
Celanese* rayon slip. White, or pink. 1 to 14 yrs. $1.25 to $1.50.
Pull-dress Two some. Blue, pink, buttercup. 6 mos. to 2 yrs. Set, about $2
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
P-s-s-t . . . Carter's Make Fine Underwear for all the Family!

rates of all the large cities of the world; it also has the highest number of babies fed at the breast.

So don't let anybody tell you that breast-feeding is old-fashioned and an unnecessary nuisance. In reality it's the latest thing. For besides the piling of proof on proof that the "breast-fed baby is the best-fed baby," leaders in pediatric thinking have recently come to the conclusion that both mother and baby have much to gain psychologically from the intimacy fostered by breast-feeding.

I am often asked why so many mothers believe they do not have enough milk for their babies. This is a question that is rather easy to answer. First is the matter of diet.

To have enough milk, you need, of course, good, well-balanced meals, but you do not need large quantities of any one kind of food or drink as, unfortunately, too many people believe. With whatever variation your own doctor may recommend to suit your individual nutritional requirements, your diet should consist of about 3000 calories a day, and these should be made up to include at least one quart of milk, one or two eggs, one serving of meat or fish, and an abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables. Get these into your daily meals religiously, and you have made a good start toward producing an ample supply of milk.

Plenty of rest and exercise are important also in building up the general health and assuring a rich flow of milk. As a rule, your activities can virtually be unrestricted, but should never be carried to the point of fatigue.

In my opinion, the greatest hazard of all in breast-feeding is failure to see that the breasts are regularly and completely emptied after each nursing. Milk that remains in the breasts, after the baby has had his fill, may quickly dry and harden, and the breasts become painfully congested and sore, diminishing or shutting off the supply. To prevent this from happening, the technique of manual expression—squeezing the remaining milk out with the fingers—should be learned from the doctor or nurse and practiced conscientiously. Just as every mother should know how to bathe and dress her baby, so she should know how to empty her breasts completely by hand after each nursing. In feeding her baby correctly, this is one of her most important duties.

Another reason why the mother's milk may dry up is that, during the first week or two, the baby may not have been strong enough to empty all the milk from the breast, or he may have been given bottle feedings.

IF your baby is born in the hospital, you will naturally ask, "What can I do about that?"

Enlist your doctor's help to see that your baby is not given a bottle in the nursery unless it is absolutely necessary for his or her welfare. Don't worry if your baby loses weight in the first few days. These are trial, or practice, days, while you and baby become attuned to each other's needs.

The first fluid that comes from your breast is a lemon-yellow substance called colostrum, which aids the baby's growth and is also thought to protect against infection. It is not so important, however, that the baby should get any given amount of this at a feeding as that you and baby should get used to each other and learn the technique of extracting the fluid from your breast. Get the nurse to help you, and insist that your breasts shall be emptied by manual expression after each feeding.

As the breast is completely emptied, gradually the amount of milk increases, and the content changes to include fat, sugar and minerals. With a really hungry infant tugging vigorously, the lost ounces will soon be reclaimed and you will see your baby plump and strong. You, too, will benefi this exercise of a natural function.

A ten or fifteen minute feeding is u sufficient to empty one breast. Some babies take the milk faster than thi few have strength to suck for longer p The usual method is to offer alt breasts at successive feedings schedu meet the baby's natural demands.

THERE is still another element invol successful breast-feeding. Until qui cently it was believed that babies wo "spoiled" unless a rigid three or fou feeding schedule was followed faithfull creasingly, however, doctors are recog that every baby has his own rhythm ing, digesting and eliminating. The n view is that baby and mother will b more by individual adjustment to other's needs than by any arbitrary sch In other words, you may feed your ahead of schedule if he seems hungry, him help make his own schedule. Th removed strain and tension which are cal to successful nursing.

Once a mutually satisfactory rhyth feeding is established, mother and babi thrive. The time and effort requir sterilize bottles, nipples and other e ment are saved, and the chances of inf the baby are greatly reduced. Even wi most modern techniques of sterilizatio estimated that tions and upsets nearly four tim frequently among tle-fed babies as a breast-fed babies. is more important, ever, the mother infant reap the ps logical and emot benefits of a na relationship, wh artificial feeding raises a barrier bet them and resul harmful tensions.

The fact that t tangible values breast-feeding are lost in hospital rou is troubling thoughtful doctors today. It is felt the common practice of parceling the bies out to their mothers for only a minutes, a few times a day, deprives baby of the loving care he needs for security and comfort. Moreover, since mother takes no part in baby's care d her hospital stay, she is likely to b expert and nervous with him when she gets home. This tension is transmitted t baby, and may launch the whole relatio on a wrong basis, besides affecting mother's milk supply.

To overcome these difficulties and advantage of the great opportunity mother and baby to start their life toge properly under careful supervision du the hospital period, several groups of doc have been experimenting with a plan keeping the baby in the mother's own pital room, or at least in a small cubicle al side it, instead of in a separate infant n ery. This plan, which has been tried out cessfully in a number of hospitals, courages breast-feeding; it permits mother to know and actually care for child from the very beginning, and thus isfies deeply felt psychological needs of b While it may be a long time before practice becomes widespread, since it quires reorganizing the hospital layout nursing plan, it does show that with int gent care and thought the great majorit women *can* nurse their babies, and that babies are easier to live with when thi done. Not only that, more babies *live.*

There is nothing wrong with the abi of the average healthy woman to nurse baby, and as the matter is approached telligently, more and more mothers will joice in abundant milk. Don't let tri obstacles cheat you of this happiness. modern—and nurse your baby! THE E

A father and his young son, who was carefully holding in his lap a shoe box punctured with air holes, were seated in a bus. When the bus stopped for a red light, the lad was heard to ask, "Daddy, is my kitten a man kitten or a lady kitten?"

"A man kitten," said the father promptly.

"How do you know?" continued the boy.

Every passenger within earshot waited expectantly for the reply.

"Well," explained the father, "he's got whiskers, hasn't he?"

—E. ESAR:
The Animal Joker (Harvest House).

Handle his tender skin with care

It's actually thinner and more delicate than yours

That soft-as-pussy-willow skin really is thinner than yours . . . it needs constant watching over. That's why you take such pains to keep him dry and to rinse every trace of irritating soap from his diapers. But how much care have you taken in selecting a bathroom tissue for him?

LOOK FOR THESE 3 TISSUE "MUSTS"

To protect your baby's thinner skin from chafe and chap discomfort you must be sure the tissue you choose is safeguarded three ways. It should be truly soft . . . instantly and thoroughly absorbent . . . and sufficiently strong to prevent tearing and shredding.

More mothers every day are finding this ideal combination of qualities in ScotTissue than in any other brand. ScotTissue is "old linen" soft for comfort . . . yet strong enough for thorough cleansing.

You can trust it always to meet your most exacting demands in caring for your child's thinner skin now . . . and in conditioning him to proper toilet habits later on.

HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE THE DIAPER-LAUNDERING PROBLEM

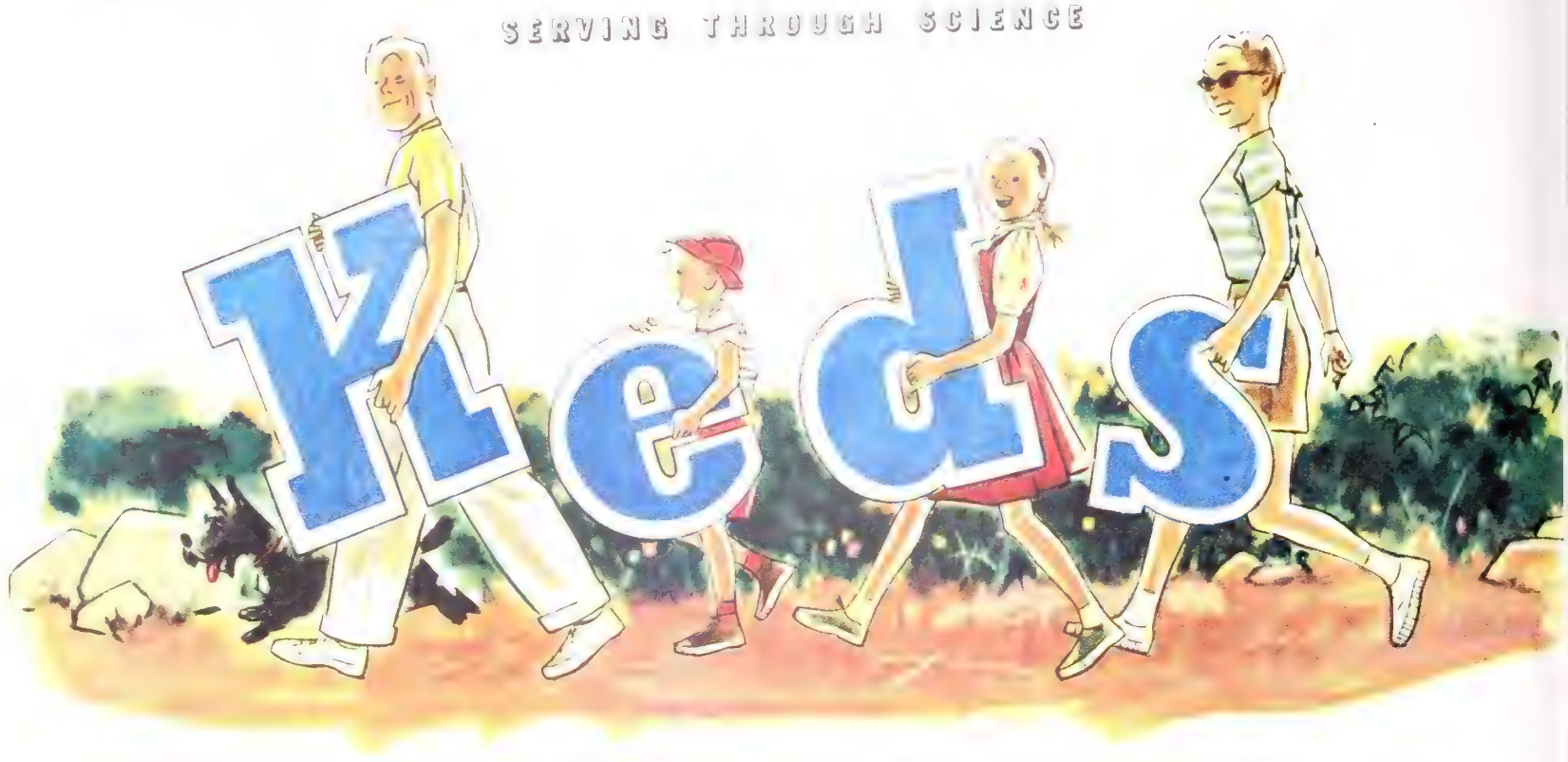
For babies up to six months, try crumpling up twenty or more sheets of soft, absorbent ScotTissue and line your baby's diapers with them. You'll find you will have fewer diapers to wash, and less staining. Simply flush away the wet or soiled tissue. It's quick and easy, and by far the most economical way to keep your baby "comfy," and save on laundry, too. Remember, if you can't get ScotTissue every time, it's just because the demand is so great.

New ScotTissue is softer than ever

Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



IT'S SPRING—IT'S OUTDOORS—IT'S KEDS!

The "old man" knows Keds make rough going feel like softest turf. "Chips" finds Keds as easy walking as going barefoot. *The Climber;* with Arch Cushion.

Who wins the dash for ice cream cones? Father and son finish even in Keds. Men are boys for foot-comfort on days off. *The Cross-Court;* with Arch Cushion.

Keds belong in your family life; a day's more fun when everybody can just forget their feet. Keds Scientific Last lets muscles, arches, bones, rest as they walk in freedom, with complete protection. Take a tip from the kids—Keds! Or remember your own childhood, when Keds gave you tireless pleasure underfoot, outdoors.

Firewood is where you find it—Keds help out in scouting, shinnying up trees, or squatting to puff a spark into flame. Keds make footwork fun. *The Scorer.* Plenty of ground grip.

U.S. Keds

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Shoe of Champions

Daughter teaches badminton—an Keds make for star performance here in all sports, and all kinds of fun for eve *The Gymster.* Snug lacing to toe

Only Genuine Keds have these Fea

KEDS SHOCK-PROOF ARCH CUSHION
absorbs jars and jolts—helps avoid overstrain and fatigue. A Keds feature famous for years.

KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST
is designed to fit growin feet; allows full toe pla Gives straight-line to action. Barefoot freedo with protection.

HYGIENIC KEDS have breathable uppers; th kept clean and odorless—the right way. them like socks in plain soap and water.

They're not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the s

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

(Continued from Page 97)

hat time, a year or so after they were
d, over the clothes she'd bought on
a's charge account at Gerber's.
t darling," she had said, "I'm in rags,
y in rags, and you said we couldn't
"
lidn't say we couldn't afford new
," he had interrupted. "A dress or two
easonable price—but this!" He had
d the price tag on one of the dresses
pread out over the bed. "Seventy-
icks! That's as much as I make in a

body's asking you to pay for them,"
ountered. "Mamma was right there
e when I shopped, and she *urged* me
them on her bill. It hasn't anything
o do with you."
had looked weary, but pitying too.
y, it has everything to do with me.
my wife; it's my job to buy your
I can't let you accept all—all this.
ss knows I'd like to, just this once,
I do it'll happen again and again
— You'll have to take them back,

on't! I *want* them!" She had begun
hen, and Clay could not stand seeing
. Even up to the last, her tears had
him.
ad come to stand beside her, had
er struggling into his arms, and when
ld not be consoled he had said in a
defeat, "All right. If they mean so
o you, keep them. But I'll pay for
nyself. Somehow." And the next
g he had stopped at Gerber's on his
work and had everything transferred
y charge account which he opened for
. That was the year he took a job
g a night class at the high school.
she had learned her lesson. You
t say she ever made the same mis-
ice. She asked Clay for a charge ac-
t a store where they had only cheap
things she wouldn't dream of wearing; and after that whenever she bought something at Gerber's on mamma's account, she bought the same item at the cheaper store and gave it to the cleaning woman. Clay didn't know the difference as long as she remembered to rip the Gerber label out, and she did remember. It was wasteful, and she was sincerely sorry to deceive him, but both the waste and the deceit were things he himself had forced upon her. After all, if he didn't care how she looked, she did. She had some pride; she didn't want all her old friends to think she had married badly.

"I believe it is simply silly," she told Mr. Larch firmly, "to scrimp and save if you don't have to; and as far as being extravagant goes, he never denied himself anything *he* wanted. He was always buying new textbooks and lugging them home."

"Yes," said Mr. Larch, and he shifted about in his chair. "You say he frequently criticized you. Did he ever do this in the presence of others?"

"N-n-no—yes! Yes, he did," she said. "He told daddy and mamma they'd spoiled me, and when we were with friends he used to make slighting remarks about me."

"He criticized you in public, ridiculed you," Mr. Larch said, and made a note. "And your quarrels—in the course of them, did he often use abusive language?"

"Oh, yes!" She leaned forward a little. "And speaking of friends, that was another reason we quarreled. He didn't like any of my old friends, though they were always awfully nice to him, and he tried to keep me away from them. He said they were stupid and snobbish, and sometimes when I wanted to see them he refused to go with me, or else he'd sit in a corner all evening, looking bored and superior."

Mr. Larch made another note. "Did the frequent quarrels make you nervous and unable to sleep, to the detriment of your

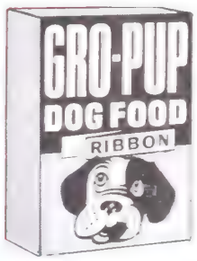
Dogs I've Known... by Richard Decker

Hunger Striker— Doesn't like the food he's getting and makes no secret of it. If only his mistress would dish up Gro-Pup *Ribbon!* Dogs really like its hearty, meaty flavor, according to a recent survey of owners who've fed it. And *only* Gro-Pup comes in toasted, appe-

Sit-Down Striker— Just doesn't have the get-up-and-go a dog *can* have when he's fed right! Gro-Pup *Ribbon* a dog is known to need for vigor, vitality, and growth. Yessir, a dog gets a combination of 23 essential nutrients in Kellogg's tested, scientific formula.

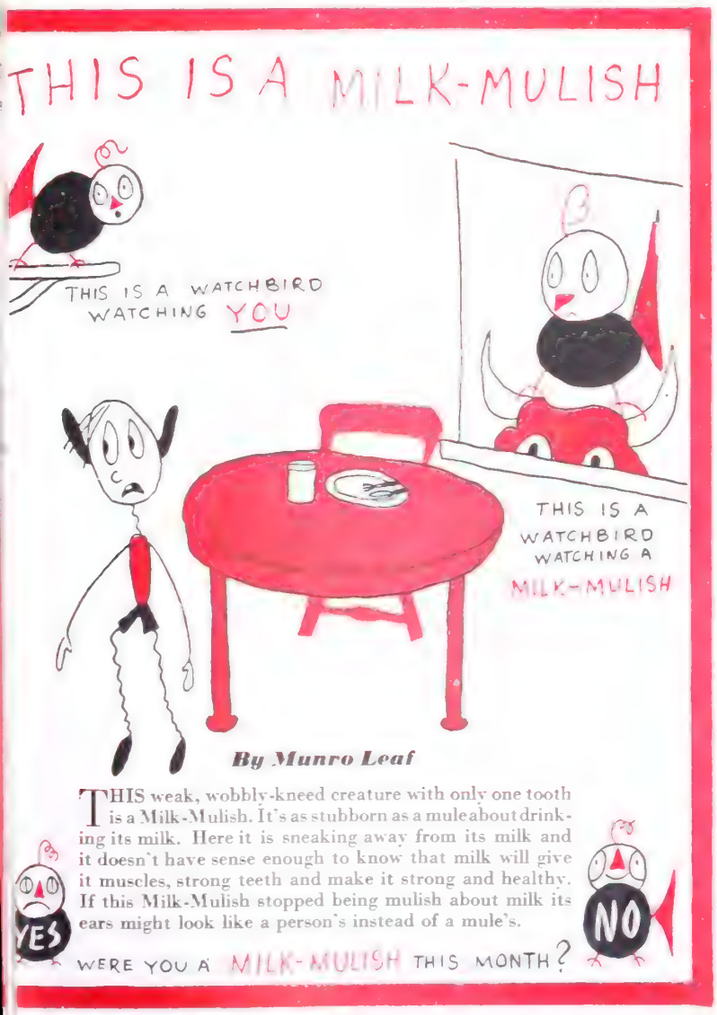
Good Companion— Everything a dog should be—alert, lively, well-fed on a basic diet of Gro-Pup *Ribbon!* (The boss saves money, too. One box supplies as much food in dry weight as five 1-lb. cans of dog food.) Get Gro-Pup from your grocer. Kellogg's backs its quality.

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP



P.S. You can give your dog the same tested, scientific formula as Gro-Pup *Ribbon* in popular Gro-Pup *Meal*, or in crunchy, bite-size Gro-Pup *Pel-Ets*. For variety, feed all three.

MADE BY
Kellogg's
OF BATTLE CREEK AND OMAHA


THIS IS A MILK-MULISH
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A MILK-MULISH
By Munro Leaf
YES
NO
WERE YOU A MILK-MULISH THIS MONTH?

THIS weak, wobbly-kneed creature with only one tooth is a Milk-Mulish. It's as stubborn as a mule about drinking its milk. Here it is sneaking away from its milk and it doesn't have sense enough to know that milk will give it muscles, strong teeth and make it strong and healthy. If this Milk-Mulish stopped being mulish about milk its ears might look like a person's instead of a mule's.

IT'S S-M-O-O-O-T-H...

So very smooth
on baby's tongue,
So easy to digest,
So perfect for
the very young . . .
Here endeth Mother's quest!

AND CREAMY...

It's creamy, lads, and full of vim
It packs a man-sized punch.
And mother . . .
here's where you come in—
This breakfast lasts till lunch!

AND IT'S DOUBLE-FLAVORED!

Two flavors . . . tasty malt and wheat—
A blend beyond compare!
Most grownups hanker for this treat—
Resist it . . . if you dare!

Free to you!

Write for 4-serving sample of
Malt-o-Meal
FOSHAY TOWER, DEPT. C
MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.

ealth?" he asked, and she nodded. "Do you feel that if you were forced to continue living with him as his wife your health would be permanently impaired?"

"I—why, yes, I suppose it would," she said. "Unless he changed." She bit her lip. "Oh," she said, "he *could* be so nice when he wanted to! After we'd had a quarrel and made it up—then he was loving and sweet, and nothing was too good for me. That's what makes it all so tragic!" The gloves lying so neatly across her knee were caught up and crumpled by the fingers of one hand. "Well," she said, "now he can just see how he likes it without me!"

Mr. Larch, gazing down at his desk, cleared his throat. He said he understood how painful all this must be to her, and that he didn't think he needed to ask any more questions. He would draw up the complaint and attend to everything, and it wouldn't be necessary for him to see her again, in all probability, until the day before the hearing—although of course if she had any questions he'd be only too glad to answer them.

"In the meantime," he added sunnily, getting to his feet, "all you have to do for six weeks is enjoy yourself. I'm sure you'll like The Cottonwoods."

He escorted her to the door and stood there until she'd gone through the reception room. Then he went back to his desk, sat down, and lit a cigarette. He picked up the sheet of notes and studied it a moment. Finally he shrugged and wrote "ECM" on it. Miss Marr, his clerk, would translate that correctly as "Extreme cruelty of a mental nature" when she drew the complaint. Miss Marr could draw such complaints with her eyes closed.

The trees which gave The Cottonwoods its name grew all around the wide front lawn, and between them were smaller trees and hedges. They made a high green wall, shutting out the street and the people who walked or drove along it. If you lay on the grass and looked at the trees or up at the intensely blue sky, you could forget where you were. That is, unless some of the other guests were near by, talking about their husbands.

HUSBANDS, usually past but occasionally future, were a conversational staple at The Cottonwoods. They were described, dissected, analyzed, sighed over, vilified, laughed at and—very rarely—considered as human beings. They were the off-stage characters in a dozen dramas which were enacted and re-enacted on the stage of The Cottonwoods' lawn. Considering that they were encumbrances which were about to be cast off, they were strangely absorbing.

There were, of course, always two or three of the guests—the number varied as H-Day, or Hearing Day, removed certain of them and substituted new ones—who never mentioned their husbands, who kept their dramas, whatever they were, locked up inside themselves. But they were the shy ones. Most of the guests wanted to talk—indeed, *had* to talk, or burst. Olivia talked with the rest of them.

Conversation was more than catharsis; it was testimony and self-justification. The things you could not say—or at any rate had not said—to your lawyer were sure of a sympathetic audience here. For the lawyer was a man, and here were only women. Mrs. Kleinschmidt, who owned The Cottonwoods, did not take men.

"He never thought I'd really do it," said to Mrs. Blanchard—Merle—w discovered that her husband had a worked in his office. "He thought I threatening him again—because real gotten to the point where the onl could get him to listen to me was was leaving him. Well"—she plucked of grass and bit it with small, even "now he knows I meant it."

"Tom was surprised too," M formed her. "And shocked. He's i now, because I made sure his s found out where I was going. I kn pass the news along to the girl, an I'm very much mistaken that one is start talking marriage. Poor Tom laughed in gentle amusement. "H squirm."

"WHAT else could you do but him?" Olivia demanded, hotly "What did he expect? My heaven tainly wouldn't stay married to a m was running around with another That's the one unforgivable thing."

Merle regarded her with wise eyes ing on the home reservation doesn't have done what's his Clay?—does to have do much good there other u able things?"

"Oh. Well course there anyway," Ol with certain ridiculous to Clay looking other woman of everythin happened, perfectly wel wild about r

"Do you Merle had b on her stomac she rolled ov back, expos legs and m the sun. "Ho you, Olivia?"

"Twenty-"

"Really? said you younger."

Olivia sm tentedly. "I twenty when married."

"M-m-m. I was twenty-three."

This was the pattern conversat at The Cottonwoods, the pattern of about my affairs and you can t yours, and if I occasionally ask yo tion it doesn't mean I'm really int the answer. Nevertheless, in the lo September days while she lived the told Merle Blanchard—and Franc and Anne O'Bryon, for that m much about Clay as they told her a and Roger and Frank (if those names).

She told them how he wouldn parents buy decent clothes for her said, "You talk about the war! J tell you the time I had with Clay. after Pearl Harbor I tried to get hi for a commission. I told him, chemist, a man with your back certainly officer material,' but he' and say he hoped I wasn't trying of him. He simply wouldn't point—that the commissions w snapped up and sooner or late drafted and have to go in as a pr factory had him classified as ess he said as long as the brass thou doing more good there than he co form, he'd stay. Though as I told hard for anyone to believe he w essential, considering the salary him! And we all know how tha business was overworked during t was terribly embarrassing for me,

(Continued on Page 114)

Animal Villain No. 1

Man's greatest enemy among the four-footed animals is not the tiger, the lion or the wolf. This Animal Enemy No. 1 is the house rat.

It has been estimated that there are approximately 130,000,000 rats in the United States. Each destroys, on the average, two dollars' worth of property and consumes fifty pounds of food in a year.

It is not the material damage they do, however, that puts them at the very top of the list of undesirables. It is their transmission of disease germs. Since 1900, ten million victims have fallen before the rat-borne bubonic plague in India. It was typhus fever, transmitted by rats, that turned the tide and sent Napoleon's army retreating over the Russian snows.

Edwin Way Teale

YES, "on velvet"... off to a good start on the road of life . . . that's the lucky baby whose feeding formula is prepared with Carnation Milk.

Carnation's such *good* milk for little lads like this . . . for toddlers and runabouts, too, and *big* boys and girls in school. It's *safe*, perfectly protected by its air-tight container. It's *nourishing* in every way . . . and specially fortified with the "sunshine" vitamin, to help in building sturdy-straight bones and sound teeth. It's a heat-refined, homogenized, *soft-curd* milk, wonderfully easy to digest. And you can get it anywhere and always be *sure* it's good.

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(Continued from Page 112)

boys I'd ever known in uniform, and my own husband safe at home—not that I wanted him to be in danger, but there were plenty of officers who never were sent out of this country."

"So what happened finally?" asked Frances.

"Oh, it was just as I said it would be. All of a sudden he wasn't essential any longer and he went in as a private in the infantry. And while he was overseas I had to give up the apartment and go live with my parents. He hated that, but it was his own fault, and there wasn't anything he could do about it. I certainly couldn't live on his service allowance."

"Some wives did," remarked Anne O'Bryon, and from that moment Olivia did not care particularly for Anne O'Bryon, although she went along when the others celebrated Anne's divorce with a party at the Frontier in town.

H-Day parties were a tradition at The Cottonwoods. They always began with cocktails or sherry served before dinner by Mrs. Kleinschmidt, and after dinner the station wagon took the new divorcée and her special friends downtown to continue the celebration at one of the bars.

Olivia did not drink too much at Anne's party; she never drank too much, in spite of what Clay said. As a matter of fact, she rather disliked liquor, but people thought you were odd if you refused it. Though she had tried to explain this to Clay, he had been totally unable to comprehend its logic—"Okay, so they think you're odd," he would say, "so maybe we think they're odd too"—and it had become another of the divisions between them.

So it could not have been the liquor at Anne's party which caused her to make the silly mistake about time. Seated at one of the circular tables in the Frontier, she had happened to notice that her watch said nine o'clock; and that meant, she calculated, it was six o'clock in Rochester. At six o'clock Clay would be coming home from the plant, opening the closet door and skimming his hat carelessly onto the shelf, calling, "Livvie! I'm here—come prove you love me!" And she would come running from wherever she was for his kiss, for the worshipful touch of his hands and the adoration in his eyes. . . . That is, this was how it would be at six o'clock if she were in Rochester, and if this did not happen to be one of those evenings when she and Clay were not speaking, much less kissing.

"Olivia!" Merle was laughing at her. "What are you dreaming about?"

"Dreaming?" Snatched back to here and now, Olivia said dazedly, "Why—just that now it's six o'clock in Rochester."

Merle laughed again. "It is not!" she told Olivia.

"But, Merle," Olivia said earnestly, "it is. Three hours' difference in time ——"

"The difference is the other way, darling. When it's nine here it's midnight there—no, one in the morning, because they're still on daylight-saving time back east, aren't they?"

Anne O'Bryon was listening. "In other words, Olivia," she said dryly, "it is later than you think."

That was a silly thing to say; silly, but it had a sinister sound. It changed time from a matter of seconds ticking sedately away on a wrist watch to one of days being husked, like dry leaves, swiftly off a calendar pad. It reminded her, as perhaps Anne had meant it to, that this was mid-September and her own H-Day was not so far distant.

She laughed, to show them all she didn't care. "Time can't go too fast for me," she said.

That was very true; she would have urged the days on with whips, if she could, since actually time was her ally. It always had been in the past. She knew how the denial of her love, her self, could conspire with time to torture Clay, so that she had invariably been able to outwait him in a quarrel, force him to be first to sue for peace. Now it was only a matter of waiting a little longer. She

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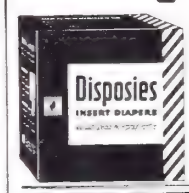

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had never doubted that, and she did not doubt it now. The point was, she said to herself, sipping from her glass, she could get along without Clay far better than he could get along without her. She could get along forever, if need be.

Although she did wish, at this moment in the Frontier Club, the chatter of Merle, Frances and Anne mingling with the uneasy click of slot machines in her ears—she did rather wish, feeling lonely and unwanted, that Clay had never found out about the way she got her clothes. She'd grown careless, she supposed, throwing Gerber's sales slips into the wastebasket instead of burning them—but after so long she had half thought that probably Clay really knew about it, and simply pretended he didn't, to keep the peace. Well, he hadn't known, and while she had seen him angry often enough before, she hadn't ever seen him quite like this. He would get over it—but still, it would have been better if he'd never found out.

Anne O'Bryon was catching the eleven-o'clock plane back east; they finished their drinks and went with her to the airport, and they all kissed her good-by and rode back to The Cottonwoods in a taxi, rather silently. And a week later it was H Day for Merle and a few days after that for Frances, and the nights were quite cold, this late in September.

New guests settled in at The Cottonwoods. Olivia told them about Clay, receiving in return the stories of Dick and Al and Morton—some such names. Mail was delivered twice a day, but only the morning delivery ever brought anything from the east, so by eleven o'clock usually there were quite a few women sitting on the terrace, waiting for the postman—waiting without seeming to wait. Each morning Olivia could feel the anticipation and the hope tightening inside her like a rubber band being slowly twisted by a stick. As she talked or listened, she would glance over at the box nailed inside the gate, thinking that perhaps the man had come a minute ago, when none of them was watching. Then at last she would see a hand at the end of a gray-blue sleeve reach over the gate and drop a packet of letters into the box, and she would stay where she was, seeming not to notice, postponing the moment of knowing. Someone else would go to pick up the letters, and frequently there was one for Olivia: from mamma or daddy or one of her friends in Rochester, never the letter she was waiting for.

Life is a great bundle of little things. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

However, there was still time enough, even on the day Mr. Larch telephoned and said that everything seemed to be in order and apparently we were going to be able to file on the second, just as we planned, and have our hearing later on that same day; so would Olivia drop in to see him on the afternoon of the first? Olivia said yes, she would. She wanted to ask him if Clay had sent his power of attorney, but he hung up too soon, and perhaps that was just as well, because it was a silly question and she already knew the answer. If everything was in order, that meant of course that Clay *had* sent it.

But it was impossible that he meant to let her go through with the divorce! All because of a silly thing like those clothes. It was much more likely that he was trying to do what he had never succeeded in doing—to force her to make the first move, sue for *his* forgiveness, confess herself at fault. And if he was idiot enough to think that she would do anything of the sort, he richly deserved to be divorced.

Later that day she made a point of reminding Mrs. Kleinschmidt that her suit was to be heard on the second. Mrs. Kleinschmidt, who was short and fat and as factitiously jolly as a department-store Santa, said, "That's right, dear, I'll make a note of it. We'll go down to the courthouse together, and I'll swear you're a bona-fide resident."

(Continued on Page 117)

Weather-Bird Shoes
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Win in all kinds of weather

The weather elements—Husky Heat, Ruffy Rain, Mucker Mud and Dusty Dry—cause ordinary shoes to wear out too fast. But, Weather-Bird Shoes have 5 Weatherized features to resist all kinds of weather.

Kiddies love Weather-Birds. And so do wise parents. For "it takes real leather to stand the weather" . . . to resist wear, hold up, *stay* stylish. Insist on famous Weather-Bird Shoes with extra reinforcements in vital parts and special fitting qualities, too!

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MENNEN

Makers of

Fine Baby Preparations for Over 70 Years

(Continued from Page 115)

ıe first of October, Mr. Larch was all
s. As soon as Olivia had entered his
handed her some sheets of onionskin
:apled together. "The complaint," he
Just read it through, please, and sign
hen I'll ask you the same questions
tomorrow in court." He smiled upon
Just a precaution—they're very
questions."

words typed on the papers were im-
, but hard to connect with Clay:
the said defendant did on many oc-
hold the said plaintiff up to ridicule
presence of mutual friends and ac-
nces . . . that defendant frequently
ed cruel and abusive language, caus-
ntiff to suffer great humiliation and
detriment of her health and well-
. . that defendant's actions con-
extreme cruelty of a mental na-
. . WHEREFORE, plaintiff prays this
—"

ı here," Mr. Larch said, handing her
It made a dry scratchy sound in the
of the room, and the signature did not
great deal like hers. "Now," Mr.
aid, "when you've taken the stand
ou your name, your husband's name,
on. And I'll ask if you came to this
ith the intention of making it your
e for an indefinite period of time, and
e—this is very important—you must
say yes. Then I'll ask if you've read the complaint, and if the allegations contained in it are substantially true."

After the rehearsal Mr. Larch suggested that since she would probably wish to leave town as soon as the decree was granted, it might be a good idea to attend to his fee now. Olivia wrote out a check on the bank account which daddy had opened for her when she told him she was going to come out here and get a divorce.

This, the day before the hearing—H-Day Minus One—was the worst of all. Everyone knew that; Merle and Frances and the others had agreed that it was so. You had your train or plane reservations in your purse, your bags were packed, the clothes you would wear in court hung in the closet, waiting; and someone was sure to say, "Well, all ready for the big day tomorrow? You must be awfully glad it's nearly over." Someone did say it when Olivia returned to The Cottonwoods, and she answered "Oh yes, very," because to answer anything else was inconceivable.

It was while she was eating a dinner that she could not taste that she heard Mrs. Kleinschmidt's voice behind her, in the doorway: "Mrs. Manners. Telephone. Rochester's calling you." Her startled, exultant hand struck a water glass as she rose, upsetting it and making a puddle on the cloth, but

(Continued on Page 119)

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

PARENTS who boast that their children are geniuses when they succeed in putting round pegs in round holes, are often annoyed when those same children use their brains to get what they're after. For example, when a youngster calls on his father to shoo owls from under his bed at night, he may not want the creatures *out* so much as he wants his father *in*. And he's smart enough to invent an owl hunt that could keep his dad in his room indefinitely. On the other hand, his fantasy may be the result of real fears or insecurity. In that event, it is important to try to discover what's behind his imaginary creatures—and to improve the underlying situation. It won't help much to tell him coldly that the owls aren't there just because *you* don't see them. The owls and their origin will become more apparent when you look at things through a child's eyes.

"There were so owls under my bed, daddy... but I guess the goblins chased them away."

When tiny tantrums mean "Childhood Constipation"

...give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

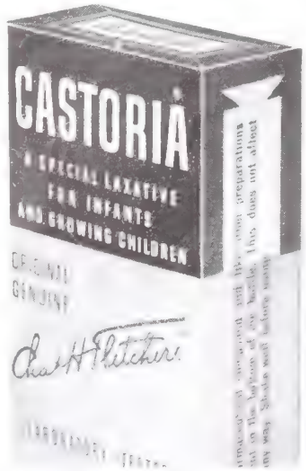
WHEN your baby shows his temper, and those unhappy tantrums come from "Childhood Constipation"... it's time for you to do the wise thing:

Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively—yet, it's so gentle it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without forcing. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Fletcher's Castoria *at your drug-store today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.*



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Finest

RECIPE FOR PEAS IN SPRING SAUCE

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Peas
¼ cup minced onion
2 tablesp. butter or margarine
½ teasp. sugar
1 teasp. celery seeds
Few grains salt, pepper.

Drain peas. Lightly brown onion in butter or margarine; add sugar, celery seeds, salt, pepper. Add peas; heat. Serves 4. Your family is bound to love the garden-fresh flavor of these juicy, plump, young peas. And each delicious bite is a boost toward good health. These peas were grown in special, mineral-enriched soil. Iron, calcium and phosphorus, as well as the A and B-complex vitamins, are sealed right in them. So you're treating the family to buoyant health, when you serve *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest*. (Stokely's *Finest* Party Peas and Tasty King Peas are luscious with this sauce, too.)

Finest

RECIPE FOR PICKLED BEETS

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Whole Beets
⅓ cup vinegar
⅓ cup light corn syrup
1 onion, sliced
1 tablesp. pickling spices

Drain beets. Combine beet liquid with vinegar, corn syrup, onion, spices. Bring to boil; boil 1 min. Pour over beets; cover. Cool. Set in refrigerator over night. Serves 4. Then hear your praises sung after the first delightful tastes . . . for they're more tender and inviting than you ever dreamed beets could be. They're carefully raised, where growing conditions bring out the best in beets. They're packed expertly. Then, samples of each batch are analyzed by laboratory chemists for purity and flavor. For beets must be *nothing but the finest,* when they're Stokely's *Finest.* You'll find more tested recipes on every Stokely's *Finest* label.

Stokely's *Finest*

(Continued from Page 117)

not stop to apologize to the others at
e. She ran into the hall, down it to
h where the telephone was, laughing
erself because she had been right to
e had known all along he couldn't

natched up the telephone dangling
hook.
o!" she said gaily. "Yes, this is Mrs.
s. . . . Yes, put him on, please!"
ith the smile wilting on her lips, she
Oh—hello, mamma. . . . Yes. I'm
. Yes, it's to be tomorrow. I've got
om on tomorrow-night's train. . . .
ling, really I'm all right, just a little
d very bored. How are you and
. . . That's good. . . . Yes. . . .
. Yes. . . . Good-by, dear, it was
you to call me. Oh, by the way,
ou—have you seen anything of
. . You haven't. . . . No. Well,
. I'll see you on Monday."
absolutely no expression on her face,
the booth, closing the door quietly
er, and climbed the stairs to her own
here she locked the door and flung
across the bed, digging her fingers
rp little claws into the coverlet,
g it up in two handfuls to press
her face and muffle the sobs which
much whimpers of rage as they were

re, the next morning, the same
in which she had gone that first day
Ir. Larch. Mrs. Kleinschmidt said
was very suitable for court, very
and sweet, and Mrs. Manners
ke an angel.
arch's secretary called a few minutes
e to say that they were in luck be-
e hearing had been scheduled early,
ive; and Mr. Larch would meet her
stairs corridor of the courthouse ten
before that time.
d," Mrs. Kleinschmidt said happily
ivia told her. "I'll be able to do my
ng on the same trip downtown."
ng the station wagon, Mrs. Klein-
made approving comments about
her. She broke off to lay one fleshy
Olivia's knee.
't be nervous," she said. "They've
thing down to a system. It'll all be
a minute or two, and you'll hardly
s happening. It's easier," she said,
g richly, "than having a tooth

Kleinschmidt parked the car and
out; they walked along the sidewalk

and with every step the courthouse and its shiny dome came nearer. They were on the broad and shallow steps, they were going between swinging glass doors and up another flight of steps, to a marble corridor where Mr. Larch came toward them, smiling and holding out his hand.

At that moment Olivia knew what she wanted to do. It was very simple: she wanted to stop the divorce and go back to Clay.

She knew, too, with great certainty, that she need not return to him as a suppliant, vanquished. Clay wasn't like her: he didn't think of marriage as a battle which one or the other of them must win, and he would not even consider that by giving up the divorce she had lost. To him, it would be simply that she had come back, and he would accept her and they could begin over again. She would lose nothing—nothing; and excitement and happiness swelled in her throat so she could scarcely speak.

"Mr. Larch," she said, and put her hand on his arm and swallowed. "Mr. Larch, can't—can't I call the whole thing off? It isn't too late, is it?"

His head swam above her—long, narrow, ineffably startled.

"Call the whole thing off, Mrs. Manners? You mean, withdraw the suit? No, of course it's not too late, but—— Are you serious?"

His tone revealed that he thought her completely mad. At his shoulder stood Mrs. Kleinschmidt with her eyes and mouth wide, and she thought she was mad too. And back of them, unseen just now but inescapably present, were the judge and the court attachés and the guests at The Cottonwoods, all the people who had collaborated to secure for her the thing called a divorce; and behind these were still others, her parents and her friends and her enemies—and every living soul of them ready to look shocked, or amused, or scornful, or angry, or smugly pleased, according to his nature.

The throbbing lump of joy in her throat dissolved. She could not face them. She could never face them and the weight of their opinion. It was, after all, too late. She lifted her gloved hand from Mr. Larch's arm and pressed it lightly against her cheek. She laughed a little, apologetically.

"No—I'm not serious, Mr. Larch. I can't imagine what got into me. I —— Panic, I guess. Last-minute panic. Silly of me." She took the hand away, she lifted her face and smiled at him. "But I'm all right now. Really. Where do we go?"

THE END

"Tell me about yourself. How's school?"

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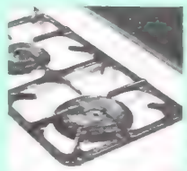

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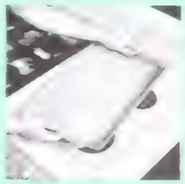
VERI-CLEAN ELEVATED BROILER. Completely removable for easy cleaning; glides on 8 roller-bearings. Adjustable twin-height broiler pan.



2-BURNER GRIDDLE—Scientifically designed to eliminate hot spots. Basting trough. All aluminum. Use it for breakfasts, lunches and dinners.

For quick, clean, cool and convenient cooking there's nothing like the new Ultramatic CALORIC.

Flavor-Saver Dual Burners protect the flavor of your favorite dishes . . . the Hold-Heat Oven Seal protects against baking failures caused by uneven oven temperatures . . . and the Veri-Clean Broiler browns meats to a turn. You'll like the smart beauty of the Ultramatic CALORIC—in addition its modern design makes it *America's easiest range to keep clean.*

See the Ultramatic CALORIC at your dealer, or write: *Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.*

Specially Engineered Modernized L.P. Gas Units for Users in the country out beyond the gas mains

Ultramatic

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THE GAS RANGE YOU WANT

Let your friends spear their own dinner and broil it over coals

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

FEW people are as lucky as some Californians I know, who have barbecue grills in their patios and use them the year round, almost as often as they use their kitchens. To most of us a meal outdoors is a special event, to be enjoyed between May and September—and only occasionally then.

Our equipment may be an elaborate masonry grill or one of those rolling jobs you can buy in any department store; or it may be merely a bonfire burned down to a bed of coals, Indian style. Whatever the cooking medium, any meal cooked outdoors generates a ravenous appetite in the process; and if the food is really of gourmet quality, it brings ecstatic appreciation. So for the canny hostess who wants to clinch her claim to a *cordon bleu*, the barbecue party is a natural.

We'll plan our barbecue party so that everyone can participate in the cooking to some extent. But to *what* extent is the trick, and thoughtful planning is indicated. Have you ever gone to a party where a large crowd of hungry people sat around a barbecue pit, fireplace or whatever and watched for what seemed like hours, and sometimes was, while one lone person cooked the entire meal? And as time wore wearily on have you *(Continued on Page 122)*

Conversation Piece

For picnic or patio meals, here are Shish Kebabs on skewers, shadowing tossed salad and log-cabin potatoes (they're cheesed) with cake squares for sweets.

FFEE IS FRESHER IN THIS JAR!

"that's why 217 brands quickly switched to ULTRA-VAC"

Under this NEW-type *flexible*, tamper-proof cap your coffee *comes* fresher, *keeps* fresher!

Highest Vacuum ever! Yet it opens with just 3 quick pries!

The Only Sure Reseal! KEEPS your coffee FRESHER!

k your grocer for coffee in the New Duraglas ULTRA-VAC JAR

inois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

I heard him say it!

"My new PROCTOR toaster is waiting at the store!"

Here are some of the wonderful things the Proctor toaster does.

Thanks to the "Color Guard" control, every slice—fresh bread or dry bread—pops up the same color, automatically . . . light, dark or anywhere in between.

I'll get perfect toast every time, without watching or readjusting. It regulates toasting by the only sure way—by measuring the actual surface temperature of the toast.

You'll like its gleaming chromium and jet finish . . . easy-to-clean crumb tray. See it at your Proctor Dealers. Get on his preferred list.

The Toaster with the Color Guard
The only toaster that measures bread temperature to pop up fresh bread or dry bread the same perfect color.
PROCTOR
AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY, PHILA.

For efficient repairs, 160 factory-supervised Proctor service stations, coast to coast . . . see local classified telephone directory.

(Continued from Page 120)

wished you could settle for a big hunk of bread and butter and let it go at that? Well, I have. The other extreme is the ultra, ultra casual affair where everyone cooks everything, everyone gets in the way of everyone else, and the result is pretty much of a shambles. Informality we want, of course, but informality shouldn't be confused with disorder.

Enough of generalizations. We have our menu to plan and service to think of, and we'd better get on with it.

The main do for this meal, be it an evening or a Sunday-afternoon affair, will be *Shish Kebabs,* or *Shasslik,* with some American touches added. The Armenian name is *Shish Kababs;* the Russian, *Shasslik;* and there are important differences, obviously. But we'll ignore authenticity and adopt—or perhaps "adapt" is a better word—the fundamental similarity they share. Both dishes are made by impaling alternate pieces of tender meat and vegetables on a long skewer and broiling them over an open fire. We'll have a wide variety of meat and vegetables to choose from, and everyone can fix his own *Kebabs* to suit his taste.

Brought from the kitchen, hot and ready to eat, will be a casserole of log-cabin potatoes—potatoes with a cheese sauce and a difference. A crisp mixed-vegetable salad, tossed with water-cress dressing, and bread-and-butter sandwiches will complete the menu, except for a sweet, and large cups of steaming-hot coffee.

For the sweet we'll have filled cake squares, which can be made ahead of time and stored in the refrigerator. Unfortunately, we'll have to use a cup of sugar for the cake—too bad—but the filling will be made with sweetened condensed milk, fruit and nuts, which will help balance the sugar budget.

Now there's a menu that's bound to make everyone happy, including yourself, for there's not too much work for you to do ahead of time and nothing for you to do at the last minute but have fun.

SHISH KEBABS

You can be choosy if you like and eliminate a few of the ingredients I'm going to suggest, for when I said "wide variety" I meant it. But of course I hope you'll shoot the works.

Lamb **Cut thick slices of meat from a leg of lamb, then cut the slices into 1-inch squares. Use only the most tender portions of the lamb and save the rest for a stew or curry. Do this early in the day and let the lamb squares marinate for several hours in ¼ cup vinegar, ¼ cup water, 3 tablespoons salad oil, salt, pepper and some onion slices. This will make the meat more tender.**

Beef **Cut a ¾ to 1 pound fillet of beef into inch squares, sprinkle with chopped parsley and ¼ teaspoon powdered thyme and allow to stand for several hours.**

Kidneys **Cut at least 3 lamb kidneys into ½-inch slices and marinate in salad oil, salt, pepper and, if you like, about ⅓ cup sherry.**

Livers **Wash some chicken livers carefully and cut larger pieces in half. Marinate in salted skim milk to draw out blood.** *(In case you don't know this trick, try it with any liver. It's excellent for pork or beef liver, for it removes much of the blood and makes the liver more tender.)*

Bacon **Fold very thin slices of bacon into 1-inch lengths.**

Mushrooms **Remove stems from fresh mushrooms. Wash and dry the caps, wrap in wax and store in refrigerator.** ***(The stems can be made into delicious cream of mushroom soup the next day.)***

Green Peppers **Cut several cl green peppers into fairly large pieces in a wet cloth and store in refrigera**

Onions **Peel 2 large Spanish onion cut in half from stem to stern. Cut th outer layers into small crescent-s chunks. In cutting the vegetables, re ber that the pieces must be large en to go on the skewers without splitti**

Tomatoes **Cut fresh tomatoes, ski into wedges.**

At a convenient time in the afte drain and dry the meats and arrange and the vegetables on a large tray or p One might think that small hunks of couldn't possibly be a pretty sight, but they are arranged in alternate lines wi different-colored vegetables they'll m very appetizing show. A fine fluffy bor parsley is a good beginning, then I l start with a row of livers, less attract look at, and end with a row of kidney, The center I save for mushrooms, fl on one side by green peppers and c other by tomatoes.

Barbecue Sauce **To brush over th *babs* before and during the broiling need a good, highly seasoned sauce here it is: Simmer together for ha hour ¼ pound butter or margari cup tomato catchup, 3 tablespoons ragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon rika, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon We tershire sauce, 1 teaspoon Tabasco s 1 small grated onion, 3 tables chopped parsley and 2 or 3 cloves g grated or mashed to a pulp.**

Now to the making of the *Shish K* Start the fire several hours ahead of ti that when cooking begins there will be bed of coals, not leaping flames. We wa *Kebabs* broiled, not burned to a Whether you use hickory or birch charcoal or brickettes, give the fire ple time, for a bed of coals isn't produce twinkling.

Each person is provided with a wo handled spear or a long butcher's skew which he can stick as many pieces of me vegetable as suits his taste. The idea alternate the various ingredients so flavors will mingle during the cooking ways start and end with a piece of be lamb, because of its firmness, but in between use whatever you like best a much as your appetite indicates. It ta monster of a *Shish Kebab* to satisfy me, like everything on the list. When the sp filled to your satisfaction, push the to

(Continued on Page 124)

"About time for another permanent, isn't it, dear?"

A bride brings her heart... and her Sterling

You can choose no finer way to express your faith in the richness of your married life than by including among the possessions you bring to your bridal home a set of gorgeous sterling silver. When you choose Westmorland solid silver, you establish yourself as a home-maker of faultless taste and discriminating judgment.

Westmorland Sterling is the heavy kind of solid silver that you can use three times a day. It has the elegance that marks it as the product of world-renowned silversmiths. Your guests... and your heirs ...will appreciate its beauty instantly. Classic Westmorland patterns never go "out of style"... are never discontinued.

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WESTMORLAND

THIS RAMS-HEAD MARK MEANS HIGHEST QUALITY IN STERLING SILVER

© Westmorland Sterling

Toss that Salad

The art of mixing a perfect "tossed" salad is easily learned. First make sure your bowl is large enough . . . not more than half full of well-washed and carefully dried greens. Add dressing. Now with a fork and spoon *gently* lift, lower, turn this way and that till every morsel glistens with the rich savor of oil and mellow Heinz Vinegar (see recipes below).

Vary the dressing—

Basic French Dressing

Recipe—Combine ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. paprika. Add ¼ cup Heinz Vinegar and ½ cup olive oil. Beat thoroughly. Yields nearly ¾ cup.

Ketchup Dressing

Recipe—Place ¼ cup sugar, 1 tsp. salt, dash paprika in quart jar. Add ½ cup Heinz Vinegar, 5 tbs. Heinz Chili Sauce or Tomato Ketchup, ¾ cup oil, 3 tbs. grated onion. Cover jar and shake thoroughly until well blended. Yields 1½ cups.

Chefs Special Dressing

Recipe—To recipe for Basic French Dressing add ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper and 2 tsp. grated onion. Yields 1 cup.

The VINEGAR makes the dressing

Heinz Vinegar

Sparkling Clear
Mellowed in Wood
Uniform in Strength

57

(Continued from Page 122)

bottom pieces of meat together so that the *Kebab* will be tightly packed. Next comes a generous brushing of barbecue sauce—a pastry brush is good for this job—and the broiling begins. More sauce can be brushed on from time to time, and the spear or skewer must be turned in order to brown all sides. The wooden-handled spears are best. They are long, which allows more people to do their cooking at one time, and the handles don't get hot. If long skewers are used, provide canvas gloves. When the *Kebab* is done it is pushed from the spear onto a plate.

LOG-CABIN POTATOES

Make a thin cream sauce, basic method, using 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour and 2½ cups hot milk. Add to sauce 1 pound diced cheese, 1 envelope chicken-bouillon powder, or a chicken-bouillon cube, ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Cook in double boiler until cheese is melted. Taste for salt and, if you like, add 2 tablespoons good port.

Cut large raw potatoes into long slender strips about ¼ inch around, using enough potatoes to fill a large casserole. Fry the strips, not too many at a time, in butter or margarine until delicately browned. In the bottom of a well-greased casserole make a layer of potato strips all going in the same direction. Then, using log-cabin technique, cross them with a layer going at right angles to them, and so on. When casserole is half full, spoon in about half the cheese sauce, being careful not to disarrange the potatoes in the process. Not that the log-cabin arrangement will be perfect, but it does allow the sauce to circulate and it keeps the potatoes from packing. Also, it looks pretty. When all the potatoes have been used, spoon in the rest of the sauce and top with a layer of bread crumbs and dots of butter or margarine. Cover the casserole.

All this can be done early in the day or the day before. About half an hour before guests are to arrive, put the casserole in a pan of hot water in a 350° F. oven. Shortly before serving, turn oven to 450°, remove lid and brown a little. This method of cooking requires no watching and you may be sure the potatoes won't dry out.

SALAD

Shred some lettuce and tiny young spinach leaves, wrap in a wet cloth and store in refrigerator. Slice red radishes into one bowl, cucumbers into another, cover both with ice cubes and put in refrigerator.

Water-Cress Dressing Beat with rotary beater ⅔ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon grated onion and 3 tablespoons heavy cream. Add 3 tablespoons finely chopped water cress and 1 tablespoon chopped chives.

The vegetables can be dried and put in the salad bowl some time before serving—*if* the bowl is kept in the refrigerator—but the salad should be tossed with the dressing at about the last minute.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER SANDWICHES

Now, after all! But I do think you should cut off the crusts and be generous with butter or margarine. And, of course you can make them in the morning if you wrap them in wax paper and store them—yes, in that same refrigerator, unless you're lucky enough to have two.

FILLED CAKE SQUARES

This dessert can be made the day before and will be all the better for standing. Make a sheet of butter cake, using any good recipe—but here's an easy one: Measure 1¾ cups flour and sift 3 times with 2 teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Put ⅓ cup softened butter or margarine into a bowl and beat until very soft. Measure 1 cup sugar, add about ¼ of it to the butter or margarine and beat until creamy. Add 1 whole egg, a little more sugar and beat. Then add another egg, the rest of the sugar and beat. Now add the flour alternately with ½ cup milk and 2 teaspoons vanilla, beating until smooth. If you have an electric mixer, use it, by all means. Bake in a greased square or oblong shallow pan for about 30 minutes in a 375° F. oven. The size of the pan isn't so important, but it mustn't be too long or the cake will be too thin to split.

May-time is
MUFFIN TIM

MAKE THEM WITH DUFF

All the fine ingredients for perfect muffins are smoothly blended in this complete, fully-prepare Duff's Mix. Saves time . . . saves money.

Quick!
Convenient!

JUST ADD
WATER
-that's all!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS

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CHOCOLATE FLAVORED
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As delicious and nutritious as the famous BROOKEMA'S Dutch Process Cocoa
BROOKEMA COCOA CO., OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

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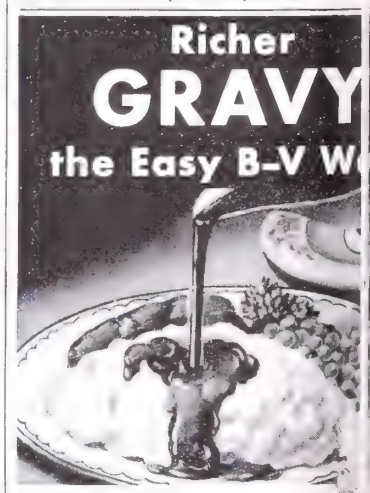
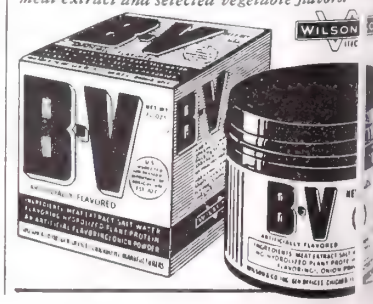


"Use my simple fool-proof B-V recipe"...
says George Rector
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

Melt 2 tbsp. fat or drippings, add 2 tbsp. flo well. Add 1 cup water, milk or vegetable w until smooth. Add 1 tsp. B-V dissolved amount of the hot mixture. Cook until th
Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of con meat extract and selected vegetable flavors.



l-Nut Filling You will need 1½ and ¾ cup fruit juice for this any kind of juicy fruit—fresh, frozen—can be used. However, ombination of fruits is best, and ly come by these days since the l plants put up a fruit salad or ail that is delicious. Anyhow, e from fruit to make ¾ cup. nge juice if necessary; bring to l pour over 1 envelope unfla- in that has been moistened in 2 s cold water. Stir until dissolved cool.

ntents of 1 can sweetened con- k into a bowl, add 8 tablespoons e and beat until thick—2 or 3

elatin mixture begins to set, l in another bowl containing e and beat with rotary beater and foamy. Fold this into con- lk and lemon juice, add fruit, uld be cut into small pieces, and en nut meats.

e into two layers, spread bottom ly with fruit filling, cover with ep very cold until ready to serve. an be sprinkled with confec- gar; or, if you want to go fancy, it can be decorated with whipped cream squeezed through a pastry tube. Before serving, cut the cake into small squares.

Service. Whether this meal is eaten standing up, sitting on the grass or sitting at a table, it is bound to be an informal self-service affair. Suit the manner of service to the setting. But whatever your plans, make them complete. Visualize the party in full swing, and by anticipating possible confusion you can avoid it. Make lists! This is a perfect occasion for list making and double checking. Think of everything that will be needed, write it down and, before the party begins, check to see that each item is in its right place. When the party is going strong is no time to remember that the indispensable so-and-so or such-and-such is still in the kitchen.

And lest *I* forget, have plenty of indispensable finger bowls—or something that can pinch-hit for finger bowls—handy, and some towels, not tiny napkins, for hand wiping. Eating a perfect *Shish Kebab* may be one of life's pleasantest gastronomic experiences—I think it is—but it's a lot more fun if your hands are clean.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 8)

The note of pride and enthusiasm oice when he spoke of every aspect busy life thrilled me. I talked undreds of boys who had to whether or not to stay in the Army. small percentage of them seemed remained because of monetary ad- .

stioned groups of enlisted men as they stayed. Their reasons all nse: most of them were in schools, in their particular lines of work nd anywhere, they told me. Some ting high-school and college credit

hing which struck me was the e in their attitudes and that of age G. I. before the war ended. as no grousing now—they were no rced to stay in. Instead they were for the opportunity. When I com- on all the training going on, a said, "Well, you know, ma'am, t to keep physically fit as well as ."

d that the general and Bill get morning at six o'clock and are at ks at seven. Every officer on the vidently as busy as they. It was ee why it was so well run.

g the gay parties held every eve- the club, I watched for signs of y and drunken debauchery I had d to expect. There were none. ering the general and the others n command are West Point grad- began to understand why they oys like mine to stay in. Those hand-picked. They have been ecause they have the highest ratings the Army can give.

n to feel proud that Bill would stay in this kind of Army. When mind was made up that I would a word to discourage him. Our d their opinions can never worry

er, we are disarming ourselves because mothers and fathers ut the country are being influ- their own selfish desires to have s home with them. Parents will feeling this way so long as the kes the attitude that it is being nous in continuing to support in service. Those boys are our life insurance.

Sincerely yours,
L. S.

e Knows

Laurel, Maryland

Editor: Let me congratulate you ourage in publishing The Heller. those who will criticize you only t The Heller isn't exaggerated. rom personal knowledge. I am red Nurse, thirty years old and three children. During the war Red Cross home nursing to girls seventeen in senior high school our larger cities—many of them best families."

I am of the opinion that much sexual promiscuity in these teen-agers is from curiosity and ignorance. So I introduced into the course two hours of lecture on the life cycle of man and names of and functions of the reproductive organs. I frankly admit the large majority of these girls left me speechless. Many carried their contraceptives with them. One told me her boy friend had "g.c." and asked if it was contagious if she only "necked with him." One asked a very personal question and I told her I thought she had better discuss it with her mother. She laughed and said, "Heck, she told me babies come off ash heaps."

After several hours of these classes I would go home and look at my five-year-old daughter and shudder to think she was growing up to such a situation. I have resolved that she shall not remain in ignorance and shall see she is taught correctly. I've told some of the mothers around forty and fifty years old what I know and they look at me with a faintly amused air and raise their eyebrows. How can they be so deaf, dumb and blind? Thank you for The Heller.

Sincerely,
VIVIAN M. TYLER.

Dream Comes True

Mrs. Castle, in a letter in the JOURNAL, told of England during the war, and her own postwar dreams of simple things such as milk, shoes and stockings. Her thanks for one dream come true appear below. ED.

Hampstead, London.

Dear Demarious Smeltzer: If I were to inherit suddenly a whole nylon stocking factory, I wouldn't get half the thrill that your nylons have given me. They were my very first and there could never be another pair like them.

The day they came, I arose at 7 A.M. in a thick, cold fog, put on 3 sweaters, a dressing gown and two wool scarves, one around my neck and the other over my head. Then I proceeded to our very out-of-date kitchen to prepare breakfast. All the water pipes were frozen, and the sink won't drain because of the ice. Everything in the bathroom is draped with icicles. The hall is wet from a leaking pipe. The streets are a foot deep in very wet slush. We had been warned that the electricity would be cut for five hours from 9 A.M. As I cook by electricity and have no coal and can't get any, I felt I was facing a rather miserable day. 8:30 A.M. the postman arrived and handed me a slim box, a pair of nylons. I suddenly felt warm and happy. For seven years we've been rationed and without so much that perhaps you can hardly imagine the thrill of those stockings.

Yours sincerely,
NOREEN CASTLE.

For happy cutting
IN THE KITCHEN
Happy carving
AT THE TABLE

Razor-sharp FLINT knives lighten every carving and cutting task—in the kitchen or at the table. Blades are of chrome vanadium steel...finest for cutlery... hollow ground to a keen edge. Handles are of selected imported hardwood... balanced perfectly and a pleasure in the hand. You'll want several sizes of FLINT Knives—the modest prices make them easy-to-own.

FLINT CUTLERY IS NOW AT LEADING STORES

All Flint*Knives are *High-Arc* hollow ground...'way up into each side of the blade, to have and hold a razor's sharpness.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Send your illustrated book, "Edward Arnold Shows You How to Carve Meats and Poultry." I am enclosing 10c in coin.

Name_____
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Easy, Breezy Party Salad

...and so delicious with sun-drenched canned cling peaches

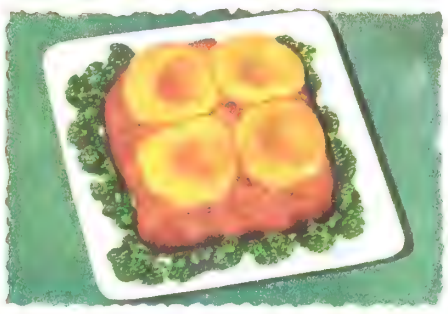
Easy Recipe

PEACH MINT SALAD

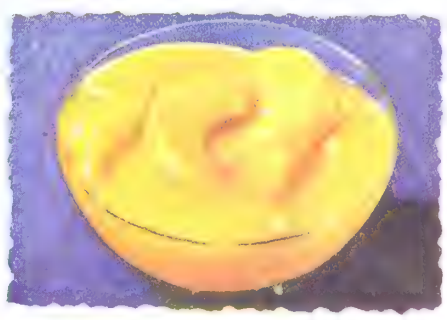
Refreshing aspic ring adorned with showy, California peaches!

8 canned cling peach halves
2 tablespoons plain gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup canned cling peach syrup
2 tablespoons strained lemon juice
2 cups grapefruit juice
Few drops mint flavoring
Few drops green food coloring
1 cup chopped celery
Salad greens
Mayonnaise or boiled dressing

Drain peaches. Soften gelatin in water. Add sugar and salt. Heat peach syrup and pour over gelatin mixture; stir until dissolved. Blend in lemon and grapefruit juices. Add flavoring to taste and tint lightly with green coloring. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in celery. Arrange peach halves cup side up in a 1½-quart lightly oiled ring mold. Spoon gelatin over peaches. Chill until firm. Unmold on serving platter and garnish with salad greens and mayonnaise. Serves 8 generously.



Peach Gold Ham Loaf: Mix ¼ cup brown sugar (packed) with 1 tablespoon dry mustard and spread evenly in bottom of greased square loaf pan (5½ x 5½ x 3½ inches). Drain 4 peach halves; arrange cup side down on sugar mixture. Combine ½ pound ground ham, ¾ pound ground beef, ⅔ cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 egg beaten lightly, ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper and ⅓ cup milk. Blend well and pack into pan on peaches. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1 hour.



California cling peaches ripen in sun-drenched valleys till they're sweet, tender, golden yellow! Delicious right from the can! Perfect in salads, desserts ... dozens of ways! For luscious, golden peaches . . . make sure the label says "clings."

They're wonderful so many ways!

California Cling Peaches

In tin or glass

Canned Halves · Canned Slices · Canned Fruit Cocktail

If I Only Had More Confid

By Gladys Denny Shultz

MRS. SMITH was different from other mothers. It took us a long time to figure her out, and what she was trying to do.

Her two older children presented a rather classic situation—girls close together in age, the younger strikingly pretty, the elder, by contrast, angular and unattractive. Wouldn't you have thought that an intelligent, conscientious mother like Mrs. Smith would be aware of the personality difficulties this would create for Plain Jane when she reached dating age? Wouldn't you have thought she would discuss it sometimes in those intimate sessions when we let down our hair and trotted out our really serious family problems?

The queer thing about Mrs. Smith was that she never seemed to know Jane was plain. She always spoke as though her elder daughter were an unusually attractive youngster, and kept calling attention to beauties in the child which to us were nonexistent. Nor did she seem to know that Elsie, the younger, was pretty. We were told how dependable she was at home, what good grades she got at school. But it was Jane who was held up as an example of unusual and exotic beauty, a glamour girl in the bud. Whom, we asked ourselves, did Mrs. Smith think she was kidding?

As the girls got into high school, however, we began to notice something about Jane. The girl did have an air, her bony, irregular features took on a kind of pert prettiness. And Jane's way with the boys was something to see. She picked her escorts from the ones with the most pocket money, she summoned and dismissed them at will, she ruled her court with as high a hand as though she had been a Hedy Lamarr.

> There was once a man who wanted to embrace the globe, but his arms were too short. —MALAY PROVERB.

Elsie, too, had undergone a transformation, but in reverse. Her magazine-cover prettiness seemed to have faded. She bunched her hair up any old way, she paid no attention to clothes, she had no dates at all. She was so conscientious about her studies and her home responsibilities that it hurt.

At last we understood Mrs. Smith's strategy. Not to admit, even to herself, that one daughter's attractions were inferior to the other's, and thus build in Jane the confidence that would help her conquer her adolescent world. The trouble was she didn't realize that in turning her ugly duckling into a swan, she was also turning her swan into an ugly duckling.

LET me hasten to say that the foregoing true story is not offered as an example for parents to follow. But it does point up dramatically an element to which too little attention is usually paid—the part played by confidence, particularly during the adolescent years.

All of us have inferiority feelings at times, and we should probably become unbearably smug if we didn't. But the inferiority feelings of adolescence are in a somewhat different category, and a little canvassing of the situation will show why this is so.

At adolescence, boys and girls become conscious that ahead of them, and soon to be grappled with, are the challenges of maturity—to be able to make a living, to look after themselves in all ways. In high school, they have a much larger and abler group to compete with than ir and new subjects—languages, ence—which require harder many have been accustomed child with a high I. Q., who has up to this point on native abil cide his mental powers are defic which were played for fun be public contests in which co keen, and failure or success se dously important. So does po the opposite sex.

And let's admit it—parents critical as when boys and girl cent. Does Anne work like a books and get straight A's? W cause she isn't a belle, and failed her in some way. Is she a leader? Then we worry doesn't study harder. Parent hard for an adolescent to plea react by worried nagging and we are not helping a youngst uncertain enough without tha

LACK of confidence can sh strange ways. Fairly obvious i ster who is timid, self-consc making excuses for failures and competition, it is frequently assertiveness as well, perfecti ousness of others and sudden If any of the foregoing traits by your adolescent, suspect th from lack of confidence, anc further teari adroit build those who h nority religi groups, or wh ical or ment of any kir than avera may be exp

But boys and girls with n and with all the equipment superior performance, can suf keenly from lack of confidenc quired a morbid consciousness kids" when she entered senior true that there was a small cl dren from well-to-do families hardly normal to let their pre the whole atmosphere, as it d Nor was it necessary. Mary's professional people, of adeq not large income, highly resp community and honored gu homes of the very youngsters considered beyond her in the That made no difference to shirked social and extracurri ties alike because of the "rich k could think of was that their s at least $5 apiece, and hers cos

Mary's secret was this: ev had ever wanted had been dro lap by indulgent parents, with her part. She had never had she had never had to go aft Confronted with school situati something was expected of I inadequate and fell back upon fancied lack of money as an e trying.

Is a feeling of inferiority a thing? Not necessarily. Son sciousness of inferiority in spurs to accomplishment in o our most distinguished wome fered in adolescence from lack in her attraction for the oppos sified by the fact that an older the things she herself was not

t barbecued meat
ever bought won't
good as the kind
ake at home
y Barbecue Sauce.
n cooking, at the
make good foods
better! Send for
ee Recipe Book.

Derby
rbecue Sauce
● Steak Sauce .. Barbecue Sauce... Hot Sauce
Worcestershire Sauce... Chop Suey Sauce
GLASER, CRANDELL CO., Chicago 8, Dept. B5
AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

CLEARER COFFEE
CHER IN FLAVOR
URE TO BREW IT IN
Vaculator
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ing new "action" filter takes all
work out of coffee-making . . .
omatically filters coffee quickly,
, perfectly. VACULAT-*ing*
s gives you *all* the delicious
r nature intended for coffee.
Vaculator
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sought after socially. Having decided that romance would never be hers, the wallflower threw all her energies into writing. (It is pleasant to relate that after she had gained success in this field, she found romance as well.) Biographical literature abounds in stories of men and women who have achieved greatly in spite of—and, who knows, because of?—far worse handicaps than this one.

The danger comes when timid youngsters won't try anything, lest they fail or be excelled. It is impossible then for them to attain skills or accomplishments which will eventually give them confidence. In such unfortunates—the minority, happily—the feelings of inferiority may grow into a complex, and valuable talents and abilities may be wasted.

The more we coddle and shield our children, the more prone they are to the disease of lack of confidence when they encounter the challenges of adolescence. But we can undermine confidence as well by demanding too much, or by letting a child have the impression that he is less loved and approved than others in his family.

THE bright side of the picture is that confidence is one gift we can bestow upon our offspring if we want to, and if we go about it in the right way. We cannot insure them beauty or brains or talent—inscrutable Fate determines these things when she chooses for each individual his or her assortment of genes. But we can give our youngsters the assurance which will enable them to make the best use of the equipment they have.

If you would like your child to have this priceless gift:

1. From infancy onward, train and encourage him or her in initiative and self-reliance. The more your child learns to do for himself and to stand on his own feet, independently of you, the more you equip him with confidence.

2. Keep the atmosphere of your home happy, loving and approving. Children blossom and gain confidence in such an atmosphere. A critical, nagging, punitive one has the opposite effect.

3. Encourage the pursuit of skills and interests which appeal to the youngster, even though they may not appeal to you personally. Quite unlikely ones may provide a basis for confidence in the teens. A xylophone was the rather unusual instrument which solved the confidence problem for Sally, a girl neither very bright nor very attractive, but with a desire for this type of musical expression, and backed up in it by her parents. It proved an inspired choice, for its novelty made it much in demand for entertainments, and Sally came more into the public eye than contemporaries who were better performers on orthodox instruments than she was on the xylophone. Sally sailed through secondary school with high confidence, undimmed by her low grades, and had a better time and more acclaim than many a prettier, more talented girl.

4. As your youngster enters adolescence, recognize the manifold pressures to which he is subjected, and keep home a place where people love him and think he is swell even if he does have trouble with one or more of the new fields into which he is thrust. Have confidence in his ability to conquer all in time—that will help it come true.

5. If he is doing well in any field at all, pick that out for attention, rather than the ones in which he isn't distinguishing himself. Jack was sandwiched between two particularly brilliant siblings, whose school performances always put his to shame, and he was too small for high-school athletics, which was his chief interest. His parents were wise—far wiser, I believe you'll agree, than was Mrs. Smith. They didn't play down the accomplishment of the other youngsters, but they didn't worry Jack about his grades either. They encouraged him to go in for gymnastics, and when he broke the school record for chinning himself, they were as proud as though he had made the winning touchdown. Jack's grit and perseverance in the face of difficulties became family legend.

(Continued on Page 129)

PEPSI-COLA

Announces

A NEW SERVICE

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

A monthly column of helpful suggestions from one neighbor to another

$1500.00 in CASH PRIZES each month

1st PRIZE:	2nd PRIZE:	3rd PRIZE:
$700.00	$250.00	$125.00
4th PRIZE:	5th PRIZE:	*PLUS* 30 *prizes*
$75.00	$50.00	of $10.—EACH

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. These contests are being offered every month to the women of America . . . as a public service of the Pepsi-Cola Company . . . to be of help to women in their day-to-day living. Hence, your entries will be judged on their practicability and every-day usefulness to your neighbors.

2. Here's all you do: Write out on any sheet of paper, in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which you think will help your neighbor. Then underneath, write briefly your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women, such as short cuts in housekeeping, parties, entertaining, homemaking and decoration, etc. . . . Food Recipes are not eligible.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter . . . and your reasons for selecting it . . . are the things for which prizes will be awarded.

4. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. There is nothing to buy, no box tops to send in. Write each entry on a separate sheet of paper and be sure to print your name and address on each sheet.

5. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P.O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries postmarked not later than May 31, 1947, will be judged in the May contest. Entries received during June will be judged in the June contest . . . and so on each month.

6. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence of entries, as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

7. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in this May contest not later than June 30, 1947 . . . and so on each month. Top prize winners of the month of May, with their pictures, will appear in the October issue of this magazine. Do not send pictures with entries.

8. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners.

9. The judges of each monthly contest will be a nationally-known contest-judging organization, under the personal supervision of a well-known consultant in home economics. All decisions of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the case of ties. No entries will be returned.

10. Anyone may enter these contests *except* employees of Pepsi-Cola Company, or of any Pepsi-Cola bottling company, or of their advertising agencies. Members of the families of such employees are likewise not eligible.

Prize winners among entries received during the month of May will receive checks by June 30th . . . and the winning ideas will appear in the October issue of this magazine.

PEPSI-COLA

Beautiful

...and not so dumb!

She knows about these

Today's bride gives a lot of thought t
the selection of her silverplate.

And she's smart . . . smart enough t
know all silverplated spoons and fork
are not alike.

She knows that Holmes & Edward
is a very special kind of silverplate (no
just reinforced or extra plated) but si
verplate that's Sterling Inlaid like this

Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibl
INLAID *at the backs of bowls and handles of th*
most used spoons and forks. Thus, lovely Holme
& Edwards patterns stay lovelier longer.

IMPORTANT: Here is one of the few products in Am
ica that has not raised its price since the war! Fifty-t
piece service, eight place settings . . . only $68.50 w
chest (Tax Free). Choose from three favorite patte
at jewelers and silver departments. Left to right, Lov
Lady, Danish Princess and Youth—all made in the U.S.

Lovely Lady Danish Princess Youth

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

Copyright 1947, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

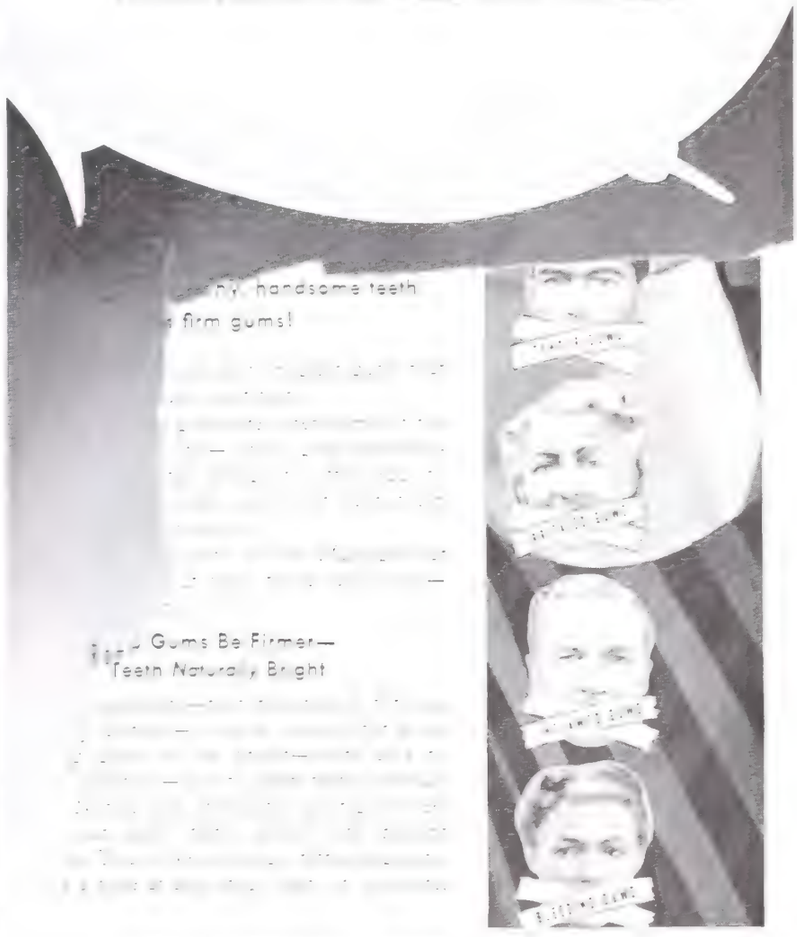
(Continued from Page 17)

MORNING IN THEIR EYES

> He's not the first man who pretended that nothing the matter mattered.

ALL *Sparkle* AND *Nice*

Every shower is the ideal salve-saving time. If you're still one who "hates" to brush your teeth, shame on you! Forhan's is so delicious. Because it massages gums while it cleans teeth. You'll love its bubble-like bowl, its frosty, fairy



Clinical Investigation Showed:

5% GINGIVITIS CASES APROVED IN 30 DAYS

By Massaging Gums and Brushing Teeth twice daily with Forhan's

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use **Forhan's** *with massage*

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Claudette Colbert

Co-starring in "THE EGG AND I"
A Universal-International Picture

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

Create that smooth, young look

...in just a few seconds with

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

Here's a simple, easy guide to a thrilling, more glamorous beauty for you. Just consult the chart shown here. Select and try your shade of Pan-Cake Make-Up to harmonize with your own individual colorings. See how it gives your skin that lovely, smooth, young look. Note how it helps hide tiny complexion faults. And you will be amazed at the way it stays on for hours without retouching. Yes, and "Pan-Cake" safeguards your skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs. Try "Pan-Cake" today for that smooth, young look.

Color Harmony Make-Up
"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER • ROUGE • LIPSTICK

(Continued from Page 129)

The strange woman put her arm about him. "Of course you loved her, poor little fellow. Perhaps she really loves you too. But somewhere your real mother and father are waiting for you. We have got to find them for you."

He pressed his face against her breast. For now there was no other breast for him to weep on.

II

All that was left of the church were the four white walls and the belfry and the spire pointing up like a sad, reproachful finger into the quiet summer sky. The curé in his black soutane stood among the graves and looked down at the village that lay beneath him in the valley, quiet, too, as the dead. At first he thought he was alone. But then he saw the tall, gangling fellow, cap in hand, with the sunlight pouring down on his russet-brown hair. He stood very still, his head bowed as though in prayer. *Monsieur le Curé* climbed over the graves to him—for the once neat paths had been blotted out by weeds—his soutane fluttering like the wings of a clipped bird in the light breeze.

"Étienne Duclos," he said. But it was as though he asked a startled question.

The man looked up, blinking a little. Then he held out his hand. "*Monsieur le Curé* ——"

"So we have come back."

"Some of us."

"Did they treat you badly, my son?"

"I limp a little. My hands aren't good for much." He held them out over the grave at his feet, showing their dreadfulness. But the gesture was also one of blessing. "She was lucky, my good Marie. She never knew."

The curé began to ask a question, but stopped in time. For he knew the answer. He turned a little, looking over the countryside which spread out green and peaceful round the church and the village like a quiet sea round a forgotten island.

"Our fields are still there," he said, "our good French fields—and God."

"Is God a German?" the man asked bitterly.

"He must be German too," the curé answered, smiling a little.

He turned and walked toward the doorway that led into the belfry, and after a moment's hesitation the younger man followed him. Inside the four close white walls was a sad twilight and the smell of damp and ruin. But the old bell still hung among the rafters. The rope trailed in the dust like a forlorn hope. The curé straightened his frail shoulders

"Let us call our people together, Étienne. Let us send them a message of reassurance. When they hear the bell ringing again they will know that their church still watches over them and that one day it will rise again out of the dust. They will think, 'If that old fellow of ours can rebuild his church we can take courage and rebuild our homes.'"

The man gave a short laugh. "How will you rebuild the church?" he asked. "Who will help you?"

"God," the curé said cheerfully. "His Son was a carpenter and I was a good mason in my youth. Between the two of us we shall manage quite well."

He gave the rope a tug. But he wasn't young any more and his strength had been spent in a bitter exile. Étienne Duclos looked up at the bell and saw it quiver like someone long dead being recalled by a miracle to life. Unwillingly, almost resentfully, he put his scarred hands above the old man's hands and the bell shook itself free and swung out gallantly, scattering the dust from its bronze shoulders. The cracked walls of the belfry shook with the echoes of its beloved, well-remembered voice. It cast a magic spell over the two men beneath so that they saw everything as it had been: the village with its neat whitewashed houses; the oxcarts creaking sleepily along the cobbled street; the women bustling alongside on their household errands; and the children laughing and playing together.

Étienne stood back, wiping the sweat from his thin cheeks, and the bell faltered sadly into silence. The curé turned to his companion, and what he saw in the ravaged face of the younger man moved him to a gentle exclamation of wonder and compassion. "Étienne," he murmured, "my poor friend."

"Haven't you any stamps with a Republican's picture on them?"

GUMS BLEED A TINY BIT?

then watch out—you may have

GINGIVITIS

4 OUT OF 5 may get this sly enemy of healthy, handsome teeth and firm gums!

Don't ever be so foolish as to neglect gums that bleed when you brush your teeth.

Tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation. BUT if neglected, Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months.

Then at home *be sure* to do this. Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with—Forhan's Toothpaste.

Help Gums Be Firmer—
Teeth *Naturally* Bright

Forhan's Toothpaste—that remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is made *especially* for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection—and to keep teeth *naturally* lustrous. Notice how stimulated your gums feel—how your teeth fairly *gleam* with radiant cleanliness. You'll like the tangy, refreshing taste, too! Buy a tube at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store.

Clinical Investigation Showed:

95% GINGIVITIS CASES IMPROVED IN 30 DAYS

By Massaging Gums and Brushing Teeth twice daily with Forhan's

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use* Forhan's *with massage

YOU'RE Twice as Smart

WITH VITALITY SHOES

Smart for BROWN THRUSH YOU

ORPHA

ARLENE

Smart for HUMMINGBIRD YOU

BILOXI

GLENDA

Nowadays, Vitality quality is more exciting, more exceptional, than ever. Quality materials . . . superb, restful fit . . . really finer shoes for your money. For up-and-doing, choose Vitalitys with special verve—for on-the-going . . . choose Vitalitys with extra zest. Be smart twice. At finer stores throughout America.

Vitality SHOES

Complete Range [illegible]

Vitality [illegible] Shoes

[illegible] Wear

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY, Division of International Shoe Company, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

"I'm going to look for my son," Étienne Duclos said rather loudly, as though he were defying someone. "I shall hunt the world over till I find him. I shall bring him home with me. He and I will help rebuild your church for you, *Monsieur le Curé.*"

The old man went up to him and put his frail arms about his shoulders and kissed him on either cheek.

III

THE director of the old convent where the lost children had been brought for refuge told Heini to sit on the chair beside her. She spoke in German, very slowly, so that he should understand.

But what is his real language? she asked herself. Because Heini spoke German like a baby learning to talk. Yet he wasn't stupid. He was a sturdy, intelligent-looking little fellow with comical freckles on his blunt nose and a thick thatch of russet hair to match. His eyes were a darkish blue, and you could imagine them bright with laughter and friendliness. But now there was a strange blank look in them, as though their inner sight were closed against everything but some secret vision.

"A crazy kid," the American welfare officer had said. "If I believed in witches I'd say he was bewitched."

The director ran her hand over his ruffled hair and he winced away from her. "Try to believe that I am your friend," she said patiently; "all of us here are your friends."

But he knew it wasn't true. She wore a uniform, and he knew that no one in uniform could be a friend. In his dream, at the bottom of his sleep, he knew why.

"I want to go home," he said stubbornly. "I want my mother."

"But she wasn't your mother. Sometime or other the Germans stole you from your real people. You have been so frightened that you have forgotten them. We are trying to help you to remember."

"I am a German," he said; "a real German boy."

"You have been taught to say that. One day perhaps we shall find out who you really are." She sighed. "Now go and play with your new friends," she said.

He stood up and made her a little bow, his heels together as *Mutterchen* had taught him, and walked stiffly out of the room and down the wide whitewashed stairs. Outside in the courtyard a group of children were learning to play again. They shouted to one another in broken English, which was to be their language. (But sometimes they forgot and fell back into the German which they had had to learn.)

Usually Heini walked away from them to the tall iron gates and stood there with his face pressed to the bars, looking down the dusty road that perhaps led home. These children were not his friends—not like Helmut and Trudi or Fritzle, of whom he couldn't think at all for fear the tears that he held back stubbornly during the daytime should break loose and shame him. ("German boys don't cry," *Mütterchen* had told him. If he obeyed her, even here, she might not be so lost to him.)

But today a dreadful loneliness dug its claws into him and dragged him with reluctant feet to the children's circle. He clenched his fists in the pockets of his belted tunic, and his fair brows were knitted in a fierce scowl so that if the children looked at him they would see how he despised and hated them. But no one took any notice of him except the ball which, tossed to a little girl who stood nearest him, flew over her head and rolled to Heini's feet. It lay there as Fritzle used to do, looking up at Heini and pleading humbly, urgently, that he should play with it. His legs tugged at his heart. He had to [illegible] fists tighter to keep them from runn[illegible] with him. The little girl stood t[illegible] waited. She had black wavy hair [illegible] eyes and a full, laughing mouth. [illegible] what kind of little girl she was an[illegible] must hate and despise her more th[illegible] them. *Mütterchen* had taught him [illegible] little song:

"When the streets run with their
We shall be happy ——"

The little girl picked up the ball, [illegible] didn't run back with it to her cor[illegible] Instead she spoke to Heini, softly [illegible] man. *"Was hast du, Bübchen?"*

She had no right to call him "[illegible] as though she were older and wise [illegible] was.

He said stiffly, "There's not [illegible] matter with me."

"Why don't you learn to speak [illegible] Why do you speak German?"

"Because I am a German," [illegible] haughtily.

She shook her head and laugh[illegible] no—you can't be. German boys [illegible] can't come here. But you might [illegible] anything else with those blue eyes, [illegible] red hair—perhaps something very, v[illegible]

"I don't [illegible] be anything [illegible]" repeated st[illegible] *"Ich bin doc[illegible] deutscher Ju[illegible]*

"All ri[illegible] doesn't mat[illegible] told him.

She calle[illegible] waiting pl[illegible] and they ca[illegible] and made a [illegible] round them [illegible] at Heini with [illegible] ful eyes tha[illegible] their gravi[illegible] thing that b[illegible] and frighten[illegible] It was as th[illegible] knew some[illegible] didn't kn[illegible] didn't want [illegible]

"My [illegible] Rachel Sa[illegible] the girl said. "I'm Polish. And thi[illegible] çois, who is French ——"

Heini's lip curled. "The French[illegible] people," he said. "They are no go[illegible] are afraid to fight."

The dark-haired little boy came [illegible] circle. His arms were thin as bro[illegible] and he was trembling. "I'll fight y[illegible]

THEY came up to each other li[illegible] angry bantams. Heini's fists were [illegible] pockets now. His mouth was [illegible] thirst. When he had beaten the ener[illegible] ground the thirst would be slal[illegible] wouldn't want to cry any more. I [illegible] feel big and strong.

But little Rachel stood betwe[illegible] "You mustn't. We're all friends [illegible] don't want to hurt each other. B[illegible] isn't fair. François is very sick. An[illegible] such a strong fellow."

"All Germans are strong," Heini[illegible] the tears were breaking to the sur[illegible] knew that Rachel had seen them, a[illegible] fear and hatred he used his last [illegible] *"Judin!"* he spat at her.

It was like an explosion, blowing [illegible] to pieces. But when the dust settle[illegible] that nothing had happened. The [illegible] were still there. The smile still lin[illegible] Rachel's face as though she had for[illegible] Her eyes were sad. But the sorrow [illegible] for herself. He had not hurt her. I[illegible] him because he was trying so de[illegible] not to cry. Suddenly she tossed [illegible] black curls. She threw the ball to [illegible] against his will he clutched at it. [illegible] was half blind and it slipped away[illegible]

"Butterfingers!" Rachel laug[illegible] threw it to him again. "Catch!" s[illegible] English.

(Continued on Page 134)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Short Cut

BY W. E. FARBSTEIN

People are foolish to buy antiques
For enormous sums, indeed,
When they can produce in a couple
of weeks
All the antiques they need
By giving their kids an electric
train
To run on the living-room
terrain.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Berkshire Nylon Stockings

Beautiful Berkshire
51-gauge nylons and Nylace
Kantrun nylons...

sheer sheer
and full fashioned
for flawless fit.
They're breathtaking!

Sheer...
Sheer...

Berkshire

For the loveliest legs in the world . . . by the world's largest manufacturer of full-fashioned stockings

...by DuPont

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1953, Berkshire Knitting Mills

Women know its value!

Soft-Weve's facial tissue softness is enough to recommend it. But when you consider it is firm, too—really practical . . . then you'll have no other! In our household everyone is agreed there's no other like it!

A SCOTT TISSUE
Soft-Weve
White Facial Quality

Cleansing tissue soft
...toilet tissue firm

P.S. a cleansing tissue by Scott

...so soft
...so firm
you'll like Scotties

(Continued from Page 152)

This time he held it fast.

"You must say 'catch,'" Rachel ordered. There was something sweet and warm about her smile. Henri had to grin back at her, his mouth quivering.

"Ca-a-tch,' he stammered.

"There, you see. You are learning. In a little while you will have forgotten you were a German. And you won't mind a bit. Sigismund was a German once, weren't you, Sigi? But now he's Polish. And one day, when you know what you are, you'll be happy again too."

The tears won out. He flung himself on the ground, the sobs shaking his whole body, racking it till it seemed that it must fall to pieces. But no one laughed. Instead a grave and gentle silence encompassed him. Rachel knelt beside him and put her arms about him, drawing his head against her breast. It was such a funny, bony little breast. But it was kind.

"There. You will be better soon."

The director, looking out her office window, smiled to herself. *It has begun to work at last*, she thought.

IV

Life women came out of their ruined homes to see Étienne Duclos set out on his pilgrimage. From his seat on Mme. Buisson's charet, drawn by her old donkey, Alphonse, who had been alive before the Occupation, Étienne waved back to them. Their faces, that years of grief and fear had lined and hardened, glowed with the warmth of a fire that, almost burned out, had been rekindled. Everywhere, Étienne thought, life was stirring. The fields were bright with spring and the promise of harvest. In his own heart hope had thrust up brave shoots. Over the radio the villagers had heard how the Allies had gathered together thousands of lost children who were waiting in the German camps for their parents to come and claim them. Among them would be little Henri Duclos. Étienne was sure of it. The villagers were so sure that out of their poverty they had scraped together the money for his journey, and *Monsieur le Curé* had made a little presentation speech.

"We know what you have suffered, Étienne," he said, standing before the church crucifix under the open sky. "For we, too, have suffered. But it is not only for your sake that we are sending you on your way. France needs all her children to build a new Jerusalem out of her ruins."

Étienne had stood there, embarrassed by so much kindness, the tears, that he hadn't shed even when he had learned that Marie was dead and his son lost in the black tide of chaos, running down his cheeks.

"We are all your friends," *Monsieur le Curé* had concluded, "and our prayers will go with you, upholding you." He had made the sign of the cross over Étienne's bowed head.

Étienne had strapped the money to his waist, together with all the precious documents that *Monsieur le Maire* had collected for him, and he carried a battered old bag that Louise Carnot had lent him for the journey. Louise was a good woman who had loved his Marie and had nursed her devotedly when Henri had been born.

She came running down a side lane with her shawl clutched about her shoulders. Terrible things had happened to her. She had been carried into slavery, and no one had dared to ask what her slavery had meant. She had been a young and pretty woman when the Germans had taken her away with them. She had come back with a look in her eyes as of one who had been down in the nethermost pit and had come back with an unspeakable knowledge. But also a new dignity had been laid about her shoulders like a protecting mantle.

"The soul of a good Christian is an impregnable fortress," *Monsieur le Curé* had preached on the Sunday after her return. "The walls may be scarred and the defenders sore-stricken with the fear of sin and death. But the foul feet of the invader can never cross the threshold of the inner citadel."

She walked fast beside the charet. She carried a package wrapped in old newspaper that she laid at Étienne's feet.

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EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

"A little something to eat on the way, Étienne," she said, "and an old suit belonging to our Mathieu. He too, you remember, was just ten years old."

Étienne looked down at her. Mathieu was her young brother whom the Germans had caught in the street after curfew. He had gone out to look for a lost kitten and was bringing it home in his arms when they caught him. They shot him out of hand and tossed the kitten into a water butt.

"Thank you, Louise. You have a kind heart."

He thought suddenly, *One day I shall be able to really see her—when I have found my son. We shall begin to build up our lives—the three of us together.* But now he could only take her hand in the firm clasp of an old, tried friendship.

"When you come back, you two," Louise gasped, "the village will be *en fête*. I will tell you something you are not supposed to know. The men are going to put a new roof to your house. We women are cutting up old dresses to make curtains—and even things not to be mentioned. It was to have been a surprise. But perhaps it will strengthen you to know that we are doing our part."

He couldn't speak.

Mme. Buisson clucked impatiently. "Women can never hold their tongues," she said. She shook the reins and poked old Alphonse in the rump with her stick. "*Allons, allons.* We shall miss the train."

Nobody ever got indigestion eating humble pie. —Be-fast Newsletter.

Alphonse actually broke into a trot. Étienne stood up and looked back—at Louise standing in the middle of the street and the village they would rebuild together. He waved to everyone—to the whole future.

"We shall come home," he shouted to them all.

V

The director walked through the cool white dormitory. "Good night, children," she said in her warm voice.

"Good night, good night!" they called back to her in English. Little by little it was becoming the language common to them all.

It seemed a long time ago that Heini had tucked his head under the bedclothes like a sullen captive bear cub. Now he shouted "Good night" louder than any of them. It wasn't true, what *Mütterchen* had told him. He had not been beaten or killed. Every day he seemed a little more alive. Tomorrow morning the room would be full of sunshine. Through the open windows he would hear the singing of birds, and all about him the sleepy twittering of his new friends who had taught him how to play. So *Mütterchen* had lied to him. These people were not bad people. Even François, who was French and very sick, was brave as a lion, and Rachel was a kind, lovely little girl. One of these days Heini meant to marry her.

The door closed. The director's firm footsteps faded down the corridor. For a moment there was a tense hush. Then bedclothes were swept back. With subdued laughter the children gathered around Heini's bed. They piled themselves almost on top of him. Across the corridor a door opened, and Rachel and the little girls who slept with her crept in, mouse-quiet, wrapped in sheets and looking like small ghosts. It was all strictly forbidden. But they weren't afraid any more to do things that were *verboten*. They might be punished. But naughtiness and punishment were part of a game they and the grownups played together. If you hadn't been really bad you could see the twinkle in the grownups' eyes. They, too, they remembered, had been naughty in their time.

Rachel perched herself on Heini's pillow, which was her accepted place, and wrapped her thin arms about her knees. He liked to feel her warm closeness. It gave him the comfort that *Mütterchen* had given him. But it was different. It wasn't a fierce demanding, but a complete, unquestioning giving. Perhaps that was why he didn't seem able to

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Cashmere Bouquet

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see *Mütterchen* very clearly. She was sinking to the bottom of the dream that he could never remember.

"Tell us more, Rachel!" the children whispered.

Because Rachel had found an aunt and uncle in America. They had written her, and by the next emigrant ship she was going to them. Already she knew more than anybody else about the fairy-tale country where the houses towered up into the sky like the peaks of magic mountains and where everybody had enough to eat and no one was afraid of anyone.

"If you want to hard enough you can be the President," Rachel said. "Even I could be President. I could tell people what they ought to do, but they wouldn't have to do it, because everyone is free."

"Tell us more!" the children pleaded.

Her arm about Heini's shoulder tightened. "I will tell you something wonderful. I heard the director talking. We are all going together, except François, who is being sent somewhere in the mountains where he will become well and strong again. You see, we are quite, quite lost. So we can all go. We can stay close to each other all the rest of our lives."

"I used to be sad because my mother was dead," someone whispered. "But I think now she will be glad, too, for me."

François was very quiet. They knew that he was weeping.

"It will be only for a little time," Rachel comforted him. "When you are well again you will come over the sea and we shall be waiting for you. By that time we shall be very rich and you will make your home with us. You mustn't cry."

François wiped his nose on the sleeve of his pajamas and held his head high so that the tears should run back wherever they came from.

Heini sat tense and anxious He knew now that he wasn't a German little boy. *Mütterchen* wasn't his real mother. So perhaps—perhaps—

"It's all right," Rachel whisperec quite lost too. Nobody can find ou are or where you come from. S come with all of us."

A load lifted from his heart. though a steel barrier that divided a warm fraternity had melted. H with them all. He belonged at las

"I shall be President," he saic "and I shall marry you and we v a White House together."

She kissed him on the top of head. "O.K.," she said in her b tongue.

VI

THE director stood with her tea base of the flagpole. She couldn't she could feel the gallant strip o flying out in the light breeze over In moments of discouragement fear she looked out her office wir the sight of its bright flickering comforted and reassured her. It w that a strip of bunting could do for you.

The children stood in a doubl looked up at it. The morning ligh their eyes. Already the flag had con something to them too—enough t safety, and the kindness of good was against disenchantment that warn them. She had to make the stand that real treasure is alway They would have to dig for it.

"Tomorrow," she said, "we good-by. You will travel in a big great new world. It is waiting to gi best it has. But you children m your best too. You must use all learned from sorrow and sufferin the wrongs you will find and to n country a better place because yo it." She looked at the freckled-nos the front rank, and he smiled bravely back at her. "Now we wi our song," she concluded rather "and give three cheers for U. S. United States."

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y stood at attention. They sang with different accents but with one heart:

"America, America ——"

ıe end they tossed their arms into the ltantly, and their voices blended like red little silver trumpets.

man walking up the dusty road from tion heard them. He was footsore and ck.

ere," the old German peasant said as though they had always been good . "You can see the convent down mong the trees. Perhaps you will find :tle son waiting for you."

rhaps," Étienne said wearily. For come to the end of journey to a last

ntly he sat in a hitewashed office. the table littered pers was an elderly woman in uniform ɔked at him with kind but troubled

ı may have come just in time, mon- she said in fluent but accented "All the children whose parents are ed dead are going to America tomor- our son may be among them." She at his worn face that gave the impres- having been scarred by knives, and ırt sank. "There is one little boy, he age of your little boy. He called Heinrich Müller, after his German ɔarents. He is called Henry Miller le—he is very like you."

man shook his head. "He was six d when the Germans took him. He emember who he is."

He has forgotten everything—even ve tongue. He must have been so frightened." She stood up. "He is for the last time in his little garden. l find him there alone. If he is your son you will recognize him. But he may not recognize you." She hesitated. "Perhaps he will try not to. You must be prepared for that."

Étienne Duclos lifted his eyes to hers. They were very blue and, in the ravaged face, had a startling look of youth and innocence. "You mean—if he is my son he will not go to America?"

"No."

"And he wants very much to go?"

"It's natural, isn't it? He will be with his friends. It will be the beginning of a new life."

"*Mais oui.*" He looked down at his clasped and battered hands. "*Le pauvre gars!*" he said almost to himself.

"So you must be very sure, monsieur."

He stood up with the stiff-jointedness of a peasant. "Very, very sure," he said.

You can't push yourself forward by patting yourself on the back. — ANON.

VII

THE children's gardens backed onto the north wall of the convent and were bathed in sunlight. Of all of them Heini's was the greenest and neatest. He had an understanding of the earth and of all growing things. That was what the strange man who stood beside him said.

"*Tu as la main verte, mon petit,*" he said. But then he saw that the boy didn't understand and translated as best he could, his voice hoarse as though he had been crying.

Heini cocked his head to listen. In the deep place where the dream lay asleep he felt it stir uneasily, ruffling the darkness. "Who are you?" he asked. "Have you come perhaps to take us to America?"

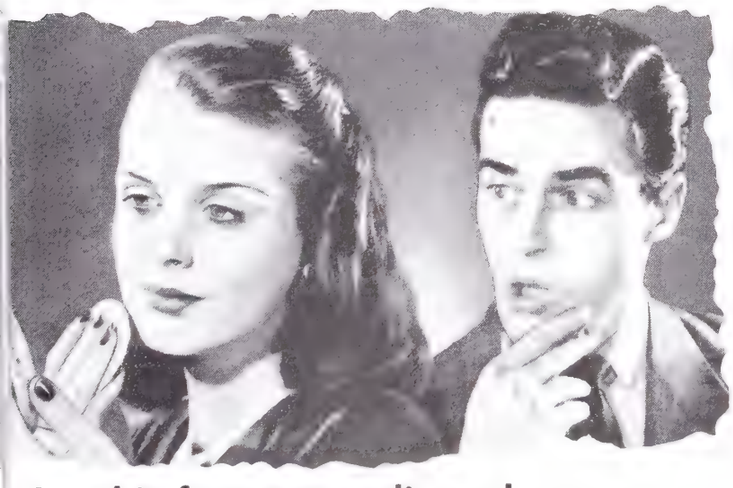
The man sat down on an overturned box against the wall. He sat forward, hiding his face, his strange beaten-looking hands clasped between his knees. "No," he said, "I can't go to America."

"Aren't your father and mother dead too?"

"Yes. But I've got to go back where I belong."

"Where do you come from?"

)on't cover up a poor complexion



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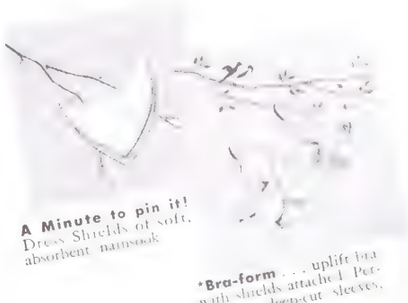

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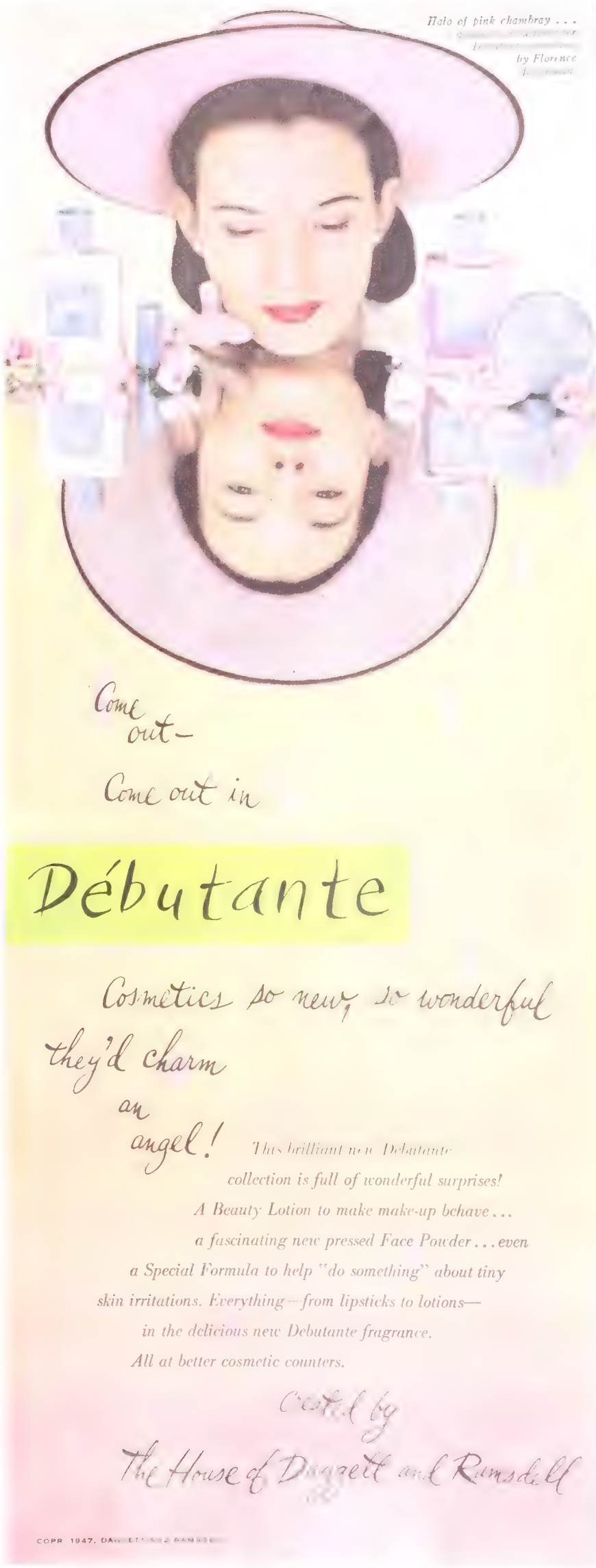
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"Prison," he said simply.

The boy thrust his hands into the belt of his tunic, frowning with the effort of some inner struggle. "Fraulein Green says lots of good people go to prison—the very best."

"I was a prisoner of war."

"Are you going home now?"

"I have been home—for a little while."

"Why are you here?"

"I have been traveling—looking for a lost friend."

"Haven't you found him?"

The man's hands were white about the knuckles. "No," he said.

The boy took a step nearer. He was like a young animal flairing something strange and perhaps dangerous. "Aren't you lonely?"

The man lifted his blue eyes. He narrowed them against the sunlight. "It seems I must be." He asked after a moment, almost eagerly, "And you, my little one, are you lonely?"

"Oh, no. Not now. I was once. And awfully frightened—so frightened I couldn't speak properly. I didn't know who I was."

"Who are you now?"

"My name is Henry Miller. In a few days I shall be an American citizen."

He came still closer. He put out his hand tentatively as though he wanted to touch the man's sleeve. But his hand dropped. From her window the director saw the two red-brown heads glowing close to each other in the sunlight.

"Who are you?" the boy asked again.

The man straightened up. He rested his clenched fists on his knees. "My name's Duclos," he said. "Étienne Duclos. I am a French peasant from Brittany. My village is called Saint Epernay. All my people were born there—my wife and son too."

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know. When I came out of prison they were gone."

The boy crouched cross-legged at the man's feet. "You must find them."

"Perhaps I shall—one day."

"Tell me about your village."

"There isn't much left of it to tell about. The big guns blew down the walls of the houses. Then a terrible fire started. The roof of the white church that stands on the hill fell in. But the spire is still there—and the belfry. Just before I left *Monsieur le Cure* and I rang the bell for vespers ——"

Yes, the boy heard it—way down in the depths that were no longer so deep. He threw back his head. "Ding-dong," he chanted, "ding-dong-ding."

"Yes," Étienne Duclos said. "It sounds a bit like that. When the people heard it for the first time they couldn't believe their ears. They came out of their cellars to l[isten]. Most of them had given up hope, bu[t he] bell gave them courage. They felt that [they] could begin again. With the old brick [and] stones they could rebuild their homes [be]fore fields were still there, waiting for them.

"Are you going back?"

"Yes." And now the man spoke w[ith] deep but controlled passion. "Yes—I [shall] go back. I shall rebuild my house as i[t was] in my father's time. And I shall til[l the] fields."

"But you can't. Your hands ——"

The man looked down at them. "If [they] were stumps," he said between his [teeth]. "I should make them work for me. T[hat is] the way I reason. If we rebuild our v[illage] other villages will take heart. And the[n the] towns and cities will say to themselves, [Well,] now, we can't let those little fellows put [us to] shame.' They will rise out of their [ashes.] France will rise ——"

The boy stood up, listening, as thou[gh to] someone far off who had called his [name.] "You must find your friend," he said. [He] will need him to help you."

"Even without him!" the man ret[orted] proudly. He stood up too. He said [with a] sudden harshness, "I must be on my [way]."

The boy asked a strange question. "Is [there] a little dog in your village? Does he run [with] the street barking at the heels of the o[ld]?"

"Yes, he is still there. He was st[ill a] mongrel that the Germans didn't bothe[r with] him, and somehow he managed to scro[unge] living for himself ——"

"—— catching rabbits," the boy la[ughed]. "Frou-Frou could always catch a ra[bbit]."

The man held out his hand. N[ow] seemed, he was desperately anxious [to be] gone. "Good-by," he said. "Good [luck]. When you are a great man over there [you] be very proud."

There was a familiar strength in [the] broken fingers. Warmth and comfort [flowed] up from their clasp to the boy's heart. [Out] the black depths of his memory the [dream] burst to the surface. He knew why h[e had] forgotten. He knew pain and the ter[ror of] being little and lost and helpless. Bu[t now] the terror subsided like a wicked fir[e that] has almost burned itself out. In the [cold] sunlight he saw the village street a[nd the] patient oxen and the grave, friendly f[aces] his people. He saw the man walkin[g] toward the gates and the road home. I[t ran] after him, shouting. His clear young [voice] sounded like a bell in the drowsy sile[nce].

He shouted in English, "Wait—I [come] with you, father!" And then in a r[apture] joyous triumph, "*Attends, mon père, j'[ai] avec toi!*"

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Poem of Afternoon

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

There is something singular about
the woman
Crossing the field between her
house and shed,
A common farmer's wife, yet she is
going
As if the train of a gown behind
her spread.

She walks slow because her skirt is
longer
Than any kitchen skirt ever would be;
She is by herself, and yet her air is
She goes gracious in midst of company.

I believe she must be talking gaily
Though the wind blows all her
words away.
Never did I see a woman step so queenly
In any field that bears the
common hay.

But now I come up nearer to the
mystery,
It is no mystery; it is a lovely plain
Poem of afternoon at any farmhous[e]
And I have seen it happen again and [again]

The farmer's wife is carrying out
the supper
To all the creatures let out of thei[r pens]
To scratch the stubble left after the
mowing,
The woman has a long train of her [own].

The hens crowd close, the air runs
tense, electric
With joy and hunger, friendli-
ness, good will;
The hens are decorous and bland.
though every
Eye is lit, and tilted every bill.

No wonder the woman is on her
best behavior,
Being looked up to so by weare[rs]
of wings,
A continent of good will moves behi[nd her]
No wonder she walks and talks
like a queen, or sings!

Now your hair will Shine...

with more abundant, more brilliant, more lasting luster

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Medicine's Fifth Column

BY VIRGIL H. MOON, A.B., M.Sc., M.D.
Professor of Pathology, Jefferson Medical College

)ICAL science today is threatened obstructionists, saboteurs and fifth lumnists. Under the guise of pre- nting cruelty to animals, the anti- ionists seek to deprive medical re- f its most valuable method animal entation.

test animal is to biologic science ie test tube is to chemistry. It s conditions for determining the disease, how the cause affects the nd organs, and what remedies or res may counteract the cause or its effects. Had these methods not ed, medicine would still be the same ieration of suppositions and dogma was in past centuries. The princi- ich underlie causation, prevention itment were developed through ex- tation on animals.

he results have been such that man- s never known such freedom from ible or curable diseases as in 1947. with new drugs, the doctor is almost ant in the presence of former Today he can tell his patient "It's neumonia," or "Just a touch of Vital statistics show that the life ncy of children born in 1945 is 18 nger than those born in 1911. In a on of 140 million total salvage of o and one half years of human single generation. by their militant on to the pur- id methods of medical science, the sectionists have aligned themselves enemies of human health and hap- Their activities obstruct the cam- eradication in which the medical on is engaged; they aid and protect ny.

> Hope is the nurse of each misery.

movement is based upon the false that animals are treated cruelly manely by medical scientists, that sia is used in less than 5 per cent of ents on animals. The fact is omitted than 5 per cent of experiments re- nesthesia. The testing of drugs for or poisonous qualities requires no sia. Thousands of animals were testing and developing such drugs rsan, sulpha compounds and peni- hose animals suffered no more pain and I suffer when we take these housands of animals are used each experiments on vitamins and food cies. These animals are not starved; od is abundant, but lacks certain s. Such experiments provided all sent knowledge concerning vita-

representative results of animal entation should be noted. Dr. er Jackson developed the broncho- nd perfected the technique for per- operations and removing foreign in the bronchial passages and . This required the use of dogs— gs. No doctor will dare attempt to bronchoscope into the throat of a less he is skilled in this technique. ill, both in Doctor Jackson and his s, came from practice on animals. has a throat more nearly like that han has any other domestic animal. be stated that this procedure *always* e under anesthesia?

Mütter Museum of the College of ns of Philadelphia is a collection of ects removed from human lungs in Jackson's clinic. The collection includes gravel, coins, buttons, nails, pins, shells, bones, teeth, erasers, marbles; almost every known object small enough to go into a child's mouth is represented in the collection. Formerly when a bean, popcorn or peanut was aspirated, the child was almost certainly doomed to a lingering death. Now a skilled bronchoscopist can be found in any section of this country. It is not possible to calculate how many thousands of children have been saved by this technique.

SURGERY has made outstanding advances recently, particularly in the delicate technique of repairing nerves, blood vessels and in operations on the heart and lungs. Recently Dr. Alfred Blalock has developed methods for transplanting and joining blood vessels so that children born with malformations of the heart may have these corrected. The surgical excision of a lobe or even of a whole lung may now be done successfully; this has been a lifesaving operation in selected cases of gangrene, tuberculosis, bronchiectasis or tumors. These techniques were developed by similar operations on dogs, never without complete anesthesia and the same asepsis and aftercare as in the treatment of human patients.

When a horse, dog or cat suffered a broken leg, the animal formerly was killed humanely, for it [illegible] to hold the fragments in place long enough for healing. Dr. Otto Stader, a veterinarian, perfected a metal device which grasped and held the bones rigidly in place, attached to an outside bar strong enough to bear the animal's weight. This required years of experimentation, but now the Stader splint is standard equipment for veterinarians, and countless pets owe their lives to it. The appliance was found to give excellent results in human subjects and was adopted by the Medical Corps of our military forces. Many a wounded veteran will have a more useful limb because of the Stader splint.

Animals are absolutely necessary for determining the curative properties of remedies and for standardizing their potency. Doctor Ehrlich's search for "the magic bullet"—a chemical agent to kill the spirochetes of syphilis—involved the methodical testing of one arsenical compound after another. Not one among the first 605 drugs was suitable, but the 606th had the desired qualities: it could be given safely by hypodermic needle to human beings and it had stronger antisyphilitic properties than any other known drug. In this search, probably not fewer than ten rabbits were treated with each drug; certainly thousands of rabbits were used before the Salvarsan (606) treatment was perfected. Untold millions of human beings have been restored to health and to useful life by this treatment.

Doctor Ehrlich's discovery marked the beginning of chemotherapy and led to the use of sulpha drugs and penicillin. Each of these was tested for its effectiveness and for its safety before it was used in treating man.

The new drug streptomycin promptly checks some infections which are not benefited by sulpha drugs or by penicillin. A group of workers at the Mayo Foundation is now investigating its effects upon tuberculosis by the same technique used before with sulpha compounds. Tuberculosis is produced artificially in guinea pigs, then they are treated with the drug. Results are

Smart mothers like Daniel Greens

...smart children give them!

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

(*Top*) The Fleur, $7.50
(*Center*) The Majorette, $5.50
(*Bottom*) The Juke, $5.50
All of rayon-satin in Heaven Blue, Blossom Pink, Cherry, Royal Blue, Wine and Black.

Daniel Green
COMFY SLIPPERS
Famous since 1882... they stay in shape

so encouraging that streptomycin is now being tried in human cases. So far, it offers greater hope than any drug previously used in tuberculosis.

During World War I, shock caused a high rate of mortality among wounded men because the condition was not understood and means for preventing or treating it were not effective. During subsequent years many investigators studied this problem intensively; experiments on animals were absolutely necessary in these investigations. As a result, the causes for shock were disclosed and means were devised for its prevention and treatment. These resulted in a tremendous saving of lives in World War II. Millions of civilians donated their blood in order that wounded men might not die from the effects of shock and hemorrhage. During the First World War the mortality among wounded men was slightly above 9 per cent; in the recent war the mortality was only 3 per cent. Among approximately 800,000 wounded, this resulted in saving the lives of 48,000 American boys. Certainly not that many animals were used in the experiments which led to these results. Is the life of a dog, cat or rabbit too high a price to pay for the life of a man?

These are only a few out of hundreds of notable victories won by medical science at war with disease. Yet the antivivisectionists vigorously demand legislation prohibiting or limiting the use of animals for medical purposes. Such legislation was attempted recently in California, Illinois, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and in Congress. In each instance the friends of medical research successfully opposed the passage of the bills. But the margin of success was narrow.

Suppose that efforts of the antivivisectionists had succeeded and that the use of animals for medical purposes had ended with the year 1946. Such a catastrophe would not only halt the progress of medical science and make future conquests impossible; it would deprive physicians of invaluable weapons already perfected and in use.

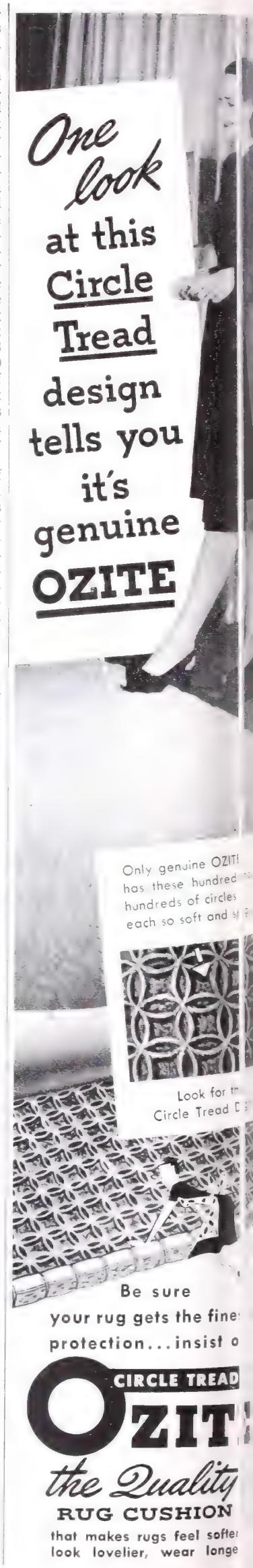
The Wassermann test for syphilis and biologic tests for other conditions could not be made. Physicians could no longer be sure that their drugs are reliable, for the potency of digitalis, ergot, vitamins, insulin, adrenalin, cortin, of all other hormones and many other drugs, can be determined and standardized only by their effects on animals.

Nor could antitoxins for diphtheria, tetanus, snake bites, meningitis or gangrene be made. Epidemics of smallpox might again become common, for animals could not be used in preparing vaccine.

Animal tests of blood, urine, pus and other secretions are required in all modern hospitals. These are as necessary in diagnosis as are X-ray pictures. There are 6611 registered hospitals in the United States, not including several hundred military hospitals. Imagine that all the patients which these hospitals will serve henceforth would be deprived of accurate diagnosis.

The most intensive and exhaustive research on cancer yet undertaken has been initiated by the American Society for Cancer Research, the National Research Council and the National Institute of Health. Millions of dollars are available for this; scores of research men, experienced in cancer work, are prying into every biologic angle of tumors. Deprived of experimental animals, this research would be obliged to halt.

In view of the contributions of modern medicine to human welfare, efforts to stop research and to deprive physicians of their best weapons are bewildering. For the war against disease concerns the public as much as the medical profession. The Friends of Medical Research is a society of laymen organized to oppose the antivivisection menace. It helped to defeat antivivisection legislation in New York in 1946. For the welfare of your children and of their children, join and support this movement. Intelligent organized action is required in every state; otherwise the clock of progress, in matters of human health and longevity, may be turned back toward the Middle Ages. THE END



Burnt Sugar

BY HELEN CURRY

It's so beautiful I had to wear it!

...and that beauty and wonderment will last for years and years through countless launderings, because you know that somewhere in the country of that lucky woman who owns a pair of St. Marys Blankets ... and every blanket carried a tag to prove it. That's why all women who know them prefer St. Marys Blankets. See them now ... in a wide selection of gay, dreamy pastels and rich dark tones ... with beautiful satin-smooth bindings.

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"Cascade"

BY AMERICAN HAIR DESIGN INSTITUTE

A CAPTIVATING NEW COIFFURE!

Modern version of the enchanting Victorian "waterfall." Makes the most of you in the new soft-shouldered, longer-skirted fashions! There's a version flattering to every feminine face . . . and you can easily keep yours salon-smart and shining with a fine brush!

Brush by Owens

Owens Patrician* curves through your hair, holds and encourages wave, growth and curl. Every stroke burnishes far more area. Stagger-set nylon bristles clear and polish every hair they touch. Long, graceful handle, shaped to give a firm natural grip, makes hair-brushing a pleasant beauty ritual. This gem of good grooming in sparkling Lucite . . . $5.00. At all fine department and drug stores. Owens Brush Co., Toledo 7, Ohio. Subsidiary of Owens-Illinois Glass Co.

*Trademark

Owens BRUSHES

guardians

says that Simon Byrne was a prisoner in the same *Offlag*. He died last year."

"Oh, poor darling!" said Brenda, in the sweet, hollow voice she used when the conventions demanded an assumption of sorrow. One's heart had been wrung so often that there had come a time when it recorded merely a mechanical spasm. She went on arranging the flowers with a set expression.

Lisby said nothing. She sat very still in the recesses of the armchair and clasped her knees to still their trembling. "So much death, one cannot bear it," she said at last, and got herself out of the room somehow. She always took things to heart—concentration camps and everything—as if she suffered in her own body the agony of unknown millions.

"It's all very well for Lisby," said Brenda with a shrug "But, after all, she hasn't had any *personal* loss in this war. Not like you and me. I mean, when someone's killed who's been in love with one, it makes it all so terribly poignant. I sometimes think I've felt so much, I *can't* feel any more. Those poor lambs!" She sighed and dipped her face into the roses, as if she would leave with them the expression of grief she could now decently abandon. It was almost as if she were leaving the roses on his grave to symbolize her thoughts of him, that would fade more quickly than they. "He was sweet, but rather dumb," she said.

"Did he ever ——" asked Charlotte, looking over her tortoise-shell glasses.

"Not in so many words. You all took it for granted it was me. But perhaps, after all, *you* were the attraction, Charlotte." But the hint of doubt found no expression in the tones of her voice.

"Or Lisby. It really is rather awful the way we leave her out of account."

Charlotte sealed her letter and took off her glasses. She had a face like La Belle Ferronière, on which the glasses had the air of an amusing affectation. But Brenda had the flowerlike delicacy of a Piero della Francesca. Lisby had seen the resemblances and had made her sisters a present of them. But no one had noticed that she herself was like the watching girl who holds a basket on her head in the background of El Greco's Christ in the Temple.

"Of course," said Charlotte, affixing a stamp, "it wasn't I. That's a thing I never make a mistake about. A woman always knows."

"Well, I am not so cocksure about love as you seem to be. I mean, I'm inclined to say to myself, '*If* he does so and so, *if* he remembers what hat I wore the day before yesterday, *if* he bothers to look up the address I'm staying at in the telephone book, *then* I shall know for certain.' But I don't remember applying any such tests to Simon. Somehow we never got that far. Though I had my suspicions, of course."

BRENDA carried the roses across the room and put them on the piano, in the midst of the numerous photographs of young men in uniform. Surreptitiously she changed the place of one. He had been shot down over Hamburg, and his place was among the dead. Perhaps no one but herself, who was responsible for it, was aware of this arrangement of the photographs. She had a feeling about the matter of which she would not have spoken for the world. It did not exactly amount to a superstition. Perhaps it meant no more than did the meticulous dividing up of her books into their respective categories. It irritated her to find a novel thrust in between two volumes of poetry. Death, perhaps, was poetry, and life, prose. Or was it the other way round?

In the midst of preparations for the wedding, no one, it seemed, gave another thought to Simon Byrne.

"Lisby seems rather odd these days—sort of strung-up," said Charlotte one day. "Do you think, Brenda, that subconsciously she minds my getting married and your being engaged? I mean, it can't be much fun, poor child, seeing happiness through other people's eyes, as Shakespeare has already rema She snapped off a thread and took th out of a seam.

Brenda looked down with a preoc expression at the ring on her long pale where it lay on a fold of crepe de Chi had been sewing. "How incredibly luc are that our two have come through a she said. "Gerald doesn't know *how* he is; because it *might* have been J don't know, but I *think* it might have I was devastated when he was killed. say you are right about Lisby. But can we do? . . ."

"That cyclamen color you've chos the bridesmaids—of course, you'll look in it, but it's trying for Lisby. H knows, she's sallow enough."

"But, my dear, what was I to do? W the stuff and we've got no coupons. I Gerald were back, we could have double wedding and both got out of I way. I feel we rather swamp her, you k like two arc lamps putting out the light. Now, isn't that a tribute to our

CHARLOTTE was married on a golde While they waited for her in the Lisby thought that Brenda looked mo an Italian primitive than ever, pal bright as an angel. *But we are all wro the blue horizon and the golden lea shrill, too springlike*, she thought. Th flections stained with rose the dewdro spider's web slung between two tombs

A cab drove up to the lich gat Charlotte came down the path on the an uncle, her dark eyes shining throu veil. She was so majestic, so withdraw they did not vent speak to her, but out her train whis nervously together.

Richard Harkness at the altar steps. T he had rather a look. It argued a spirituality in Ch not to be deceived ward appearances, but to swoop une on the qualities she wanted. But he been Simon's sort. He had never me Simon's name in Lisby's presence. S grateful to him for that, but she c forgive him.

She stole a glance apprehensively best man. He had been in the camp doctor, they said. He had a dark, face, sensitive and melancholy. On keep out of his way.

The wedding reception was like an the strained hilarity, the desperate fri lit with a perilous brightness as of tears. Corks popped, the cake was c toasts proposed. Charlotte came out trance, and Richard made a speech so ing that all her friends began to thin knew, after all, what she saw in him.

There was Brenda by the window desperately to make conversation wit tain Oliver. When her voice was hi strained like that, one knew she was and there were those faint mauve sh under her eyes. The man was diffic seemed to have no capacity for sma

"By the way, did you come across one who was a friend of mine—Simon He was in the tanks," she said.

Brenda . . . don't! . . . Don't! cried out soundlessly, with a pain like about her heart. His name seemed t through the room like a clash of c She felt that it must pierce every brea It made a stranger of Brenda. It comprehensible that she could use it conversation, that to her it could be like any other.

Lisby saw the start that Captain gave. He turned quickly and lo Brenda—a long, searching look.

"Yes, I knew Byrne," he said.

"He was such a dear. We liked much. Look, Charlotte has gone change. I must fly after her."

They were gone at last. Charlott out and waved. Someone threw after the taxicab.

(Continued on Page 146)

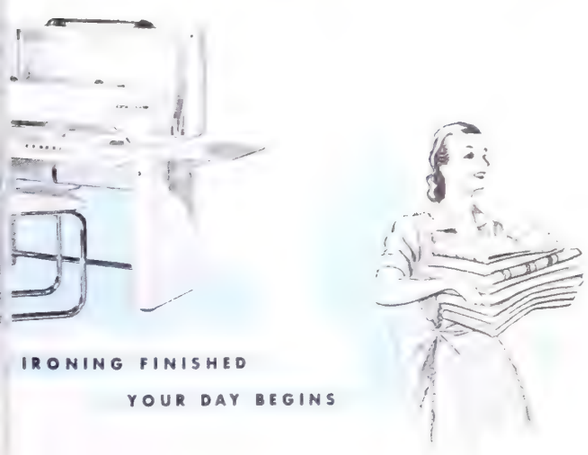
When people say they are giving you their opinion for what it is worth, you can be sure they put a high value on it. —RICHARD ARMOUR.

To Mother with Love—

for happier days ahead

To whisk through a big family ironing—and have sparkle and energy left over to enjoy *being a mother. To have leisure time—and not be too tired to enjoy it. That's every mother's dream.*

Every day is Mother's Day for you—when you have a HORTON Ironer. For the HORTON is much more than a beautiful, glistening, streamlined piece of modern equipment. It's ironing day without drudgery, for all the years ahead—ironing day that means sitting in comfortable ease and letting your ironer do the work. For happier days ahead, see your Horton dealer today.



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Makers of America's finest laundry equipment continuously since 1871. In Canada, the trade name **HORTON ELECTROHOME** distinguishes products manufactured and sold by Horton's affiliate, Dominion Electrohome Industries, Ltd., of Kitchener, Ontario.

Illustrated: five of the twelve Gorham patterns

I couldn't believe my eyes

"Dear me, the day before a girl gets married is exciting...especially when your Dad's present is the Gorham Camellia you've wanted so very much! Of course, I'd been hinting that every bride should begin with *solid silver*...to use and enjoy every day like Mother does. It's so easy to afford real sterling. First, a few place-settings...then match and add as you wish. But I don't think Dad really needed a sales talk on Gorham... it's been tops for more than a century for craftsmanship and beauty." Send for illustrated book, "Entertaining—the Sterling Way," 10¢ (outside U.S.A. 40¢). Address The Gorham Company, LHJ-510, Providence 7, Rhode Island.

THE MODERN WAY *to start sterling is* ... *place-settings, each consisting of six pa... above in Gorham Camellia. With a few pl... you can begin using sterling immediately.*

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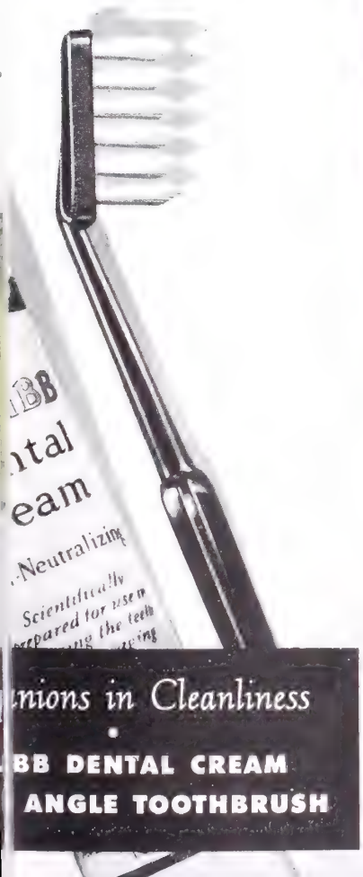

You've got that springtime feeling

...with your teeth so clean
...mouth so fresh!

Your whole mouth feels fresh as a spring blossom after you brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream . . . the cream with delightful refreshment.

And that's especially true when you use it with the Squibb Angle Toothbrush—bent like a dentist's mirror to reach more places.

The Squibb brush and cream are a modern team for effective, delightful mouth care!

SQUIBB

A name you can trust

Any waffle you eat tastes better with

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The best and nothing but the best is labeled

ARMOUR ★

DO MEN OR WOMEN LEAD THE HARDER LIFE?

A woman: "So many women don't do their part—they leave more than a fair share for the men to do."

A man: "No matter how he feels, a man's got to go out and work—he's still got to bring home the bacon."

A woman: "A man has to work all day—a woman can stop and rest a minute."

Some people argue for both sides

The people who think there's no difference, that life is no harder for either sex, explain their point of view convincingly:

Said a man: "I don't suppose there's any difference. They both have to work. It's just different work is all, and hard for both. The man makes the living, the woman cares for the home and children."

A woman echoed his idea: "A man has pretty much of a burden to feed the kids, and a woman had to have them."

A husband summed it up: "It's fifty-fifty. They're both working for the family's happiness in their own ways. Or they should be."

Family finances

Whether or not the handling of money has any bearing on the main question, it's interesting to see that more women than men

To be beloved is above all bargains.

again press the claims of their own sex. When [illegible] asked, ***"In general, who do you think manage money better, women or men?"***

[illegible]:

"Women manage money better," said 52 per cent.

"Men do," said 16 per cent.

"There's no difference," said 26 per cent.

"I don't know," said 6 per cent.

Men replied:

"Women generally manage money better," said 31 per cent.

"Men do," said 33 per cent.

"There's no difference," said 27 per cent.

"I don't know," said 6 per cent.

Concerning husbands and wives

Married people interviewed in the survey were questioned about the degree of happiness they have found in marriage. This line of inquiry develops the conclusion that the happier your marriage, the more likely you are to concede that the other sex leads the harder life! When we compare the views of the most happily married husbands and wives interviewed in the survey, with those of the least happily married, we

Of the most happily married women, 47 per cent say women lead the harder lives; 27 per cent say men do.

Of the least happily married women, 69 per cent say women lead the harder lives; only 11 per cent say men do.

And among the most happily married men, 57 per cent say women lead the harder lives; only 22 per cent say men do.

Of the least happily married men, 34 per cent think women's lives are hardest; 41 per cent think men have the harder time.

This by no means proves that, if you want a happy marriage, you must concede that your life is a bed of roses, while your poor husband's is a bed of thorns. Nearly half of the most happily married women think women lead the harder lives. It just points to the natural conclusion that people's personal experience colors their view of life in general. But it's hard to avoid recalling the words quoted earlier: "Women's mental make-up tends to cause self-pity." Maybe this remark applies mainly to unhappy wives.

THE END

Nut Chocolate Pudd… that's My-T-Fine

Easy recipe for Chocolate "Sugar-C… Pudding. Prepare My-T-Fine Nut Cho… Pudding according to simple directions… package. Arrange three sugar cookies… preferred flavor in shallow sherbet… pudding so that cookies remain dry… with whipped cream before serving.

5 delicious My-T-Fine desserts

Nut Chocolate
Vanilla
Butterscotch
Chocolate
Lemon Pie Filling

NOW! A Delicious New Hot Cere…

CREAM RIC…

Specially Designed for Children Under 12

SO NUTRITIOUS! Cream … adds Vitamins B_1, B_2 and N… plus iron … for rich, red bl… better growth.

SO DIGESTIBLE! Many doct… ommend Cream of Rice as … first cereal food. Can't irrita… cate digestive tract.

SO RICH IN ENERGY! Cream … actually gives children m… than hot wheat or oat cereals… how they love delicious, … Cream of Rice!

CHILDREN LOVE IT!

READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

ONE OF THE QUALITY FOODS OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO.

on't be a Rubbit!

y! Don't attack a crusty baking
with a lazy, wispy dishrag! Let
llo slick it clean—*fast!*

e BRILLO wise!

ick as a flash—a square metal-
r Brillo pad whisks pans spotless!
t! Easy! Use Brillo every day. The
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GREEN box—
soap & pads

RED box—
soap pads

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and drying rack

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ENS, CLOSETS

heaps of towels, wash cloths,
ing tissues . . . linens, hats, bags
ads of things! The rust-resistant
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n eight utility hooks for hang-
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ABOUT $1.50 EACH

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UTOYRE CO. • OAKVILLE, CONN.

YOUR MONEY

(Continued from Page 64)

16,000,000 other Americans, probably including your husband and perhaps yourself. Every week, a small sum is deducted from my pay check to give me the benefits of Social Security when I'm old. These benefits range all the way from a minimum of $10 a month to a maximum of $84 a month, depending on how long any of us remain under the system and how much we earn. I figure I'll be receiving $10 to $15 a week from Social Security when I'm 65, and that, plus my $102 a month, should take care of me nicely.

You and your husband can do it, if you'll save a few dollars before that pay check starts to disappear into the stores and the movies and some desired but unnecessary frivolity. You can make this plan your key to future independence, if you'll pledge to yourself that you will save regularly, you will buy bonds regularly.

If there is any miracle to this—and there isn't, because it's just common sense—it lies in the way interest mounts up and adds to a nest egg day after day, year after year. A $3.75 weekly investment in savings bonds will grow to $2163 in ten years. A $7.50 saving in bonds will swell to $4329 in a decade. And the person who can buy an $18.75 bond every week will have $5024 in five years, $10,828 in ten. Those weekly savings may not look like much when you start—but oh, how the nest egg grows!

Let's say you're like the bride's sister I mentioned earlier. Your husband has a job and earns $75 a week. Both of you are in your late twenties, you have two youngsters, and so far you've just made a go of it. Your insurance is next to nothing, you own no savings bonds and you've only $150 or so in the bank.

ALL right, if I were sitting opposite you this evening, I'd say:

"For your own happiness and the security of your children, you can't keep on this way and you mustn't. It'll be hard, I know, especially at today's high prices, but decide in your mind right now that your weekly income is not $75, but $65. And pledge yourself right now that the $10 you forget is to build toward your future independence.

"First, earmark enough to buy one of those $18.75 bonds each month. Make that monthly purchase as rigid an expense as your rent, and make a date with yourself to stop in at your neighborhood bank on a certain day twelve times a year to buy your bond. Then begin on the program I've adopted.

"That'll leave more than half of your forgotten income unused, and that balance is to go into insurance. For only $5 a week, your husband can buy an insurance policy that'll guarantee you and your children $100 a month for a full ten years if anything happens to him. He's young, so the cost is low; your children are young, so a monthly income is imperative; and ten years is a long enough period for the children to grow up and you to adjust yourself.

"With a bond program, insurance and his Social Security, you'll be on your way to security. And start now!"

Or let's say you're like Dave's wife. Your husband earns $100 a week. Both of you are in your late thirties and have one child in the teens. As for your savings, your husband has carried $10,000 of insurance since your child was born and you've a few thousand in the corner savings bank.

All right, if I were sitting opposite you this evening, I'd say:

"You're saving, and that's fine, but you're saving wrong. You've no reason to have that much money in the bank, for all you need in cash is an emergency fund, and the equivalent of one or two months' salary is ordinarily enough for that.

"So, transfer your cash into savings bonds and get the benefit of that 2.9 per cent interest return beginning now. And with your income, you certainly can afford to take on a bond-a-month buying program.

IE SEVERE NECKLINE OF THE NEW TORSO DRESS

Plays up a Rose-Petal
SWEETHEART SOAP Complexion

*security of the new
rso line demands re-
lou—it swings into a
l pleated skirt. Above
radiant bloom of your
Heart complexion!*

So Discover the Floating Lift of
SWEETHEART'S Extra Lather!

SCOVER SWEETHEART'S
S *Extra Lather* BEAUTY
! Night and morning,
ge your face for one min-
with SweetHeart's *Extra*
er. Finish with a cold
Your skin looks radiant!

• Enjoy this wonderful 3-way beauty help! Today begin SweetHeart Soap's 1-2-3 *Extra Lather* Care for fresher, lovelier skin.

It's thrilling! For pure, mild SweetHeart gives up to *twice as much lather* as average beauty soaps. Soft, rich lather with a gentle *floating lift.* Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* its step-by-step beauty help.

Yes, countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings . . . *lift* off dirt and rough, dry skin flakes. *Float* them away! That's why gentle, thorough SweetHeart Care helps reveal your skin's true, more radiant loveliness!

Soap that AGREES
with Your Skin

Tune in "EVELYN WINTER" *and* "GIRL OF MY DREAMS" . . . *Two shows, Coast to Coast, Mon. thru Fri. See your paper for times and stations. Listen especially May 2nd thru May 16th for sensational jewelry "gift offer."*

Applause...with encores demanded!

EVEN "finicky" appetites perk right up when you serve that deliciously different meal. It's quick and easy to prepare . . . and very economical. Of course, MAZOLA Salad Oil plays a leading part . . . it fries so delicately, blends so perfectly. Yes, it's really surprising how *many* good things you can make with MAZOLA, America's favorite Salad Oil. At your grocer's, in bottles or tins.

MAZOLA Salad Oil

FISH PARISIENNE

1 to 1½ pounds fish steaks or fillets
1 tablespoon MAZOLA Salad Oil
Few grains salt
2 tablespoons corn starch
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups milk
1 to 2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil
1 pound asparagus, cooked

Brush fish with MAZOLA Salad Oil and place in shallow baking dish. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes.

Mix corn starch, salt and pepper in a small amount of milk until smooth. Add remaining milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; gradually add to egg yolks. Then cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; gradually beat in lemon juice. Add MAZOLA, beating until smooth.

Arrange asparagus around fish; cover with sauce. Place under broiler until lightly browned. Serve at once. Makes 4 servings.

BROILER FRIED POTATOES

Wash and pare 4 medium potatoes. Cut lengthwise into strips ½ inch thick. Soak in salted cold water 30 minutes. Preheat broiler 5 minutes. Meanwhile, drain potatoes; dry thoroughly. Place potatoes in broiler pan; add ¼ cup MAZOLA Salad Oil and stir well. Broil about 3 inches from heat, 15 to 18 minutes, stirring frequently until golden brown. Season with salt; serve immediately. Makes 4 servings.

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REPORT To the Housewife

BY JUDY BARR

COATS THAT GROW

Most mothers agree that children don't seem to widen as fast as they stretch the long way, in arms and legs. Now a sympathetic manufacturer, mindful of mother's time and money, has done children's coats with plenty of extra fabric in hems and sleeves, constructed them in such a way that mother may make a toddler's coat "grow" a full size—1½ inches longer—by simply pulling a thread in hem and sleeves, and pressing out the old creases.

LOOK, NO CLOTHESPINS

One of the most tiring jobs we have to do, hanging up wet clothes, may be speeded up and made considerably easier soon, for up in Canada a new clothesline has been invented. This line, a double twist of rust-proof spring steel wire, grips clothes without benefit of pins. You stand in one spot, slip a corner of the article to be hung into a loop formed by the line's patented mechanism, and run the line out. When it's time to take the clothes down, the pieces drop into the waiting clothe-basket as the line is pulled in.

SWEET DREAMS

If feathers make you sniffle, we thought you might like to know that one of our Workshop workers, whose nostrils are allergic to feather dust, has been sleeping sweetly and soundly for three months now on a pillow filled with glass fibers. He reports that it's comfortable as a cloud to rest upon, hasn't matted down or lumped or behaved badly in any way.

NO SEAMS TO SCOUR

A new streamlined muffin pan is made all of a piece, from one sheet of aluminum, a sensible seamless construction which makes it almost as easy to clean as a china cup. Have you made popovers lately?

COMFORT BY THE YARD

If you have a hard unyielding chair, or a window seat that you'd like to make soft and comfy, did you know that you may buy foam rubber by the yard, and cut it to fit? It's easy to cut, easy to cover with upholstery, but comes rather high, as many kinds of comfort seem to nowadays.

DRIP CATCHERS

These, we feel, are going to cut down laundry bills: disp bath mats, a brand-new and nently sensible idea. They're and soft, highly absorbent– pensive enough so that tossin away after a using or two h budget less than having a cloth one laundered.

BUTTERFINGERS?

A vacuum coffee maker that won't break—good news for those who are likely to let glass one through our fingers. It's of long-drawn aluminum, m cups of coffee, and is pleas priced.

LITTLE GRAINS OF WHITE

Latest Workshop washday f bleach that's safe for woolen silks. It's in powder form, used in the washing water soap—looks like white sand. to measure, no danger of splas

CLEAN CUT

Sharpening knives is a tricky ness—a job that most of us do very well. We have found a new plastic-encased sharpener, design be hung on a wall or screwed to a effective and easy to use. The c are made of tungsten carbide, h man-made metal, greatly used the war in industrial plants. W won't do the thorough job that fessional sharpening with oil and stone will do, it makes a clean edge quickly—very handy to ha the kitchen.

PINUP TIME

Two things we all like to ha our kitchens, a clock and radio, now been combined. What's this new radio-clock is a "pin designed to be hung on the wa that none of the kitchen's val shelf space need be used for it may, however, be seated on a if you prefer it that way.) The is concealed in the square p electric-clock case—a pleas looking clock with an open h face and good big numerals, jus kind you need in a kitchen.

Back again: slide-fastened automobile suit bags, so handy for carrying extra clothes, well-protected from dust and wrinkles, on vacation jaunts in your car. Shoe bags to match hold six pairs of shoes.

OFF TO CAMP

Good news for your busy thimble finger. This year, you may save hours of the time it usually takes to get the youngsters ready for camp. Name tapes, inscribed in indelible ink and cut to size, may now be *pressed* on. They are guaranteed by the maker to cling through 50 washings.

MOTH MONTH

Dreadful to call the beautiful month of May moth month, but this is when the little varmints really get busy. Our good friend aluminum foil is proof against them, however. It tucks so firmly around a favorite sweater, scarf, muff or mittens, leaving no little chinks for a moth to make his way through. Then there's a new type of transparent rubber film that comes in rolls, which will also make a moth-proof package when its edges are sealed with a hot iron. This is tough and tear-resistant, and may also be re-used, as the foil may be. Clothes should be thoroughly cleaned or laundered before storing.

CARETAKER

Here's a little thing that may prevent a big sad loss: a sparkling plastic holder, to be attached to kitchen or bathroom wall, designed to hold your rings and wrist watch safely when you take them off to wash your hands. A vertical finger-size rod holds rings; two small hooks take care of watch and bracelet.

FOREVER FLOWERS

The pleasantest use we've yet heard of for plastics, though they're used in so many wonderful ways, is a new process which allows a real flower to be imbedded in a solid block of plastic, capturing its beauty forever in the form of book ends, paperweight or what you will. This process is just about ready for commercial production. Another process, not yet ready to make its commercial debut, coats the flower with a very thin film of plastic, treats the surface so that reflections of light are eliminated; thus, at a short distance, the plastic cannot be seen, yet the flowers remain "alive" and at the peak of their perfection indefinitely. Samples of flowers treated in this manner over a year ago are still fresh and lovely, it is said. Many types of flowers have been used successfully—camellias, gardenias, pansies, poinsettias. Something to look forward to, isn't it?

Before canning season, get acquainted with a new kind of jar rubber. A split tab makes it easy to open a jar in a jiffy.

PLASTIC POINTERS

Before you attempt to sew a fine seam in the new plastic-film-by-the-yard, it might be a good plan to visit your community's sewing-machine center and get a bit of advice on how to handle it. They'll be glad to give you instructions. Here are some tips we gathered at our own "machine shop": Before cutting, hang the length of film over an open door, with ends balanced evenly, to smooth out any folds or wrinkles. Use weights instead of pins for securing the pattern, or trace an outline of the pattern and its markings on the plastic with a soft pencil. Use paper clips to keep each section with its pattern. Do not pin or baste when assembling on the machine—use paper clips if necessary, but sparingly. For stitching, use a size 11 needle, preferably; light tension, light pressure, and the longest stitch acceptable to the character of what you're making. When using attachments, if the film seems soft and moist from humidity, brush a bit of talcum lightly along the edge to be inserted into the attachment. If the plastic is tough or brittle from cold, gently whisk a drop of oil on your finger tip along the edge. When you have lots of ruffling to do—in making curtains, for example—the experts suggest passing a half-inch strip of very fine emery cloth between the blades before stitching, from front to back, to forestall any tendency to skip gathers.

BOTTLE ROUNDUP

If you want to keep on getting your regular quota of milk and other bottled beverages, better join this important roundup and ride herd on bottles that have strayed. For every bottle of milk delivered, a dairy must have eight bottles in the process of washing, filling and storage. The extreme shortage of soda ash (an important ingredient of glass bottles), as well as the shortage of railroad cars for transportation, keeps bottle supplies scarce. So—round 'em up, the old ones in your basement, and get them back in circulation. When you buy milk or have it delivered, make a special effort to return the bottles promptly. Milk's too important to let carelessness interfere with its steady flow into our homes.

CAREFUL!

May we beg you not to try dry cleaning indoors, if your project is more than a few spots? Even if you're careful to use only noninflammable cleaning fluids, the vapors of some are poisonous if they are inhaled for any length of time. Even brief sniffs may be very sickening to some people.

Carbon tetrachloride, sold under many trade names, is not inflammable. Many other cleaning fluids are, and if their vapors come in contact with a flame—bingo!—fire is born, and flame will "flash" along the path to their source. That is why a fire may break out in a container of fluid which is all the way across a room from a stove pilot light. In fact, inflammable vapors have been known to travel 200 feet before being ignited. Be especially careful, too, not to rub so hard that you cause static electric sparks.

Ergo: take all big dry-cleaning jobs outdoors: don't keep your hands in the solvent too long (it may cause a rash or an irritation); don't wear natural-rubber gloves, as they will dissolve into a sticky mass. And try water on your spots first anyway!

RECIPE FOR *Royal Refreshment*

Pop into your friendly A&P and pick up a delicious, golden-brown Jane Parker Pound Cake. Then get some of your favorite ice cream and a basket of luscious, Spring-fresh strawberries . . . and you've makings for a quick, yet tempting masterpiece everyone will enjoy. Oven-fresh Jane Parker Pound Cake is of superb quality and baked to perfection. Surprise your family tonight with this praise-winning dessert!

Jane Parker

POUND CAKE

A&P

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES . . .
except on Pacific Coast

Essence of Spring...in the lovely Barbara Gould complexion,-in the dress of steel-gray Hope Skillman chambray with sophisticated accents of black chantilly lace. A Ben Reig original by Omar Kiam.

You're Radiant as Spring
With a Skin that's
Clean as a crystal
Fresh as the dew
Barbara Gould
Cleansing Cream

Barbara Gould Special Cleansing Cream $2.00, $3.50
Barbara Gould Cream Pompon $2.00, $3.50
Barbara Gould Skin Freshener 85c, $1.75, $3.00

(All prices plus tax)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

(Continued from Page 34)

it objectively, as of something outstandingly beautiful which should have proper appreciation. Still there were other hours, mostly during empty nights when her blood tormented her and arched her back and made her toss restlessly from side to side of her wide bed. Then all the objectivity, all the indifference drained from her; then her skin burned with frustration, her jaw ached from too tensely set teeth and in her ears hummed a wild and lustful rhythm which knew only a beginning, never an end.

No sex? she would think, laughing mirthlessly into the lonely darkness of her large room. She longed to be able to cry, to find release for her taut nerves, but it wasn't given to her. Sometimes she would get up and wander through the big house, through every room as if somehow she expected to find Lou; or out into the garden down by the pool and even as far as the small cemetery where Lou Sedley lay buried at the bottom of the hill. Some nights she would force herself to work, to go into Lou's library and read, frowning with concentration, but always she would end up on the second floor, in front of the nursery.

WHILE Luke was small there was nothing to prevent her from going into his room to stand by his bed and look down at his face, so like his father's that she felt she was seeing Lou as the little boy she had never known. But as Luke grew older she could no longer find excuses for her unnecessary presence at his bedside. So she would stand outside the door, listening, listening hard with her heart beating as if she did something unpardonable or shameful, for a small noise which would assure her that he was there, just behind the door, alive. Later she found a solution. She furnished the room next to the nursery, which had become his study, as an upstairs library in which she did her reading and work. Luke could see the light gleaming under the door and come in for a late cup of tea and a little intimate talk.

The war put an end to all that. Left Norah without compensation, alone with frustration, anxiety and restlessness. Again she took to walking around the hill and through the large house. And people said, "How gallant she is. Her only son. If anything happens to him it will be the end of her. Why, she has lived only for him."

Colonel Richardson, friend and adviser, had the same fear. He had served in the First World War and had become friendly with Lou Sedley in France. He had been in love with Norah. When Lou died he came immediately and had remained "just to lend a helping hand."

He was slightly over middle age when Luke went away, sturdily built, not very tall, but because he carried himself so erectly he gave the impression of height and power. His gray hair was cropped short, his face always seemed tanned. He smoked a pipe, was an excellent shot, a fairly good horseman and knew a great deal about politics and business. Norah accepted his helping hand. It was comfortable to have him around and, in very many ways, profitable.

During those years of war he had watched her carefully, cautiously, unobtrusively. Not once could he detect the slightest sign of fear in her. So he grinned to himself when he heard people speak of her as being gallant and brave. He knew that she was neither, but simply convinced that nothing could happen to Luke. So certain, indeed, that she was entirely spared the torture of doubt.

And nothing happened to Luke. Except perhaps that he stayed away longer than he needed to. A whole year in Europe in civil service.

I will wear the blue dress, Norah thought. *It's his favorite color.*

She had taken a sleeping powder the night before in fear that otherwise she might lie awake all those hours which still separated her from Luke. Now she felt luxuriously

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● Unshined shoes don't make a guy top m with his one-and-only. Try keeping Shino on hand. Shinola Shoe Polishes not only he keep shoes *looking* well, they also help mal shoes last longer. It *pays* to KEEP 'EM SHI ING WITH SHINOLA.

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PASTE O
LIQUID
ALL COLORS

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With False Teeth

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- Helps keep dental plate from raising and clicking.
- Helps prevent seeds from lodging under plate.
- Helps plate fit snugger.
- Helps you wear and become accustomed to new plates.
- Enables you to eat meat, tomatoes, pears, celery.

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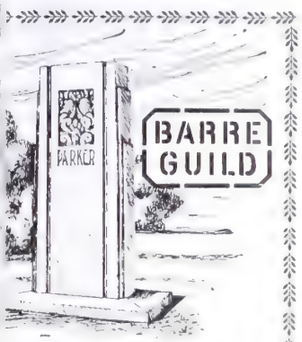

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drowsy with sleep and happiness. She lay very quietly in her large bed.

Luke, she said to herself, *Luke, Luke, Luke.* For a second she closed her eyes in an effort to see him better as she remembered him. Tall and young and straight. So like his father. A shadow crossed her face.

From outside her door came a small noise. Lying motionless, she watched Hattie open the door gently, balancing a little tray.

"It's all right, Hattie. I'm awake."

Hattie did not look up, but a smile began to blossom between the many deep wrinkles around her mouth, spreading over her face while she poured the tea. "You didn't fool me for a moment, Miss Norah." Then the laughter broke in her throat.

And Norah, sitting up in bed, reaching out for the cup, began to laugh too. For a minute the two women—Norah Sedley in her white long-sleeved nightgown and the old Negress in her pink uniform—sharing a happiness seemed strangely alike. It wasn't so much that life had treated Hattie much as it had treated her mistress—she, too, had lost her husband while still young—as that she knew what it meant to be lonely, lonely and proud.

"Drink your tea," Hattie said, "while it's hot." She went to the bathroom and turned on the water.

When she came back she carried the blue dress over her arm. Mrs. Sedley had made a special trip into New York a week ago to buy it. As she looked at it now it annoyed her suddenly that Hattie, without having been told, should have guessed what she had planned to wear on this day. She shook her head.

There are people in life, and there are many of them, whom you will have to help as long as they live. They will never be able to stand alone.
—SIR WILLIAM OSLER: A Way of Life.
(The Remington-Putnam Book Co.)

"Put out a white linen suit. And I can manage alone."

Hattie knew better than to answer back or question. She turned away quietly, realizing that her mistress wanted to be alone, ashamed to be too deeply understood. Hattie went out of the room.

Blue, thought Norah Sedley as she had thought before, *his favorite color. He must not know how much I care.*

When she came downstairs she saw through the wide window of the hall a car parked in the driveway. For a second she caught her breath. It couldn't be Luke—not yet.

"The colonel, ma'am. He's out on the terrace."

"Oh, yes, of course—another cup, Briggs."

She had wanted so much to be alone, undisturbed. A petulant anger rose in her. She stood motionless, fighting for control. From outside she could hear the sound of steps on the flagstoned terrace. *I'm being childish,* she thought. She moved quickly.

"Good morning, good morning."

"Good morning, my dear," the colonel answered. "I just came by to ask about your plans for the day. Are you going into New York or are you going to wait here at home for Luke?"

She hadn't been sure what she would actually do, but now, when the colonel asked, she knew. "I am going to the office as usual. Sit down, won't you?"

"It's completely unnecessary. I can put the Banner to bed myself, and the Daily. . . . No, Briggs, you know I never take sugar."

Norah Sedley smiled. "You're not telling me that my presence in the office is superfluous, are you? There is no reason why I should stay out today. It would be silly to go into New York. He'll call as soon as he arrives. I'll just park the car at the junction as I have always done, and he'll pick me up at the office."

As he has always done upon coming home, the colonel thought. *I should have known better—of course she would want to keep it that way.*

(Continued on Page 161)

Stop CORNS!

Instant Re
NEVER wait! Promptly pr
tight shoes with Dr. Schol
have instant relief and stop
develop. But if you hav
bunions—these thin, soft,
protective pads will stop
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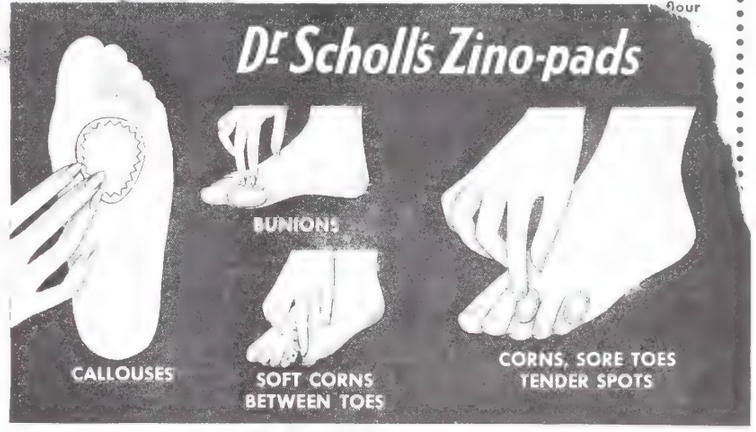

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Dr. Scholl's LuPad relieves pain, callouses, burning at ball of foot. Loops over forepart of foot. Featherlight, washable. $1 pair.

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SAFELY
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pleasant white lotion without
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Not messy. Quick—rinses off
asily with lukewarm water.
No razor stubble. Keeps legs
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Doesn't irritate normal skin.
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Cosmetic lotion to remove hair
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Now—utensils with TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOMS!

...they cook better— wear better—look better!

TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOMS SPREAD HEAT MORE EVENLY

Insist on this ridge—and get the greatest utensil improvement in years! Aluminum utensils with Triple-Thick Bottoms prevent hot spots and scorching—give you rich, more even browning, tastier vegetables.

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Covers are precision-fit to prevent rapid evaporation of cooking juices—keep both taste and nourishment "locked in." Bakelite handles stay cooler . . . hard sides prevent denting. And their brilliant, lasting finish makes them so easy to keep clean!

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Stack them on the stove to keep foods warm—stack them in the pantry to save space. They're better balanced, too, because weight is at bottom. Only Reynolds Lifetime Aluminum utensils give you all these important features!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LIFETIME GUARANTEE! If you are *in any way* dissatisfied with your Reynolds Lifetime Triple-Thick Bottom Utensils, send them back and they will be returned like new, or replaced—*without charge*. Reynolds Metals Company, Housewares Division, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

REYNOLDS Lifetime ALUMINUM UTENSILS

TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOM • GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

REYNOLDS METALS

(Continued from Page 159)

int to keep it that way, Colonel
son—exactly the same way," he
er voice say seventeen years ago
s today, he had driven over to join
breakfast on the wide flagstoned
"Yes, I know Lou didn't leave very
ll he had he spent in buying the
nd this house. And, of course, it
curred to him to save. I don't quite
t how to manage, but somehow I
m going to keep the house and the
and the papers. I am going to keep
ng the same way. And I am going to

as today, he had been leaning back
mfortable chair, watching her.
beautiful you look," he said now as
vanted to say then.
Sedley looked up. His dry, cold,
ice had never once deceived her.
you," she said. "I like to hear
ll take the station wagon, and if
n't mind waiting for me at the
——" She got up, called for Briggs.

made the three-forty from Pennsyl-
ation. Hundreds of times he had
ne same train. "Try to make the
ty," Norah would say, because that
ring him home just in time for tea.
ime to stop by at the office in East-
w miles away from the big house on
ing Hill.
Luke," Norah had said just a few
ago. Then there had been a pause.
make the three-forty."
oice was still ringing in his ears.
ke." No nonsense, no silly business
is and that which anyhow couldn't
into over the phone. To the point as
As if the war had never existed, as if
l not been separated for three years,
thing had happened. Luke leaned
o his seat and for the first time in
elaxed. It was all over. His job was
He was going home.
t up, making his way slowly through
Outside the windows the country,
wide and green. At times the high-
wded with trucks and cars, ran be-
tracks, then vanished. Swamps,
factory buildings, the cherry trees,
ses. A big, fat yellow school bus.
stood on the swaying connecting
between two cars a whiff of air
n anything else made him grasp the
no longer did any of this have to re-
gue. That there was no sense any
fighting it, forcing it to become a
only, something which could be lost
noment. Now it was his again.
aned his weight against the door,
and recognized at the far end famil-
: the minister; Forrest, the writer
bought a house near Easterly; old
he barman.

Luke did not want to talk to them. He didn't want to be asked to sit down, to have to shake hands and answer questions. He drew back quickly, but remained leaning against the door, moving slightly and in perfect balance with the swinging platform.

The countryside had changed. The tender lines of hills slid into the horizon. Luke lifted his eyes. Just small hills, nothing grand, nothing impressive, and yet ——

"It's lovely, isn't it?" Someone he had not noticed before spoke. It was a girl standing opposite him. Though she had been the first to speak, she did not look at him, but kept her head turned, gazing out.

"Sure is."

"Yes," she said, and in spite of the racket of the wheels he could hear her sigh.

From out of the corner of his eye he took a look at her, covertly. Blondish-brownish hair tied in a knot at the nape of her neck. Several wisps of hair, not quite long enough to go into the bun, stuck out, moving like small blades of grass in the draft. The tip of her nose was shiny, the powder blown away. He couldn't see the color of her eyes, only the line of straight long brows cutting into a rounded forehead. Suddenly she, too, seemed familiar, to belong to the train. Even her sigh, quiet, calm, an expression of enchantment rather than that of panicky frustration. When he looked again she was gone. He breathed deeply, filling his lungs with the air of the fields and the trees and the wind from the hills and the smoke of the engine. He was going home—for good.

The train pulled into the junction. Luke jumped to the ground. The shriek of the engine, the squeal of wheels and suddenly everything very quiet except for the motors being started on the lot. He mounted the steep staircase which led from the tracks to the station office.

Old Aswell hailed him. "Welcome home, son, welcome home."

Aswell somehow had always been old, or seemed old to everyone, even when he had first come to take over as stationmaster. There were no secrets about him. His laziness, his goodheartedness, his moodiness, his terrific appetite and the pleasure he found in drinking. He refused to give information about trains over the telephone when people rang up, for were there not timetables given away free which anyone could take and read? On Sundays he wouldn't go to the office, but he wouldn't drink either. Sunday was supposed to be a day of rest, and Aswell liked to rest. And he wouldn't answer questions which bored him, nor would he dress properly. He should have been fired, but people liked him, put up with him because his eccentricities amused them.

"It's good to see you," said Luke, and held the old man's paw between his fingers.

"Your mother parked the car here this morning. It's still the 'Forty-one, son. And

"Well, so long, fellas. I just remembered where I live!"

Now-leftover dishes with fresh food flavor

"Leftover-lovers"...that's us! I used to be just as fussy as my Fred about serving food a second or third time until I learned to flavor-save the Cut-Rite way. Cut-Rite keeps flavor-robbing air OUT...fresh food flavor IN. Sunday's chicken, yesterday's string beans and carrots keep first-serving delicious, if wrapped in extra-heavy Cut-Rite!

I make for the Cut-Rite the moment I clear the table, wrap up every last good bit of food in *wared-through* Cut-Rite.

It's raves not ructions you'll get from the family when you become a Cut-Rite cook. Try my recipe for Chicken Tetrazzini and start reaping compliments today!

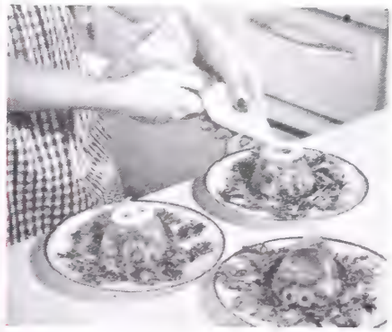
CHICKEN TETRAZZINI
Flavor-saved by Cut-Rite

2 tbsp. butter — 2 tbsp. flour
½ tsp. salt — 1 cup top milk
1 cup leftover chicken cut in small pieces
1 cup cooked spaghetti cut in small pieces
½ cup sliced mushrooms cooked in a little butter
Grated cheese — Bread crumbs

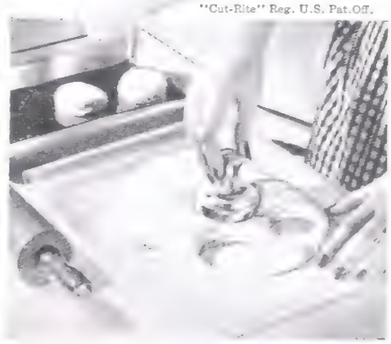
Melt butter, add flour, cook until combined. Add milk and salt. Cook, stirring until thick. Add chicken, spaghetti and mushrooms. Fill baking dish, sprinkle top with cheese mixed with crumbs and bake at 450° F. until top is brown. Serves 6.

THE BOX WITH THE FAMOUS CUTTING EDGE...

"Cut-Rite" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Dress up salads! Make cone of Cut-Rite, fill with mayonnaise, and squeeze into desired designs. No utensils to wash!



Save dishwashing time and labor... cut out biscuits on *extra-heavy* Cut-Rite. Tears evenly, easily. **A Scott Paper Product.**

Modern Baking
... at its Best!
ANN PILLSBURY'S
STREAMLINED METHOD
You'd never dream such a gorgeous, delicate textured cake could be made so quickly — but baking triumphs come easy with the new, improved, *faster* Pillsbury's Best Flour! It's a *faster* Pillsbury's Best because it teams up perfectly with modern, streamlined recipes . . . and it gives glorious lightness and delectable flavor to *all* your baking. Try this new-day flour and you'll understand why it's making so many new friends!
Ann Pillsbury's COCONUT FLUFF CAKE
Sift together
Add
Beat
for 2 minutes until batter
Add
1 teaspoon almond extract
Beat
for 2 minutes.
Pour
Bake
Fluffy White Frosting
You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best
Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Flour
ENRICHED FLOUR
for BREAD BISCUITS PIES and CAKES
...FOR MODERN BAKING

the left rear wheel is finicky. My, Luke, let me have a look at you. Haven't changed a bit, have you!" Aswell stepped back, blinking for a clearer vision. "Know what you look like? Your old man. That's what I said to myself when I saw you coming up those stairs. I said to myself, 'If that isn't Lou Sedley coming up there.' Fine man he was, son."

Luke walked slowly, fitting his speed to the old man's heavy, uncertain steps.

"Taking over at the paper now, I guess," Aswell said. "Well, good luck, Luke."

Luke slid into the seat, turned the key and suddenly another smell came to him. A clean and stimulating smell. Eau de Cologne. The only scent Norah ever used. The world, the clean, lovely, problemless world which he sometimes had doubted still existed, was around him again. The world Norah had built for him and kept going in spite of everything.

It was only a mile and a half into Easterly. The old station wagon ran smoothly along the broad highway, across the bridge, past the corner church and into the crowded main street. The supermarket. The movie house, the ice-cream parlor, the hardware store, the courthouse. Left now and into the side street. The low building of the plant and the white clapboard house which looked rather like the home of a retired man and yet was filled with life and its problems, the smell of ink and glue and the clatter of typewriters. Most of its windows stood open. Behind one, Luke could see lights already burning, blue blazing bulbs hanging from old-fashioned high ceilings. A man in shirt sleeves, a green shade protecting his eyes. At his back a door opening, a woman entering the room —— The brake under Luke's foot screeched. The car came to an abrupt stop.

If the appearance of the people on both sides of the car shakes your confidence in the future of democracy; if, while your eye travels along those two deadly parallels of blank-featured human latitude, you mutter to yourself, "Blood will tell and, after all, class systems are necessary," and wonder what the world will come to when it is left to the plain people, such exceedingly plain people, for example, as those five awful ones nearest the door; and if, as six more of them get in, each with a face like a boiled potato, you begin to distrust the whole foundation of popular rights, even trial by jury, even habeas corpus; if, I say, this sort of thing happens to you now and again, as no doubt it does, there is always an easy means of consolation. Photographs of European royal families were published every week during the war, and can be obtained from the files of the newspaper supplements. Clip them and paste them properly, and they will cure this phase of democratic melancholy. My own collection of royal personages—and I have no reason to think the photographs inaccurate—makes every morning subway trip seem like a royal progress. —From THE MARGIN OF HESITATION by Frank Moore Colby.

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The library had always been Luke's favorite room, as once, long ago, it had been Lou Sedley's. Three walls were lined with books. The ceiling was low, heavy beams, aged and worm-eaten, running across. A huge fireplace rose between the two bay windows. Lou Sedley had rebuilt it himself with the stones he found on his land. Above it hung his portrait.

"Thank you, Briggs," Luke said as the butler came in and set down the tray. He said it a little impatiently, for he wanted to be alone, alone with the portrait of his father, before Norah came down to join him.

Luke turned to the painting. It was not a great painting, as far as the stroke of the brush went, but it was frightening in its grasp of Lou Sedley. Frightening that anyone else could recognize a man's soul in its complicated entirety and hold it, for futures unknown, pinned to a canvas. Luke had always been slightly shocked by it.

Strange, he thought now, *it's dad all right. Exactly as I remember him, and yet* —— He remembered suddenly old Aswell's words: "Know what you look like? Your old man." He stepped back and switched on the ceiling light. The light hit the painting with full force, exaggerating the strong lines of bone, wiping away the wild dark tenderness of the eyes, the gay, sweet curve of the lips, drawing it together in only one expression, that of reckless determination.

He didn't hear the door open, or Norah's light steps till he felt her hand on his shoulder. He swung around, startled. He wanted to say something which would exp... he had turned on the overhead li... Mrs. Sedley spoke first.

"What we are," she said, "what ... to be and how we look to others, n... will ever know. But whoever pai... picture most certainly got glimpses ... That's why it's so impressive." She ... lightly between the portrait on the ... Luke, looking intently from one to t... "There was never a man like him," ... "except you, you are so much like h... I am glad." A smile lit her eyes. "... the light, Luke."

She went over to one of the wide ... dows and sat down on the softly c... bench. Luke carried over the fr... stemmed glasses, the two little silv... olives, cheese and nuts.

"To my favorite sweetheart," ... touching her glass. Her hand rea... and for a second he felt her finge... cheek, moving gently as if quite ... sciously they were retracing the lin... face. Then they withdrew abruptly ...

"Welcome ... Norah said.

In the dark ... could not s... other, and bo... ferent ways w... ful for it.

"Everythin... ways," he sa... train, the t... office, the col... house, you."

"And you, ... said quickly ... haven't chan... ple don't, Luk... ever their e... gets broaden... ever their k... expands, the... to think of th... as having be... ferent. But f... tally we re... same." She... "We always ...

Luke did n... And sudden... brary was f... men dying, ... tured men, wi... ing bombs, ... the famine, t... the despair. Y... house on the ... all that had g... had become ... ing those last ... so the last ...

on this very same day began to ... stark reality.

When Norah spoke her voice wa... casual. "Whatever you want to do ... with me. If you want to loaf, lo... want to work, we need you at the p... can start any day. Colonel Rich... eager to get abroad for a time. C... only stuck it out because he knew ... have carried it through alone."

"Very decent of him."

Norah reached for an olive, crus... tween her teeth, feeling its sparse si... against her palate. Decent? Perha... likely sheer egotism. The whole ide... away had come up only since Lu... cable from London. The colonel ... stand not being loved by her. He ... her lack of response to him, but h... seeing her love anyone else.

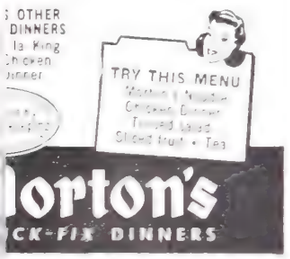
"You know," said Luke. His ... slow and hesitant. "You know —

She leaned forward. "Yes, I k... thought you shouldn't come b... Europe right away. I know there i... be done, and I agree with you that i... prevent a third war all of us must ... deeper understanding between th... nations. But you can work for ... here. Granted you have been te... mocracy to a few people in Ge... eased the red tape in one certai... What seems more important to m...

looking at a delicious
cken Dinner
dy to eat!

JOY *lots* of quick-fix meals this
just serve Morton's Noodle
inner! Heat and eat, that's all.
ting, too. Tender chicken sim-
golden broth, plus rich egg-
erfect seasoning. Keep several
nd for more kitchen freedom.

OTHER
DINNERS
la King
Chicken
Dinner



lorton's
CK-FIX DINNERS

exception, but the general attitude and, in particular, the general attitude of America. You have a beautiful outlet—a far better chance here than anywhere else."

"I guess you are right," Luke said.

The sleepless nights he had spent thinking fell away; those frustrated hours, when suddenly the urge to find a sense in all that was going on had made him tired, sullen, exhausted, angrily determined to find a way to help, fell away. What Norah said made sense. She somehow always made sense.

Briggs' steps outside the door, a gentle knock. "Dinner is served, ma'am."

Norah remained motionless on the window bench. "Luke," she said, "come here. Look at the moon."

A full moon stood big and round at the bottom of the hill. Already its light caught some of the cherry trees in bloom. He did not speak, and she knew that he was thinking of the many nights he had seen a rising moon shine on destruction, for some of which he himself had been responsible.

"It's over," she said gently. "It's over, Luke. You must not think of yesterday. Think of tomorrow. Not that you should forget, but don't dwell on it."

"I don't think I'll ever forget, Norah."

"But you've tried to help since; you did a good job. Go to Washington as you planned—see what they tell you—but I assure you, you have a tremendous task right here."

She went out of the library quickly, leaving the door open behind her. Luke could see her slim fine figure in the long floating gown enter the stream of light and vanish. All doubts left him. It surprised him that Norah should have sensed what he had not known consciously himself. Strangely, her words, her point of view made it simple to see what he must do.

THE cemetery, at the bottom of the hill, lay precisely halfway between the big house and the village. When Luke stopped the station wagon he saw another car parked in front of the gate. Shabby and open, with most of its blue paint gone, and the glass of one headlight broken. *They should be taken off the roads*, he thought. He pushed the gate open, still frowning with disapproval.

In the left corner was his father's grave. A small, black marble headstone, very near to the wall, as if, even in death, Lou Sedley had wanted to be as close as possible to the tumult of life: LUKAS SEDLEY, 1891–1929.

As Luke's eyes traveled across the chiseled letters, he abruptly was annoyed that he had not driven on. During the last few days, ever since he had come down here with Norah, he had, somehow, wanted to return alone.

Without lifting his eyes, he knew that another visitor was looking at him. He turned in defiance. There, leaning against the part of the wall over which the ramblers made a spot of dusty color, sat a girl. A book on her knees, an old shaggy-coated dog stretched at her feet and a basket filled with strawberries next to her. She wore denims; her shirt stood open at her throat and one trouser leg was rolled up above her knee. The bare leg was tanned as were her face and arms. She was braiding her hair, which was straight and blondish brown. Her whole coloring, hair and skin so much like an autumn leaf, brown with dots of gold in it, and the washed-out blue of her pants and shirt blended into the high pale blue of a June sky.

The ease of her posture, her body relaxing against the wall, her book, the strawberries, the dog—all this in the graveyard annoyed him. This was no place to hold a picnic. The frown on his forehead deepened. He took a step forward.

Suddenly she smiled. "I like coming here," she said, as if she felt his need for an explanation of her presence. "It's so lovely, isn't it? So few graves. Only eleven. It always reassures me. Country graveyards do that. They give me the illusion that just a very few people die." She laughed a little, embarrassed now. "I guess I just like life. I don't really know why, but ——" She stopped, lowered her head for a moment,

NU CUES

CY FRANKFURTERS
rankfurters in half lengthwise.
ep covered skillet. Combine 3
our with 4 tablesp. cold water;
hot water, ¾ cup ketchup, 3
negar, 1 tablesp. sugar, 1 teasp.
dry) Mustard. Pour
cover, bring to boil-
reduce heat, simmer
s. Serves 5 or 6.

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LUSCIOUS LEMON FILLING
needs no cooking—saves on sugar!

QUICK, EASY, WITH
EAGLE BRAND
LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (15-oz. can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ½ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind (or lemon extract) and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until foamy, then adding sugar gradually, beating until stiff. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 10 minutes or until lightly brown. Chill.

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Yes, that's the *real* secret of this marvelous pie filling. It's made with Borden's Eagle Brand, the *original* Sweetened Condensed Milk.

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a Dream of an easy dessert!

Cottage Cheese **Strawberries** **Ritz Crackers**

A dish *stylish* as Sunday's bonnet—yet *so* quick and easy to fix! Put cheese in a fancy bowl—ring around with strawberries and golden Ritz Crackers. *See!* You've made a *picture*-plate—and crisp, tangy Ritz makes the eating *delicious!* For fruit and cheese *need* Ritz Crackers the way May flowers need April showers—they *can't* be as good without 'em! Serve this easy Ritz dessert soon. Folks will love it—for

NOTHING TASTES AS GOOD AS RITZ — BUT **RITZ!**

blushing, and then looked up at Luke again. "My mother is buried here."

Luke saw the bunch of fresh flowers, which he had failed to notice before, next to where she sat, beside a small gray stone, with the inscription:

ELISABETH FENTON, 1902–1929.

"My father died the same year," he said. "I am Luke Sedley."

He sat down on the wall, not far away from her. Where her hair was parted at one side he could see the thin white line of division running a little crookedly. Her left ear lobe, caught in a ray of sunshine, looked frail and pink and soft like the petal of an exquisite rose. Somehow, though he had always been around girls and liked them, he had never been really touched by one. Compared with his Norah, girls had seemed so blatant, so stupid. They just didn't get under his skin. He felt strangely aware that this girl was different and he was curious about her.

"I think I've met you," she said, shoving the basket of strawberries over so that he could reach them.

Luke laughed, for he had been prepared to use the same approach. "On the three-forty," he said, "a few weeks ago."

"No, I don't remember having seen you on a train. Or maybe I did. I was all dizzy with happiness when I came out here—I wouldn't know. But this was long before then. During one spring you rode with us to school."

The spring after his father's death when, for a short while, he had gone to school in town, and sometimes, when Mrs. Sedley couldn't pick him up in time, he had been allowed to ride home with the other kids. He could remember pigtailed little girls and rough, sunburned boys.

"But you are not from here, Miss, Miss"—his eyes searched the stone on her mother's grave—"Miss Fenton?"

"Liz," she said. "Liz. Elisabeth Fenton. No, I am not from here, in a way. But mother's people were. And we used to spend quite a bit of time here. You see, my father was in the Navy and mother hated the city. She needed trees to be happy—or so my grandfather used to tell me."

She took one of the berries, a big one, held it up, then picked off the little green leaves and poked it into her mouth.

"I picked them myself," she said. "There are lots of them in my garden. They need care, though. The whole place needs care."

HER voice was like the sound of a brook. Even, clear. A little brook in the woods with high-stemmed ferns growing along it. He did not want her to stop talking. It was such simple talk—like children trying to find out about each other, innocently aware of their indiscretion and curiosity, but driven by the instinctive need to know where and how to place one another.

"And how did you remember me?"

She looked up at him gravely. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. I watched you coming through the gate. Just something in the way you moved, I suppose."

"I just came home," he said.

"To stay?"

"I think so. How about you? I mean, are you going to stay around here—live out here?"

She sighed. "I don't know yet. I'd like to. You see, my grandfather used to own a farm, then he had to sell. Now only a small house and a few acres are left. He left it to me. He died a few months ago."

Luke slid down from the wall out alongside her as if, by bri closer, he would make it easier continue talking about herself. know yet?" he asked, proddin

"No."

Before he could put another bells of the church below them Six metallic blows. She sat some dry dirt from her sunbur she rose in one quick easy mov

"Well, I have to go now. G

THE dog, watching her inten stretched and trotted toward th lifted himself on his elbow. He something, to detain her, bu about her was final.

"Well, good-by," he said.

The sharp click of iron touchi gate swung shut and, after a f the sputter of a starting moto second the slur of passing whe the squeak of an old horn caug echo when the car swung into

Luke lay back. Above him the high, cloudless, a light blue cove tight. A few bees hummed am blers. Where the girl had sat, just lifting, losing gradually the body had left. She had forgott

Common Things

BY ELAINE V. EMANS

To take a plate of cookies to a friend;
To let a kitten in, come stormy weather,
To iron a ruffled curtain, and to mend;
To keep one's courage jaunty as a feather;
To walk in sun and know the air is good;
To have a letter saying you are well—
Such common things can pleasure me, but should
You ask me why, perhaps I could not tell.

and before he had actually reac door Briggs was opening it for

"Mrs. Sedley is in the librar

Without going up to his roon turned into the big room. "I am you been waiting long?"

"It's all right."

Mrs. Sedley's hand, slim an sensitive, reached out, picked grass from his wrinkled sleeve carelessly to the floor. She co him where he had been, for, n hours before, her own car had pa and the station wagon parked at of the cemetery. But she said n were things which she wanted h as there were things which she phrase for him. She waited.

"I simply fell asleep. I wer grave—it was very warm, ver

"You are still exhausted," "It will pass. You'd better go Luke; there is a party being giv night. Richardson. I think he whole neighborhood."

For three successive days Luk car on his way up to the house out, scanned the road, empty for an uninteresting truck or t more to spare himself anothe ment, he drove by, faster than

The countryside, because liking for Luke, continued to g his honor. At each Luke hope girl again, but apparently n her, even knew of her existenc

new favorite!

FOR

NDERWOOD DEVILED AM-QUICKS

pared biscuit
½ cup water
NDERWOOD d Ham
¼ teaspoon each cayenne pepper and salt

ine ingredients. Drop by spoon- ungreased cookie sheet. Bake oven (400° F.) about 10 minutes. hot. Makes about 2 dozen.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SANDWICH SPREAD

Underwood's sure hits the spot
It has what other spreads have not:
Distinctive flavor, tang and zest
That's why housewives like it best!!

Moral: Always look for the Red Devil trademark to be sure of top quality and finest flavor.

MAKE GRAVY RICH BROWN DELICIOUS WITH KITCHEN BOUQUET

Bouquet gives rich lor—*brings out* the true te of the gravy. No or artificial flavorings smother" natural food iet Kitchen Bouquet.

OOD COOKS AND CHEFS FOR OVER 70 YEARS

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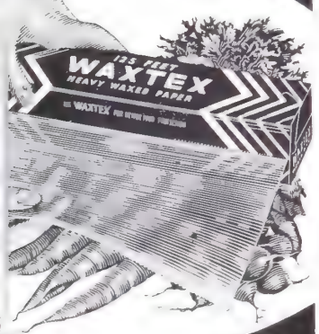

WAXTEX

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

Then one night, sitting around a barbecue fire, Mrs. Cardell seized a sudden lull to make herself heard. "Luke Sedley," she said, her voice high and shrill from overuse, "now that you're back and settled, when are you going to marry that pretty Celia Young?" Mrs. Cardell was a plump woman, mother of six boys and the owner of a chain of stores.

Norah Sedley looked up from where she sat on the lawn. She was in the shadows, but Luke, close to the fire, stood in full view of everybody. She could see the abrupt movement of his shoulders and knew how startled he was.

"Celia?" Luke said. "Celia—why, she is a sweet girl."

"Now don't be shy." Eliza Cardell giggled archly.

From the darkness another voice cut in. "I'll bet Luke found himself a girl abroad, didn't you, Luke? I remember during the first two years you wrote quite regularly, and then ——" The voice broke off and somebody said:

"Giving yourself away, Ann?"

There was the slight scurry of feet running across the lawn.

Ann Lowry, thought Norah Sedley. *I didn't know they were corresponding.*

She saw Luke get up, walk away in the direction of the running steps. Mrs. Cardell laughed. She was satisfied. As long as Ann Lowry had hopes for Luke, there was no fear for Howard, her oldest son.

Colonel Richardson lifted himself out of his chair and went over to Norah. "He'll never marry," he said in a low voice. "You're too steep competition for those girls."

"Nonsense," Norah told him quickly. "He's just like Lou, can't help breaking hearts before he makes up his mind." She laughed softly.

THE colonel sat down, staring at the fire. What a life. Loving a woman who, after seventeen years, was still in love with her dead husband, whose only real emotion belonged to her son because he was Lou Sedley's son.

"Would you take me home?" Mrs. Sedley's voice came from his left. "I'd better not wait for Luke," she added, her soft moist mouth breaking into a smile—that heartbreakingly sweet smile of hers. The colonel could see her teeth, white and even, shimmering in the half-dark. "Our hostess is playing table tennis," the low, cool voice continued. "I asked Eliza to tell Luke that we've gone on." She put her hand lightly on the colonel's arm. "Let's just slip away—I am quite tired tonight."

"Of course," he said, "of course," and knew by instinct and because he loved her so much that she wasn't tired at all.

She had already undressed, slipped into a dressing gown and settled down with a book in the upstairs study when she heard Luke's car roar up the road. After a little while she could hear his steps on the flagstoned terrace.

He stopped, seeing the lighted window, and whistled. "It's nice out," he said, his voice low. "Too tired to keep me company for a while?"

"Not really!" She relished the whispered intimacy almost physically.

When she came out onto the terrace the night air, cool and damp, soothed her at once. She stretched out on a garden couch. She wanted Luke to be the first to speak, but when he didn't she finally asked:

"Did you see those appalling reports from abroad today?"

"Any occupation army is doomed to deteriorate," he answered mechanically. He moved in his chair, whistled a few bars of a melody she couldn't make out and said, "You know, I had quite forgotten about young Celia. It's awful."

"What is awful?"

"The way life works—or me. She was in love with me, she told me so and I kissed her once in a while. I liked to kiss her, and then, tonight, for a moment, I couldn't even remember her face."

Norah Sedley stiffened. A chill ran along her spine. *"I liked to kiss her and tonight I couldn't even remember her face." Men,* she

Meet the Best Pot Roast Ever!

POT ROAST À LA NEW ORLEANS

4 lb. pot roast
½ teaspoon *each* of pepper, ground cloves, mace, allspice
1 tablespoon salt
1 large onion
1 or more garlic cloves
½ cup Wesson Oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
1½ cups tomato juice or canned tomatoes
2 or 3 bay leaves

Wipe meat with damp cloth. Mix dry ingredients and rub into cut surfaces. Chop onion and garlic cloves fine, add lemon juice, vinegar, and ¼ cup *only* of Wesson Oil. Pour mixture over meat, turning several times so that all parts are well covered. Let soak in refrigerator 5 hours. Turn occasionally. When ready to cook, sprinkle with flour. Heat ¼ cup Wesson Oil in heavy pan over high heat. Sear meat on all sides until dark brown. Reduce heat. Add liquid in which meat was soaked, tomatoes, bay leaves. Cover. Simmer 3 hours. Add carrots, onions, and peeled potatoes 45 minutes before roast is done. Serve with thickened gravy. Try this dish. You'll see why famous cooks everywhere cook with Wesson Oil!

ALWAYS use delicate Wesson Oil for salads, for frying... and whenever the recipe calls for melted shortening. Remember when it's Wesson Oil you just *pour* to measure, *pour* to mix. So very handy. Is it any wonder more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil?

TIP: Next time you [illegible] the Wesson Oil before you [illegible] Wesson Oil for it! More flavorful!

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

WESSON'S MEAL-IN-ITSELF SALAD!

1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
½ teaspoon sugar
4 to 5 garlic cloves, split or 1 small onion, grated
⅔ cup Wesson Oil
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon thyme
Dash cayenne pepper
⅓ cup vinegar (wine or cider)

Put all ingredients in a jar. (If you prefer, use onion instead of garlic.) Shake vigorously. Now make a dozen or so croutons by cutting white bread into ½ inch cubes. Sauté cubes in hot Wesson Oil until they are toasted. Drain on paper. Place enough greens for four in salad bowl. Break a fresh egg over them and toss until every leaf is coated. Add generous quantity of grated Parmesan cheese (or any mild cheese) and croutons. Toss once more in this wonderful, new Wesson Oil Dressing. Please note: *unobtrusive*, delicate Wesson Oil lets you enjoy *all* the delicious salad flavors and all the wonderful seasonings. Never drowns them under a heavy, oily taste!

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No tugging...

No broken glass...

No wasted food...

Just rip...

Z-Z-Zip! It's open!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE
The Only Split-Tab Jar Rubber Sold!

Good Luck
SPLIT-TAB
Jar Rubbers

thought furiously, resentfully, *they are all the same!* She made an effort to speak lightly.

"Why awful?" she said. "She didn't mean much to you, and kissing is pleasant. Then the war, you were away ——"

Luke began to whistle again. *That's no excuse,* he thought. *One cannot blame everything on the war. Something is wrong with me. Oh, I don't know. She didn't mean anything to me, Norah is right there. Maybe that was why—but Ann Lowry's letters did. Or did they?*

"She wrote first—Ann, I mean—when I was still down in Georgia, training. I answered and she kept it up. Nice letters too. Intelligent. But I never thought she thought that I —— I never did."

Mrs. Sedley smiled. "You'd better be careful, Luke. Young people like to be in love for love's sake. Don't take it too seriously."

"*Love for love's sake.*" His mind lingered on the phrase. It wasn't that. No, it wasn't that, or, if it had been during the years of growing up, it was that way no longer.

She heard his suppressed yawn. She felt well now, warm, certain. "Let's turn in," she said.

On Saturdays, Aswell started drinking as soon as the 5:45 pulled out of the junction, and continued drinking, leisurely, measuredly until the last train at 12:15 had rolled by. Not at home though. On Saturdays he methodically went to the Spot.

The Spot was not a fancy affair. Just a big bare room with a long bar, an icebox, a soft-drink chest, a juke box, two or three tables with chairs. There was a shuffleboard which was a real money-maker.

A man and his wife were having an argument. Finally the husband picked up his hat and started for the office. "Oh, all right," he said to his wife, "I guess you are right and I am wrong, as you generally are." His wife looked after him affectionately. "How nice of him to put it that way," she reflected. Then she reflected some more. She had heard what he said, all right—but did she really know what he meant?
—VOLTA REVIEW.

Luke came in. The smoke of cheap cigars, pipes, cigarettes rose like a blanket of fog. All the tables were crowded and someone had deposited his sleeping offspring on the shuffleboard. The bar was lined two or three deep.

"H'ya, Superman," the girl behind the counter hailed Luke.

"H'ya, beautiful," he answered mechanically as he recognized Gertie, the owner's daughter. The last time he had seen her she had been a thirteen-year-old kid.

"Move over," Gertie ordered a young fellow sprawling on a bar stool. "Come on, get going." She pulled out a dirty towel from under the bar and wiped a square of mahogany clean. "When are you taking me to the movies, Luke? I'm a big girl now."

Luke noticed heads turning toward him. He sat down. "Name the day, Gertie."

She smiled, pleased. "That's the kind of guy I like. You always keep your promise."

Luke was sitting beside Aswell. He noted with amusement that Aswell was drinking boilermakers. He hadn't even noticed Luke.

"Gimme some change, Gert," a man called, and Gertie produced some nickels. Then she was called away again and the juke box began to blare. Two couples started to dance, the baby on the shuffleboard woke up with a startled pitiful cry. Behind him two men were discussing the subsidies on milk. Luke smiled. It was as he had remembered it. Nothing had changed.

Suddenly Aswell fell on him. "Sorry to offend," said Aswell. "Only meant to—well, you wouldn't take my advice anyhow."

Luke reached for the match the old man was fumbling with, lit his cigarette. "What is it, Aswell?"

Aswell came closer, putting his mouth to Luke's ear. "Leave her alone. Leave her alone, I tell you."

"Sure."

"You're just talking. I know. You think I am a drunken old bum. Well—do me a favor, will you, Mr. Sedley?"

"Why, sure," said Luke.

"Just leave her alone, that's all. Promise?"

"Okay, chum."

"Known her family for a long ti
kid, the Fenton girl, pretty and yo
a shame."

Luke swung around, caught him
said, "You said it, Aswell." He
thought of her as pretty.

"Living up there in those woo
well went on. "They never wa
sell the land. A golf course—w
we need a golf course for? W
fancy around here. You leave her alo
hear me?" Aswell stared at Luke,
watering. "Have one on me," he s
then quite unexpectedly he toppl

Norah sedley liked to play golf. good at it. Luke, though he had pla
her since early childhood, had nev
reached her handicap.

They had taken the roadster. Th
down and Luke was driving slowly
gentle wind, with the hair blowing a
forehead, Luke looked more than
his father. Norah caught her breath

"You came in late last night, didn
she said.

"Got mixed up with a crowd dow
Spot."

He turned on the radio. Violins.
He began to hum. Luke's hand on t
was long and tanned, strong and
the way his fingers bent, tender. T
to put her own hand over it, cover it
it move against
was so strong in
she reached for
instead.

He switched t
of the radio. Not
noise. He turned

"I'll give yo
Norah said.

"Nope. Haven
since Georgia. Th
marvelous pro the
Englishman. No.
play you till I've
up a little."

She felt disap
Too long she had
the day when she a
side by side, woul
walk again over
springy fairways. "We will have to pla
rubbers later. I promised."

"All right by me. I'll just drive
bit and pick you up in about two h
Something was wrong. Somehow
where. Nothing she could name,
Mrs. Sedley didn't know what it wa
She tried to reason it out. But ther
reason. None she could find.

"Left," she said. "Don't you r
the short cut?"

A few minutes later the car swung
the gate. She got out, but the mom
left its mark and she knew that she
play a good game. She wanted to ch
mind and to get back into the sea
him and ask him to drive home. Sh
up, and Luke raised his hand. The
fully moved backward, rounded
picked up speed and was gone.

Luke had been over the road bef
drove very slowly. The tirili of bi
noiseless speed of a rabbit crossing
in a terrible shy panic, the splash
brooks—it all fitted in. The restless
impatience of the past few weeks s
Luke was in a hurry no longer.

After a little while he came to a li
trees. Luke parked the car in thei
He got out and jumped across a sm
The underbrush beyond it was thic
he saw the dirt road, a few yards a
both sides it was lined with trees,
birch and oak. Walking along in
green calm, a sense of adventure fil

And suddenly an awed, mysteric
of having been here before. He st
his heart thudding. The house woul
clearing, about three hundred fee
surrounded by a hedge in back and
sides and a white-painted fence
High straight hollyhocks would sta
the fence, blue and purple and ye

(Continued on Page 168)

ast year over 5,000 freezer
locker plants froze
and stored millions of
packages of Sweetose frozen
fruits for their customers.
Locker plants all know
about Sweetose—they will
be glad to help you.

(This is an actual photograph of frozen fruits put up with Sweetose Syrup in an average home last summer—photo taken in December, 1946. Colors are actual.)

They taste even better than they look...

ozen fruits put up at home _ this easy way !

Ve want to tell you here, about something that s really new. It is a new way to put up fruits t home that is "simply out of this world." Jothing you ever tasted can compare with it, nd it is as simple as sewing on a button.

All made possible by a new food discovery—weetose Syrup.

Just put your raw fruit into a jar—or any turdy, watertight container with a tight-fiting lid—cover the fruit with Sweetose Syrup —put on the lid and freeze. That's all!

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Then—next January or February—when you thaw out your fruit see if you don't find the berries plump and fresh in color—the peaches tasting like fresh peaches. No other frozen fruit will compare with what you can put up at home.

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Just one word of caution: *Don't* USE SUGAR OR SUGAR SYRUP. Sweetose Syrup is a patented invention made from corn—its action on fruit is entirely different from ordinary sugar. It glazes the fruit—preserves the color —prevents discoloration—penetrates the cells —helps to keep it plump—and permeates the fruit with a delightful mild sweetness. Just send us the coupon and we will send you complete directions for freezing, thawing, and serving Sweetose frozen fruits.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your directions for freezing fruits the Sweetose way.

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City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

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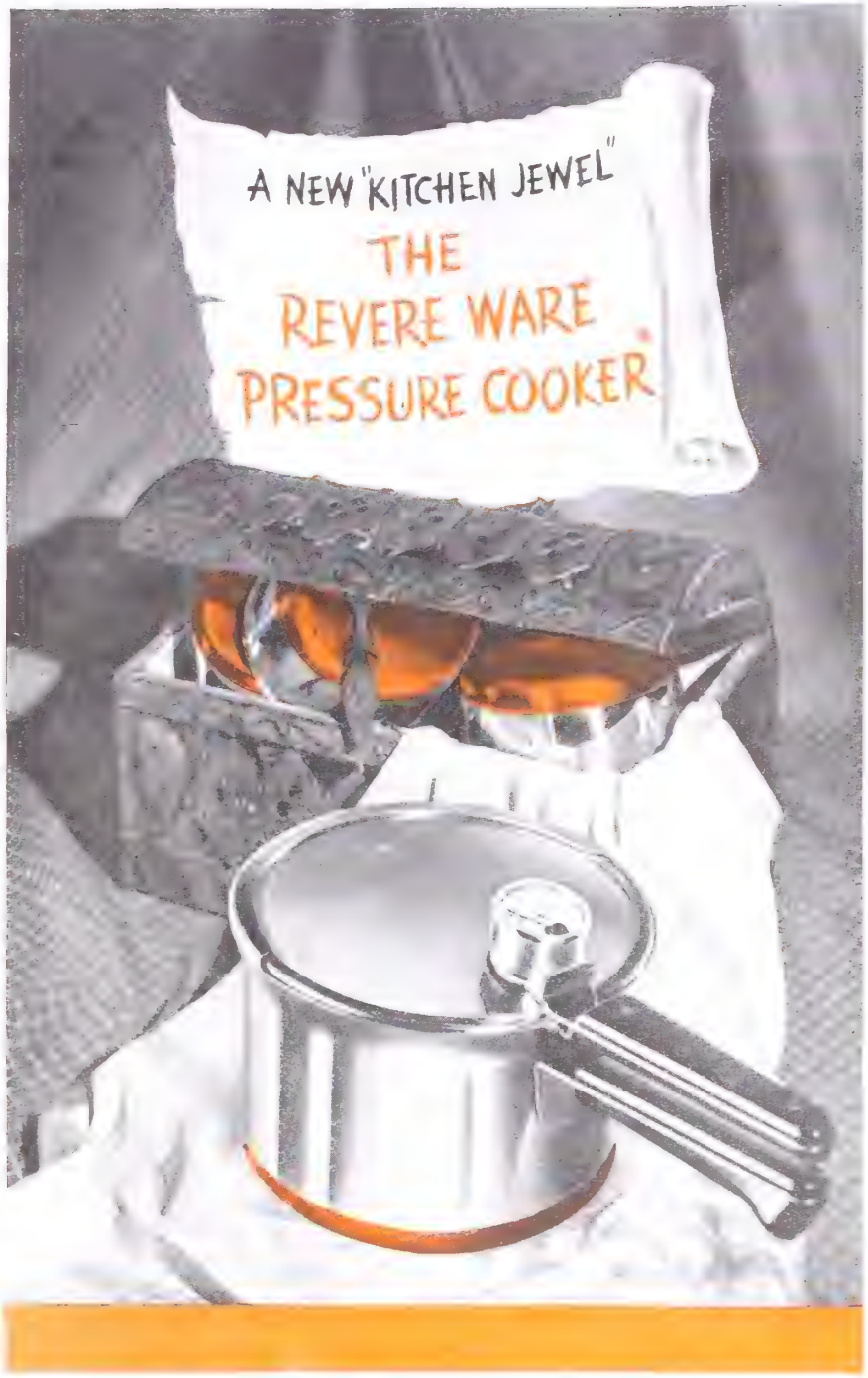

EVERYWHERE, women say that the new Revere Ware Pressure Cooker is truly a new Revere "kitchen jewel"—the most remarkable cooking utensil they've ever seen.

It is the only one made of stainless steel and clad with the thick copper bottom that made Revere Ware famous. It's so simple—you can put the lid on with just one motion of one hand! *There are no parts* to come off or lose. It gives such sure-fire results! There's no guess work. The gauge is self indicating. You always *know* with what pressure you *are* cooking.

The Revere Ware Pressure Cooker is beautiful—and so easy to keep beautiful! It resists staining and pitting. It is easy to preserve its silvery luster. In every way, it is as great an improvement over pressure cookers as Revere copper-clad stainless steel ware was over ordinary cooking utensils. Look for the trade mark on the thick copper bottom.

Patent pending

COPPER CLAD STAINLESS STEEL 18 01 REVERE WARE

REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED
Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York

(Continued from Page 166)

white and pink and red. Between the house and the fence would be a stretch of lawn. The house would be ——

But he knew he'd never been here before. With a shrug he remembered that once before he had had an experience like this, that other people had it. Luke began to run.

After two hundred yards he could see the clearing, the house, the hedge, the fence, the hollyhocks. He began to laugh, embarrassed and at the same time pleased.

He came out of the wood and the sun was hot and strong in the clearing. The house was larger than he remembered or had known in the secret depths of his mind. In the shade of a wide-crowned old walnut tree lay the dog. He began to bark, gently first and without moving, then as Luke came closer, louder, baring his teeth. It was the same shaggy old dog that had been with Liz. Luke could see that he was blind in his left eye.

"What's the matter, feller?" he said soothingly.

The dog growled. From inside came the clatter of dishes. Luke whistled. After a moment he could see the girl, peering through one of the open windows. Her neck and shoulders were bare. She wore only what looked like the halter of a play suit. Luke couldn't tell, but he saw her reach backward and then her long brown arms slipped into the sleeves of a shirt.

"Who is it?"

"I," he said stupidly. "Luke Sedley."

"Oh, come in!" She turned away from the window.

He stood in front of the white-painted gate, waiting for her to appear at the door, to welcome him, but all she did was call again.

"Never mind Brownie; just go along the hedge. I'm in the kitchen."

Luke walked along the hedge, the dog still growling at his heels. A small cement path led toward the house. There was a glassed-in back porch with a few beach chairs, obviously newly painted, a lawn mower, a pair of scissors, a hoe and a shovel.

THE kitchen was littered with piles of dirty dishes and pots and pans. Liz Fenton stood near the sink, wearing a bathing suit, and above it her washed-out blue denim shirt.

"I'm cleaning up," she said. "Sorry it looks so awful. But I had some visitors and we didn't want to waste the morning. So I left everything till after I had driven them to the station. Sit down, won't you?"

Luke sat down. He took it all in with one look. The old-fashioned icebox, the wood stove, the sink. A small squeaking noise made him turn his head. She was working the handle of the pump which spouted directly into the basin.

"No running water," she said. "Only a cistern and this thing here. If I stay, I think I'll sink a well."

He was unreasonably, unjustly upset. *If*, he thought.

"And," she said, "how have you been? You can help me dry, if you want to be useful." With one thumb she pointed over her shoulder to where a dish towel hung at the wall. He pulled it from the rack.

"I've missed you," he said.

She turned around quickly, smiled. "That's nice of you."

He wanted to tell her not to laugh at him, to tell her that he meant it, that it wasn't just an ordinary polite phrase. He wanted to tell her about his strange feeling of having walked up the road before.

"You know," he said, and then abruptly knew that it wasn't necessary to explain anything. They already had passed that phase. "There is a dance tonight just across the river. Years ago the place used to be a factory, then someone turned it into a dance hall. It is quite amusing and friendly. A lot of Poles come there, and Italians and some of the Swedes and Germans. Folk music and folk dances."

"I'd love to go another night," she said. "But I am horribly tired today. We made it quite a party last night. Mind?"

He didn't answer, just shook his head. For a while they worked silently, Liz scrubbing the plates, the cups, the knives and

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forks and spoons and rinsing the glasses in fresh water. Luke drying, carrying the dishes over to the table. When she was through, she began putting them away in a corner cupboard and then, wiping the stove, the basin, the table, she talked in snatches.

"Brownie is a stray dog. Isn't he sweet? I found him up here one night when I got home and he just stayed on. How do you like my garden? There's a lot of work in it. The zinnias should come in August, shouldn't they? I even put in some morning-glory around the porch. It's too late, I know, but perhaps —— What can I offer you? Coffee?"

She measured coffee beans from a bag into a little mill and passed it to him to turn the handle while she took out some cups and put the water on the stove.

"I love a kitchen," she said. "I never really had one of my own. Mostly just a two-burner, hidden away in a closet or behind a screen, or a kitchenette. Depressing things."

"Have you made up your mind to stay?"

She looked at him. "Not yet. You see, I've promised myself a long holiday in the country. Oh, for years now. You know how people dream, particularly in a city."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing exciting. Secretarial work in civil service. I started in Chicago, then New York and during the last two years in [illegible]."

The fragrance of coffee gradually filled the air.

"Then grandfather left me this place and a little money. I'd like to keep it. If I can get a job in the neighborhood I will stay."

> A man who lives only by himself and for himself is apt to be corrupted by the company he keeps.
>
> —CHARLES PARKHURST
>
> Quoted in Peg Along by George [illegible] Walker. Copyright 1945, 1946 by Alice Walker. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

How about winter, he wondered, *when the roads are icy? The snowplow only clears the highways. She'll never get in and out through the woods.*

On the front porch was a swing, creaking when it moved under their weight. They sat, sipping the coffee, looking out across the lawn toward the hollyhocks.

Again he felt the peace he had felt before. He wondered why he could be with her and feel at the same time alone and complete and yet not alone. He tried to catch her glance, but she was looking away, sitting very [illegible].

"Liz," he said, "Liz—has there ever been anyone—is there someone ——"

She did not turn her head, she did not reproach him, but she did not smile. "Not now."

He was painfully aware of his need to know. He tried to control himself, gripping the chain of the swing. It cut into his palm, the swing squeaked. She turned and he saw for the first time that her eyes were blue, very light, very pale blue.

"And before?" he said.

"It's over."

"But ——"

"It's gone," she said, facing him squarely. "And it shouldn't bother you. It shouldn't come between us. Should it?"

The desperation left him, the urge to question her. "I ——" he started and changed his mind. "Do you mind very much?"

"Your questions?" She shook her head. "No. I don't think you're just being curious. You can ask me anything you want to." She smiled. "You can," she repeated, "but—but ——"

"What?"

"It isn't important. Not really." The smile went out of her eyes, her jaw set.

He moved away slightly. "You are tough," he said.

She was very silent, and a frown appeared on her forehead, then vanished. "Perhaps."

He waited for her to go on, to add something, to excuse or at least explain herself.

(Continued on Page 171)

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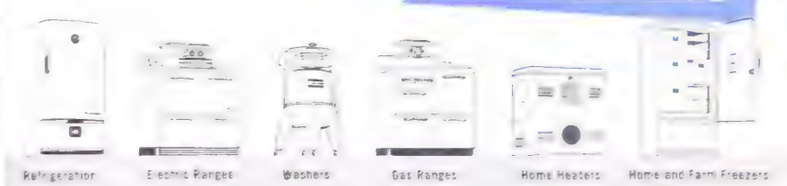

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MRS. PERRY TIFFANY

(Continued from Page 169)

en she said nothing more her apparent
ince of his criticism infuriated him.
as if someone else had hurt her, had
ged her and that she should defend

y don't you say you aren't?"
time she was surprised. She laughed.
hy should I, Luke? Perhaps I am. I
know. Anyhow, what's wrong with
ough? Life is tough, being alone is
love is tough, politics and business
aring children and climbing a moun-
d working, all of it is tough. Maybe
ugh in some ways and soft in others,
e everyone else."
uddenly remembered the gravestone
abeth Fenton, her mother, and the
scribed on it, and realized that Liz
t be much more than twenty-two
ld, or at the most twenty-four.
u grew up without a mother?" he
surprise, pity softening his voice.
as an orphan when I was around five.
t is something else. That wasn't what
ne tough, as you call it. Perhaps it
ne realize ear-
at life is like.
hen you ask
m tough I can
l you this: life
is important
I want to hold
it, and I don't
waste any of
That's why."
remembered
e had read
bhy, the Bi-
d the discus-
e had heard
red about the
of life and the
nce of those
Yet he had
nown anyone
ually did ac-
nem. Or, he
, perhaps he
er had recog-

remembered
had to fetch
from the golf
"I've got to
said.
nodded. For
ient he was
hat she would
go without
g more—but
ed herself out
swing and
l with him
garden and
he lawn. At
e she stood
lingupathim.
n will I see you again?" he asked.
know the way, Luke; come when-
u feel like it."
ossed the clearing, entered the path
the trees and already felt the desire
around, to run back to the house,
purpose in mind, with no questions
just to sit there and hear her move
the kitchen or the rooms or the
just sit there. Quietly.

ight a thunderstorm broke. Moved
ne wide winding river and, following
se, traveled slowly east until it was
between the hills.
great strained calm before it broke
ton lay motionless on her bed in her
pstairs room. It was very dark and
d feel the air warm and humid on her
t was so calm she thought she could
gentle flapping of bat wings shooting
windows.
part of her brain she thought, *I need*
ens; copper ones if I can get them. But
she thought of Luke. Luke was
ne, she thought impersonally. Hand-
d attractive. Yet she had met many
ne and attractive men, men who had
er to dances or to baseball and foot-
nes or to the movies, men she had worked with and flirted with. Men who had loved her, or who had said so. Some of these men she had liked. But it was different with Luke.

She tried to remember exact sensations of the past, and knew that this was different. *Like a candle,* she thought, *exactly like a candle, a fat yellow candle of beeswax with an untouched wick, that's me. A candle which has never been lighted and now suddenly it is; he is the flame and now the candle is burning. Steadily. If we're lucky nothing will blow it out.*

SHE heard the wind rising. She watched the first lightning race across her windows and, in its flash, the branches of the big walnut tree clutching at the wind.

That's how love is, she thought. *It just happens. It happened to me this afternoon when I turned around and saw him standing there in the garden.*

She heard the thunder and mechanically counted the seconds between the next lightning and the next growl. Finally the rain came, hard and harsh, a wall of water falling thick and invincible, swaying in the storm. Liz got up to close the window.

"Sleep well," Luke said, and for a moment Mrs. Sedley stood forlornly in the wide hall of her house, listening to the steps of her son growing fainter and fainter in the long passage which led to the library.

Lou! she thought as she went slowly up the graceful, curving staircase. Like Lou, going into the library, closing the door, closing a door between her and himself, to be alone.

On the second floor there was a banister, a quadrangle of deep brown oak. Mrs. Sedley stood leaning against this banister. Only one small light was burning, on the side table, an English silver candlestick converted into a lamp. Its oblong green shade allowed only a limited pool of light, and in its shadow the night seemed enormous. The night with its dark mystery, its pregnant silence, was like a giant noiselessly attacking her. How often had she stood like this, motionless, watching, listening into the deep sleeping quiet of the big house.

Tonight she felt the same agony gnawing at her heart. Time had passed and Lou was dead and Norah Sedley had grown older, but the pain was still the same. No less sharp, bearable only because Norah had built up a resistance to it through Luke, because he had become the drug, the morphia which softened the torture so that she could take it. But with Luke locking himself away in the library, with Luke's need to be alone, she ran out of the anesthetic.

Norah Sedley had never been able to trace the moment when it had begun in Lou Sedley: his need, his feeling for another woman. She simply hadn't noticed it and perhaps, very probably, Lou Sedley hadn't noticed it in the beginning either. At first she had thought that it was just another of his sporadic infatuations. But Betty had turned out to be different from all the other women Lou had kissed and desired for a moment. Betty lasted more than a moment, a week, a month. Betty lasted longer than a lifetime.

Betty, Norah Sedley whispered to herself, her mouth twisting in a silent cry.

SUB ROSA

While this phrase means something revealed to be kept in strict confidence, actually it refers quite literally to statements made under a rose. According to a Greek myth, Cupid gave Harpocrates, the god of silence, a rose to bribe him not to betray the indiscretions of Venus. The rose thus became an emblem of silence. During the Middle Ages it was customary to include some sculptured or frieze work on the ceilings of banqueting halls to remind guests ever so tactfully that matters discussed there were secret and private. Since they were "sub rosa," they were not to be repeated. Because roses are the symbol of silence, consecrated roses are sometimes carved above the confessional in the Roman Catholic churches. In modern German dining rooms the presence of roses as part of the decorative work suggests silence, not so much with reference to soup as to the principle that nothing said there should go beyond the walls.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

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Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in

Full 24 hour protection with Odorono Cream

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the beauty shop permanent?)

Lovely Consuelo O'Connor of New York, the Toni twin, says "None of our friends could tell our permanents apart—can you? (See answer below) My Toni wave was soft and natural looking the very first day. That's why Sis is sold on Toni, too, for her next permanent."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight!

You'll beam with happiness when your mirror reflects your lovely Toni Home Permanent—deep, graceful waves, heavenly soft and so natural looking! No trick to giving yourself a Toni, either. Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. Takes only 2 to 3 hours, right at home . . . no sitting under a hot dryer. Your Toni is frizz-free and easy to manage from the start . . . lasts as long as a $15 permanent. That's why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. That's why you'll want to get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters. Consuelo, the twin at the right, is the one with the Toni Home Permanent. Did you guess?

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE

De Luxe Kit with reusable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers	Refill Kit complete except for curlers
$2.00	$1.25	$1.00

All prices plus tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

Toni HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE

Easy as rolling up your hair on curlers—but the wave stays in for months

Spring Wildflowers
By Elizabeth-Ellen Long
With what old disapproval
And, no doubt, distrust,
From behind their proper fence
Garden flowers must
Regard their poor relations
Who are glad to live
In any field at all and take
What alms spring has to give.
PAPSDORF

If she could only have understood what Lou saw in her. So plain, so unimportant, so without any obvious attraction. If Betty had been beautiful or witty, it would have been easier to understand, easier to take. But to be discarded for someone who was a nobody made it all an insult.

In the darkness Norah saw Lou as she had seen him the very first time, that winter of 1918 when, with the end of the war, her parents had decided to spend the season in Washington to introduce her to society. Norah was eighteen, in a lacy white dress, holding a bouquet of tiny pink roses and forget-me-nots, staring at a young man with a leonine head.

"Darling, isn't he?" Marge, her best friend, whispered.

Then Lukas Sedley was surrounded: dowagers, young matrons, senators, congressmen asking questions, issuing invitations, congratulating him. Norah heard his laugh, that full, deep, roaring laugh he had even as a young man. She had just made up her mind to dislike him when he crossed the room with Senator Polk.

"Miss Norah Fair, Mr. Lukas Sedley, one of our most brilliant correspondents."

And he, standing very close, bowed, whispered, "Norah Fair Sedley. How does it sound to you?"

Then they had danced. She hadn't said a word; he was talking all the time, gay, reckless, enchanting nonsense.

"I've watched you now for almost three weeks. You are a good dancer, and you ride very well. Didn't want to talk to you just then. Hadn't quite made up my mind, you know. Wanted to be sure before I told you we are going back to Europe. The Times has finally agreed to send me back. We'll probably go on to Italy, to England, to the Netherlands. I'll show you the whole world. What fun we'll have!"

"I am having great fun right here in Washington and I think America is a wonderful country. I've seen Europe, thanks."

"Isolationist, are you? That's provincial, my dear. When do you think we can be married? Don't laugh. I'm serious."

"I don't want to marry anyone right now—and most certainly not you."

'But, my darling, what a waste. You mu marry sometime—and you'll like bei married to me. You'll be happier than you' ever been. I'm not offering you an ordina love. That's not good enough for you; tha not what you want. I know what you wa Don't tremble so, my darling."

Then, and with great effort, she had l his arms, had walked away from him; all t length of the room had felt his eyes on h back. She felt hot with shame because was right. He knew what she herself hadn realized.

And days and weeks passed. They didn meet again. She heard about him ever where. That he should avoid her deepene her shame. "*Don't tremble so, my darling*

He was nobody. He came from a sma town in Pennsylvania where his grandfath had set his own type for an old hand pres He had no money and no background. H was nothing but a young newspaperman wi with courage and brilliant in his grasp world events.

One afternoon a month later he came the house on Massachusetts Avenue. dropped by to tell you the Champlain is sai ing at midnight from New York."

"Well."

"Just a small French boat, but comfor able. The captain will marry us."

"You are insane," she said, and he, lookin at her:

"That I want to marry you? You don really think so, do you? We are the san kind, you and I. We want the best of lif Adventure, excitement, fun. Together w will have them."

"Can't you understand no?"

"Think it over. The boat sails at midnigh Here is your ticket. Tear it up if you don want it. I want you, Norah. And you wan me. Don't let's waste us."

She had made the boat, had left a note f her parents, had run off with Lukas Sedle had been married by the French captai

He had promised her passion, he ha promised to show her the world, he ha promised her fun. He kept all his promise

Below, the hall once more lay dark, th shining luster of big crystal chandeliers gon the music dead. One lonely face remaine

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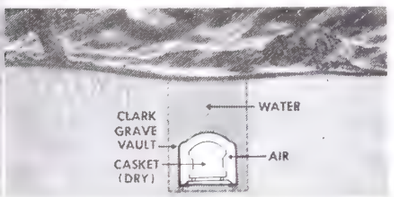

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Lou Sedley's. And his eyes looked absently at her, not really seeing her. Her heart called to him and he answered mechanically, shook his head lightly and, instead of coming to her, turned, walked along the passage.

Now Luke had gone into the library, closing a door between her and him. When had it happened to Luke? When?

She thought of the day which had just passed. They had gone to church, they had had early luncheon, then Luke had driven her to the golf links. It was then in the car that she, for the first time, had sensed Luke's preoccupation.

A letter? she wondered. But on Sundays there was no mail. Or had she arrived? From abroad? But there had been no telephone call. Where had Luke gone this afternoon—"driving around"?

She moved along the banister, restless with uncertainty. When she was in her own room, for a long time she sat on the edge of her bed, staring at the design of the hooked rug. She didn't think, just sat and stared, feeling without being able to feel any separate emotion. Gradually her feet grew cold and finally she grew aware that she was having chills. Chills on a warm, summer night!

Luke drove up the dirt road next day on his way back from Bethlehem, where he had gone to interview an injured steelworker. When Norah and he had talked the interview over at breakfast he did not plan further than the trip to Bethlehem and back.

He didn't think of seeing her consciously until he crossed the state line and had to wait his turn on the bridge. Until then he thought of what Peterson had said and how articulate and forceful the young man had been. But when he cleared the bridge he knew that he had meant to go, all the time. All during the night and breakfast and the ride to the paper and while he read proof.

Liz sat behind the hollyhocks in the middle of the lawn, some odd pieces of furniture standing around and four copper screens lying in front of her. She was painting their frames. Luke saw the can of white paint, the brushes sticking in an empty tin, the linseed oil and the twig she had used for mixing. She had washed her hair and it was not yet quite dry, its color a little darker where it was still damp. It fell over her bare shoulders like a short thick curtain of gold.

Brownie barked and Luke said, "Hullo."

Liz didn't even turn. "I'm almost through with the second coat and then"—she looked up at him and away, pointing to an open book—"then, I'm going to Peter Hunt everything."

He sat down next to her on the lawn. "What is Peter Hunt?"

"Oh, don't you know? Look at the book. Tommy brought it up. I found all these things in the cellar this morning. He—Hunt—makes all old-fashioned furniture look lovely, just by cutting them down and painting them; it looks quite simple."

Luke watched the pulse of her heart ticking in her throat. Her breath came quickly.

"My kitchen will look like a flower bed—ivy will crawl over the cupboard and forget-me-nots will grow on the chair legs, and on the seats I'll paint big sprawling sunflowers. I like sunflowers, don't you?"

"Liz," he said. "Liz, look at me."

Her hand stopped moving the brush across the small frame, paused in mid-air, once more attempted to distribute the color evenly. Then she put the brush down on the lawn and a big white oily drop dripped upon the green. She looked around before she looked at Luke. Not out of hesitancy, not because she wanted to gain time, but because she wanted a last moment to herself.

"Yes," she said. "Yes?" She was grateful that Luke did not move to draw her close, that he did not reach out for her and touch her. Then, when she felt the moment gone, she turned her head with a gesture of finality.

Luke could see some spots of paint on her forehead where she had wiped her hand carelessly. She was very pale. Their eyes met, holding each other's glance, nearing till each could see only the narrowed iris of the other.

"Yes," he told her. "Yes."

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IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Luke went into Mrs. Sedley's office. She was on the wire and motioned to him to pick up the other telephone to listen in. He sat down on the corner of her desk. Mrs. Sedley put one hand over the mouth of the instrument and whispered, "Washington."

For about five minutes both listened to the secretary of their congressman.

Then Norah said, "Thank you very much. Either I or my son will be down to get the follow-up." She leaned back in her chair. "You know, Luke ——" She saw that he was not listening and repeated a little sharply, "Luke!"

The distant look had come into his eyes and she caught herself. She saw him smile, the new smile he had in the past few days, dreamy and tender.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "I asked a friend to drop in at the house this afternoon."

His voice was even, slow, casual, and yet she could detect the excitement he suppressed. For days now she had waited for him to talk to her about it.

"A friend?"

Luke laughed. "A girl."

Mrs. Sedley held back all the questions she wanted to ask and which she knew were unwise.

"I hope you'll like her. I hope you'll like her very much."

She glanced up into his face. "I can't remember not having liked what you did." She corrected herself. "Or whom you did."

She watched him play with the eraser, throwing it up into the air and catching it on his open palm as if it were a coin. "She's different," he said, "kind of a different girl."

Norah laughed a little. "Pretty?" she asked, just to say something, just so that she would not say the things which must not be said.

His eyes narrowed. "I wouldn't know," he answered slowly, and suddenly a frown of concentration showed on his forehead as if he for the first time tried to imagine her and what she actually looked like or might look like to other people, to her. "I guess so. All girls are pretty somehow, aren't they?" he grinned. "She is quite tall, and blond and blue-eyed—oh, I don't know. Yes, I think she is pretty. I've told her a lot about you."

"Where did you meet her?"

Somehow it seemed silly to say: *In the cemetery.* "On the train." That was true too.

Norah preferred to look amused. But Luke was not in the mood for a joke or a wisecrack. She said quickly, putting her hand gently on his knee, "I'm sure I will like her."

"I hope you will."

He picked up her hand and rubbed it across his cheek, just for a moment, then he put it back on his knee and looked at her and saw the face which had held so much for him everything until he had met Liz.

Of course she will like Liz, he thought. *Of course. She will understand. She has always understood.* Then, as he remembered the many occasions in which she had proved her understanding of him, her friendship for him he felt happy again.

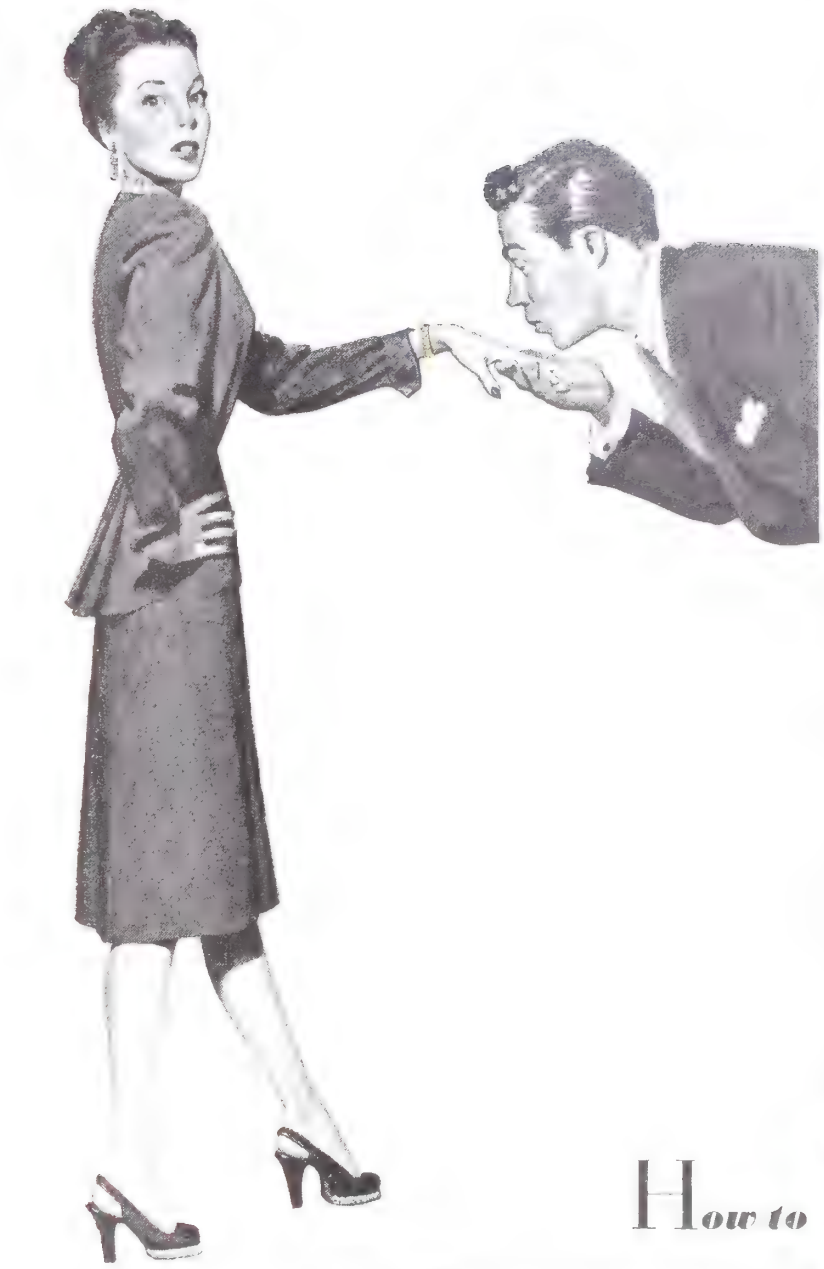
"I hope you will," he repeated.

Mrs. Sedley sat motionless in her swivel chair. *He's gone,* she knew. *His rubbing my hand across his cheek was the final gesture of farewell. I haven't brought him up to demonstrate tenderness; whatever tenderness there was in him I have suppressed and now suddenly he can afford tenderness, casually, without being afraid. He is gone. And I am left behind. Liz is dead and Luke is gone and I am alone again. Only a mother now. The mother of Lou's son.*

"Well, we'd better get back to work," she said. "If you'd rather not go to Washington I will. Or Richardson might go. We'll see."

Luke went out of the room, and only when the door closed did Mrs. Sedley remember that she had forgotten to ask him the girl's name. She shrugged her shoulders. What did it matter?

She was in the pool. She saw no reason why she should not take her usual dip upon coming home from the office. No reason, no reason at all. Keep everything as always; keep everything as much as possible as it has



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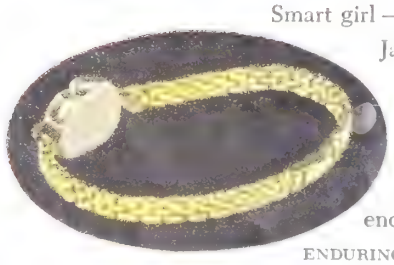

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u had not joined her. He had left
c efore she did, not even leaving
n e had not waited for her or what
s ere. She had just come out of the
r n he drove up, and Mrs. Sedley
t faint surprise in his eyes when he
her bathing suit. Not critical, of
reproachful, but more as he had
oy when he had come upon some-
t ly unexpected. She had ignored it.
n with me?"
nd of hesitation. "I think I'd
for Liz. She should be here any
told her around five."
urt Luke? Had
nwise? Should
id more respect
, this hour, to
ance of intro-
s girl to his
But no. No!
feel that she
s taken it for
at one day this
pen. The most
ing. Make the
at she was no future mother-in-
afraid of, or an elderly woman to
l with due politeness, as of another

Let her understand, from the
ning, that she was more Luke's
n his mother.

few quick strokes Mrs. Sedley
self up on the diving board. She
d walked barefooted across the
d the white iron table and group
where Hattie earlier had put the
she was late for the 5:30 news;
ncer was already giving the base-
ts. She turned the knob impa-
hy was the girl late?

e heard the faint hum of a motor
ser, coming up the hill, sputtering
ing, and then the motor stopped.
ey stiffened. *I'm unpardonable,*
e thought, contemptuous of her-
spite of all her rationalization she
had felt so many years ago, when, still safe and secure in the knowledge of their love, she met a girl or woman who for a moment had taken Lou's fancy.

They were coming down the steep grade of the hill, Luke and the girl, walking close, their hands interlinked, swinging their arms like children on their way home from school. She was a spot of pale faded blue between the different shades of green of tree and bush and lawn, blue and brownish gold. She was wearing denims, long pants and a shirt, quite informally. Very informally. There was a curious harmony in the way she moved. Rather slowly. Yet her slowness wasn't heavy or without grace; it was the slowness of complete unconscious certainty, the ability to stretch a moment of happiness into eternities, as if walking alongside Luke over the lawn was something which under no circumstances could be rushed, but tasted to the very last bit.

A woman never forgives anybody who tries to keep her from making a fool of herself over a man.

From What This World Needs, by John W. Raper, copyright 1945 by The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York.

As they came nearer Mrs. Sedley could hear the girl laugh. A strange light laugh, as if someone jingled coins, golden coins ringing together. And Luke's answering laugh, deep, low.

Mrs. Sedley had never actually watched Betty and Lou walking hand in hand across the green slope toward the swimming pool, but in those dark lonely nights of hell she had seen them, close to each other, hands intertwined, walking very slowly, luxuriously, laughing.

Oh, no, she said in a whisper. *I am seeing things. I am imagining it all Lou is dead. Betty is dead. That's Luke coming toward me—Luke and a girl called Liz.*

They were close enough now for her to see Liz's face quite clearly. *Not pretty,* thought Mrs. Sedley, *not at all like Betty. Only her laugh is like Betty's—golden coins hitting upon gold.* And now Luke was separating his hand from hers. For a second Liz stood alone,

I never dreamed..

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A DATE TO REMEMBER...FATHER'S DAY...JUNE 15

straight and tall. Norah had seen another woman standing exactly that same way. To that woman Norah Sedley had said, "Never." Many, many years ago. And she said it now, even as her mouth broke into a welcoming smile: *Never! Never! Never!*

Luke's voice: "Norah, here she is. Liz, this is my mother."

"Liz?" Mrs. Sedley repeated, the question in her voice hardly audible, watching the girl, who waited for her to extend her hand. Luke stepped back, smiling, his face one happy grin.

"May I present my future wife, Miss Elisabeth Fenton."

Elisabeth Fenton? Betty Fenton. Liz Fenton. Time swung sharply back. A whole life, years and months and days and everything of what they had held.

"What I would like to know, Lou, is what in the world you see in her. What can you possibly see in Betty Fenton?"

And Lou, tired, exasperated, "You wouldn't understand, Norah. What's the use?"

"Never mind. Just answer my question."

"The other side of the moon."

"The other side of the moon? I don't —— What do you mean?"

"I told you you wouldn't understand. You can't. I don't want to sound mysterious. I mean exactly what I say. The other side of the moon. We, the world, know only the one side of it. But once, when I don't know, maybe in the near future, maybe in centuries, but once mankind will know the other side of the moon. That's how I feel, that's what Betty makes me feel like, as if I were the first to see the other side of the moon."

THE space which separated Mrs. Sedley and Betty Fenton's daughter was no more than a few feet of grass. This space held for Norah Sedley everything she was; to Liz it meant nothing but a distance which should be broken. There was no reason, as far as she could see, why Luke's mother should like her, or be enchanted to find her son suddenly engaged to a perfect stranger. She held out her hand. Mrs. Sedley lifted her head. She caught Luke's face, the eager expectance in his eyes. She opened her arms—a wide graceful gesture of embrace.

"All the happiness in the world . . . to you . . . both."

To Luke and Liz it seemed only natural for Mrs. Sedley to dismiss them shortly after dinner, sweet and kind and tactful. They, in turn, were gracious about it, pretending they really would like to stay with her, but, in the end, they went off together, vanishing in the early summer darkness. And Mrs. Sedley was left alone on the wide stone terrace where Briggs had set the dinner table.

The dishes had been cleared off the wide glass table except for the coffee tray, and, barely aware of what she was doing, Mrs. Sedley poured herself another cup. She was staring at the night moths, reeling between the high hurricane candles, burned halfway down, their bright light secure behind the round glass shelter. Around the centerpiece, a little Dresden shepherdess, Briggs had put water lilies, white and purple. They were already wilting, smelling sharply with their particular foul watery smell. She had always disliked the water lilies Lou had planted in such abundance down at the swimming pool. Candlelight and water lilies and silver, how he had cherished them. Cherished them with the vulgar pride the self-made man took in possession for possession's sake.

She stared at her left hand. Bending, unbending her fingers. A few hours before she had taken the yellow diamond from her finger, slipped it into Luke's hand. "In case you forgot an engagement ring."

The surprise in his eyes, the gratitude. "But isn't that, isn't that—didn't dad give you that ring when you ——"

"That's why."

"So you do like her."

Yes, Lou had given her the ring. Like his son, he had forgotten to buy one. There she had been on the boat, eighteen years old, running away from home, with only an overnight case and Hattie. Hattie who miraculously had appeared when she stepped out of the ten o'clock at Grand Central.

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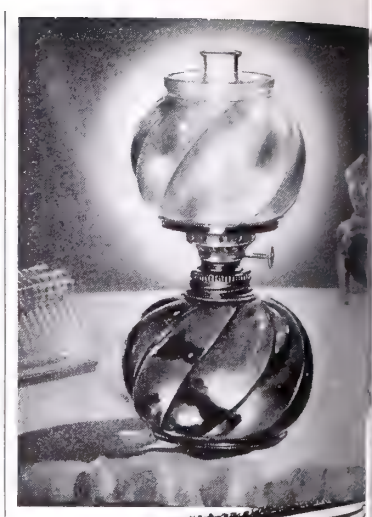

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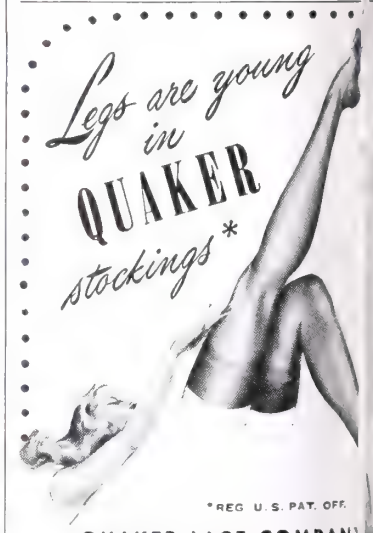

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"Where you go I will go," Hattie had said and stuck at her heels. And it had been, Hattie who had said in the small dingy cabin, unpacking Norah's bag, 'No, miss, I certainly do not think highly of the gentleman of your choice. He hasn't even given you a ring."

Lou had heard it. Laughed. At dinner they sat at the captain's table, and directly opposite them a fat charming Dutchwoman from the East Indies. On her right hand a large yellow diamond caught the light of the chandeliers, and Norah's eyes.

"What a lovely stone—I've never seen one like it."

There was no jewelry shop on board the small French steamer, but four days out a yellow diamond appeared on her breakfast tray. Mrs. Van Dam's ring.

"Lou—what in the world—did she sell it to you? Tell me, why don't you tell me!"

And Lou, laughing, amused, had launched into stories about the tricks of Casanova and how he had gambled with a French duke for his wife's famous diamond collar.

"Well, I'm not Casanova—but I'm good at cards. She wanted to play piquet last night. I didn't know the game, but I let her teach me, and, just to prove how good a teacher she was, we settled for the stone against five thousand."

"Oh, no—no—Lou—how can I possibly wear it?"

"Why not? To tell you the truth, if I'd lost we would have had to live on black bread and salt for the next few years."

Now she had given the ring to Liz. The yellow diamond wouldn't look well on Liz. She had no hands for precious jewelry.

I am a little surprised sometimes to find how commonly people suppose that when one is unable to accept their opinions one is therefore necessarily hostile to them. —HAVELOCK ELLIS: Fountain of Life. (Houghton Mifflin Co).

Rather large hands, strong palms and strong long fingers and the back of her hands tanned, freckled. The only thing she could possibly wear would be pearls, round white pearls; they didn't even need to be real. It would not make any difference.

Mrs. Sedley got up. She moved so abruptly that she almost upset her cup. She went quickly into the house and along the dark quiet passage into the library.

How long ago it had happened. Nearly twenty years? As long ago as that? It seemed so much shorter, for the pain was there, just as sharp, the shock just as unexpected. Like only yesterday, like today. Even the setting. For as today, nineteen years ago, she had been left sitting alone at a cleared dining table on the same wide stone terrace. Candlelights and silver and water lilies and Lou lighting his pipe, standing up and, without asking her to join him on his stroll, vanishing into the darkness of the garden.

Then, as today, she had hurried along the quiet dark passage, entered the library. Then, as today, she had curled up on the soft cushions on the bench in the bay window—and after a little while she heard his steps on the flagstones. The window was standing open and Lou was humming as he swung his legs across the low sill.

"It's only me," she said. "I want to talk to you, Lou."

No answer but the swift, agile movements with which he pushed his large handsome body through the window into the room. And suddenly, unexpectedly, she didn't know what to say, where to begin.

"Well?"

"I think you owe me an explanation."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps? I've waited almost two months now for you to come and talk to me."

"I've tried."

"When?"

"You didn't understand."

"What didn't I understand?"

"Oh, Norah ——"

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"'Oh, Norah,'" she mimicked. "Since when do you—since when are you too shy to say what you mean? I am to understand something from the fact that we haven't slept together for months? That's happened before when you were having one of your flings. What I want to know is what didn't I understand?"

The quick, gentle sound of a match being struck, a little cloud of smoke drifting past her. "Norah, please believe me, it is important for us that you believe me. I haven't touched another woman."

"Since when?"

"Since the day we decided on separate bedrooms."

"And you expect me to believe that you haven't made love to a woman in all these months?" She laughed.

"I am not lying to you, Norah. Why should I lie to you? Just take my word."

"How can I? I, who know you so well . . . almost ten years—ten years, Lou. Not you."

She heard him sigh. "You don't understand, Norah."

"What don't I understand? Don't just keep on saying that over and over."

He started pacing the room. But his steps were slow, heavy. After a while he answered. "You'll never understand that I've changed. When we met I was a crazy boy. Crazy about women, and I had been in the midst of it—the war, I mean. And it hit me. Just as it hit quite a few other guys who suddenly realized how short life could be. One had to keep going. Day in, day out. Some drank. Some took dope. Some wenched around. I did. You never understood that it was sex which kept me going, gave me courage, allowed me to take it and come back. And when we met—I loved you, Norah. You were and are so beautiful, and you gave me what I needed. You've kept me going, you've made it possible to get over it."

"Get over what?"

"Over sex obsession."

She laughed brittlely, wantonly.

"But when I got normal ——"

"Normal?"

"Yes. Normal. When I could balance myself ——" He stopped.

"Oh, don't be futile," she said. "Don't tell me that by that time you'd contaminated me."

"No," he said. "We were both young, we had a chance to develop. Even when I met you I was almost over it—that sickness. I didn't want to fool around any longer with a lot of women. I wanted to settle down and live a normal man's life."

"It's all my fault," she mocked him. "I can see it quite clearly. I stopped you from becoming a nice little bourgeois."

As he lit a fresh cigarette she saw him shrug his shoulders. "Don't you see?" he went on. "Can't you see, Norah? You are so wonderful, but you want nothing from life but that . . . passion; not tenderness, no softness, no kindliness or the letdown which goes with it. You possess love, and love possesses you. Yet you are cold. I mean, it doesn't reach you. Somehow, in spite of everything, it doesn't touch you. While the other—I can't put it into words."

"Indeed you can't," she said coldly. "That's why you wanted separate bedrooms? That's why you left me [illegible] weeks in succession? That's why [illegible] to Europe, all by yourself? Or did [illegible]

Lou did not answer. He was st[illegible] the floor.

"Answer me!"

"I have loved you very much."

Have, have, have. Oh, no, not h[illegible] past for her, nothing ever must be[illegible] her and Lou, between her and Lou[illegible]

SUDDENLY she was angry with h[illegible] having so completely misunderst[illegible] whole conversation, for having let [illegible] frightened. In reality, he was pay[illegible] compliment, telling her, without wa[illegible] that he was fighting against her po[illegible] him. But, in spite of herself, his c[illegible] silence began to frighten her again[illegible]

"What's her name?" she asked.

"It isn't that," he said. "Oh[illegible] Norah, can't you understand? It's [illegible] tween us. Finished. I can't help it[illegible] over."

"Is it?" she said. "Is it?"

He stood with his back toward[illegible] slid down from the bench, movin[illegible] noiselessly. [illegible] reached hi[illegible] motionless s[illegible] she lifted h[illegible] tiptoe, he[illegible] reached up [illegible] fingers tou[illegible] ears, move[illegible] down inside t[illegible] of his open [illegible] rested on his[illegible] bones.

"Is it?" [illegible] pered. "Is i[illegible]

With sude[illegible] pected force[illegible] his head b[illegible] and, losing it[illegible] ance, they [illegible] She let he[illegible] fall across hi[illegible] conscious of [illegible] edge of t[illegible] smoking sta[illegible] ing her rig[illegible]

"Is it, [illegible] me—is it?

He lay [illegible] quiet, so [illegible] after a whil[illegible] sharply:

"Lou?"

He inhale[illegible] painfully [illegible] body acros[illegible] cutting s[illegible] breath. Sh[illegible] tensely. W[illegible] the rhythm[illegible] breath to cl[illegible]

"It's dead," he said. "I wish y[illegible] understand."

But how could she understand, l[illegible] she ever understand that someth[illegible] was so desperately alive in her coul[illegible] in the protagonist? Distracted, yes[illegible] tarily exhausted, yes, lost, per[illegible] surely to be found again.

He crossed the room, switched o[illegible] and walked over to the side table [illegible] self a Scotch and soda. Then she s[illegible] envelope which must have slipped[illegible] pocket. A woman's handwriting [illegible] naïve letters: "Lukas Sedley, perso[illegible] of the Banner." A wild confusion of [illegible] rushed through her mind. *So he h[illegible] sonal mail sent to his office—not [illegible] house.*

As he turned he saw her staring [illegible] velope. "Norah."

She looked up and into the face [illegible] all she wanted. And the words he [illegible] came back: "*It's all over . . . it's [illegible] I wish you would understand.*" [illegible] dramatic words, and she had [illegible] frighten her. She was so angry sh[illegible] speak.

"I was going to tell you—but n[illegible] was sure. I've thought it over [illegible] again—I've tried."

(Continued on Page 181)

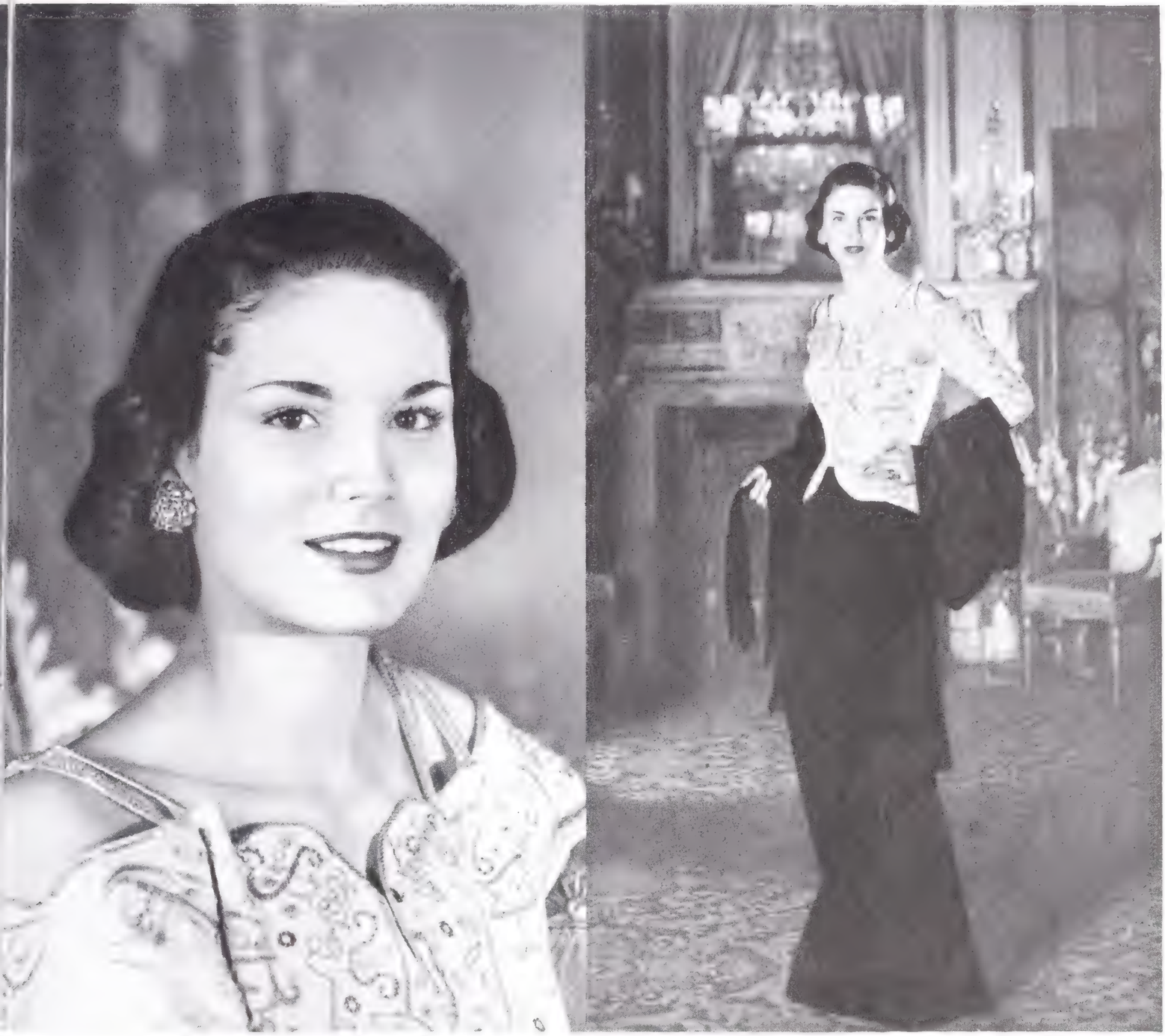
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Neoclassic

BY ELIZABETH STERNE

Like that reed cut down by the vain little god
Called Pan, who pursued with wild hoof and heart
A wood nymph dew-moist, lunar and cool,
A maid of Artemis who would not assuage him
And left him, a fury from waist to his toes,
With whimpering wonder encircling his brow
More tightly than wreathed flowers—
Like that reed cut down by Pan in his pain,
She was hollowed to pipe his thin refrain:
"Who is left for me to play to
Now green meadows no longer hold my dear?
Who in this world of ever-elusive women
Can I take for cheer?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Dines at The Waldorf-Astoria —— Antonia Drexel Earle

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(Continued from Page 178)

ll, I've known it all along. I told you, ? You denied it. What a fool you can

old you I'd changed if you'd only and."

don't be ridiculous!"

unexpectedly he looked painfully nd now for the first time she noticed ep circles had shadowed his eyes. h, I want a divorce."

at for?" she said. "Won't she have ng to do with a married man? Now to understand."

an't take it, Norah. I just don't want with you any longer."

walked over to where he stood, leaning the dead fireplace. "Well," she said, e no intention of being a divorced , nor to have my son grow up father- 'm afraid there is nothing much you about it, Lou."

turned sharply, without even the ty to read on his face any reaction. alked into the hall and up the long g staircase, and on every step she nt, *I must gain time . . . he's in- d . . . I must gain time . . . he'll ack . . . he always has before . . . I ain time.*

n she entered her bedroom Hattie was ng at the foot of her bed, staring at her watchful, anxious eyes. Norah stared t her, hating her, hating any witness distress.

the silence Hattie spoke: "Her name sabeth Fenton. She lives on her fa- farm, over at Galloping Hill. She is a widow. Her husband's ship went I don't know if dur- e war or later on. as a little girl."

sabeth Fenton. She ask how Hattie Hattie had always n about the things she considered in bit of interest of her ess.

attie!" she said sharply.

don't know more," Hattie said quickly. re is no gossip—I've heard no one say ning—she goes into New York; that's all w." And knowing also that that was all she had to offer, all that would be ac- d, she went out of the room, closing the softly behind her.

her large, lonely bed Norah Fair Sedley er restless body flogged by the relentless s of jealousy and hurt pride. To have all of her, all she had to give and gave so rously, yet to want another woman. t was there in Lou she didn't under- d? What instinct, what secret emotion she failed to touch or left frustrated and ng? What had he hidden from her?

intervals she hated him with a cold, ge hate which demanded revenge, and oments she despised herself. *Lou. Lou,* whispered his name softly, with hardly ing lips, as if, by speaking his name, she d call him back to her arms. *Lou—Lou—ed you . . . I've never known how much. —Lou—I forgive you. You don't know ! you're doing, what you're saying. . . .*

Irs. Sedley started. Steps on the flag- e, quick vital steps. She saw his hand hing out for one of the wide, open win- s, and as he swung through the frame said, "I'm here, Luke."

Oh, we thought you'd gone to bed. Liz ted to say good-by and thank you, but ran into Hattie and she said — "

I came downstairs again. It was too hot I wasn't really sleepy." She hesitated then said softly, "I like your Liz."

I thought you would. Nobody in his t senses can help liking her, but when gave me the ring I was sure. It was aw- y sweet of you."

"Did she like it?"

Luke laughed, remembering Liz's startled e when he had slipped the ring on her ger, down at the swimming pool. "Of rse she did—she was very touched. Very happy that you should have thought of it. I told her. I mean that I forgot "

"Oh, but you shouldn't have. It was really quite thoughtless of you. Why hurt anyone's feelings?"

"I won't. Not Liz! Nothing can hurt her. That's what's so wonderful about her. She seems to understand people and what to expect of them. And she didn't expect a ring from me." He paused. "She just takes things as they come along. The good with the bad."

Of course, thought Mrs. Sedley, and in the darkness of the room her lips curled into a tiny contemptuous smile. *Of course! She has no imagination.*

"She seems a very wise young girl."

"She is." In his voice rang the eager urge to talk, his happiness which sought an outlet—an audience. "She's surprisingly wise. Sometimes she seems older than her age, or any girl I've ever known. It surprised me at first; she's only twenty-two and she hasn't seen or done or even read very much. She's just born that way, or perhaps the life she's led——"

"She said she is an orphan, didn't she?"

He told her what he knew and she recognized the admiration, mingled with pity, he felt. "What's so wonderful about her is that nothing has spoiled her. I mean . . . loneliness and hardship and having to fight all alone to make a go of it. It didn't make her bitter or envious or even very ambitious."

Betty Fenton's daughter. Simple and contented and apparently satisfied with her lot. And Luke, her clever handsome Luke, who could have the best of the world, taken in.

"How little you know about her, actually," Norah told him. "I remember when you first brought Celia here you knew all the schools she had gone to, her parents, the interest she took in certain subjects and how you wondered ——"

"I'm through wondering. I know. With Liz nothing matters. We'll have plenty of time to find out all about each other."

"I'm sure you'll be very happy."

"I think we will be. Anyhow, we'll take a chance. Liz thought at first that maybe it would be a good idea to wait a little, but I've wasted too much time!"

"The more I hear of her the more I like her," said Mrs. Sedley gaily, lightly. "After all, it isn't too sensible to rush into marriage."

Luke struck a match and lighted a cigarette. "Sure, but, you see, it's different with Liz. I sort of feel I've always known her—always wanted her and she—she feels the same way."

"Everyone in love does," Norah Sedley replied.

"I guess so. But then I never felt it before even when I thought I was in love."

"Felt how?"

"Sure," he said. "Just sure. But I am boring you. There is nothing duller than to have to listen to someone in love. John used to drive me nuts, going on and on about his wife."

"You're not boring me," Mrs. Sedley assured him, "you're not boring me at all. I want to know everything about her and you—anything you care to tell me."

"The usual, sir?" Toppy, the barman of the 3:40, swayed down the club car. He smiled at the colonel.

Richardson smiled back at him. "Make it a stinger today, Toppy."

Toppy went back to the end of the car, gathering orders on his way. He mixed the stinger, served it.

The colonel settled back into his seat staring out the window. He had had two satisfactory days in Washington. He had seen everyone. His congressman, his senator, lots of old colleagues at the Press Club and at Harvey's.

He hadn't particularly wanted to go to Washington to get that data for the Banner, but now he was glad he'd gone. It had settled something. It had given him a second wind.

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A second wind! A chance to regain dignity and self-respect. In a few weeks he would be a free man once more.

Free, he thought. *Free*. All and everything of him at liberty without restrictions. Seventeen years—a whole life in itself—he had given her, waiting, hoping. He should have found the strength to cut loose long ago. Of course, he had no idea what his future life would be like—a life in which he would never see her again, never discuss things with her, never dine with her. A life without tantalization.

Good-by, he said in his mind. *This is good-by, Norah. I talked to some people down there in Washington—so, I'm off.* Then, for the first time, he would take her into his arms and kiss her gently, oh, very gently, for now he could afford it. He was leaving. He was a free man.

As the train stopped he tossed a bill on the table. He walked slowly along the gravel path and up the stairs to the station. He knocked at the window and saw Aswell, behind his old-fashioned rolltop desk, lift his head and reach for his cap.

Aswell lumbered out of his cubbyhole. "Didn't expect you back yet. Have you heard the big news?"

"What big news?"

Aswell pushed his cap back and scratched behind his ear. "We'll have a wedding soon. Luke Sedley got himself hooked."

For a moment the colonel didn't comprehend what Aswell said. His face went blank.

Aswell sniggered. "Surprise, ain't it? Always thought that boy would never—he's got himself engaged to the Fenton girl. Mrs. Sedley printed it in the Banner."

"Well, that is grand," said the colonel. He didn't notice when Aswell left him, disappeared into his small, hot office.

Norah would be alone, left alone, the one thing she loved gone—gone forever. His mouth went dry as he thought of what it would mean to her. Then his heart began to beat and he put his free hand across his chest as if he couldn't believe this new wild rhythm within his blood. She'd be alone. All by herself.

There was a telegraph in Aswell's office. The colonel rapped for Aswell's attention. "Send this message: Tomlinson, National Press Club, Washington, D.C. Regard conversations as canceled. Richardson."

IN the moonlight the house, the meadow and the woods surrounding it seemed no longer to belong to a world, restless with problems, confused in its aims. Liz smiled to herself and turned to Luke, stretched out on the blanket, chewing on the bitter stem of one of the daisies which grew in abundance all over the meadow, his eyes wide open, staring up toward the sky.

"It's like being on one of those stars, being up here with you," he said. "Just you and me, the house, the creek, the trees, Brownie."

She lay back, putting her head into the hollow between his shoulder and neck. There was something strange about him, something she felt but could not explain, even to herself. When she was alone with him he seemed to be complete, his heart and his mind and his soul, all of it integrated, functioning in perfect harmony, but as soon as she saw him in his own surroundings something appeared to snap within him. Something became missing, or at least split up into single pieces. She wanted to talk about it, but it was difficult to put in words and anyhow, maybe, that was the way people in love were when they mixed with other people. Maybe she, too, would seem a different person to h friends, or rather to Luke, should he wa her with them, acting in a way they pected but which was new to him.

"Richardson likes you," he told her. "took me aside today to tell me so."

"He's so sad," she said, recalling in mind the colonel's stubborn sun-tanned fa

Luke laughed. "Richardson sad? I do think he even knows what sadness is. H so active, so busy, so strict. What makes think that?"

"I DON'T believe you know what sadnes Luke. I hope you never will."

"Do you?"

"I think I do."

She felt his hand squeezing hers. Then spoke again. "I guess you're right at t Pain, horror, fear, depression, yes, but sadness. Norah—you know I have to be gr ful to her for that. She has spared me s ness."

"I wish she could like me."

"Oh, but she does."

"Really, I mean. Not just because love me. But me. You see I never re knew what it felt like to have a mother—c when I was little. I do want so much—

"That's the way she makes all people the way people react to her—wanting mediately to be liked by her for themse and not for w they repres Everybody do *I think I lied.* thought; *I d mean to. And I d know quite wh seems so terribly portant if she me—for Luke's naturally. She sweet, so polite interested. I ha have no reason think differently I do. And I know why.*

"Don't worry," Luke as he took the from out of the ner of his m and threw it a "I know she Everybody you—Mrs. Ca and Doctor To

NEXT MONTH

JOHN married Cass with no questions asked. Not "Where did you come from?" or "What did you do?" Cass was a *"now"* sort of person. She seldom spoke of that time before she met John. But in walking from one life to another, there's bound to be a little of the old one clinging to your shoes. She knew the past could bury its dead, but Cass had reason to believe in ghosts. Read . . .

MR. ELY AND THE UNICORN

By Nelia Gardner White

complete in the June JOURNAL

They heard a young owl cry in the s woods in front of them. Brownie ba sharply, then flopped back again. Liz b to hum to herself and Luke, who had r heard her sing, sat up.

"Sing some more," he demanded. "I your voice."

She sang two or three little songs, g out across the lighted meadow, hearing creek murmur and the breath of night c ing the trees. "My mother had a l voice."

"I've never heard you mention mother as often as tonight. I kind of ha impression you've never missed her n were too little to remember."

"No, I was not too little to remem Only I couldn't afford to," she told "She was gone. Gramp said all my c wouldn't bring her back, so I stopped cry You're quite right. I had sort of forg but during this last week, watching and thinking of getting married with a of my own around—really, I'm not h sentimental as I sound, just envious, I pose, watching you and Norah and thi of what I have missed."

He saw her hand reach away fro blanket and into the grass which was with dew, some of the blades bending the weight of the large drops.

"What's on your mind, Liz?"

She had waited for days for this mo "I've been wondering, Luke—I wond we couldn't live here. In this house. Y I have been happy here. Everyboc some kind of dream, and mine was t this house. Gramp knew that. That

(Continued on Page 184)

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Red Majesty suits my King's taste!"

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(Continued from Page 182)

he left it to me. We could fix it up." But even as she spoke she knew that it was hopeless.

"I can't do that to Norah," he said. "Don't you see? She would be all alone. She plans to have us live in the big house, as is only natural. We can keep this house—and we can always come up here, any time we want to."

Yes, we can come up here, she thought. *Sometimes. Just to visit.*

"What's the matter, Liz?"

She stretched and put her arms behind her head, resting her neck in the palms of her loosely folded hands.

"Liz?"

"Well, it is all rather strange to me—getting married, you know. I don't think I realized until today what it means."

"To live with the man you love, to bear his children, to build a complete life together."

"All that and more. It means giving up one's own life, it means adjusting, merging." She sighed.

"Don't you want to marry me any longer?" She heard the fear in his voice, the bewilderment.

"Of course, I do. It's only, just as I said, I didn't quite realize it before. In one's imagination one sort of always ends at the point where the guy is popping the question. You see, I have been so free always—without any obligations other than those I chose. No one had any claim on me."

"That goes for me too," he said.

Oh, but it doesn't, thought Liz. *It doesn't. You're not free, you never were free. You are Norah's son and you love her, and love in itself seems to put people under obligations.*

"I love you so very much," she whispered.

If only Norah Sedley could like her. If the wall which was between them and which Luke didn't feel could come down.

Liz came down the winding staircase and saw Briggs, in the hall, gathering up the tennis rackets they had carelessly left lying around.

"I hope you had a nice game, Miss Liz."

"Thank you, yes," she said. "I'll be in the library if Mr. Luke is looking for me."

"Very well, miss."

She wanted to see the portrait of Lukas Sedley again. It had come as a shock to her that any two people should look so much alike as Luke and his father. And as she saw it now, lighted by the last rays of the afternoon sun, the shock was just as unexpected as it had been the first time. She stepped back to get a better perspective. Again she studied the intimately known face, the high cheekbones, the determined chin, and Lou Sedley's mouth seemed to curl into a sardonic grin. For a second she imagined she could hear him actually laugh, the deep low laughter Luke had inherited. So strong was the impression that she stepped back and almost bumped into Briggs.

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't hear you come in."

He carried a tray loaded with glasses and bottles.

"It's so startling," she said as if in apology. "The painting."

Briggs stood quietly beside her. "Yes," he said. "I sometimes come in here just to look at him. He still seems to speak to me." He sighed.

"But he was happy, wasn't he?"

"Oh, certainly. I wouldn't like to think of Mr. Sedley as not being happy. But he was so careless."

"Was he really? Like Mr. Luke?"

She caught an odd expression on Briggs' face. "Not exactly. In the end he didn't seem to care about anything. He needn't have died if he had cared. Cared enough, that

The art of make-up was the rage among Chinese ladies in the misty centuries preceding the birth of Christ. Han dynasty records tell us that berouged ladies of that period, in addition to painting artificial eyebrows, wore dark shadows around their laughing eyes. The Chinese ladies painted their eyebrows with the burnt tip of a fragrant willow twig. They stole the black from inkstands on their lords' desks.

They also affected a coiffure known as "falling off the horse," meaning the fad of wearing one's knot of hair coquettishly on one side of the head.

—LIM SIAN-TEK.

is. The day he died no other plane was up."

She stood motionless, listening.

"I remember so well," Briggs said. "told me to call the field to get his plane re He had a fast little plane. Tallyho, he c it. It was a bad day. And I asked him if seen the weather chart. 'Nope,' he said, 'w for? Just do as I told you, Briggs.' I talke the man at the field, and the fellow said it sheer lunacy to take a plane up. The st was moving rapidly east. I told Mr. Se and he said, 'Okay, okay, Briggs. I still to get to Chicago.'"

"But if he had to be in Chicago —

With an almost angry movement Br turned to her. "There were trains," he and she heard the pain in his voice. She a strange, foreboding feeling as if Briggs trying to tell her something which was portant. "I've never mentioned this befo he said. "I didn't want anyone to k about that carelessness. You know people are—I didn't want Mr. Luke to der."

There was silence.

"I wonder if I've done right?" Briggs

Then it was that she turned and looke him. "Why, of course you have, Briggs course. It was an accident. Just an dent."

Steps outside, the door opening, Luke the colonel. "Isn't Norah down yet? We starved. Why don't you take over, L

She hesitated, certain. But Br handed her the gla

"Cuba libre, nel?" she asked without wanting looked up at the p ing instead of into colonel's face. Lou ley's eyes stared at her.

Dusk. Blue, te summer dusk. Ev thing subdued. bright colors of the paled to pastel, ev thing pale and shy quiet. Peace in summer dusk. Li on the window sill, legs crossed, her folded about her knees. Four more w She stared out to where the hollyhocks, stiff gay beauty lost, were slowly dying. smiled with happiness and contentment

I'll take half of my savings, she planned *my wedding dress.*

There was such a sweet little churc Easterly. Right around the corner from Banner. Very white, wooden and simple a proud golden cross above the entran small steeple and two stained-glass wind

White lace and tulle and a bouquet of

Brownie barked sharply. "Hush," she him. "Hush, Brownie." For a moment dog lay quiet, but she saw his ears flap and his tail twitch. Then she heard snapping of a dry twig and Brownie b into a series of sharp, hoarse, angry ba

She had rarely known fear, nor had it occurred to her to be afraid here. Yet didn't move from her window sill; she mained sitting perfectly quiet, like Brow suddenly tense and watchful. She c make out very indistinctly a figure mo out of the wood, a rather tall figure and a second one, smaller. Brownie sudd sprang and then a voice rang out, c commanding.

"Call your dog, Liz."

Liz jumped from the window sill into garden and rushed through the little sw ing gate. "Brownie, Brownie, here, b She felt like laughing at her own sillin "Mrs. Sedley—oh, Norah. Brownie!"

The dog did not obey. He stood in Sedley's path, blocking her step, grow Liz gripped him by the collar, feeling hi stand up stiffly.

"Oh, hello, Hattie. I am sorry he fri ened you, Norah."

(Continued on Page 186)

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Norah Sedley said, "Your mother was quite a stupid woman and very stubborn. I had hoped she would understand that it was impossible for her to stay here, in this house or this neighborhood. With my son growing up . . . her little girl. We had to think of our children. Why, it would have been impossible for you ever to be accepted anywhere. The whole neighborhood knowing, gossiping."

For Liz, too, past became present and she could see her mother, pacing between the Victorian furniture, thinking of her, "*Kitten, Kittykittykit.*" *Poor mother. Poor darling mother.* "*Kittykittykit.*"

"Go on," she said.

"She cried," said Mrs. Sedley. "She was a very weak woman. And she wouldn't understand. We had several talks. I used to come here—on purpose, you see, so that people would see me come and think—— Lou was away then—on a job in South America—I saw her quite often . . . and in the end, I finally made her understand."

"And then?"

"Then? Well, she couldn't face the future. She chose an easier way. Suicide."

THE light in the room seemed to dim. To go out. The room was very black and with the darkness falling upon her, Liz repeated, "Suicide?"

"Didn't you know? Weren't you told?"

"I was told—I believed she died in an accident, hunting. They used to go hunting—there were a lot of deer around here, there still are—she fell—the gun went off."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sedley, "of course. She didn't want Lou to feel he was to blame. She was generous that way. And probably she didn't want you to know. But her father knew, and she left a note for me. He brought it over after her funeral. Everyone, of course, believed that it was a most unfortunate accident. And, in a way, it was. Most unfortunate."

Her slim, exquisite hand reached out and crushed her cigarette. Liz stared at it. The long sensitive fingers, the perfect skin, the extraordinarily lovely shape.

"You killed her," she said.

The hand drew back slowly, gracefully.

"You killed her," Liz repeated. "You talked her into it while Lou was away. You made her believe that she had no chance—no chance anywhere."

Mrs. Sedley rose. "Not at all," she said. "I told you your mother was a very weak woman. She just chose the easiest way."

"You killed her," Liz repeated with the same level, cold voice.

"Don't be melodramatic, child."

"She loved Lou, your husband, and he must have loved her as Luke loves me—and you wouldn't let him go."

Mrs. Sedley turned and looked at her. The girl's face was drained of all blood and her wide mouth was trembling. "I'm sorry," she said. "I had to tell you. Luke knows nothing of this. I have told you the facts, Liz, about your mother. As for you ——" She shrugged. "Good night. I'm sorry. It must have been a shock. But you had to know."

She moved away, into the darkness outside. In the kitchen, where Liz had locked him, Brownie began to growl again.

For a long time after Mrs. Sedley and Hattie had left, Liz sat as if in a stupor on the low footstool. After a while, when Brownie's scratching at the door finally reached her brain, she stood up and, quite mechanically, opened the door to the kitchen. She looked at him.

"Let's get out of here. Quick."

Brownie pricked up his ears and gave her a low, pleased bark. He ran to where she stood and automatically her fingers began to rub him behind his ears.

"But what do we do with you?" she said. "I can't take you with me. You are too big for a city. They won't let you in anywhere. We'll have to find another home for you."

She looked around her, at the Victorian furniture, at the curtains she had made so happily, at the walls she had repapered and through the open door into the kitchen.

"Okay," she said. "That was that."

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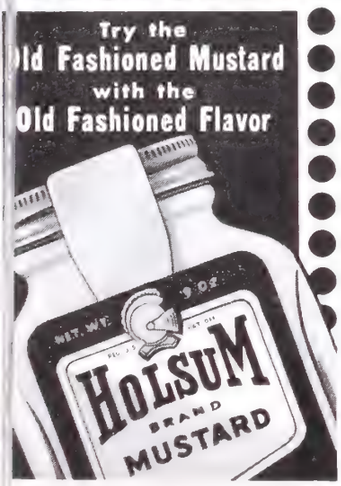

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She went out of the living room and through the narrow dark hall and up the staircase. "Messy," she said. "Oh, how horribly messy! I don't want to have anything to do with them. Never. Not ever again."

She reached her bedroom, turned on the light and took her bags out of the closet. She began to throw things into a bag. Shoes and stockings and dresses and underwear. There was a red leather frame on the table beside the bed. In it were stuck several snapshots of Luke.

"It's no good, Luke," she told him. "It's better this way. All over, my darling. Finished. I simply have to go this way without any explanation. I am only human too. I can't take it. Call it weakness ——"

Suddenly the walls seemed to fling back: "*Weak. Weak. Weak. . . . Your mother was a very weak woman. She simply chose the easiest way out.*"

Liz sat down on the edge of her bed. Her head cocked as if listening, listening intently.

"*Your mother was a very weak woman.*"

Weak, weak, weak, the echo came. *And you are your mother's daughter.* She closed her eyes, lying back across her bed, her hands clenched into fists as if holding within her palms a thought which must not escape her.

Yet, as hard as she tried to phrase it, in her mind she was unable to do so. She could only feel. Her mother moved through this very room, yet not really there, but with all and everything she was with Lou—the husband of another woman—until this very woman —— But oh, no, she mustn't think that way. And Liz saw Norah Sedley: young Norah, utterly, desperately in love with Lou, who had gone to another woman. And Liz sensed what Norah obviously had never admitted to herself, perhaps could never admit: that she was loved no longer by the man she so desired.

AGAIN she was standing in the library, looking at Lou Sedley's portrait, hearing Briggs' voice. And she saw the two women, no longer Norah as Luke's mother, no longer Betty as her own, fighting their hopeless battle, each using the weapons nature or temperament had lent her. Of these two women, Norah Sedley had been the stronger. The more intelligent, smarter, more ruthless. Betty Fenton, the victim of her love. And now, today, this evening, Norah Sedley had tried the same strategy on Betty Fenton's daughter. Only Lou was no longer the object, but Luke.

The flash of intuition passed. Liz sat up and went downstairs into the kitchen and over to the sink and began to work the handle from the pump till the water spouted. She put her face in the clear cold stream.

That's why she came here tonight. She wanted me to believe that she was responsible for my mother's death so that I would get out of this neighborhood in horror and disgust. She wanted me to think that so that I would leave Luke.

She reached for a towel and began to dry her face.

Weak, she thought. *Yes, what Norah Sedley would consider as weakness. She didn't kill my mother. My mother could have stayed and fought. If I leave now, Norah will not have driven me away. I will have gone by myself, given up Luke, broken my happiness with him because I am too weak to face her.*

"We're not going, Brownie," she said, turning to the dog which had followed her. "I am going to stay."

In spite of the early hour, Liz was up next morning when Luke came driving through the woods, sounding his horn gaily and singing at the top of his lungs, with the uninhibited unconscious loudness of a small boy. He broke off. "Why, Liz! Up this early? And I thought I would surprise you." He switched off the motor, but kept staring at her as she stood behind the white-painted fence, handling the watering can.

"I always get up early. And then it hasn't rained for days and the lawn looked as if it needed some water."

"Got a cup of coffee for a poor beggar?"

"On the stove. I put it on before I came out."

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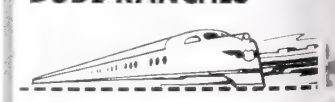

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at each other as if each was the other's existence and the n bore for the other. To Luke thing deeply touching about so efficient, so self-sufficient, wn at the crack of dawn. To s if she saw Luke for the first

ind of peaked," he told her, from her. "Didn't you sleep

and get the cups out while I sten—what about going into h me? Business. Old man yer."

l Liz, certain now that he at Mrs. Sedley had paid her a . She went on in, but Luke lk through the kitchen win-

ught I would go last night, nt to the dance, and she had n Aswell came driving up with n the car. Clark, who was in just back from Europe. He y home. Stayed overnight. to the bus stop."

aid Liz, and he put the can e around through the door. coffee for me the first time I said. "Remember?" For a ld her close, smiling. "Guess ade me think of you. Drove breakfast. Didn't want to and suddenly I thought of

e stood, leaning against him, l, listening to his voice. thought that it was pure non- you for two or three days and t just as well come with me. We nie and park him at Chasen's. ind."

she said.

along the road, narrow here, tle while widening into a four- On both sides farmers were fields, some of which were al- and the grain, stacked in neat ges, lay in the straight rows chines had dropped them.

ubba, hubba," said the radio, ed it to another station. Little for the school bus to pick them them. Luke waved back. The and the breeze cool and strong. e said, "let's get married in She listened to her own voice, t she should have said those words, and not sure suddenly that she was doing the right thing. *Committing myself*, she thought, *cutting off escape.*

"What did you say, Liz?"

"Let's get married in New York. Without anybody knowing about it. Just you and me. I know it's only four weeks and it isn't that I'm that impatient. It's that I dread a crowd and all the festivity with no privacy at all. And it's such a heavenly opportunity. You'll have to spend a few days anyhow in New York. We——" She was, all at once, breathless.

He looked at her. The car swayed and he caught it. "I know what you mean—but we can't do that to Norah. She wouldn't understand."

Just a few days, she thought, *alone with you. Just a few days. You don't know that there was to be no marriage—no honeymoon. Just a few days.*

"I think she would," she said slowly. "She ran off with your father without anyone knowing about it."

Luke smiled. "I keep forgetting that."

"But it's true, nevertheless."

He stared ahead. The traffic on the road had grown heavier; big trucks rolled by, leaving a cloud of fumes. "The cards," he said. "The invitations."

"They haven't yet gone out."

"Norah would be frightfully hurt."

"We could settle everything as soon as we get to New York, and then you can drive out to Long Island. It's just one day more than you planned to stay away. Three days it takes. On Tuesday we could go up to city hall, find two witnesses—strangers if possible—and it would be all over without a lot of to-do, without all the embarrassment."

He looked at her. "I can see your heart beating in your throat."

"Let's do it, Luke."

"Do you want it that much?"

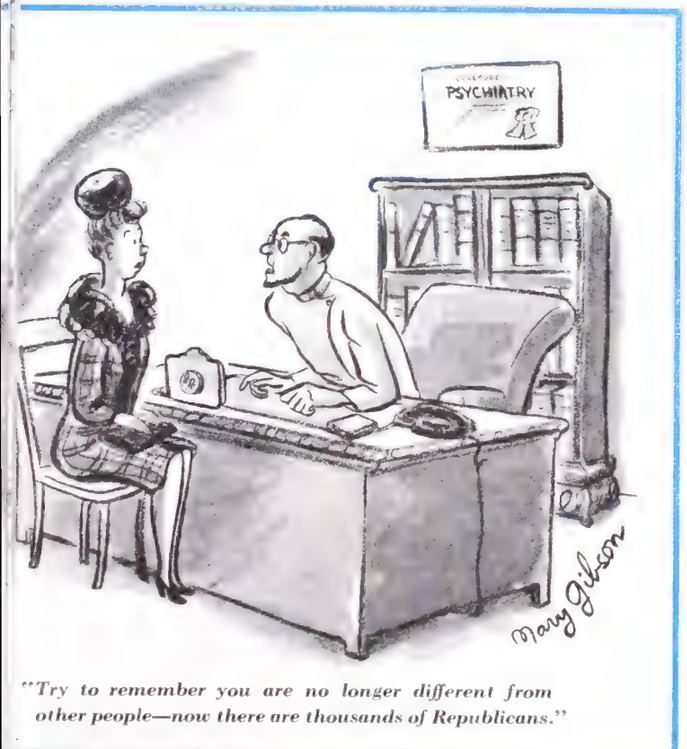
"Yes, I do," she said. "Something which belongs entirely to you and me. Getting married without anyone knowing about it, watching us. Just you and me."

"Norah," he said. "She wouldn't understand. I hate to hurt her."

"Yes, I know."

Somehow she slumped in her seat. All the impetus went out of her. She should have gone, should have followed her impulse and left last night, never to see him again. It would always be that way.

For the first time since she had known him, she recognized the tendency toward weakness in him, not perhaps primarily there, but educated in him. Yet she was not



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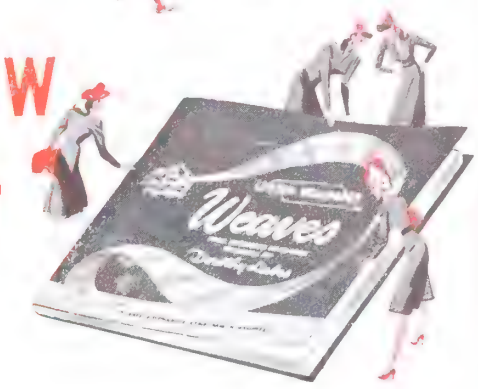

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shocked by her sudden sober realization. If anything, she was shocked that it didn't impair her feelings for him.

She didn't know, what Luke had always sensed in her, that life had taught her an ability to take things as they were; she was surprised only about herself and her unlimited love for him. And, as she thought that nothing really bad could happen as long as she faced the facts which he represented, a new impulse awoke in her. Perhaps this—this moment of indecision was decisive, the one battle she had to win.

"All right," he said, "if you want it that much."

The colonel smiled. He wasn't a man who smiled easily. For a long time life had neither amused nor enchanted him. But today, sitting across from Mrs. Sedley, he felt as if he had unexpectedly recovered from a long and severe illness. The smile kept lingering on his face, giving it a boyish, almost sheepish expression. Mrs. Sedley, watching him, knew what went on in his mind.

"Luke called last night," she said. "Chase wanted him to stay over one or two more days. Apparently the papers were not ready and he wanted to sign them and settle the whole affair."

She, or rather the Banner, was buying another small newspaper, this time in the neighborhood of Portland, Oregon. The colonel knew all about it, had gone over the figures, yet refused to go to New York to meet the former owner. *To be alone with me,* thought Mrs. Sedley. *What a fool he is.*

Richardson, too, thought of Oregon. Doubtless Norah had bought this enterprise not strictly for business reasons. Luke could handle the Banner himself, would not like to be supervised day in and day out. Norah needed another field. And a certain distance. There was a chance, even a good chance, that they might reorganize it together, as years ago they had had to reorganize the Banner and the Daily. They might go together.

Luke will go to Oregon, Norah thought. *He'll need a change. New surroundings, new people, until he gets over her.*

"Long distance, ma'am," said Briggs, who had appeared on the terrace.

Mrs. Sedley went past him into the living room. The receiver lay on the table, on top of a pile of magazines. She lifted it, holding it close to her ear.

"Luke."

"How did you know?"

"I just did. Are you coming home tonight? How is it going?"

"Norah, I called up to tell you"—there was a slight pause as if he was catching his breath, and then she heard him laugh—"Liz and I got married this afternoon. In New York. You see, she came with me. We decided it would just be the best thing to do. . . . I can't hear what you are saying, Norah."

"Congratulations, I said. Where are you now?"

"WHERE are we, Liz? We don't know. We drove down, I mean we are on our way to the Cape. We won't be home for a week or two. Here is Liz. Hold on, Norah."

"Congratulations," said Mrs. Sedley.

She heard Liz mumble "Hello."

"Let me talk to Luke again, please."

"You don't mind, Norah, do you? You do understand?" His voice was soft, tender.

"No, I don't mind," she said. "Not really. Have a good time. I'll get your rooms ready. Good-by, Luke."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In an Irish Mood

By Joan Story Wright

We should have been so glad that day,
Spilling with laughter;
We should have loved and never thought
Of what comes after.

But there was surf sound on the beach
And sea birds crying,
And my eyes caught in your cold eyes,
And my heart dying.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A click from far away. The wire was Still she sat in the chair, holding t ceiver, clutching it against her breast.

In all her life there had been ver things Mrs. Sedley had not foreseen pected. One thing she had not foresee been Lou Sedley's infatuation with Fenton; another, that there should woman whose will could be just as table as hers. A mistake; she had mistake, misjudged a situation, a perso Liz. Suddenly she noticed that the her hand, holding the receiver, was perspiration and, in utter disgust wit self, she replaced it.

She crossed the living room and wen to a small chest above which hung almost blind mirror Lou once had bou an auction. She stood before the seeing herself indistinctly, yet with a feeling of certainty that seventeen somehow had been nullified, wiped the events of this day. That if those sev years indeed had existed they had bee a period of waiting, waiting to gath fruits of victory Lou's death had cut

LOU, she thought, had died fightin fighting her power. Had taken the cha crashing in defiance and spoiled he triumph. Now, in his son, he had give to her that chance, her goal, the ul victory.

"Norah," s colonel's voic as she turned the look of a tion in his eyes look radiant never seen beautiful."

She smile because he ways been a to her, she t hand. "Thos kids," she said know what th They double- all my plan eloped."

Richardson fighting for Only the that Luke's must hurt strained him drawing her "You mind?"

"Not really. Well, of course, in a then I did the same thing. I should stand, and I do."

A flame of passion again went thro as she thought of the two driving the night and of her own first night on the gently rocking ship. She tr Richardson had no way of knowing was thinking. All he knew was h trembling against his palm.

"Norah."

"We should celebrate—shouldn't their wedding, of course. Briggs," sh "let's have some champagne tonight

Richardson let go her hand and l cigarette. They would indeed celeb wedding.

"Of course," said Mrs. Sedley, can't send Luke to Oregon."

He turned sharply. "I don't see A young married couple probably wo fer to be alone, at least for a time."

She laughed. "You've always mated Luke. You see, Ambrose, he know enough. He might have, if it been for the war. He's really never ha executive training. No, I wouldn't t with that responsibility—not a yo in love."

As always, she was right. Even h grant that. Luke had no proper He was a gifted young man, but und would commit many blunders. T quite an amount of money involve

"Well," he said, "I'm not going t job for you—not this time."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Sedley and hand on his shoulder. "Why?"

(Continued on Page 192)

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"Well! you certainly gave that gossip something to talk about!"
SHE'LL HAVE IT ALL OVER TOWN THAT MY KITCHEN SINK IS AS DIRTY AS A SEWER!
BUT, DARLING - I DIDN'T SAY THAT! I SAID EVERY-ONE'S SINK DRAIN BREEDS SEWER GERMS* - ONLY 2 INCHES FROM WHERE WE WASH FOOD!
(*SURVEY MOLNAR LABORATORIES)
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(Continued from Page 190)

He was very angry, but he knew what had caused this anger. "You know."

He had expected her to laugh lightly, mockingly. She didn't laugh. She kept looking at him, with a strange burning intensity. He felt the blood surging through his body, drumming in his ears.

"Still, Ambrose?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," he said rudely, beside himself with excitement.

"And you wouldn't go, even if I—if I should join you out there . . . after a little while, when I have Luke settled? I might join you, you know."

He swung around, caught her. Instinctively she started to withdraw, but her brain warned her and she stood motionless.

September had almost passed when Luke and Liz came back. From day to day they had postponed their return. It was easy to find new excuses. They wanted to go to Nantucket; they wanted to spend a few days at Martha's Vineyard; there was a fishing cutter going out whose captain had finally agreed to take them along on a trip; Luke wanted to pay a visit to a friend who lived near Boston.

Norah didn't really care. Time once again seemed limitless. And it was like waiting for Lou, knowing with deep certainty that he would have to come home, back to her, because he couldn't help himself.

She was in her bedroom when she saw, in the huge squares of mirror, the car drive up the hill, turn into the open gate. She went down the staircase and opened the door for them wide, and stood there at the entrance in her radiant loveliness, tall and slender, her dark eyes sparkling.

"Welcome home," she said. "Welcome home."

For a long time she had not allowed herself to hug Luke, but now she threw her arms around his neck and drew him close and held him for a breathless moment. He still seemed to smell of the salt of the sea, salt tang and fish and sun, and she felt the elasticity of his young muscles and the leanness of his tall young body.

"Your wing is ready," she said to Liz. "I hope you'll like it."

"I am sure I will."

No longer was Liz angry. During these last three weeks, lying close to Luke; sitting opposite him at a table; watching him lower a sail; stretching out in the fine white hot sand of deserted beaches, she had repeatedly thought of Mrs. Sedley, her mother and Lou. And out of the knowledge of her own passion for Luke she had, or believed she had, an understanding of the passion Norah and Betty Fenton must have felt for his father. Women in love. She didn't permit herself to think of them as of her mother or his, just as of women in love with the same man. She had decided to forget what had happened almost a generation ago, refused to be made part of an unhappy and confused past.

Brownie, who had waited patiently in the car, suddenly jumped down and came barking for attention toward the little group, then stiffened and began to growl.

"So you even brought your vicious dog," said Mrs. Sedley, and she looked at Liz, straight, wide-eyed—blankly.

Luke, who knew about Liz's fear concerning his mother's aversion toward dogs, smiled. "They'll get along, won't you, Norah? Come here, Brownie. Just pet him once, Norah."

Mrs. Sedley extended her hand for Brownie to sniff at, knowing, if Liz had not just then knelt down to rub his ears, he might have bitten her.

"Let me show you your wing," she said.

It was the old wing, where, until now, the guest rooms had been. Two carpenters had worked for days breaking down walls, putting in windows, and under Mrs. Sedley's supervision the rooms had been turned into a large bedroom, living room and small breakfast room. They were charmingly, tastefully furnished, and Liz knew that any little personal thing she might have wanted to put in there would be too much and

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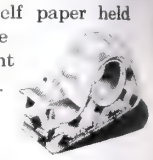

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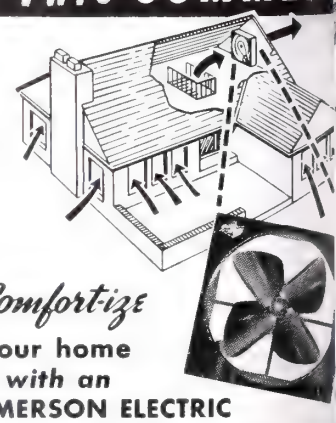

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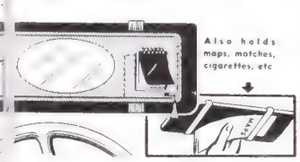

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would only serve to disrupt the skillfully created harmony.

Briggs, a wide, undignified grin pulling at his stern mouth, and Hattie, uncalled for, stood suddenly shaking Luke's hands and offering to unpack for Liz.

"Thanks a lot, Hattie. It's so little, I can easily do it later on."

Hattie looked at Mrs. Sedley, who said quickly, "Of course, if you don't want her to, but, you see, my dear, she's always unpacked Luke's things, whenever he came home." She smiled at Hattie as if she wanted to console her for the insult.

"Go ahead, Hattie," Luke told her. He put his arm around Liz. "Better get used to being babied and the old habits of Whispering Hill, honey."

Liz went past Hattie into the bathroom to wash her hands and run a comb through her wind-blown hair. *I mustn't feel this way,* she thought. *It's wrong. Of course it is her house, her servants. I couldn't expect anything else, could I?*

When she came back into the living room, Luke, sitting next to his mother, turned. "Guess what has happened, Liz. The colonel went to Oregon. Norah just told me. He's setting up the paper there. Well, maybe it's just as well."

They had talked of the chance that they two might go out to Oregon for half a year at least, all alone by themselves.

"He only left two days ago," Mrs. Sedley added, watching Liz's face. "He sends his love and best wishes. Why, Luke, did you want to go out there?"

Alexandre Dumas once requested the prayers of his old teacher. "My prayers?" said the abbé. "You don't believe in them."

"No, I don't always believe in them. That is very true; but don't worry: when I need them I will believe in them." —GAMALIEL BRADFORD: A Naturalist of Souls (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

"It was an idea we toyed around with."

"I hadn't thought of it. Let him set it up, Luke. He'll do a splendid job. Later, if you still want to, you could go out."

Yes, later, Liz thought. *When everything is ready, step into the job. No more hazards, no more danger of blundering by yourself. No chance to plan or attempt something new; to learn your own faults, weaknesses or strength.* She heard Mrs. Sedley murmur something about how little Luke really knew and that now he would have to learn and, with the colonel gone, there would be a lot of work.

"There is Liz to help us," Luke said. "She says she was a good secretary; she'll like to ——"

"I have no doubt," Mrs. Sedley said, "Liz will be a great help eventually, but let me break you in first, Luke, and then when I go away, you'll break her in."

"Go away?"

"Just to see how things in Oregon are going, just for a little while, later on."

Liz went over to the fireplace, which Briggs had lighted. *She'll never go,* she thought, *never. She sent the colonel out there so Luke would have to stay here. With her. Working with her. Closely. Day in, day out. And she doesn't want me. She is creating a world for themselves, for Luke and her, in which I am to have no place.*

She was still turning these thoughts over in her mind when, very much later, Luke stretched out beside her and said, "I think Norah's feelings were hurt."

"Why?"

"You were not very enthusiastic about the rooms—what she has done with them."

"But they're lovely."

"I knew you thought so. But you could have said a little more."

"I'm sorry. I thought I said ——"

"I know, honey. It's difficult for you. You are always sort of embarrassed if someone makes you a present, and you don't say very much, not even to me. I told Norah."

(Continued on Page 195)

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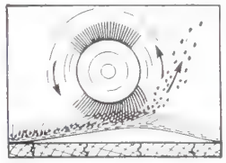

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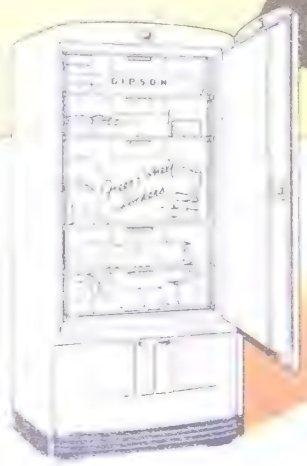

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out the light and in the dark- his hand searching for her and on his shoulder. So close to the s body, she felt safer, yet at the fraid for him. If she told him ening Norah had come up —— w there really was nothing to if she tried to spoil his con- mother he would lose his trust that Mrs. Sedley must feel the never openly actually attack

aid she doesn't like me."
aid that before, Liz."
hadn't. She remembered the on the meadow in front of the woods and that then she had r anxiety differently because she xious. Then she had said that is mother would really like her. misunderstood her? She with- and he didn't seem to notice. ly don't want to hurt her." *an I help it?* she thought. *How urting her? Day in, day out mory.* She lay motionless. *I fore,* she thought. *I knew that*

How could I it would ... y, wouldn't me? She t night to ot to chal- I warn me. challenged me the right

uke's face. l abruptly . breathing enly. She ning to him d thinking drive from the long this battle get hurt.

hurt.

ey had said istmastime. Christmas and she was Though Liz quite be- hose occa- mentioned had, nevertheless, hoped that come true.

idied their living room, waiting leave his mother's study, she l noise outside her door. She ught nothing of it and con- raighten the pillows on the couch. noise came again, and this time cross the room and opened the ide, the passage lay dark and stood there for a moment, won- e had been mistaken, when some- ed her leg. A soft paw falling diately.

e." She knelt down. "Brownie."

l not stir, lay on his side, as if ove. She tried to lift him, but ivy, and even while she tried to ms under his body she sensed that vy with the weight of death.

e," she said again, and with an aged to carry him into the room n on the couch. In the light she ite foam, a mass of little bubbles d going around his mouth. His and tangled with pain, and feeble f convulsions went through him. " she murmured, thinking of warm randy. The dog tried to wag his d the strength no longer to move

her handkerchief, rushed into om, soaked it in warm water and, egan to clean his mouth. The tip of his tongue touched her fingers gently, gratefully, finally.

She held her breath and watched him open his eyes, first the blind one and then the good one, amber-colored and now rapidly bluing. "Oh, don't," she whispered. "Oh, don't!"

It was no use to run downstairs for milk or brandy. It was too late. He began to shake all over and the convulsions struck his body like the blows of a whip.

Liz pulled herself up onto the couch and put his head on her lap, holding him close, bending across him as if to give him warmth. One hand caressed mechanically the soft spot behind his ears.

Quite suddenly he lifted his head, tried to bark but brought forward only a new wave of saliva. A terrible tremble ran through his entire length, his hind legs jerked and he sank back. She heard the click of his jaw shutting. She tried to push her fingers into his mouth between the tightly closed teeth and heard him moan, a low moan. Unexpectedly in a last spasm he jumped from her knees, rushed to the middle of the room, whirled with a horrid vertiginous speed and collapsed with a great thump.

"Oh, no," Liz repeated. "Oh, no!" She tried to feel his heart, but it had stopped.

A few moments later Luke came in, carrying a bunch of papers. "Liz! Liz?" He squatted down next to her on the carpet. "Brownie" he said. "Oh, darling, don't take it so hard. He was old, after all. I know how you feel."

"He has been poisoned," she said. "Someone poisoned Brownie."

"Why do you say that? I don't believe it."

"I have seen poisoned animals a cat once and, twice, dogs." She told him how she had found Brownie, about his convulsions and the foam on his mouth. "Strychnine, or something like that. He was willfully, viciously poisoned."

Suddenly the tears came. And she cried as people do who hardly ever weep, harsh strangling sobs, and her entire body shaking with the effort for control. Luke stared at her. He had never seen her cry. Then the realization that it was his Liz, suffering so, touched all his tenderness for her.

"Oh, my darling, don't cry. Please, Liz, beloved." His arms opened to embrace her, to hold her close.

She pushed him away. "Don't touch me. Leave me alone, Luke. I want to be alone."

She, who had never yelled at him, was yelling now, her voice ugly with anger and desperation. Luke caught her and held her, and, when she felt herself trapped by his physical strength, she gave a loud anguished cry.

Mrs. Sedley heard it and it brought her into their living room. She saw the dead dog on the carpet, but she also saw Liz's distorted face. Luke had carried her to the couch. He put her down carefully, kneeling on the floor, pushing a cushion under her head, stroking her hair.

"What happened, Luke?"

He said, without turning, "Can't you get some bromide or something, Norah? She's beside herself."

Mrs. Sedley left the room, and when she came back she held a glass of water and a large round wafer. She put the bromide into the glass, stirred it, brought it to Luke and watched him hold the glass against Liz's mouth.

(Continued on Page 197)

WISDOM OF THE WILD

Nothing in all nature makes man feel his bond with wild creatures so strongly as a display of wild-animal intelligence. Several years ago, I saw a female deer perform an act so clearly bordering on reason that it defies the scientist's classification of "instinctive behavior."

In the winter of 1936, I was working with a crew of timber cutters in the deep snow of an upstate New York woodland. One day at noon, the crew of forty men were ringed around a fire, eating their lunches and talking good-naturedly. Suddenly the baying of hounds came to us from afar, but swiftly drawing nearer and nearer. Then, like a tawny explosion, a wild-eyed doe burst from a grove of green hemlocks and floundered through the snow straight toward us. The ring of men broke in astonishment before her charge, and the terrified doe dashed to the edge of the fire. There she stood, trembling and gasping for breath, too exhausted to move a step farther—aware, apparently, that her only chance for safety lay with her enemy, man. —JOHN K. TERRES

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HE: Hurray! And now if you'll take charge of these two wild Indians, I'll focus the camera.

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(Continued from Page 195)

'Sh loved Brownie so much," said Luke
logically. "She thinks someone poi-
ed m."

'Poisoned?" Now for the first time Mrs.
lley really looked at the dog she hadn't
ed. But why ——"

'Because you didn't like him," said Liz.
e s up suddenly.

'But, my dear"—Mrs. Sedley drew
ck incredulously—"you can't seriously
k —"

Liz y back, covering her face with both
h ds. Luke bent over her, very close,
s. Sedley heard Liz whisper. Then
tched him kiss Liz and, turning,
Norah to leave the room. He fol-
er into the dark passage.

"S thinks Hattie did it. Will you ring
h'"

"Hattie? That's absurd."

"Please call her, Norah."

So ething in his voice made her ring the
ll. But as she reached toward the small
on button she thought, *Never, never must*
sp k to me in that way again. Never.

Li was crying softly when Luke returned.
couldn't speak for a long time, just sat
er n the dim light next to her. Then,
ter while, he began to talk.

"You were right, Liz. I am sorry, but you
ro ight. Poor old crazy Hattie. Appar-
tl Norah must have made a few remarks
bo Brownie, and then she had sort of a
sh which Hattie attributed to Brownie's
es ce—an allergy. So Hattie just acted.
ou now her devotion. She took some stuff
or the gardener's tool house. Norah is
ry upset."

Li began to sob again. "Not even a dog."

"Darling," said Luke, "stop crying. I
no you loved Brownie, but you must not
ik it this way. Pull yourself together,
iz

Hopelessly she continued to cry softly,
no after a little while Luke went to bed.
he heard him call her once or twice, but
ne didn't answer and presently the rhythm
f s breathing told her that he had fallen
sl p.

"Luke?"

looked up from the real-estate section
f e Sunday Times to where Liz sat in
ro of her dressing table brushing her hair.

guess from tomorrow on you'll have to
y me a lift, drop me at the station. I've
o job."

"A job?"

"In New York. If we leave here a little earlier I can make the eight-ten."

"What do you want a job for?"

She spoke lightly, carefully. "I guess I'm just built that way, Luke. I simply can't sit around without anything to do. It seems such a waste."

"Just to wait for me?"

"What's it got to do with you? I like to work. I am used to work. It seems so silly to sit around and twiddle my thumbs."

"I know," he said, speaking slowly, trying to see her point, "I've been awfully busy lately—but now I think I'll have a bit more time. Could manage to be home a little earlier."

"That wouldn't change things. Half an hour or an hour more or less doesn't really matter. I just don't want to sit around doing nothing. That's all."

"What kind of a job is it?"

"Nothing much. Secretarial work. It pays forty-five a week. And no Saturdays. At a lawyer's office downtown. I'm to start on Monday."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you really mind so much, Luke?"

"No, I guess it's quite understandable. It's just that it never occurred to me."

He drank the last drop of coffee and went into the bathroom and she sat there waiting for him to sing under the shower, but all she could hear was the splash of water. Now she, too, shrugged her shoulders. *I can't help it*, she thought. *I simply have to do it. I'll go mad otherwise.* But she knew clearly that he was upset, and why.

The first thing Luke said when they joined Mrs. Sedley for dinner that night was, "Liz is deserting us. She took a job in New York. She'll commute."

"A job? Really. Whatever in the world made you take a job, Liz?"

"She says she's bored with just sitting around."

"Are you?" said Mrs. Sedley. She motioned to Briggs for some ice water. "What is it? Not paid work, of course?"

"It pays," said Liz, and had the feeling as if quite unexpectedly she was walking across thin ice.

"How clever of you to get a job without going into town. Or were you in touch with an agency?"

"Tom Riley got it for me."

"Tom Riley?" It was Luke looking at her.

(Continued on Page 199)

This insistence of parents on dedicating their lives to their children is carried on year after year in the face of all that dogs have done, and are doing, to prove how much happier the parent-child relationship can become, if managed without sentiment, worry or dedication. Of course, the theory that dogs have a saner family life than humans is an old one, and it was in order to ascertain whether the notion is pure legend or whether it is based on observable fact that I have for four years made a careful study of the family life of dogs. My conclusions entirely support the theory that dogs have a saner family life than people.

In the first place, the husband leaves on a woodchuck-hunting expedition just as soon as he can, which is very soon, and never comes back. He doesn't write, makes no provision for the care or maintenance of his family, and is not liable to prosecution because he doesn't. The wife doesn't care where he is, never wonders if he is thinking about her, and although she may start at the slightest footstep, doesn't do so because she is hoping against hope that it is he. No lady dog has ever been known to set her friends against her husband, or put detectives on his trail.

This same lack of sentimentality is carried out in the mother dog's relationship to her young. For six weeks—but only six weeks—she looks after them religiously, feeds them (they come clothed), washes their ears, fights off cats, old women, and wasps that come nosing around, makes the bed, and rescues the puppies when they crawl under the floor boards of the barn or get lost in an old boot. She does all these things, however, without fuss, without that loud and elaborate show of solicitude and alarm which a woman displays in rendering some exaggerated service to her child.

At the end of six weeks, the mother dog ceases to lie awake at night barking for ominous sounds; the next morning she snarls at the puppies after breakfast, and routs them all out of the house. "This is forever," she informs them succinctly. "I have my own life to live, automobiles to chase, grocery boys' shoes to snap at, rabbits to pursue. I can't be washing and feeding a lot of big six-weeks-old dogs any longer. That phase is definitely over." The family life is thus terminated, and the mother dismisses the children from her mind—frequently as many as eleven at one time—as easily as she did her husband. She is now free to devote herself to her career and to the novel and astonishing things of life. JAMES THURBER:

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(Continued from Page 197)

ust illed him, or maybe he called and
d t f he knew of something I would
ho ake it."
Tom?" Mrs. Sedley asked gently.
friend of mine."
l of yours? In New York? Why
ever mention him before? We
asked him for a week end. Do
him, Luke?"
on't," said Luke.
to keep her voice easy, natural.
way when we married. Then he
ation later."
does he do?" Mrs. Sedley was
r a low crystal bowl of mint

lawyer."
ked at her quickly, sharply. She
to him, solely to him, openly,
ying to crush the sprouts of

the young members of the firm I
o work for," Liz went on.
t how nice for you." Mrs. Sedley,
peaking only to Luke.
ank you, Briggs." Liz shook her
e apple pie and ice cream. "Just
he sat there with her heart beating
r ribs, each breath paining as if
vere big bruises.
ever believed that she didn't need
needed her if Luke ever ——
ll, he will, she thought. *For she is*
him . . . all day long, in the same
ing questions, seeming so interested
and the people I run around with,
y he will call me and I will just have
ze, out for lunch,
errand, and he'll
om and coinci-
have it that he,
sent. And one
be I will have to
and call here to
I be coming home
could see it very
l of it.
dley pushed her
: "What about
ng walk?" she

> We are all in the position of passengers from a ship which has reached an island. We have gone on shore, we walk about and gather shells, when the whistle sounds all the little shells will have to be thrown away and we must run to the boat. —TOLSTOY.

ed up at the old English grand-
ck opposite her place. "In about
our?" She remained seated in her
ermined to speak to Luke now.
y further damage could be done.
ent to hold open the door and Mrs.
t the room, saying something about
lone and meeting her at the crest of
Then he came back hesitantly.
ou coming?"
own," said Liz, but he shook his
began pacing the room. "Luke, I
tell you something. The reason I
sked Tom out here is simply that
a girl he spends his week ends with.
answered to the question in his
likes me too. In a nice comradely
l that is all."
at is all, she thought. *Oh, you must*
Luke. If you don't trust me this is

as silent and Liz sat, not even
any longer to his steps. Then sud-
stopped opposite her and looked at
his eyes were warm, warm with
. "You know what I'm thinking?"
she said. "You think that still you
efer not to have me work, with Tom
anyone else."
nd grabbed hers, held it tight and
d motionless, feeling the warmth of
rs around hers. "Liz?"
n't that important," she said. "Not
uld so much rather have me give up
e idea."
uld so much rather," he said, "so
ther have you stay here and wait till
work together."
ight, darling. It isn't that impor-

ow among the trees was like precious
elvet, and to step into it seemed an
ndalism. Luke and Liz stood there,
hand, awed by the beauty. She could see that he responded as she did, and also that he would never say so or admit it if she were to challenge him.

"Well," he said hesitatingly, "it looks pretty deep, doesn't it? We could go around the other way, over the golf links, I guess."

Liz nodded and they climbed back into the car and drove around the woods, and down the hill. It had snowed heavily during the night, but the snowplow had already been through and now there were high walls of snow on both sides of the road and the driving was easy.

"Oh, Luke, look," Liz had cried an hour ago when she had drawn the curtains back and seen the white garden. "It must be heavenly up in the woods. I think I'll go up today."

"Let's both go," Luke had said. "It's Saturday and we've always wanted a week end there. I'll tell Norah I'm going to play hooky."

Mrs. Sedley had smiled her superior, amused smile, but before she could spoil the fun with one of her pungent ironical remarks, Liz had quickly told Briggs to pack them a basket.

As they drove in through the gates of the golf club the pro, who lived there all year round, came out of his house, carrying a pair of skis. He waved to them.

They drove on. The ninth hole was at the top of the hill and directly below the line of trees which bordered Liz's property. They could see the house and the sun shining on the east windows. They parked the car and took a footpath which led to the house. When they reached it and turned back they could see a scattered mass of children, dragging their sleds behind them, crawling up the hill.

"Must be quite nice skiing," said Luke wistfully.

"Oh, but it is! I remember when I was little, mother used—well, she used to go sledding with me. The sled must still be up in the attic and there should be gramp's skis—they should fit you. Oh, what fun!"

He took her hand and together they ran, laughing, through the last few feet of snow.

"Got your key?"

"Yes." But she hesitated as if somehow something was missing. "I've got it," she cried. "A snow man. We have to build a snow man, Luke. There always was a snow man right under the walnut tree when I came home, sort of standing guard over the house."

"Really," he said and laughed, but already his hands had formed a big solid ball which now he rolled in the soft fleecy mass. He watched the sphere grow rapidly.

"That's enough," said Liz. "Put it there. Under the tree, so the sun won't strike it right away." She knelt down in the snow, shaping the snowball, poking at it, patting handfuls of snow to its sides.

"And now the torso. Maybe we'll find an old hat and some little pieces of coal. Oh, what fun."

He brought her another snowball and watched her excited face as she placed it deftly on the base. Then he brought a worn-out broom and she placed it in the snow man's plump arms. He went back and found two pieces of coal for the eyes and a stick for his nose.

"But no carrot for his mouth?" said Liz. She took out her lipstick and painted a crooked red heart on his face. Then she took a cigarette and pushed it bang into the middle of it, stepping back to admire her work. She heard Luke laugh.

"Golly, you look pleased with yourself."

She turned abruptly, conscious suddenly of her own childishness.

"You're so pretty when you laugh," Luke said. "That's what I like best about you—your gaiety."

"We'll get some wood and lay a fire to warm the house and then we'll look for the

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sled and the skis. Then you can go and break your leg while I make some coffee. We can have luncheon outside. Tonight, though, we'll have a warm dinner and then—oh, the beds will be so cold. The hot-water bottle leaks—I forgot to get a new one."

He drew her close and kissed her and whispered to her. He saw her blush and somehow it made him excited and happy.

"This certainly is a bewitched place," he said.

Bewitched, she thought. *No.* She shook her head to herself. *Not bewitched. It's only that you don't have to live up to anyone's real or imaginary expectations of yourself which makes you feel that way.* She pushed the key into the lock, but turned to watch him carry a big load of last year's wood, stumbling through the snow, laughing at her and cursing under his breath at the same time. *And he doesn't even know it,* she thought, *he doesn't even know that he has been living under a strain all his life.*

Inside, the house had a damp and slightly foul odor, and Liz quickly threw the windows open and knocked the shutters from their hooks.

She said, "Luke, you've no idea how to build a fire."

Together they laid the paper and wood and bits of coal they found in a pail in the kitchen. He set a match to it and, for a breathless moment, they watched in silent tension the flame shoot up straight and then curl back and, finding fuel and draft in the right places, catch.

"It's a very nice fire," he said complacently.

"It's a beautiful fire," she agreed. "Go and build one in the next room and in the kitchen. We'll need all of them, and we also have to keep them going."

She heard him busy himself while she sat on the little footstool, nursing the flame.

He called, "I'm going up to see if I can't find the sled and the skis."

When she went into the narrow little hall he was coming down again with two pairs of skis, dragging the sled behind him.

"I couldn't bring the other pair of sticks."

"I'll get them. You go ahead."

He went out, slamming the front door carelessly. She ran into the kitchen to the window and watched him bend outside the fence to put the skis on. He straightened and fell and pulled himself up, the seat of his pants covered with snow, and, carefully balancing himself, reached for the sticks and pushed off with long sure strokes, his weight well distributed. He turned into the small footpath between the trees and emerged where they had parked the car; giving himself a last strong shove, leaning on the sticks, he was gone, a small straight line shooting down the hill.

ABRUPTLY she changed her mind. No longer did she want to tidy up first, make the beds and put on the coffee. All she wanted was to follow him, flying side by side down the hill. She fed some more logs into the flaming maw of the stove, and rushed up the staircase to the second floor. She opened the door which led to the attic and faced the staircase, small and twisting.

The attic was dark and smelled of the dirt of mice and of old apples stored long ago, moth balls and the leather of some very old-fashioned trunks. When her eyes had grown used to the half-light she saw the sticks leaning in a corner where the sled and skis had had their place. Luke, in pulling them out, must have upset an old leather case, for she saw it lying on the floor, its lid open. A few sheets of paper had fallen out. Liz bent to pick them up and suddenly drew back, startled. The handwriting on the page she was holding—as if Luke had written it. His father, she wondered—Lou Sedley. L Sedley's letters to her mother.

"Darling," her eyes read, "oh, very, ve darling." For a moment she was uncertai undecided if she should put them bac then, just as quickly, some inner compulsi made her read. "Darling. Oh, my ve darling."

She looked at the date. February '29. T year her mother had died.

IT was as if her mother, Betty Fento were still alive and she, her daughter, we trying to spy on her, yet she could not r strain her fingers, which had begun to pic up page after page, sorting them accordin to their dates. When she had them all neatl arranged in a pile on the floor she hear Luke calling outside. She lifted her hea and saw him through the window, waving a her, though he couldn't see her, and the take off again, a tall lanky boy dancin Christianias into the snow-covered hill.

She sat there, shivering in great excite ment. "I've heard Norah's side," she sai aloud. "It's only fair that I should hea theirs too."

She didn't know how long she read an she didn't remember all of what she did read but a few facts stood out clearly: Lou Sed ley's desire to marry her mother, to cu loose from Norah; his desperate attempts t secure a divorce. The divorce she wouldn' grant him and then in the end consented to— with one condition that an entire year stil must pass. Lou Sed ley, to save Betty Fen ton embarrassment had left for Soutl America. And Norah Sedley had used this time—used it to drive Betty Fenton to commit suicide.

Liz began to tremble so vehemently that the letters slipped from her lap. Had Norah Sedley believed that she had been justified, that it had been her right to talk to the lonely young woman the way she had—convinced that Lou actually never had wanted to leave her? Had she believed what she had said—that Betty Fenton had been weak? That Liz, too, like her mother, was weak and would give up?

"Liz. Liz. Where are you?"

She didn't answer.

"Liz." The front door banging.

Luke must never know of this. "Here," she answered. "I couldn't find the sticks. Coming."

"Where have you been? I have been skiing for more than an hour. I'm hungry like a wolf. There's a nice kid outside, trying so hard to learn to stem. I told him he could have luncheon with us."

She tried to make the staircase. The whole house suddenly seemed very dark, the only spot of light where Luke stood in the open frame of the door. She stumbled and Luke caught her.

"Why don't you look out? Want some help?"

She shook her head. She went into the kitchen. The fire was still going. Automatically she unpacked the luncheon basket. When she went outside Luke and the boy were lying on the bare floor of the porch, their jackets rolled into tight little sausages and stuffed under their necks.

"What a gorgeous day," said Luke. "Gee, I like this place." She heard him yawn, happily, relaxed. He didn't even bother to cover his mouth.

"Come and get it," she said. "Come and get it."

"It's like being in another world," Luke said, sitting on the floor, his head against the warm tiles which bordered the fireplace. The flickering flames made a strange design of light and shadow across his face, so that for a moment it seemed almost to vanish into

To walk well there is only one rule—walk on one line and not on two. Most people walk on two lines and this causes them to wabble from side to side. By walking on one line a woman will appear more graceful, and if there is any soft drapery about her costume she will seem almost to float into a room. I know a woman quite short and heavy, who gives such an impression of perfect control of her body that she looks pounds lighter while walking than at any other time. This technique gives to a man dignity and directness of movement.

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the dark background and the next moment became radiantly sharp in outline.

Liz sat on the stool on which she had sat that night when Norah Sedley had warned her. She couldn't push away the thoughts which had tortured her all during the day, She stared at the rocking chair near the window, at its painted comb back which showed in long-faded colors a garland of leaves and fruit. There her mother had sat, knitting or sewing and, at dusk, ready to tell her fairy tales.

What kind of woman had Betty Fenton been? How much of her had become part of Liz? Weak, Norah Sedley had said. Weak.

And I, thought Liz, *I, too, am weak. Face to face with my own desires, I have been weak. For I have always known. When I accused Norah Sedley of having driven her to suicide and she called me melodramatic, then I knew. But, by willful reasoning, I killed that instinctive knowledge. I didn't want to believe it, because—because believing it would have made it impossible for me to marry Luke.*

She heard Luke whistle and looked up. "It's like being in another world," Luke said again.

He, too, she thought, *feels the tension which fills the house on Whispering Hill. How can he help feeling it, how can he help growing aware of the struggle between his mother and me?*

"Liz."

"Yes?"

"I love you." His hand came across the little distance between them and it was warm with the glow of the fire. It drew her off her stool so that she came to rest on the hearth, her head in his lap. "You see," he said, "since you are here I am never lonely any more. I used to be—well, I either was alone—I mean I felt either lonely or so much taken up with things, people, surroundings—call it what you want to—that I felt lost among them. Now I'm no longer lonely that way."

She lifted her hand a little and pushed it softly between the opening of his shirt. His heart under her fingers beat regularly, strong. And his pulse mysteriously went through the palm of her hand and became one with hers. *And I didn't know that,* she thought. *I love him and I didn't know.*

"Luke," she said, turning her head slightly, "tell me. Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Sometimes, though, you seem to me unreasonably nervous, disturbed."

"Who isn't? Think of the times we live in. So much to be done. There is so little time, yet so many mistakes have been made. But Norah is right, I guess; I have to go slow in the editorials—and what can a single person do?"

The question of what he really would like to do was forming on her lips when he said:

"And then—even you."

"What?"

"Your wanting to take a job. Your being so dissatisfied."

Never since that day when she had given up the idea of a job had either of them mentioned it again. Now the way he said it, more than the words he used, made Liz suddenly understand that his objections had not sprung alone from jealousy or possessiveness or hurt pride. He was doubting himself! Her decision had come as a shock and had upset him so because he held himself a failure as a husband.

"Oh, darling," she said quickly, "it has nothing to do with you. Don't think for a moment ——" She stopped abruptly, aware of the danger.

"But Norah," he finished for her. "Why don't you say it? You never liked her, you never wanted to live in her house. What is there between you? What I feel for her has nothing to do with my love for you. And I hate to see you both irritable, I hate to think of myself as being the cause; it's so —— The two people I love best. I always thought of you as being so generous. Be generous, Liz. Promise me."

Generous? Liz stirred. It was all her fault. Day in and day out her very presence must challenge Mrs. Sedley, would lead to deeper

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misunderstandings, more and more important battles. How could Luke understand? Too late, everything—too late. She sat up and saw his face in the firelight. She saw the weariness, the unhappiness in his eyes.

He pulled her back, holding her close. And in his embrace was violence, the violence of uncertainty, as if he were sensing her own confusion. It frightened her.

"Luke, Luke, darling."

"You looked so sad just then. So terribly sad. What is it, Liz? You give me so much and I can't even make you happy. I love you. I need you. But if I can't make you happy ——"

She held his face between her hands, kissing his eyes, his forehead, his mouth. "What nonsense you are talking," she told him. "Of course I'm happy. Of course you make me happy."

A little before six Liz heard the front door slam and, a moment later, Mrs. Sedley's voice calling for Briggs. She put her book down and hurried out of her room. When she reached the landing she could see Mrs. Sedley below her in the hall.

"Good evening," said Liz.

"Oh, good evening." Mrs. Sedley began to untie the silk kerchief from her head.

"Where is Luke?" asked Liz.

The dark fur slid from Mrs. Sedley's shoulders. "Didn't he phone? He won't be home before tomorrow night. There's a publishers' meeting in Boston. I thought it a good idea for him to attend."

"I see."

"So he didn't phone?" Mrs. Sedley's voice was unusually soft. "Don't look so sad. You'd better get used to it, my dear. All men are more or less inconsiderate, and as time goes by ——"

Liz did not listen to the end of the sentence and its implication. She heard Mrs. Sedley move away, cross the hall, and then her first step on the stairs.

"Norah," she said quickly, "I want to talk to you."

"Talk to me? Why, of course. Any time."

Liz stood very close to her. "Tonight. Now."

Mrs. Sedley laughed mockingly. "That urgent?"

"Yes, it is urgent. At least to me."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll wash up and shed this garb first," Mrs. Sedley said. "I'll send Hattie for you."

Liz sat down on the first bend of the wide staircase. She started when she suddenly heard Hattie's voice.

"Mrs. Sedley is ready to see you now."

Hattie stepped aside to let her pass, but her hand reached out as if she wanted to touch Liz. So abrupt was this instinctive gesture that Liz noticed it.

"What is it, Hattie?"

"She has a headache. One of her bad headaches. Don't talk too long. She needs some rest." For a second Hattie hesitated, then without saying anything further she went around the banister, leading the way as if Liz were a stranger in this house.

And that is what I will be, will remain unless —— thought Liz. *Unless* —— She knocked.

The curtains had been drawn; the light pale-blue curtains, which gave the illusion of a bit of young spring sky, were folded across the wide windows. The fire had been lit and the smell of apple wood mingled with that of some crackling fir and the dry orange peel Hattie habitually wrapped into the newspaper with the kindling.

Mrs. Sedley lay stretched out in one of two deep easy chairs, robed into something silky and blue which matched the curtains.

Liz sat down in the chair on the other side of the fireplace, suddenly terrified that she couldn't find the beginning. For days now, she had weighed every word in her mind, phrasing and rephrasing every sentence.

Mrs. Sedley gently waved the tiny flame of a match in front of her lips, to and fro, watching it flicker, then pursed her lips and blew it out. "Well?"

"It's just that two of us under the same roof is one too many." She listened to the

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itness of her words, embarrassed at their
ie sound.
I thought," said Mrs. Sedley, "that you
erstood that long ago. I thought I had
le it clear to you."
iz looked up. She said very quietly, "I
ught perhaps you would leave. It would
quite logical—to Luke, to everyone
ou would go. After all, Luke is married
v. If you would go out West to Oregon."
Quite logical, I agree." Mrs. Sedley bent
htly forward. "But I like it here. I have
ntention of changing my life, no intention
go West or anywhere, and you know it,
't you?"
She heard Liz sigh and saw her pale. "I
't stand it any more." Liz was saying.
ou see, Norah, I tried, honestly I tried.
t I know now that as long as you are here,
ll never have a chance. You hate me; you
't help hating me because I am Betty
nton's daughter. You don't give us any
nce. It will drive us apart."
"And what are you going to do about it?"
s. Sedley asked.
"That's what I wanted to talk over with
u. That's why I thought maybe you would
ve. I can't take it any longer."
"Then why don't you go?"
"I thought of it, Norah. If you don't, I
l. I finally reached that decision when we
re up at my house. But I wanted to tell you
at I couldn't go, leaving Luke without any
planation. I couldn't hurt him that much,
ouldn't leave him wondering why he'd lost
, why he wasn't able to hold me. I just
uldn't do it to him."
Mrs. Sedley stirred. "Luke? Why tell
ke?" she asked. "Why not keep him out
this?"
"If he didn't love me, if I were sure that I
ouldn't hurt him, I would go without tell-
g him."

WHAT makes you so sure he really loves
u, Liz? Do you actually think any young
wly married man who loved his wife would
ave her alone as much as he leaves you
one? Take my advice and go away. Set
m free. There is no need for you to explain.
one. Do what he is too decent to ask of
u."
"That isn't true," Liz said. "That isn't
ue and you know it, Norah."

"Because you love him," said Mrs. Sedley and sighed, "you think he must love you too. His infatuation is over, Liz, and now he's trapped. As Lou was trapped. But in the [illegible]"

"Lou loved her," said Liz. "Lou loved my mother. You are just as wrong about Luke and me as you were about them."

Mrs. Sedley suddenly was bored; she leaned back in her chair.

"LUKE'S father loved my mother. He wanted to marry her and he would have if you had given him the divorce."

"What a liar you are," Norah said, and the contempt in her voice was like a solid chunk of disgust. "No one would believe such an atrocious lie. You were a small child. No one in his sane mind would ever think that any mother would tell her little daughter [illegible]"

Liz, as if she had not heard, went on: "I have Lou Sedley's letters to Betty Fenton. I know he loved her and I know Luke loves me and nothing you say can ever convince me, ever."

She had spoken quietly, in a hushed voice, yet the walls of the room seemed to echo back her words. Somewhere downstairs a door banged, and the sound was like an explosion in the leaden silence of the room. The silence seemed to grow; it fell over the room, over the two women, like a blanket enveloping them both, burying them in the past which Mrs. Sedley had refused to let die.

Into this silence Liz said, "I'm sorry."

Until this moment, until Liz apologized for her knowledge, for the threat she held, for the proof she could give, something, a sense of survival, in Mrs. Sedley had refused to believe her completely. Now Mrs. Sedley shivered suddenly.

She reached for the bell and rang. A moment later Hattie appeared.

"You want me, Miss Norah?"

Mrs. Sedley rose. "I am sure, Liz, you don't mind if we break up our talk now. My head is getting worse."

Liz stood up. She said very quietly, "And your answer, Norah?"

"Answer," repeated Mrs. Sedley, and she smiled with great effort. "Let me sleep on it, will you? I hate to make rash decisions. Things always look so different in broad daylight. Don't you think so? But I should appreciate it if you would leave . . . now."

Liz woke. She lay, listening, motionless, in the spell of a nightmare, but not knowing what had frightened her dreams.

It was Briggs' voice she heard: "Miss Liz—Miss Liz."

Usually Briggs put down the breakfast tray in front of the fireplace and then knocked gently. Why was he standing beside her bed? The urgency of his voice——

"I'll be right out."

He withdrew, stepping back into the living room, and Liz groped for her dressing gown, slippers. *Luke*, she thought, *Luke*.

"What is it?" she called. "What is it, Briggs?" But he didn't answer and she hurried after him to find him standing in the middle of the room.

He turned. "You must call Doctor Todd right away, Mrs. Sedley. Hattie found her. She went in as usual at seven o'clock. Mrs. Sedley

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seemed to be asleep and she decided not to wake her. Hattie went back a little while ago and there was something strange about Mrs. Sedley. She touched her."

"No!"

Briggs' voice changed to complete impersonality. "I'm afraid so, Miss Liz. Hattie couldn't find the tube with the veronals. Mrs. Sedley, she said, always kept some veronals around. And cook remembered she found a dirty cup and spoon in the sink this morning, the tin with cocoa left on the table. She thought either Mrs. Sedley or you might have made a cup late at night. Of course she didn't think anything of it."

"Of course," said Liz. "Yes. Will you please connect me with Doctor Todd?" She went out of the room and along the passage.

When she entered the living room downstairs, Briggs already held the receiver for her and she spoke into the telephone quickly, repeating what Briggs had said.

Cook came in, her face swollen, and put a cup of black coffee beside her, then, without waiting, went out. Liz stared at the coffee, lifted the cup, but without drinking any of it set it down again.

Luke, Luke. What would this mean to him? How would he —— *Luke, Luke.*

She went up the wide staircase slowly, dazed, one part of her mind still rejecting Mrs. Sedley's death, the other part automatically performing the duties called for. Inside Mrs. Sedley's room the curtains were still drawn. All the lights were burning. Hattie stood at the foot of the bed, fingering her rosary, her lips moving silently. She turned when she heard Liz's step.

"You," she whispered. "You—it should be you, not her. I heard you last night. You——" She threw herself upon Liz and in blind desperation her fist hammered in the air.

Briggs caught her, held her, and Liz heard him murmur something softly, something kind. The door closed behind them. Liz was alone.

She gripped the back of the chair in which, last night, she had sat, staring at Norah Sedley. She had thought of death sometimes and in different ways, but she had never thought of it as gracious. Norah Sedley stretched out, still in her soft blue silk gown, looked gracious. Her eyes were closed, but even under their closed lids they seemed to hold the laughter, to sparkle with joy over a tremendous secret of which only she knew the meaning.

But she died smilingly, thought Liz, and then for the first time the fact that Mrs. Sedley had died because she had wanted death struck her consciousness. Death had not come unaware or as an enemy. She had sought death. She had created her own death. And now she was smiling.

"And your answer, Norah?" Liz could hear herself ask. A few hours ago only. Last night.

"Answer? Let me sleep on it, will you?"

This, then, was her answer. Liz began to tremble. Mrs. Sedley had decided to leave, to leave her own way; now never would Liz be able to speak, to explain to Luke—for always the gap between them would remain. Norah had made safe the love he had for her, his admiration, his trust. Nothing could disturb it now—or ever.

She sat on the bench in the bay window of the library, watching the road. Long since the soft twilight nad grown into darkness. Several times the telephone operator had called back: "Long distance, Operator Four. Sorry, we haven't been able yet to locate Mr. Sedley."

Liz had left the call in—at the hotel, at Wilkinson's, the friend Luke and she had visited, at a publisher's office. No one seemed to be able to find Luke or to tell her if and when he had left Boston. Twice Liz had called LaGuardia Field, asking that they page Lukas Sedley on every plane arriving from Boston, leaving the message that it was urgent to call her immediately.

When a car finally came up the hill she didn't hear it until she saw the beam of light cutting into the white of snow. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, her whole body grew

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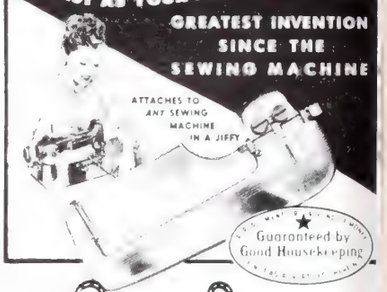

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. She remained seated, unable to move, ow her instinct, which wanted to run et Luke.

: door opened and into the dark Briggs oftly, "It's Mr. Luke, Miss Liz."

Briggs, Briggs, she wanted to say, but : said was, "Thank you."

reached the hall at the exact second it Luke to run up the six wide flat steps g to the front door. Before he could he bell or knock, Liz opened the door m.

uke," she said, "oh, Luke."

face was pale, of an odd gray paleness, is eyes, though looking straight at her, d unable to focus. He stood very ht.

uke." She wanted to throw her arms id him, to hold him close, yet she did lare to break the rigid posture of his , so she called his name again.

h," he said, "it's you," as if only now cognized her.

et me take your coat, let me ——" The erence of his gesture was almost violent. darling, darling," she said.

ross the little distance which separated she stretched her hands for him to take. idn't see them. He stepped past her, ng into the pas- which led into the ry.

ie front door was standing open, and : mechanically Liz ed to close it. Then saw Hattie open her door—the door ike's car—and step fully out into the . A frail dark lit- oman in the white e of light.

Then had Hattie left house? How had been able to meet e, and where? n't there a note? A r to Mr. Luke?" had asked. "Some- g, anything?" And tie had shaken her d.

Mrs. Sedley had not ded to leave a let- —she had left Hat- And as Hattie sed her Liz saw the st of a smile in her , tired eyes and w that Hattie had e what she considered her duty, her debt er mistress.

fter a while Liz heard Briggs' steps. She ned the closet and began to fumble among assortment of coats and jackets hanging e.

Mr. Luke is in the library," she said. tter not disturb him."

Library," echoed Briggs. "Did you say he library, Miss Liz?"

I'm going for a walk. Tell him I went for alk if he should ask where I am." She w Luke's old camel's-hair coat over her ulders. Then quickly she went out.

a little while the lighted windows of big house threw light onto the path be- en the snow-banked sides of the road, but, she walked fast, downhill, the darkness dually fell all around her. There were no s. The stillness she had felt before now ned all-powerful, invincible.

he walked as a sleepwalker might walk, onscious of what she was doing, yet en by a secret, mysterious urge. She pped only when she crossed the railroad ks at the bottom of the hill.

What had Hattie told Luke? How much? heard you last night," Hattie had said. nd Luke? Would he ever talk to her ut it? Would he ever give her a chance? at would he decide to believe and fight to eve?

he had reached the cemetery, the two blue spruce a shade darker than the night, n she heard his voice.

Liz."

She stood still and it took all her strength to answer. "Yes."

"Going back to the house?"

"Yes."

She waited, and the night seemed to be filled with such tension that she found it difficult to breathe. She stumbled blindly, unseeingly up the hill. If only he would speak, say something, anything. Then, quite unexpectedly, she heard his steps turn in her direction, following her.

After a little while they could see the house, and when they saw it Luke halted.

"Oh, darling, darling," she murmured. There was nothing else now she could say, nothing she could ever say now, and perhaps just love was no longer enough.

"Hattie," he said, "she told me."

SHE took her hands out of the pockets of his coat, wrapped her arms around her body, hugging herself, bracing herself.

"It's so hard to understand." His words were like heavy stones; as if, with great effort, he was lifting them, one by one, to drop into space. "Norah!" he said. "She used to say to choose suicide was weakness, a cowardly escape. Whatever happened between you and her—however unhappy she might have been because of you, because of you and me —— She seemed so strong, so capable."

You and me, thought Liz. *He did say it; you and me, he said.*

"She was smiling," Luke went on and his voice was like an echo of the bewilderment he felt. Now he was not speaking to her, but talking to himself, as if something within him forced him to voice a realization he fought to reject. "Smiling."

For a moment nothing but the image of Mrs. Sedley seemed to be alive, to possess reality, to smile at them.

Liz had understood the implication of that triumphant smile. Now Luke had seen it and reacted instinctively and with the same terror, recognizing in Norah Sedley's last unconscious expression what she had hidden from him so long and so well.

She turned abruptly and saw him standing in the snow, in the middle of the road, looking up at the house; at the one lighted window on the second floor. Suddenly a shiver went through him.

"How could she?" he said. "How could she do it?"

Liz listened; listened, holding her breath, every nerve tense. Was this thing possible, that Norah by killing herself had killed the thing she died to save?

"Luke" she said, taking a step toward him, "Luke."

"How is a man to know?" he murmured. "How can he tell what to believe, what to do?"

"Luke," she said again.

"No, Liz, no. Don't try to tell me. It won't do. Not any longer. This time I have to find the answer myself."

She heard him move and saw that he was lighting a cigarette. His eyes above his cupped hands sheltering the flame were calm and sad and set. Her arm stretched toward him in a sudden instinctive gesture of protection.

Looking steadily at her, he spoke. "Why must love be so cruel, Liz, so tragic?"

"But not always," she cried. "Not necessarily. People can be honest with each other, Luke. There's no reason not to risk it, not to take a chance, not to try—even if one fails."

"Perhaps," he said. "Perhaps."

THE END

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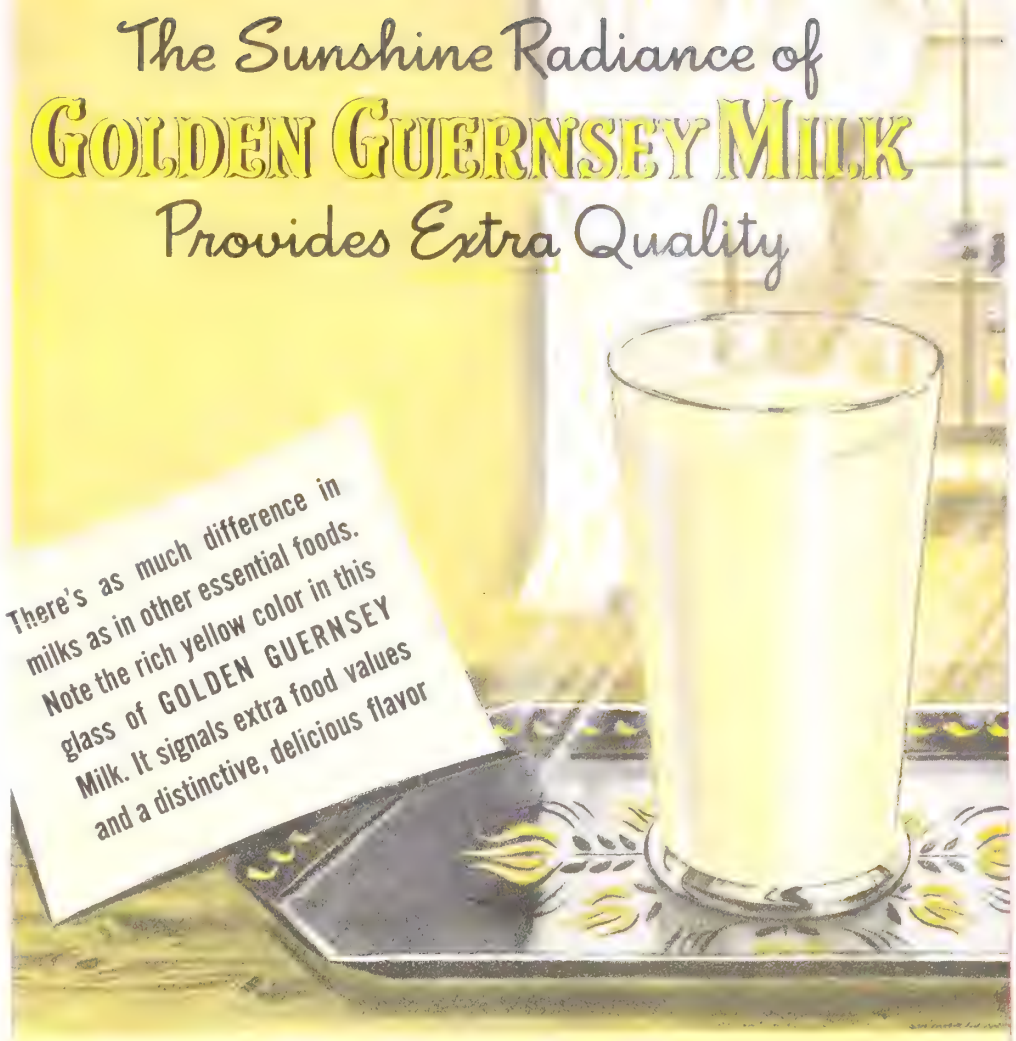
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Two babies, a new home in one year: a tough job for even an ex-marine to handle!

BY MAUREEN DALY

ON January 20, 1946, little Lyn Conrad was dressed in her first long white dress, wrapped in three blankets against a damp, cold Philadelphia day and taken to St. Francis de Sales Church to be baptized Eleanor Mary Conrad. Lyn was then six weeks old. Her mother was still weak from the birth of her first child, and the baby herself had just spent three and a half weeks in the isolation ward of Children's Hospital for an acute dietary ailment. Marine Sergeant William Conrad, the child's father, on the sick list at Philadelphia Naval Hospital, looked tall and proud in his green uniform, though he limped a little, and used a cane to aid his walking on a stiff new leg. As the blessed water touched her forehead, the baby squirmed in her blankets and cried like a new kitten, and outside the baptismal alcove, Bill Conrad touched his wife's arm and said, "Don't worry, honey. When all this is over we'll take her home." So far the Conrads had had three years of

"If it's as much fun for my Baby I'd like another baby—but not for a while!"

Even on $60 a week, the budget still adds up to unpaid bills and no money in the bank. Two babies, five months' unemployment and a house to repair and furnish—with food $15 a month and medical expenses averaging over $9.25 a week.

72% of American families have incomes of less than $3200 a year.

"When Bill and I were engaged I used to say I wanted 23 children." But after almost 21 months of doctor's visits, special diets, white blouses and maternity jumpers, Eleanor Conrad wants a rest—and time to do her 11-hour-a-day job.

Problems look bigger, dollars look smal

hectic wartime marriage together. For nine months they had shared a home with Eleanor's parents and five children in Philadelphia; for seven months Bill had served as a combat marine in the Pacific; for eight months he was shuttled between Navy hospitals as an amputee case; and for three months they had lived in a single, $10-a-week room just a few blocks away from the Mare Island Naval Hospital in California. Now, for the first time and with a baby they had both wanted, the Conrads were going to an apartment and a life they could call their own.

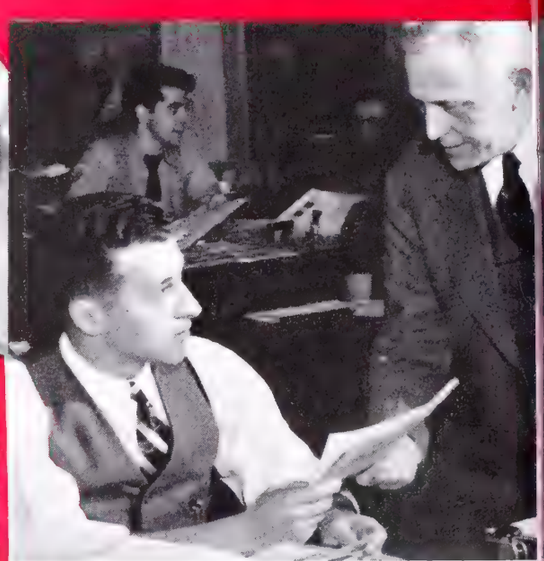
The first night Bill Conrad saw Eleanor Connors she was hostessing in the Philadelphia Servicemen's Hospitality Center with eight sailors grouped around her. It was the middle of February in 1942, and Corporal Conrad, tall, husky marine veteran of three and a half years, just back in town after a stretch of sea duty, had stopped in at the Center with five marine buddies for a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich. He saw the girl in the bright-green wool dress, counted the sailors, and said to one of his buddies:

"I'll bet she still dances with me!"

Eleanor was working then as a Government stenographer on the late shift at the city post office, and Bill picked her up at eleven o'clock in the lobby for their first date. He was waiting in marine dress blues with a gardenia in his hand when Eleanor came down and, he remembers, "I had just shined up the visor of my cap when she got off the elevator—looking just like I knew she would!"

Bill knew that night he had met the girl he wanted to marry. He told her he had "something important to tell her" and began the story with himself and Chicago: his life there with his mother and

"I was afraid the nurse might give me the wrong baby—but this one looked so much like Bill, I knew it was ours." Conrads took $94 from savings to buy a crib with pink Teddy bears, chest of drawers, bathinet, high chair to make a "nursery" in the corner of their bedroom for Lyn's home-coming.



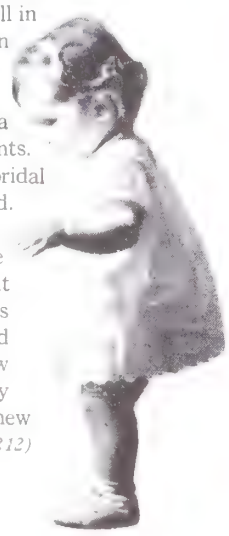
Bill Conrad got "on-the-job" training for his $37.5 week job as a filing clerk with the Veterans Administrat Government disability compensation for right leg in Pacific fighting brings income to over $60 a u

. especially when baby needs new shoes

father, an immigrant German carpenter, and nine other children; his two years in high school; the depression, odd jobs as a waiter, a salesman and a hustler in a printing plant; a couple of years in CCC camps; and his three and a half years with the marines. When he had left her inside the front door that evening, he had her picture in his hand, inscribed: "To Bill Conrad—love, Eleanor." Nine months later they were married in the rectory of St. Francis de Sales Church.

During that nine months, Bill and Eleanor had seen each other almost every day. He never asked Eleanor to go steady; he never asked her to become engaged; but two months after they met he began saving for a ring, and with her youngest sister, Dot, he shopped for a diamond. The night Bill and Eleanor became engaged, the Connors family had a party at home to celebrate, but it wasn't until two weeks later, when Bill and Eleanor were on a swimming party, splashing in eight feet of water, that he actually mustered courage to ask her to marry him.

THERE followed romantic evenings of figuring and planning over cigarettes and coffee in the Connors kitchen. Both had lived almost completely dependent lives, Eleanor with her parents and Bill in the regimented security of military service. But they were in love; he was 25 and she was 21, and their parents approved of their marriage. There seemed to be no problems. Bill's marine pay was $76 a month, Eleanor was earning $27.50 a week, and in the beginning they meant to live with her parents. Eleanor wanted the kind of elaborate wedding with long veil, bridal showers and visiting relatives that all her girl friends had had. But this was September of 1942, and Bill's orders to ship overseas were imminent, so with a feeling of grave decision, the date was set for a simple ceremony on November eleventh. But shortly before that date, Bill and Eleanor came to a serious deadlock over religion. As Eleanor explains now, "We talked about ourselves, we talked about everything—but somehow the issue of religion didn't come up until we were definitely planning to be married. I guess I avoided it because I knew it would make trouble." Bill *(Continued on Page 212)*



PHOTOS BY BOB GARLAND

"It takes money to make a home—we'll do one room at a time, when we can." With help from father-in-law Connors, the living room was remodeled, plastered, painted in three weeks of night work. Mrs. Connors and Eleanor scrubbed, remade curtains, polished furniture and daydreamed about the time when they'd do the rest of the house.

"Lyn needs constant watching—but at least the babies don't cry at the same time!" Lyn and Billy share bedroom with adjoining cribs; someday the room will be a full-time nursery with pink-and-blue walls, stars on the ceiling.

"The first trip we take will be a nice long ride out to Chicago to see my family—all four of us." As an amputee veteran, Bill Conrad received car from the Government free; upkeep makes the car an average budget item of $25 a month.

"Falling in love was easy—and Bill and I still feel that way, most of the time." Eleanor does all her own housework; Bill usually works overtime two nights a week at office, often stays up till midnight making repairs on new house.

Baby Portraits

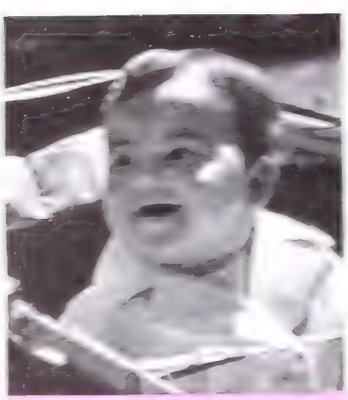
One Month

Two Months

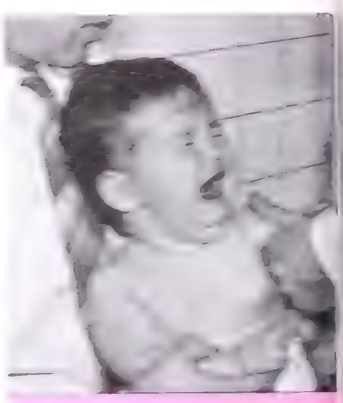
Three Months

Four Months

Seven Months



Eight Months



Nine Months

First Year

FROM INFANT TO INDIVIDUAL IN TWELVE SHORT MONTHS

Four Months

m a small silver spoon that belonged to her mother. Lyn ... ubbies. That month she slept ...fully through her first ...ndstorm, made a trip to ...doctor's office for a smallpox ...ccination and sniffled her ... through a bad ... ...ow-day temperature of 104°.

Five Months

*P... ... ...

"When things get settled we'll try some 'elegant living'—right now the kitchen's the best room in the house. It'll be a bit easier when Lyn can feed herself."

(Continued from Page 209) had been raised as a Lutheran, while Eleanor was born and educated as a Catholic, attending a Catholic high school and living in a strict Catholic home where religion was so important that in the dining room a perpetual candle was kept burning before a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Just two days before the wedding, the ceremony was called off indefinitely because neither would compromise. Eleanor cried, Bill said nothing and both decided tacitly that the whole friendship had been a mistake. But the next morning Bill called, said briefly he "couldn't live without her" and they were married the following afternoon by a Catholic priest—Bill in his marine dress blues, and Eleanor in a smart beige suit and hat, with a small mink scarf and two purple orchids.

They had a five-day honeymoon in New York, visiting Jack Dempsey's restaurant, walking up the 168 steps in the Statue of Liberty, and eating Boston cream pie. After nine months of living together with her parents, Bill was sent to North Carolina for *(Continued on Page 289)*

"I used to love to dance with Bill, but now we just do the things we can still do together." Both Conrads like bowling, Ingrid Bergman movies and the radio: like to spend evenings at home just reading.

HOW THE CONRADS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Rent (Apt. 6 mos., $50, extra rent on new house, $15, new house, $48.50)		$624.00
Payment on new house:	Inspection	30.00
	Down Payment	250.00
Insurance		100.00
Food		833.00
Bill's personal expenses		200.00
Medical expense		181.00
Clothes:	Parents	100.00
	Children	80.00
Fuel		48.00
Phone (business phone)		93.00
Electricity and gas		120.00
Charity and church		60.00
Payments on stove, plumbing		149.00
Furniture		500.00
House decorations		50.00
Entertainment		30.00
Miscellaneous		200.00
	Total	$3948.00

Eleanor Conrad explains: "This year just doesn't add up. We used our $1000 bank account, Bill's $300 mustering-out pay, and a $150 insurance refund. But next year we'll have peace of mind and a budget and things will work out somehow."

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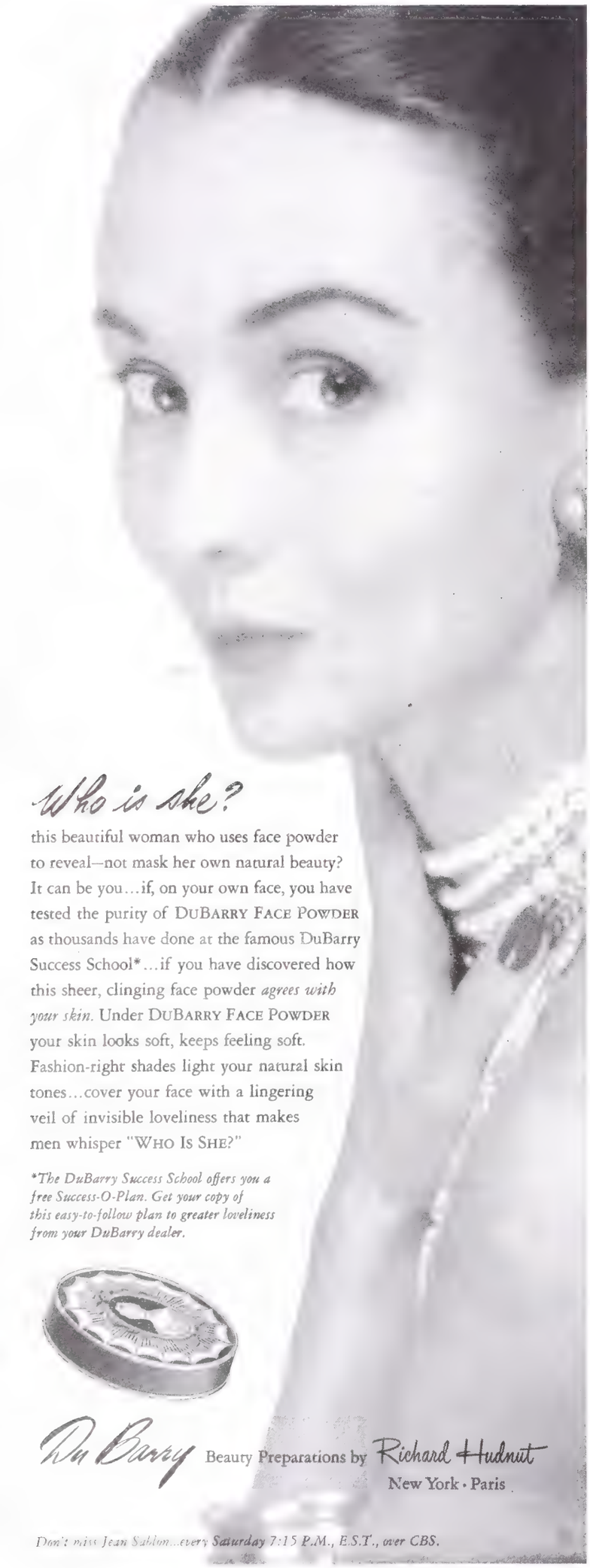
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"COMBAT FATIGUE" IN MARRIAGE

BY LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.
Professor of Psychiatry, Duke University

FROM February, 1942, to February, 1947, Eleanor and Bill Conrad have had a surfeit of emotional experience and trouble. Within this time the thirty-one-year-old ex-marine and the twenty-six-year-old ex-Government worker courted, married, went through a war separated, then had two babies within eleven months, had to buy a home, and ran into a pile of bills—hospital bills among them—which the ablest financier would have difficulty paying out of a Veterans Administration clerk's salary.

The experiences of these five years have had a marked effect on each of these young people trying to get their family life started. Bill is a somewhat silent man who complains very little about a stump still painful after four operations. The leg, amputated by a Navy corpsman during combat, is present still in his nerves. "It" feels as though it were being drawn constantly in a tight vise. Somber depression and "nerves" occur more often since his three combat landings on Pacific islands.

Circumstances have pressed heavily, too, on Eleanor. Long separation from Bill, then word of his wounding, a second baby conceived and carried before she had time to recuperate properly from the first, terrible anxiety about her first baby's serious illness, overdue bills that could not be met, a husband who could not work regularly because of his war injury and his war nerves—all these trials have gradually but definitely frayed Eleanor Conrad's nerves.

> Character is long-standing habit. —PLUTARCH.

The result of all this is a very serious strain on their marriage relation. It would be strange if this were not true. Bill and Eleanor, after 4½ years of marriage, can hardly reach out and touch each other's hands. Bill, inclined to take counsel with himself rather than to spill out his thoughts, is tormented by his wife's constant fretting about things that he thinks he cannot easily change. He's a doer, not a talker, and he can't meet Eleanor's demand for discussion about their worsening affairs. Her trying to force him to talk has the effect of shutting him up the tighter. When intolerable conditions build up to a quarrel, Bill walks out of the house—too often to a bar and several bottles of beer. Thus it goes, until the nerves of both are jangling and they draw farther and farther apart. Last summer the Conrads nearly found their way out of the forest, when Bill stayed home and the burdens were lifted a little. But then a new baby arrived and the problems began piling up again, bringing the old quarreling.

It should be clear that trouble has pyramided on these two young people too smotheringly to let them be themselves, the two persons who fell in love five years ago. Their marriage is certainly not in robust health now. What chances have they of salvaging it?

For one thing, both have a certain stubbornness about their marriage that may serve as a loadstone to pull it together. Bill has said over and over after violent, recriminating quarreling or after long silence between them, "I love you and you love me, and we will never really want to leave each other." Eleanor, even after a tearful quarrel, will say, "I know I love him, and I know I won't leave him no matter how much I may talk about it."

This stubborn holding on should be a lesson to many married couples who are going through the storm of early-marriage discord. It can be put into a rule.

Rule 1: **As long as love is recognized and admitted, there is a good chance for ultimate successful marriage. Don't be afraid to admit it and hold on to it.**

Although they have been badly confused by their ragged nerves and worries, these two have other assets that go to make successful marriage. Each has complete trust in the other's fidelity. In all Eleanor's anger over Bill's absence from home and his spending money for beer, never once has she suspected him of being with other women. And Bill trusts his wife absolutely.

Rule 2: **The likelihood of success in adjusting and maintaining a marriage is tremendously increased if there is no infidelity or jealous suspicion of infidelity.**

Another element of strength in this marriage relation is that, barring their emotional separation by anger or silence, there has been no break in their high feeling of physical attraction for each other. They can say without reservation that sex has never caused any difficulty.

Rule 3: **Couples, as long as they are bound together by marriage, should keep passionate affectional relations alive. Sex alone cannot make a marriage successful, but it can help couples over many a seemingly dangerous and impossible barrier.**

Finally—and this is important—both Bill and Eleanor are essentially gentle and mild. Neither has any fundamental desire to do mean or hateful acts. When Bill is not harried by pain and combat nerves, by worry or by quarreling, he likes to do the simple, thoughtful things that are so dear to any woman. In the courtship days it was the bringing of a flower; now it is taking the feeding of the baby out of Eleanor's too tired and too busy hands, helping to wash the dishes without being asked. Eleanor can smile through tears of despair to say that Bill is sweet and lovable. And Bill gives the same report of Eleanor. He says she takes care of him as though he were a baby and is ever self-sacrificing.

Rule 4: **Marriage success is possible when two people keep alive their tender thoughtfulness of each other. The negative corollary to this rule: don't, no matter how bitter the temporary feelings during marriage discord, allow the essential gentleness toward each other to be buried.**

So far, in an attempt to assay this marriage relation, I have pointed out its assets. Now let us see that there are definite and dangerous roadblocks to be removed.

Both are making mistakes, mistakes made by many people not beset by the burdens of this couple. Bill is running away from trouble, not standing to fight his battle as he did in the Pacific. He will

low young is 26?

WAIT a minute, you 26-year-olds! Take a look into the minds of those nineteen-agers you see all around you. They think you're a million years old. *You* wore saddle shoes at 19 and probably didn't even use Tampax—that monthly sanitary protection that sells more in college towns proportionately than in other places. . . . Yes, time moves ahead, but it's not too late to keep up your young ideas!

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not force himself to sit down with paper and pencil to find out what he owes and how to budget his income against his expenses. He should try to solve the admittedly difficult problem of paying the most urgent bills, or at least making small payments to show honest intention. Most of his creditors will be sympathetic if he shows this intention.

Rule 5: **Failure to meet the problem of indebtedness straightforwardly, however difficult the problem, will jeopardize marriage success badly.**

Husbands frequently underestimate—more accurately, are unthinking of—the amount of physical work their wives must do, especially, as in this instance, when a newly acquired home badly in need of repair has to be made livable, and two babies have to be cared for. And this wife has the additional handicap of fatigue brought on by too rapid childbearing. If Bill were not himself harried by worry and nerves, he would see this. Likewise, Eleanor should try to remember that her husband cannot at once overcome the effect of many months of combat, and that his wound, even though he bears it rather stoically, makes Bill unhappy and inclined to brooding. What these young people—and many other couples subject to somewhat the same pressures—should stop suddenly and remember is this: *both* are struggling under handicaps, which they did not knowingly place upon themselves, and which reduce normal vitality and good humor.

It is, of course, the fault of both that Bill leaves home as often as he does and goes to bars. Bill's weakness here is not to be condoned; he is running away from conditions that seem too much for him, and he might not do so if it were put to him in these terms, since he patently has enough courage of other kinds. But if his wife understood this, and were willing to go considerably more than halfway to avoid the conditions that bring it on, Bill would not want to escape his home for a bar.

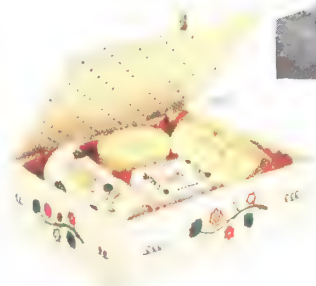
Rule 6: **Whatever your legitimate complaints, however heavy the burden already upon you, don't make home an unhappy place to come to. Don't make a bar seem a happy refuge.**

What stands out in this marriage problem—and I want to emphasize it—is this: Here are two young people whose marriage is in danger not because they are basically incompatible, not because no love bond exists between them. This is proved by their periods of happiness, even under difficulty. The real cause is that tormenting burdens have piled up too fast to be carried by their normal strength. Such conditions as they are struggling under demand a superstrength, which these two must find somewhere if their marriage is to be salvaged. And it is entirely possible that they will find this strength.

I was sent into this situation as a psychiatrist because the editors of the JOURNAL felt that a good marriage adjustment was possible between these two people. It was a gratifying experience to find both of them completely open and honest in their desire for help and in their willingness to change their ways so that the marriage conceived in love could be kept together by continued love. Neither of the Conrads had ever had a chance to talk out their problem with a nonpartisan person whose judgment they trusted. After many hours of discussion in which each could have his say without anger, and could be advised where he was wrong or unwise, a kind of hopeful light glowed between them, and much of their unhappy resentment seemed dissipated.

I am not predicting a smooth course for their immediate future. I told them they had many battles to win. But I believe they now have a better understanding of their combat strengths and of the pitfalls; and I believe they have the natural forces necessary for success against the pressures that have attacked their marriage.

Their relief of tension, their eager hopefulness and their confidence were expressed by Bill as he dropped me at the railroad station: "This is the best conversation I've ever had in my whole life." **THE END**



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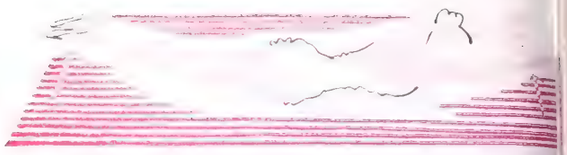


Back relief: Lie flat on stomach, arms overhead. Simultaneously raise legs without bending knees, arms and head. Five times daily to begin with.

Flatter waist, tighten muscles: Lie flat on back; bring knees up to chest; squeeze strenuously with arms around knees. Repeat as specified above.

Firmer bustline: Standing, raise arms parallel to shoulders; rotate, swinging arms back as far as possible. Repeat as specified in above exercise.

BEAUTY...AND YOUR BABY TOO

By Dawn Crowell

Beauty Editor of the Journal

WHEN Eleanor Conrad married, she weighed one hundred and forty pounds. Now, after the birth of her two children, seventeen and five months old, she weighs one hundred and ten. For every pound Eleanor has lost in weight, she has gained an impressive amount of good health and vitality.

Modern doctors are as anxious to produce a happy mother as they are to produce a healthy baby. Here are some suggestions from one such medical authority. They contain the kind of advice which has enabled Eleanor Conrad to be a lovely mother as well as an efficient one.

BEAUTY BRIEFS. Your baby thrives on a regular schedule. How about letting this schedule work as a beauty schedule for you?

Baby takes his daily naps. You need your naps too! Break up your new sixteen-hour working day with *at least two half-hour rest periods.* This time can also be used, once every week or ten days, to shampoo your own hair. Speed up the process by taking your bath and shampoo all in the same shower. Select a quick-acting shampoo that will finish the job in fifteen minutes. Partly dry your hair with a towel and set it. Then, while your hair is pinned up, covered with a net or very sheer scarf, choose the *most important* housework to be done. And go after it easily. It won't run away from you! Overwork within the first two months after your baby is born will leave its mark with fatigue and even ill-health.

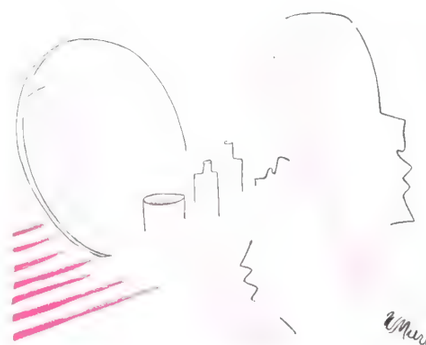
Baby takes his morning airing. Fresh air and sunshine are your cosmetics too. You should manage *at least one hour a day out-of-doors.* On the day you shampoo your hair, take this opportunity to give it a sunshine drying. This is a good time to cover your hands and wrists with a cream softener, put on that old pair of white cotton gloves, and repair the damage done by constant diaper washing.

Baby has his bottle prepared. What better time for you to get in that between-meal glass of milk?

Baby goes to sleep at night! Dinner's over, dishes done, your husband's comfortably settled in the living room, and with your young ones off to dreamland a heavenly calm envelops your house. A peaceful moment with a practical purpose! Take this time to carry out a few more beauty rituals. Many-step manicures are not the most practical. Instead, well-trimmed nails with colorless polish will insure nonchipped-looking nails during the week. Save your bright colors for special occasions. The brushing of a woman's hair has always held a fascination for men. Choose this time, with your husband for company, to get in seventy-five strokes on your own locks. You might even get him interested in doing it for you now and then. (This is an effective time, too, to try the back-relief exercise illustrated on this page.)

EASY EXERCISE. Most new mothers begin simple exercises in the *(Continued on Page 295)*

Postnatal diets should be low in fatty foods, high in protein. In reducing, avoid dangers of self-diagnosis and prescription by consulting a doctor!



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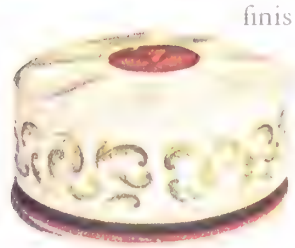
To the natural loveliness of an "English Complexion," Cherry, a gay lipstick shade, gives glowing springtime spirit. With it wear an undertone of Yardley Make-Up Base to "Color-light" your skin, a touch of Cherry Cream Rouge to match your lips, and a soft, smooth finish of flattering "English Complexion" Powder in a shade that's most becoming. Cream Rouge 85c. All others $1 each, plus tax.



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Take Five Assorted BLOUSES

. . . And two simple suits, and you have a deft little wardrobe that will take you around the clock and around the town all summer. Mrs. Conrad of Philadelphia does it with a beige gabardine and a black shantung suit. On hot days shirt and skirt make a costume, jackets stay home. At least two of the blouses should be washable, and they must range from cotton for morning to sleeveless silk for afternoon. "It's the simplest way in the world to plan clothes," Mrs. Conrad says, "because every new blouse makes a new costume."

BY JOSETTE DALY LUTZ

DRAWINGS BY LEE LUNZER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE ELLIOTT

cotton, pencil pockets

rt, colored crepe.

Beige gabardine suit for casual wear, cool days.

ble shirting in her favorite shade.

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SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER—ESTABLISHED 1877

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN RAWLINGS

HAT BY LILLY DACHÉ DRESS BY TOWNLEY

1 *Wash day . . . again! You wonder sometimes where such a nice family collects so much dirt . . . and you wonder too how you ever 'got along' without Fels-Naptha.*

2 *There . . . that didn't take long! No tattle-tale gray in these shirts and towels. But Junior will have to learn to use more soap and water before he dries his hands.*

3 *Mmmm . . . Just smell those clothes! You can tell how clean they are with your eyes closed—Fels-Naptha clean!*

Just good clean 'fun'

You may not believe it—but there *are* women who think a Fels-Naptha Wash Day is fun. They even write letters to tell us about it.

Very often these letters are from women who have used other laundry soaps. When they try Fels-Naptha, they see how much time they can save. How easy it is to get things sparkling white and *clean*.

How about having a little wash day 'fun' yourself?

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Mary's mother lives near by, runs in frequently for meals. Her good cooking is always welcome.

CLOSE FIGURING

By Louella G. Shouer

PAYDAY is a day for rejoicing in most anyone's house, but when Bill Conrad brings home his pay check every two weeks it's a real event, for this is the day he and Eleanor leave the children with mother and go on an all-out food-shopping trip to a near-by supermarket.

Eleanor buys enough food and household supplies to last two weeks—spends about $15. During this two-week period, she has to figure on about $5 at the corner grocery store for extras and $8–$10 for milk, butter and eggs, which are delivered by the milkman. As she expressed it, "After a shopping spree we usually have fresh meat, but along about the second week we have to fall back on chipped beef, canned luncheon meats and eggs for our main dinner dishes."

It isn't easy. To keep family meals low in cost means sticking pretty closely to the same cuts of meat, mostly the same vegetables and fruits, and using the same dodges most of the time.

Dishes for less than a dollar. Suppose your absolute limit for a main dish for dinner for four hungry people is a dollar. You'd be surprised how many good dishes you could add to your repertoire that weigh in under that figure—many of them way under. Here are a few for a start—one even costs as little as 30 cents—plus two good, inexpensive sweets to serve company with a cup of coffee. We've figured the cost of each recipe according to food prices of February 7 in a supermarket. Predictions are that you're going to see prices getting nearer to normal as the year progresses.

Bolstered with eggs, canned corn makes an attractive, good-to-eat meatless dish that belies its little cost. For a spring dinner, try baking this corn concoction in a ring mold, if you have one. Turn out and fill the center with creamed peas or fresh spinach. Later on, when asparagus comes down in price, try it with this annual treat too. Crisp bacon is perfect with this if your budget can manage it.

CORN RING OR SOUFFLÉ

Cost, 30¢ Serves 4.

Melt 2 tablespoons margarine or bacon drippings. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour until smooth. Add ½ cup milk and cook until smooth and thick. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika. Add 1 cup

m-style corn and 2 tablespoons
y chopped green peppers. Add 3
eaten egg yolks, one at a time,
ing well after each addition.
t 3 egg whites until stiff and fold
n in. Pour into a greased cas-
le or a small ring mold, greased.
in pan of hot water. Bake in
lerately hot oven, 375°F., for
ut 40 minutes or until firm in
ter. Loosen around edges. Turn
and serve.

hipped beef and canned luncheon
ts are Conrad stand-bys, as
nor can buy them on her twice-a-
ith shopping trip and have on
d for the lean end of the period.
e's a different way to use chipped
f and a new trick with canned
cheon meat—both good and not
tly.

CHIPPED BEEF AND POTATO ROLLS

Cost, 54¢ Serves 4.

d 1 beaten egg to 2 cups cold,
htly seasoned mashed potatoes.
ere's a good way to use leftover
ashed potatoes.) Beat up smooth.
ape into rolls. Wrap slices of
ipped beef (from ¼ pound) around
tato rolls. Secure with toothpicks.
range in a baking pan and pour 1
all can tomato sauce over all.
ke about 20 minutes in hot oven,
0°F. Remove toothpicks and serve
e rolls with sauce. Makes 6–8 rolls.

HAM-AND-SPINACH PUDDING

Cost, 64¢ Serves 4.

ak 3 slices bread in ½ cup milk.
rain. Squeeze milk out of bread
d break up the bread with a fork.
ook with 3 tablespoons margarine
d 1 tablespoon grated fresh onion,
½ teaspoon dried grated onion,
er low heat. Add 1 cup chopped
w spinach (½ pound before clean-
g) and 1 cup ground cooked ham
r canned pork luncheon meat—
ither is good, depending on what
ou have. Season this mixture with
teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, a
ash of nutmeg and 1 tablespoon
emon juice. Add 3 eggs, beaten un-
il light. Pour into greased casserole.
et in pan of hot water. Bake 45 min-
tes in a moderate oven, 350°F. Turn
ut and slice or serve from casserole.

Have you ever eaten *Lecso?* I can't
ell you what the word means, but its
rigin is Hungarian. Call it Hungarian
rankfurters and it will taste just as
good. Simple to make too.

HUNGARIAN FRANKFURTERS

Cost, 60¢ Serves 4.

Cut off tops and remove seeds from
2 large or 3 medium green peppers.
Cut in lengthwise strips. Peel and
slice 1 large or 2 medium onions.
Peel and quarter 4 tomatoes. Skin
4 frankfurters, unless you use the
skinless frankfurters. Cut them into
¼-inch slices. Cook the onions and
peppers until about half done in 2
tablespoons shortening or salad oil.
Add the tomatoes and the frank-
furters. Season with 1 teaspoon pap-
rika and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and
cook slowly about 20 minutes over
low heat until vegetables and frank-
furters are done. The vegetables
should keep their shape and color.
This adds to the attractiveness of the
dish. Don't let the mixture really
fry at any time. Whole pack-type
canned tomatoes may be substituted.

What would we do sometimes when we've run the gamut of low-cost meat cuts in economical meals if it weren't for hamburger? Good by itself, but it makes so many good dishes better—even a little of it. Our JOURNAL file of recipes using ground beef seems to grow and grow. And here are two more!

MEXICAN RICE

Cost, 88¢ Serves 4.

Cut 2 slices bacon into pieces. Fry. Add to pan 2 large onions, sliced; 2 green peppers, chopped or diced; and ¾ pound hamburger. Brown all together in the bacon fat for about 5 minutes. Then add 3 cups canned tomatoes, ½ cup washed raw rice, 1 teaspoon chili powder, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well, cover and simmer over low heat about 1 hour or until rice is tender. Toward the end of cooking, add additional chili powder to taste, and a little water if mixture has cooked down too much. It shouldn't be soupy—but not too dry either.

BEEF-AND-ONION DUMPLINGS

Cost, 69¢ Serves 4.

Fry 1 cup chopped onions in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. Mix ¾ pound ground beef with ⅓ cup soft bread crumbs, ½ cup milk. Season with salt and pepper. Shape into 4 cakes and brown quickly in 1 tablespoon shortening or salad oil. (Only partially cook them.) Now make a biscuit dough: Sift together 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut ¼ cup shortening into dry ingredients with pastry blender. Add ⅔ cup milk all at once and mix lightly. Roll out very thin. Cut in 4 squares. Put a spoonful of the fried onions in the center of each square and a meat cake on top of the onions. Fold corners of the dough over the meat and onions and pinch together. Bake on greased cooky sheet 12–15 minutes in hot oven, 450° F., until nicely browned. Serve hot with a mushroom sauce made by heating 1 can condensed mushroom soup thinned with ½ cup milk.

Perhaps the most popular of all economical meat dishes is the stew. Down South they make a beef-and-vegetable potpie with a corn-bread top. A Southern reader sent the recipe to us. We liked it so much, I'm passing it on to you for your collection. You could use a biscuit top, but then it wouldn't be Kentucky Potpie.

KENTUCKY POTPIE

Cost, 91¢ Serves 4.

Cut 1 pound stewing beef in cubes—round, chuck or rump, whichever

Eggs and butter, as well as milk, are delivered by the milkman—costing the Conrad family $8 to $10 every two weeks.

"Speed Washing" TWIN TUBS GET YOUR CLOTHES SO CLEAN AND WHITE

Dexter Twin Tub—with its double sudsing—turns out extra white, brilliantly bright, superbly clean washings. Your weekly wash is beautifully done and on the line in *one hour* or less, for the Dexter Twin is the *only* washer that will actually "cut your washing time in two." It washes—rinses—wrings all at the same time. See your Dexter dealer today. Or write Department L57 for free booklet, "Two Instead of One."

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Clopay Drapes are made of plasticized cellulose—strong, yet soft and graceful when hung. They're more than generous in size—a full 2⅔ yards long (and can be shortened just by cutting). Complete with matching tie-backs, Clopay Drapes have an automatic pleater and their edges are reinforced. You'll find these amazingly low-priced drapes at your favorite store in a glowing array of florals and smart stripes and plaids.

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So bright! So gay! So dazzling-fresh for kitchen, bath and bedroom. Made of plasticized cellulose, Clopay Cottage Sets are strong even when wet. Trimly tailored in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns. Seven pieces, including an extra width of valance, only 59c. Also in 5 piece Hollywood style (shown below) only 39c. Miracle values!

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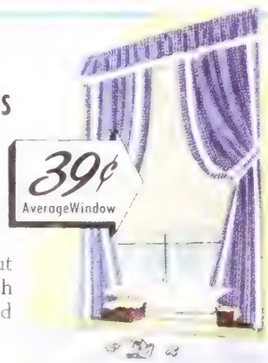

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$3.50 Average Window

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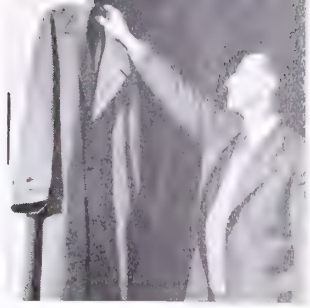

Bill had to hang his coat on a "hick'ry limb": the portiere rod!

Five Feet of Closet

—and how they grew from none!

BY JUDY BARRY

"HANG your clothes on a hick'ry limb" was almost literally what Bill and Eleanor Conrad had to do, they found, when they moved into their newly bought house. No closet on the ground floor at all, no linen closet, bedroom closets (only two!) so shallow that it was impossible to hang clothes on a rod in either of them. Bill, who naturally, with his artificial leg, didn't want to climb a flight of stairs every time he came in wearing street clothes, was forced to hang his overcoat on the portiere rod between living room and dining room. Eleanor, worried because that looked so untidy, was even more concerned about what she would do when the children grew older and were running in and out all day.

Frankly, when we first saw the house, we almost felt that no one but a family of nudists could possibly live there comfortably! But we continued to puzzle and measure and roam about with rulers; finally came upon the solutions you see pictured here. Which just goes to prove that where there's a will there's a way, even with anything as baffling as nonexistent closets. Portable closets or wardrobes would have helped temporarily, of course, but since the Conrads owned the house, the permanence of plywood and rocklath seemed preferable, and the initial outlay of money a real investment in living comfort.

Since lack of closet room seems to be a problem shared by many of the houses built before we all realized how important closets are to easy and efficient housekeeping, perhaps it's one of your problems too. Often a jog in a

PROBLEM: *No closet anywhere on the first floor in which to hang outdoor clothing. The house has no entrance hall, front door opens directly into living room. A mock fireplace jutted out 14 inches between the windows and the staircase. Space from windows to side wall, only 26 inches.*

SOLUTION: *Mantel taken off, space between windows and center jog utilized for a closet 26 inches deep, 41 inches wide. This left a 12-inch setback, which we used to good effect by placing the desk there, building shelves for books and knickknacks on the wall above it.*

PROBLEM: *No linen closet anywhere upstairs or down, and no space to make one except in a fairly large bathroom which must also take care of a soiled-clothes hamper. An old-fashioned tub set away from the end wall left a fine space for dust to gather, but which was useless for any other purpose.*

SOLUTION: *A new recessed tub, placed flush against the end wall, left sufficient room for basin between it and seat. Opposite, a ceiling-high closet was built, 15 inches deep, 36 wide, providing ample shelves for bed linen and towels above a built-in bin for soiled clothes.*

PHOTOS BY STUART

PROBLEM: *The back bedroom's closet, where the children's clothes are kept, was two doors long, only 12″ deep. Even Lyn's little baby dresses had to hang diagonally.*

SOLUTION: *Extended in length, built up to the ceiling and out as far as possible, to the window trim, it is now 24″ deep (except where a flue juts out at the end).*

"3 tips on home decorating"

1 Here's how I put color "magic" in my kitchen! In just a few minutes, for only a few pennies, I [illegible] with [illegible]. Royledge Shelving. What a [illegible] my kitchen! Choosing the most charming [illegible] and you will complain, too.

2 I make linen closets sing with color . . . vivid [illegible] Royledge. Lasts [illegible]

3 I decorate lamps, picture frames, etc. with [illegible] Royledge "left-over" pieces. I get lovely, unusual decorative effects all over the house at no extra cost!

Your home looks like new after you decorate with [illegible] Royledge Shelving. Dozens of patterns and color combinations to choose from.

So easy to use, just place Royledge on shelf and fold. Double-thick edge stays crisp, won't curl or wilt. Buy Royledge Shelving now at 5-and-10's, neighborhood and dept. stores.

9 feet – 7¢

Royledge

SHELVING

Attractive china cupboard was made from the almost useless triangular closet (below) in the dining room. Its door was removed, its top lifted even with the windows. Shelves and small doors were added, the inside painted. Below, a good storage space for vases.

PHOTOS BY STUAR

wall may offer a suggestion, as it did in the Conrads' living room. The space lost in the room will probably prove negligible compared with the joy of having a place to put things. A depth of 24 inches will take hangers crosswise on a rod comfortably. And if you're building "out" you may as well build "up" to the ceiling, to get storage space on high for seldom-used articles. If the necessary depth of 24 inches for placing hangers crosswise on a rod just isn't available, extension rods may help, but the doorway must be nearly as wide as the closet.

Now that material is a little easier to get, perhaps another look around in nooks and crannies, another consultation with your community's carpenter will enable you, too, to make extra closets grow in your house. You'll be surprised how much easier they make your housekeeping life!

In the Conrads' bedroom, the only closet was 13" deep, 30" wide, completely inadequate for two people's clothing. Again the ugly mantel was removed, and two closets built, each 40" wide, 30" deep (to enclose the old one). A long mirror was placed on each door. The new closets extended out 18" beyond the fireplace jog; the niche thus formed suggested a dressing table.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

EDUCATING CHILDREN FOR FAILURE

Continued from Page 24

lents who had just been dismissed from ear-by school. One lad, who had been in Army for a year, said with discouraged lism that he was destined to be a doctor. I hate science. I'm bad at mathematics," said. "But my old man wanted to be a tor and never made it. So I'm going on it, for now anyway."

Ve asked him what he preferred and he us about advice given by his teachers vocational counselors. All agreed that he a pleasing personality, that he got along 1 everybody. They had suggested he e some commercial course, consider he iness training and become a salesman. But I'll probably end up a bad doctor; ch out if you happen to get sick ten years n now!" he said, cheerfully enough.

The general picture would not be so disraging if high-school students appreciated ir limitations. The myth of white-collar eriority is imbedded in American conction, however, and it hasn't changed ch in two decades. In 1926 Dr. George Counts, then of the University of Chicago, estigated occupational preferences among ical high-school students. Last year ethel E. Deeg and Donald G. Paterson, he University of Minnesota, made a sim- sampling and compared the results. ese were published in the January issue of cupations, a journal devoted to vocational oblems.

In 1926 the occupation preferred above all ers was banking; in 1946 it was medicine. e physician and the lawyer were second d third in popularity twenty years ago; t year the banker and the lawyer were d for second place. But after these calls the preferences listed were remarkably ilar. They were:

	1926	1946
pt. of schools	4	4
vil engineer	5	5
Author (writer)	6	6
Foreign missionary	7	7
Elementary-school teacher	8	8
Lawyer	9	17
Machinist	10	9
Electrician	11	16
Grocer	12	13
Electrician	13	11
Insurance agent	14	10
Mail carrier	15	14
Carpenter	16	15
Soldier	17	19
Plumber	18	17
Motorman	19	18
Banker	20	20
Truck driver	21	21
Coal miner	22	21
Janitor	23	23
Bookkeeper	24	24
Ditch digger	25	25

It might be noted that the banker has dropped in prestige, possibly because he allowed the banks to close in 1933. The law moved up a fraction. Farming slumped still farther in popularity. Faint basis for hope that the tide is shifting may be seen in the fact that such practical callings as those of machinist, electrician, carpenter, plumber and coal miner are ranked higher than they were in 1926. This may be due to the fact that compensation paid these workers is now higher in many communities than teaching and other salaries. All in all, however, the white-collar callings are the ones that the boys and girls of America intend to enter, if they can.

But they can't. They couldn't even if they had the mental equipment. Yet deep in the hearts of American boys and girls—and of their parents too—persists this yearning to enter the "respectable" professions which are so gravely overcrowded. Dr. Harry D. Kitson, of Teachers' College in New York, an authority on vocational guidance, told us that 60 per cent to 70 per cent of each year's

Additional patterns and table settings, same to [illegible] shown in a booklet, "Fine China — To Have and to Use." A second booklet, "History of a Name," traces the romantic history of this china. You may obtain both booklets by sending 10c to cover mailing costs.

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Old Colony

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL DAVIS

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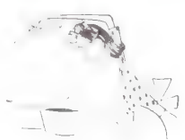
Gardner, Massachusetts

Don't be a "pot-watcher" use the Chef!

THERE'S A saying, "A watched pot never boils"! Well, here's how you can delegate this task, work on other jobs meanwhile, and get the *most flavor* out of your cooked vegetables—ALL AT ONCE!



Simply use the CHEF, a combination kitchen clock and alarm that *times any household task to a second—and up to an hour!* It enables you to be "two places at once" by timing the *exact number of seconds* vegetables should cook, or muffins bake.

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Your layer cake takes about 25 minutes' baking. Simply set the CHEF and do your other work, carefree.

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high-school graduates sought professional or semiprofessional positions, while hardly more than 7½ per cent of the opportunities were in that classification. In short, some 90 per cent of these young people are doomed to disappointment and frustration.

Doctor Kitson's findings were confirmed by teachers and by the students themselves, by every study we examined, by nearly every vocational counselor with whom we talked. A census of a recent graduating class at the Stamford, Connecticut, high school disclosed that three quarters of the available jobs appealed to less than a fifth of the graduates. Over two thirds sought clerical and professional jobs, while hardly more than 10 per cent obtained them in the two years after leaving school. All the high-school students in Nebraska were similarly questioned. More than 43 per cent of them wanted professional jobs, although only 7 per cent of all the workers in the state were thus employed. In Nebraska, as everywhere, the farm has lost its appeal. Less than 15 per cent of the students wanted to enter agriculture, and this in a state where almost 40 per cent of the people work on farms.

Six high schools in Alabama were also polled, with the same result—that high-school ambitions have small relation to the realities of the working world. Professional jobs were the choice of 36.8 per cent, but only .2 per cent got them after graduation. Only a fraction, .3 per cent, wanted to work on farms, although 39.3 per cent of Alabama's population is doing so.

The story was the same in White Plains, New York, where too many boys in this June's graduating class sought engineering, medicine, accounting and law. Only one of the girls, incidentally, said that she wanted to be a housewife, which probably provesnothing at all among so young a group. "Over-choice of professional and semiprofessional" occupations was also uncovered last year by the Division of Educational Research of the School District of Philadelphia.

The results are shown in this table:

	PERCENTAGE CHOICE OF SENIOR BOYS	PERCENTAGE OF MALES ACTUALLY SO EMPLOYED IN PHILADELPHIA
Professional	32.8	4.8
Engineers	12.4	.7
Doctors	5.3	.7
Teachers	2.7	.5
Designers, draftsmen	4.8	.5
Accountants	3.6	1.4
Salesmen	4.2	8.9
Craftsmen	14.7	20.3
Carpenters	.3	1.2
Truck drivers	.1	5.3
Plumbers	.3	.9

The girls of the same graduating class were slightly more sensible than the boys. Yet 18.8 per cent wanted professional jobs, although only 9.4 per cent of the women working in Philadelphia, according to the 1940 census, held such positions.

In Washington, D. C., the best job opportunities are clerical and in such distributive occupations as retail selling. The 248 students who graduated last June from Eastern High School in the capital were asked to state their vocational intentions. More than half of the boys said they were going to college to enter professions which varied from creative writing to hotel management. About half the girls were also going to college, they said, and ultimately would choose careers ranging from diplomacy to accounting. Or two boys and two girls named retail sellir

In the opinion of William E. Myers, w made this study, which will also be publish in a forthcoming issue of Occupations, mc of these graduates are doomed to disappoir ment. Hardly more than 10 per cent of t employed in Washington are in professior fields. Mr. Myers' opinions were shared l Mrs. Mildred S. Percy and Mrs. Ruth Hall, of the Department of Guidance ar Placement in the District schools. The p mary reason for rejecting selling and facto jobs, they felt, was social prestige.

To ILLUSTRATE this they cited the two so of a leading Washington furrier. One is goi to be a lawyer and the other a doctor. Bo will probably qualify, Mrs. Percy and Mi Hall said, because they are bright. But tl furrier's skill is so rapidly dying in the U. that fur men are petitioning Congress admit Europeans who will enter the trad

It is not only the legitimate, if unwise, d sire to enter such professions as the la and engineering which leads to faulty jo choices. The glamour of such callings as tl stage and modelir influences thousanc of students, parti ularly girls, to try fo them. The nature the glamour job varie from time to time. few years ago, on principal told us, th American girl wante to be an airline hos tess. The work looke exciting. It led, so sh had been told, to rc mance with dashin pilots. Today, fo girls, the greatest lur is unquestionabl modeling and th stage.

For the past seve or eight years model ing has looked lik the easiest road t fame and wealth. Th Powers Girl, the Con over Girl and th Magazine Cover Gir have been publicize in Hollywood and i the theater. So Susie if she has any look at all, resolves to be come one. To get a picture of how likely she is to succeed we visited the Harry Con-over Agency in New York. We were told that between 250 and 300 applicants were interviewed weekly and that letters came from five times that many. The agency has about 2000 models on its books—including grandmothers, babies and men of distinction—and acceptance of one new girl a week is a high average. The girls who work full time may earn over $300 a week, although few of them do. More make $150 or less, working full time. But they have to supply extensive wardrobes. And the professional life of a photographic model is short, because new faces are wanted. Two years is about the limit for most girls.

Susie will keep on trying, of course, for that is the American way. She reminds herself that Lauren Bacall and Joan Caulfield, among others, began their rise as models. But the path to stardom, even to a decent living, is very tough indeed. The census figures again give stern warning against the siren song of Broadway. In the whole United States, in 1940, some 11,000 men and 7000 women were listed as actors. This does not mean they were talented; Uncle Sam's statisticians do not pass on talent. It does mean that they were professional thespians, however, because only people with actual experience in their callings are included in the totals.

Few of the 18,000 "experienced" actors and actresses seem to have done much work

(Continued on Page 228)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Question

By Julia Collins Ardayne

You an ordered garden kept
With boxwood clipped, and paths made neat;
You loved a systematic plot.
I loved the wild rose thicket sweet
With early dew, and damp wet fields
With daisies nodding to the dawn,
And grass that stood waist-high and free;
You kept a close-cut, shingled lawn.

You would applaud my present days—
Each hour an ordered thing, by chart;
The mind learns fast to follow rules—
But oh, the wayward heart!

STEEL IS STURDY....STEEL IS MODERN...

—And this label is your guide to quality steel!

TEEL can do more jobs better than any other aterial you can name. That's one reason why the en and women of United States Steel are proud to e the world's foremost steel makers. Proud enough "sign" the fine steels they make with the famous ·S·S Label. Anytime you buy an article made of eel that carries this U·S·S Label, you can be sure e manufacturer of the article has used *good* steel.

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Insulation of U·S·S Steel keeps cold out, heat in. And it's fire-resistant.

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of a shoe. And ENNA JETTICKS go into
motion with the beauty that comes
from supremely fine fit in
flattering designs.

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$7.50 to $8.95

Enna Jetticks

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

(Continued from Page 226)

in 1939. Only 850 of the actors and 470 of the girls reported incomes in excess of $5000. In New York City, the nation's theatrical center, slightly under 1100 actors had jobs in 1940, while 1200 were looking for work. Some 850 girls said they had jobs, but over 900 were besieging producers' offices. And of the men who were working in 1939 only 168 earned $5000 or more; hardly 100 girls did so.

But Hollywood, with all its gold, is different? Everybody has heard of the staggering sums earned by Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Gregory Peck and the other stars. These fortunes have an unhappy habit of vanishing into the sea of averages, though. It is true that a lot of actors and actresses haunt the sun-kissed streets of Hollywood, but few, very few, are in the big time. Of the 3700 men only 420 were in the $5000-plus income group in 1939. Only 166 of the 1925 girls were earning that much.

Failure to view the job picture honestly is not limited to city children. Census figures are not broken down to show details about the working populations of small towns and villages. But it cannot be doubted that the desires of their high-school students are identical to those in the big cities.

"THEY are more extreme, if anything," said one teacher, recently the head of a rural school. "They have the additional urge to move to the cities. They think that the sure way to get there is to become engineers or architects or lawyers."

The chances for a professional life are lower, of course, in the rural areas. In Iowa, where 730,000 men were at work, only 31,000 were classified as professional. Of 178,000 employed women in the same state, 33,000 were thus characterized. In Nebraska, where 43 per cent of the students said they wanted professional jobs, 370,000 men were at work. But only 18,000 of them were in the professions. Among 93,000 employed women a few more were rated professional or semiprofessional than for the men.

Over 200,000 Iowans worked on farms as compared with 140 architects, 1700 engineers, 2800 lawyers and about the same number of doctors. So in Nebraska: 116,000 farmers against 1000 engineers, 1750 lawyers and 1500 schoolteachers. Only 40 women practiced law in all of Iowa; only 30 in Nebraska.

The census figures we have used are for 1939 and 1940, the latest available. It is true that the postwar boom has made the job and wage picture brighter today. All experts agree, however, that 1939–40 were better than average years. They offer a fair picture of employment in normal times.

The war with its swollen wages has had a marked influence on the demands of high-school boys and girls for high pay, and has aggravated their difficulties in finding work for which they are qualified. At least 1,000,000 of them took full- or part-time jobs in munitions and other plants. Large numbers of these are finishing their educations, but are thinking about jobs. They remember their lucrative pay and reject the lower rates now being offered them. They do not realize that during the war employers, desperate for help because of acute labor shortages, cut their work standards drastically.

The records of all employment offices are jammed with cases of former war workers who are finding adjustment to peace very difficult. In Utica, New York, Jean left high school in her third year for work on an assembly line which paid $45 a week. V-E Day terminated the work, and Jean applied vainly for a similar job. Fortunately, she had sense. She agreed to take a daytime post as a salesgirl and to complete her education by taking commercial courses three nights a week.

But Andrew, living in Troy, New York, protested volubly when told that he could not hope to continue operation of a crane at 90 cents an hour. An employment counselor learned that Andrew had pursued woodcarving as a hobby and suggested that he fill an opening as a carpenter's apprentice in an upholstery shop. He scorned the 55-cents-an-hour wage, however, and did nothing for

$3.49

Sizes 38 to 52

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Playtime Pinafore

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GUARANTEED PERMANENT FIT. ONLY $3.49

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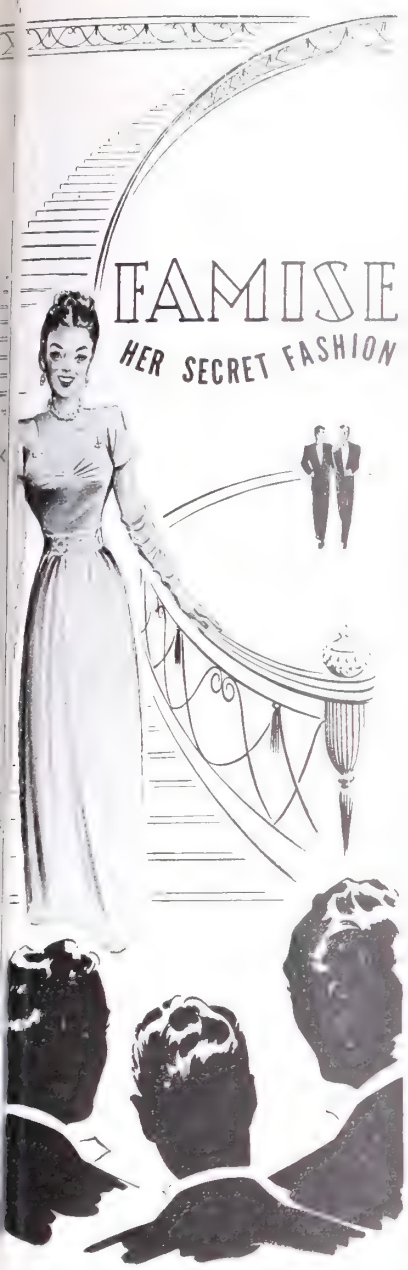

ou see her stepping gracefully out of her convertible . . . pausing for tea . . . or claiming all eyes as she descends to accept the homage beauty exacts. Always so lovely . . . . so poised . . so envied.

'et so needlessly envied. For often, the very one whose grace and charm has become a byword, cherishes a "secret fashion" that so easily may be yours . . Famise Custom Fitted Foundation Garments.

here's nothing quite like the gentle but firm figure control of a Custom Fitted Famise. It endows so richly with natural grace, comfort and well-being that it may forever remain *your* "secret fashion."

f you cannot readily locate where Famise Foundation Garments are sold in your community, consult your telephone directory or drop us a card for information and also a fascinating little booklet about "Her Secret Fashion." Simply address the Famise Corp., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

quire about our Guaranteed Sales Plan d representation in certain communities.

three months. Another boy in upstate New York left high school at seventeen with a little training in radio. It was inadequate for job purposes, but he demanded $35 a week and turned down all the posts for which he was really qualified.

Dr. John W. Walsh, principal of the enormous DeWitt Clinton High School in the Bronx, told us that he had discerned an increasing degree of unjustified conceit among a minority of his boys. They had swollen ideas of their ability and importance, he thought. Clinton is a school which prepares primarily for college. Yet half of the boys do not stick it out to graduation. Among the ones who do go to college, Doctor Walsh said, too many do so merely because they think a college education will put them in higher-income brackets.

The most extreme case of conceit and confusion we encountered was that of a boy in Washington who had informed his vocational adviser that he intended to become a Latin teacher. She was puzzled, because his grades in the subject were only fair. She suggested that we talk with him. When we saw him, Robert airily repeated his decision. Why?

"Because I can make $10,000 a year," he said.

Yet the influence of the war has not been wholly evil in so far as realistic education of young people is concerned. Its most important contribution was stimulation of the school-work programs throughout the country. These programs vary greatly in quality. Sometimes they are merely a device whereby children of inferior mentality are persuaded to stay in school a year or two longer. Occasionally they make possible the industrial exploitation of young people, disguised as education. We ran into a large number of first-rate school-work projects, however, and heard about others. The Federal Government is encouraging their spread with $35,000,000 in funds this year. The states are putting up two and a half times as much.

Deep concern is felt at the United States Office of Education over the glaring disparity between vocational aspirations and the jobs which exist. In January, 1944, Commissioner John W. Studebaker appointed a committee of eminent educators to study the problem. As much pressure as possible—too much brings protests against Federal interference—is being applied to persuade state school systems to expand and improve their vocational schools and courses.

Dr. Harry A. Jaeger, chief of the Occupational Information and Guidance Service of the Office of Education, feels that some progress has been made. He thinks that in possibly 3000 out of the country's 27,000 high schools excellent systems of vocational guidance are operating.

"A lot remains to be done," Doctor Jaeger said to us. "Vocational guidance should start in the elementary school. It's there that the teacher gets intimate knowledge of her pupils. She should note any special habits, good or bad. The file then begun should follow the boy or girl through high school.

"Many aptitudes, or their lack, are discoverable at an early age," Doctor Jaeger continued. "Merely to give intelligence or other

(Continued on Page 231)

The old lady who was about to die called Lucile, her niece, and said: "Lucile, I'm going to die, and I don't want anyone to be fooling about it. When you come to lay me out, I want to be laid out in my black silk dress; but take out the back panel and make yourself a dress from it."

Lucile said, "Oh, Aunt Dorothy, I don't want to do that. When you and Uncle William walk up the golden stairs I don't want people to see you without any back in your dress."

"They won't look at me," the old lady replied. "I buried your Uncle William without his pants."

—KALENDS.

"Do you really know how lovely you can look"

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with *OVER-TONE*

the glorifying

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You should try *OVER-TONE*...
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with Niblets Brand whole kernel corn adding fresh color and tender, young flavor

Colors as gentle as spring in this meal of breast of guinea hen on Virginia ham, with the soft gold of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn for sunniness. The centerpiece in tender shades of green is simply a formal arrangement of any young, growing things from your garden, fruits and vegetables picked green—little green apples, grapes, pears, quinces, green tomatoes, strawberries, pea pods, cucumbers.

In the summer fields where the corn grows for Niblets Brand Corn, there comes a moment when soil and sun have given all they can of tenderness and flavor to the young kernels (grown from our exclusive breed, D-138).

That is the moment we work and watch for. A refractometer test of the kernels tells us when it has arrived. Then we get the corn from field to kernel to can in record time—"picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor" to give you the sweet, tender flavor of just-picked corn the year around.

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

Niblets BRAND WHOLE KERNEL Corn

MAY COR. "NIBLETS" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 229)

t the second or third year of high does not solve the problem.

must realize that many important ons can be followed by people whose are not very high," he said. "For that it is vital to have data on such things sonality and leadership. These can be discerned in children when they are young. Then we can guide them to as salesmen, possibly as politicians in ities and states. They would avoid the tions of trying for law or medicine hey are not qualified."

aps new recognition is slowly dawning extrovert whose taste for books is less is taste for his fellow men. At the Richman High School in New York oasted about a graduate whose I.Q. ly 98 and who could not do straight nic work. Under the school's super- Betty had gone to work for a leading Avenue store where she was showing willingness, organizing ability, style and personal charm that she was being d in every department. In due time, ore management informed the school, ould be a buyer. Another girl, with no for Latin and other traditional sub- became the chief accountant of a large clothing store five years after her ation.

many communities start vocational ice at the primary-school level. But lelphia does. Robert C. Taber, director Division of Pupil Personnel and Coun- , described the system which was started ears ago. Mr. Taber had served as a probation officer in the Philadelphia juvenile courts and had become convinced that much delinquency and even more mental difficulties stemmed from the frustrations of the wrong job.

In the Philadelphia elementary schools, he said, 107 full-time vocational counselors are employed; in the high schools, 109. Observation of Johnny's abilities and faults begins in his kindergarten class. If he reads slowly during the next two or three years, an attempt is made to learn the reason. Parents are encouraged to visit his classes. It may turn out that Johnny, although no scholar, is especially skilled with his hands. He may then be persuaded to go to some vocational school where he can learn a trade.

Like the New York City school authorities, Mr. Taber believes in having children of non-college type take part-time work in the latter years of their schooling. This minimizes the strangeness of office or factory. It gives the child some knowledge of the higher standards of the outside world.

"He learns," Mr. Taber observed, "that seventy per cent isn't a passing grade."

Baltimore also begins vocational guidance in the elementary schools. Dr. Charles W. Sylvester, director of the work, told us that counselors visited as many homes as they could. The importance of this lies in obtaining the confidence of the parents. He has learned, with the years, that proud fathers are not nearly so insistent upon making bankers or lawyers out of their sons when vocational counselors, who really know the boys, advise against it.

(Continued on Page 233)

Too Many White Collars?

IT'S not only the youngsters who glorify professional status; the same tendency exists among the whole population!

A survey conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion (Gallup Poll) supplies resounding statistical support for the Pringles' observation that a large part of the responsibility for young people's yen for the professions must be shared by parents.

In the Gallup survey, this question was submitted to a cross section of the nation's adults: "If you had a son with ability and he could have any training he wanted, what business, profession, trade or occupation would you most like to have him take up if he wanted your advice?"

Specific replies mounted to 76 per cent; of these, only 10 per cent named farming or a trade! In contrast, about half named such professions as medicine, the law, the clergy, and the like. (The rest of the 76 per cent said business, or named a field of activity in which the individual's status depends on his own particular work. The non-specific replies included a group who had no opinion, a realistic 7 per cent who would let the son decide for himself, and a miscellaneous category.)

Here are the details of the specific replies:

	Per Cent
Medicine	25
Engineering	9
Law	7
Farming	6
Clergy	5
Go in business, be a merchant	4
Be a mechanic or electrician	4
Teaching	3
Science *(chemistry, physics)*	3
Others, each named by 1 per cent *(Architecture, real estate, journalism, radio, advertising, accounting, Army, air transport, dentistry, sales)*	10

To be sure, the wording of the question is such that it probably encourages people to name the employment they consider most desirable, rather than the one they consider most likely, since it assumes a son with ability and the opportunity for training; but that is exactly the point. When the adults of the country assume they have free choice, somewhere around half of them would like to steer their sons into professions!

Note, too, that this survey embraced a cross section of the adult population, meaning that the great majority of persons interviewed in the survey were not themselves professional workers! (For in a cross-section survey, the proportion of people interviewed in each type of occupation must correspond to the proportion engaged in that occupation in the whole population; and the great mass of the nation's employed are nonprofessional.)

LEADING CUTTERS AND DECORATORS CHOOSE FEDERAL GLASSWARE

Exclamation point of any occasion

The hostess who thoughtfully places lovely, gleaming glasses—and the ingredients for filling them—within easy reach of *all* hands, is bound to appreciate the admiring "Ohs" and "Ahs" that pay tribute to her good taste.

There's no doubt about it, beautifully cut or decorated tumblers are the exclamation point of any occasion—and the chances are that they bear the Shield Ⓕ of Federal.

It's a fact that luxury-quality tumblers by Federal are *first* choice of leading cutters and decorators. *They* know that the matchless color, clarity and brilliance of Federal tumblers make a perfect base for lovely cutting or decorating.

When you buy glassware, in department stores, gift shops, variety or convenience stores—look for the Shield Ⓕ of Federal. It's your assurance of quality unsurpassed—*at the price you wish to pay.*

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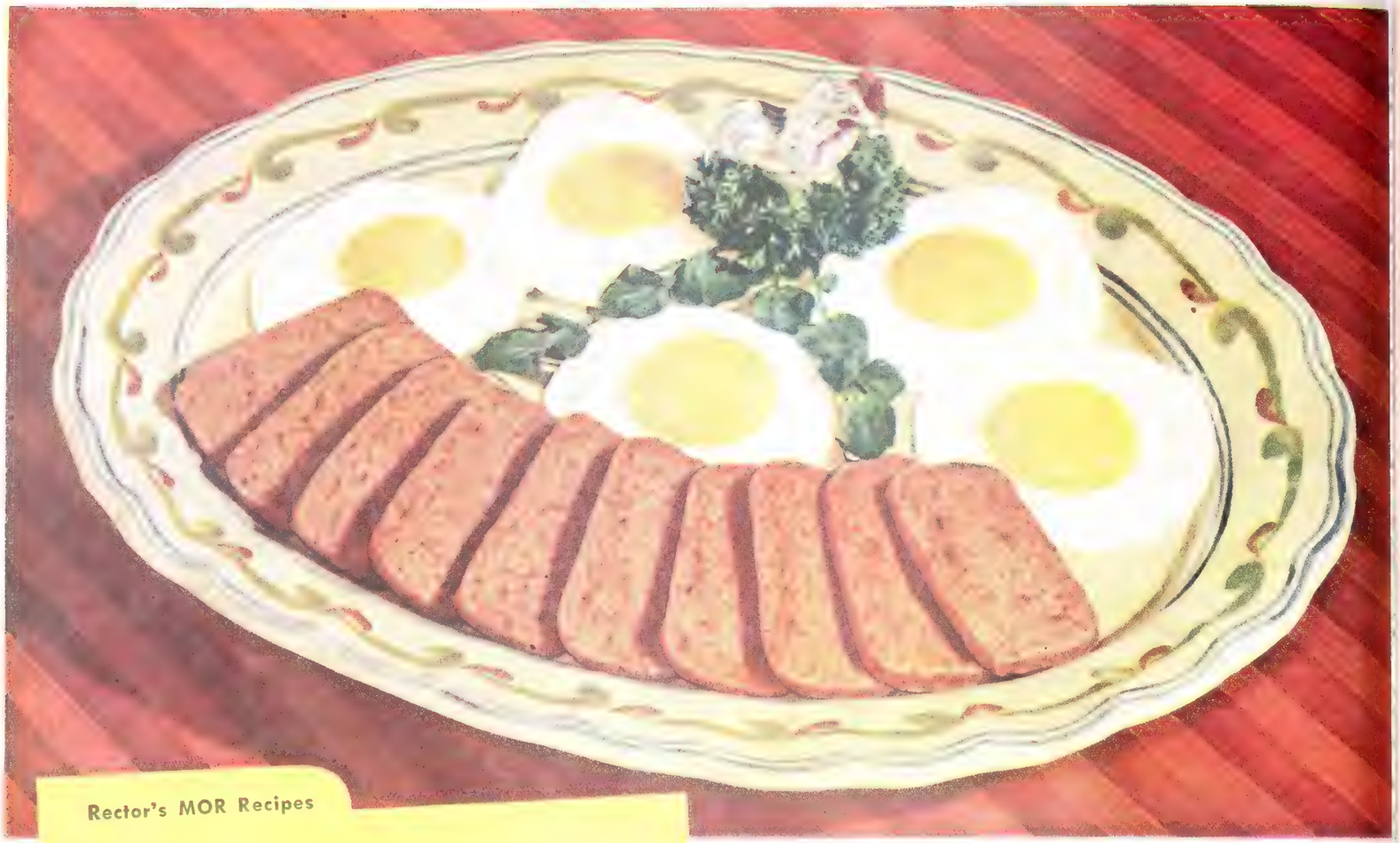


Rector's MOR Recipes

Pan-fried MOR and Eggs

Cut one can of MOR into ten slices. Melt 1 tbsp. fat in a skillet, add MOR slices, and brown on both sides. Serve with fried eggs. Serves five.

MOR Cheeseburgers

Pan-fry MOR slices on one side, turn, and place a square slice of cheese over each two slices of MOR. Continue cooking until second side of MOR is browned and cheese is softened. Place half of a toasted bun, cut side down, on the cheese and with a pancake turner flip the sandwich, bun side down, onto a serving plate. Serves five.

So Simple—

AND SIMPLY DELICIOUS

Tis but a step high in "taste tempters" for breakfasts and lunches, just try "MOR and." You'll be surprised how crisp-fried MOR complements the sunny eggs. And for a snack in a hurry or a tasty lunch, whip up some quick MOR cheeseburgers. These simple recipes are here for your convenience.

George Rector
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

Wilson's MOR is the handy meat for many tasty and convenient dishes. Made of fine pork shoulder meat—with nothing added to change the delicate ham-like flavor—it's processed and seasoned the exclusive Wilson way. You always have meat in the house when there's MOR in the pantry. For breakfast, for lunch, for dinner, it gives you the satisfying goodness of meat with the same vitamins and minerals with which pork is so richly supplied. Only Wilson makes MOR—first in flavor. IT'S DIFFERENT.

WILSON & CO. INC.

The Wilson Label protects your table

A Wilson's Quickie Shelf in your pantry will give you these handy quality meat products.

(Continued from Page 231)

e belief that education for a white-
job will somehow bring success in life
ong in this country. First-generation
icans, whose own opportunities for it
nonexistent, seem to believe in it most
ly. Thus there is often opposition to
osals for an extension of vocational
es. But the prejudice can be overcome.
. Galen Jones, now head of the Second-
School Division of the Office of Educa-
proved this when he became principal of
Plainfield, New Jersey, High School in
. The school had been almost exclusively
ge preparatory, with about 800 students.
depression sent this enrollment soaring
00, many of them students with little
ification for higher learning.
octor Jones was told that he was ex-
ed to graduate most of them, nonethe-
So he got a few thousand dollars for
ude testing and quietly altered the na-
of many courses. In mathematics the
hasis was placed on bookkeeping. Liter-
e became business English. In chemis-
theoretical problems were limited, and
uch as possible taught about industrial
esses. The boys and girls who were plan-
on college took the old standard courses,
the majority were taught in special sec-
s. Nearly all received diplomas, hardly
re that the changes had been made.
chool-work programs have probably
hed their highest development in New
k, and they seem to us the best solution
he white-collar myth. Miss Grace Bren-
, in charge of the
gram, said that no
d is told flatly he
not enter any call-
he likes. The pretty
who wants to be a
del is encouraged to
although the diffi-
ies in the path are
nted out. But the
e of the New York
tem is to provide
ning in vocations
ere jobs will exist. In
process the boy or
gets a chance to test
his preferences and
likes.

New York City, with its wealth and huge
pulation, can afford special vocational
ools which prepare for the automotive,
d and needle trades. At these, in their last
o years, the boys and girls work and attend
ool in alternate weeks. Perhaps the hap-
st place among all the schools we visited
s the Central High School of Needle
ades, on West 24th Street in New York.
occupies a superb new building costing
000,000. Courses are given in fur manu-
turing, custom-made and wholesale wom-
s wear, shoe manufacturing, men's wear,
llinery, textile testing, interior decorating
d related subjects. But the 800 boys and
ls of the school also receive a very good
tural education.

YOUNG Negro of impeccable courtesy
scribed for two hours the manufacture of
n's and women's shoes and told us proudly
at he hoped to become a designer. A pretty
l, who seemed of Puerto Rican extraction,
owed us through the dress and millinery
partments. Her own career, she said, was
be in interior decorating. Her work out-
e would begin the next year, and she was
rtain of a job, her teachers had assured her.
e labor unions and the garment industry
ve been working with the Central High
hool of Needle Trades for twenty years,
d their leaders now serve on its Educa-
nal Commission.

Miss Evelyn Murray, of the New York
ate Employment Service, is in close touch
th New York's vocational program. She
ls that outside work on the co-operative
an is essential. Otherwise the training
nds to be purely theoretical. The girl who
s merely taken a commercial course in
gh school, Miss Murray thinks, does not
quire high-enough standards of speed and
curacy to meet the requirements of the
siness world.

It certainly seemed to us that the girl students, at least, who were working outside were far above the average in appearance and grooming. At Julia Richman, for example, the trend is toward trim suits, neat frocks and long stockings rather than bobby socks and flying shirttails. Why not? They are professional women in the true meaning of the word. Since 1929, co-operative course pupils in the New York schools have earned over $4,000,000. Last year alone, their salaries came to $588,000.

THE New York authorities have made no inquiry on how the students spend the money they earn, perhaps on the excellent theory that it is nobody's business. Mr. Dillon did so for the National Child Labor Committee in San Francisco and Los Angeles, however, and the figures are probably typical enough. About 500 girls and boys gave details of their budgets in San Francisco, with the following allocation of their monthly earnings last year:

Contribution to home	$15.26
War bonds, stamps	7.28
Savings account	8.41
Clothes	9.90
Spending money	11.79
	$52.64

The figures for Los Angeles were very similar. The boy or girl who can average $15.69 monthly in War bonds and savings out of $52.64 in earnings would seem to be acquiring excellent habits of thrift.

Happy marriages do not get into the newspapers. A New York physician asked a hundred married men and a hundred married women this question: "If by some miracle you could press a button and find that you had never been married to your husband or wife, would you press the button?"

One hundred and thirty out of the two hundred said "No." Sixteen said "No, with qualification." And only twenty-eight said "Yes."

—DEAN INGE A Rustic Moralist (Putnam & Co.)

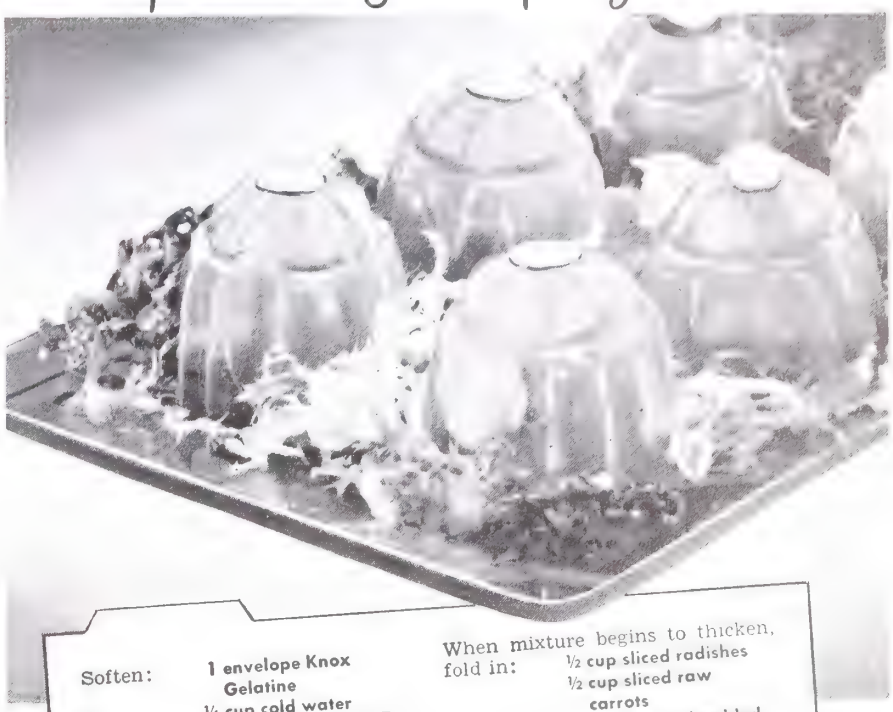
A neglected field in vocational-guidance programs has been in the distributive and service occupations; that is, retail trade and such callings as the operation of filling stations, cleaning establishments and restaurants. People drift into them with no training and rapidly join the 50 per cent of proprietors who fail in business the first year. Yet it is an enormous and growing field, of particular appeal to the boy or girl who cherishes independence. The census listed 2,400,000 men working as "proprietors, managers and officials" in 1940, and 430,000 women. Most, but not all, of these were running a small business.

Such vocational experts as Mr. Taber of Philadelphia are aware that more must be done to train boys and girls for business. Federal funds can now be used for courses to that end. New York City, again, appears to be in the lead in affirmative action. A selected group of 500 students chosen from fifteen vocational high schools is already taking a new course called "Small Business Management." Associate Superintendent George F. Pigott, Jr., in charge of vocational high schools, explained its purpose.

A good many boys and girls have real, if latent, talent for running establishments, he said. But "young people have never been told how, and as a result they open a garage or a beauty parlor with a large floral wreath in the window, and six months later they are closed. After such an experience you often find a frustrated individual who is receptive to all kinds of ideologies."

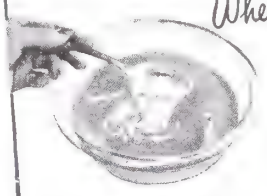
Happiness is not pursued successfully through the bankruptcy courts. The path to it does not lie in being a lawyer without clients or a doctor without patients. Nobody is so wretched as the incompetent man in the job too big for him. The square peg does not lie comfortably in the round hole. Last September the JOURNAL published the results of a nation-wide survey on the circumstances of day-to-day existence which, generally speaking, make for happiness or its lack. This revealed that 70 per cent of the happy people liked their jobs and got satisfaction out of their work. Only 35 per cent of the unhappy did so. Thus, today's educational system is doing far less than it should to bring happiness, in the years ahead, to the boys and girls of America. THE END

My! What a good "spring salad"



Soften: 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in: ¼ cup cold water
Dissolve over boiling water. Remove from heat.
Combine: 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice
Stir in dissolved gelatine. Chill.
When mixture begins to thicken, fold in: ½ cup sliced radishes, ½ cup sliced raw carrots, ½ cup thinly shredded cabbage, 4 minced scallions
Pour into large or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, unmold on crisp salad greens. Serve with dressing, and, if you like, deviled eggs. Serves 6.

When to add vegetables to gelatine



So that vegetables will not settle to bottom of jelly, chill mixture until thick enough to drop slowly from a spoon. Notice how quickly pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine "jells." How tender, yet firm, the salad. *Free!* Mrs. Knox's own recipe book. Write her, Box (25), Johnstown, N. Y.

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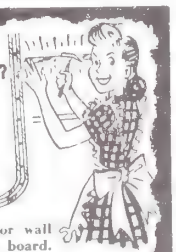

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QUICK AND EASY for Two

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THE domestic instinct may be very strong in you, but along about now, when the days are warm and balmy, enthusiasm for cooking and dress meals begins to peter out. It's express meals you want now with no local stops—at least several nights in the week. With so many canned and frozen foods to help out, you can have good little dinners with a minimum of trouble. Here are some that are really "rapid transit."

Broaden Your Tastes

Shrimps de Jonge
Artichokes With Lemon Butter
Melba Toast
Fruit Salad
Coffee

You aim to try a special dish now and then if it fits into your time to cook and is easy to do. This shrimp casserole should measure up to all requirements; and while you're in this adventurous mood you might try a different vegetable too. If you're an old hand at cooking and eating artichokes, it still is a good taste choice with the shrimps. In another month they won't be quite so plentiful, so have them while you may. Later fresh asparagus takes their place.

SHRIMPS DE JONGE

Mash 1 small clove garlic with ½ teaspoon salt. (It's quickly done, as the salt seems to liquefy the garlic.) Add 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, a dash of Tabasco sauce and ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs—buy them already prepared in a package—1 tablespoon lemon juice and 3 tablespoons milk. Blend together smoothly. Clean 1 package frozen cooked shrimps, thawed, or 1 can shrimps, drained. In 2 individual baking dishes, place alternate layers of the shrimps and bread-crumb mixture. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the top of each. Bake in hot oven, 400°F., 20–25 minutes.

ARTICHOKES—LEMON BUTTER

If you've never cooked an artichoke, there are a few things you might like to know. The large ones are the meatiest. Plan on 1 apiece. Select those with tightly packed leaves or petals, as you do a solid head of cabbage. If the leaves look dry and brown, pass on to the next vegetable stand. Cut off the bottom stem or stump and remove some of the bottom leaves. Wash thoroughly under a running faucet and then in a pan of water. If you had time, you could let them stand awhile in cold salted water. Cook whole in boiling salted water until soft—about 20–25 minutes. Italian cooks add a clove of garlic and a few tablespoons olive oil to the cooking water, but you'll have the flavor of garlic in the shrimp dish tonight and won't want it twice. Save this idea for another time. Drain artichokes upside down. Spread center leaves apart and remove and discard the choke, which is the fuzzy portion down in the center. If your husband knows his artichokes he can leave it to be done at table. Serve the artichokes on separate plates with little saucedishes for lemon butter—2 parts melted butter or margarine to 1 part lemon juice. Since all you're having on your dinner plates are the individual casseroles of shrimp, your table won't be crowded, as you're having the salad for dessert. To eat the artichokes, pull off the leaves—dip them in lemon butter. You eat only the white, tender portion at the end, though what there is of it is wonderful. Your reward is the meaty heart at the base. The best shall be yet.

Gay Pretender

Jellied Consommé
Asparagus With Chicken Parmesan
Green-Salad Bowl
Toasted Crackers
French Fruit Tarts
Coffee

You're not allergic to elegance. You relish it—and occasionally you like to pull out a meal that will impress your dinner partner but that won't take much time. You've big ideas, but the recipes for so many of the dishes you'd like to serve either take too many and too expensive materials for your pocketbook, or they are creations that take considerable doing and more skill as a cook than you as yet have had time to acquire.

What to do? Well, here's a meal that you can serve with pride and ease. It isn't going to take any skill or time because you're going to be smart and do hardly any cooking.

Excellent consommé comes in cans. Remember? Just chill it and serve icy cold with lime or lemon wedges. The green salad you will toss off as lightly as you do

y's petty irritations—for you've ot this down pat by now. The fruit ou will buy in a *good* bakery. You 't have them otherwise. When ou have time to make the pastry—e fill them?

leaves you nothing to worry about main course—but you won't worry. really nothing to it—though when l out at the table with your best ou'll get your due praise.

ASPARAGUS H CHICKEN PARMESAN

package frozen asparagus tips ac- to directions, while you heat 1 e frozen chicken à la king in boiler with ¼ cup milk until it nd is well heated through. Drain aragus. Spread out half the spears ovenproof platter or shallow cas- Season with salt and pepper. Pour a king over it. Save rest of cooked gus for another night's salad. tomato thin, and lay over the top. le generously with packaged grated -type cheese. Put under the broiler it bubbles and is freckled with ing brown spots. Serve right from h. Now isn't that easy? While it's the broiler, mix the salad.

Dinner Deadline

Halibut Steak With Tomato Sauce

Mixed Vegetables

Rolls

rawberries With Sour Cream

Coffee

've set yourself a time limit for pre- dinner tonight. You want to have hing ready promptly at six. You're o the movies—and getting there in ddle of a feature is one of your pet . Here's a meal you can put together an hour. I hope you like fish now en, for this quick way of doing hali- as good as it is easy. A frozen vege- s your quickest in-a-hurry short cut. strawberries sugared and served hick sour cream take no more time strawberries with plain cream, yet re much, much better. Buy the sour in a jar. Don't try to sour your sweet for this. It won't taste the same or thick.

HALIBUT STEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE

n a ¾-pound slice of halibut with nd pepper. Dust with flour. Brown h lightly in 2 tablespoons salad oil th sides in a skillet. Add 1 small can to sauce or spaghetti sauce, ¼ ater, the juice of ½ lemon, and 1 grated or 1 teaspoon dried grated . A pinch of basil adds a special , if you have it. Cover and simmer minutes or until flesh of fish is d through. Serve fish in its own .

Chinese Modern

Hot Bouillon

hinese Pepper Steak With Rice

Frozen Pineapple Chunks

Tea

The stir-frying method of cooking used by the Chinese is really quick. Meats and vegetables are cut or shredded beforehand. The meats are not cooked long enough to toughen them, or the vegetables to lose their crispness. The secret is in having everything ready for the dish before you start the cooking. Try this one and see if you don't approve.

CHINESE PEPPER STEAK WITH RICE

Buy a thin ¾-pound slice top round of beef. Cut diagonally against the grain in thin slivers or strips. Cut 2 green peppers into thin strips—it's quicker than dicing. Cut enough celery into thin crosswise slices to make ½ cup; mince 2 tablespoons onion and 1 clove garlic. Now you're ready to start the cooking. Put 2 tablespoons salad oil in a skillet. When it's good and hot, put in beef. Stir quickly over high heat until beef is seared and brown. Add the onion, garlic, green peppers and celery. Add ½ cup consommé or stock made from hot water and bouillon cube or meat paste. Season with salt and pepper. Cover pan. Turn down heat to moderate and cook just 5 minutes. Thicken with 2 teaspoons cornstarch blended with 2 tablespoons water and 1 teaspoon soy sauce. Simmer 5 minutes more. Serve immediately with freshly boiled rice.

Do you know about the frozen pineapple chunks? They are a newish item on the long list of prepared frozen foods, and a nice change for dessert. We like them best when they aren't completely thawed—still refreshingly icy. They are already sweetened. If you are going to add anything at all, let it be chopped mint.

Half Sizes

Mixed Grill of Chicken

Rolls

Avocado Halves With Orange Sections—

Cottage-Cheese Dressing

Coffee

Some fashions come in half sizes. So do some foods—tailored to fit your meals for two.

MIXED GRILL OF CHICKEN

For your grill tonight, use ½ broiler, ½ raw tomato and ½ cooked potato apiece. Marinate the chicken halves in French dressing. Cut the cooked potato in half lengthwise. Dot with butter or margarine and season with salt and pepper. If you didn't cook an extra potato yesterday, or didn't have potatoes on your menu anyway, substitute mushroom caps. Remove blossom end of 1 tomato and cut it in half crosswise. Dot with butter or margarine and sprinkle with dill or chopped chives. Start broiling your chicken first, as it takes 20–25 minutes or so to get it tender. Have the heat moderate or chicken will dry out. About 8 minutes before chicken is done, put potato and tomato halves on broiler.

AVOCADO HALVES WITH ORANGE SECTIONS— COTTAGE-CHEESE DRESSING

Peel a ripe avocado and cut it in half lengthwise; remove the pit. Sprinkle each half lightly with salt. Fill cavity of each with orange sections. Serve on salad greens with a cottage-cheese dressing—quick to make: Thin ¼ pound cottage cheese with 2 tablespoons lemon juice; add ¼ teaspoon sugar and a little salt. Beat with rotary beater.

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A Betty Crocker Double-Quick New Method Recipe

BAKED ON MERINGUE CAKE

Pour Cake Batter (*recipe below*) into a generously greased and floured round layer pan, 9-in. diameter, 1½-in. deep. Pile Meringue (*recipe below*) lightly and evenly over batter. **Bake** *about 40 min.* in *moderate oven* (350°). When done, let cool in pan on wire rack for 10 minutes. Then, loosen sides from pan and invert on palm of hand and place . . . right side up . . . on wire rack to finish cooling. Serve covered generously with sweetened berries. Other toppings that may be used are ice cream, custard sauce, whipped cream, or home canned fruit.

CAKE BATTER—For success—4 "musts"—

(1) Have **all** ingredients room temperature. (2) **Preheat** oven to 350° (moderate). (3) Measure **level** for accuracy. (4) Sift SOFTASILK Cake Flour, then spoon **lightly** into cup and level off. **Do not pack.**

Sift together into bowl . . . . . **1 cup *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour**, **⅔ cup sugar**, **1½ tsp. double-action baking powder**, **½ tsp. salt**

Add . . . . . **3 tbsp. high grade vegetable shortening**, **¼ cup milk**, **¼ tsp. lemon extract**, **¼ tsp. vanilla**

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per minute). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. *Or* mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium speed* for 2 minutes. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.

Add . . . . . **¼ cup more milk**, **2 egg yolks**

Beat 2 more minutes.

MERINGUE. Beat until frothy *2 egg whites;* add *¼ tsp. cream of tartar.* Continue beating until stiff enough to hold a point. Gradually beat in *½ cup sugar.*

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CRACK IN THE ARMOR

(Continued from Page 41)

the window for a moment while her cheeks stung. Then she cleared her throat.

"Was there any mail today?" she asked with an effort at cheerfulness. "What do you hear from your mother?"

Angela slowly turned her head and looked at her stepmother. "I don't think," she said, "that I care to discuss my mother with you."

I mustn't allow myself to be so touchy, Jessie thought, but the adrenalin of anger poured into her blood stream and raced throbbing to her fingers. *She's young—she's Todd's daughter—she doesn't know any better.*

"Why, child," she said, trying hard to be calm, to be reasonable, "I don't want to discuss your mother. I don't know her and I never shall. I was only making conversation. We don't either of us seem to have much of a gift for conversation, do we?"

I would like to tell her, Jessie thought, *that everything I know about her mother has been most uncomplimentary. And she has brought her daughter up to be rude, ungracious and insulting.*

The girl bent her head, obviously getting back to her letter writing, and her hair fell half across her face, hiding her smooth pale cheek. She looked now exactly like one of those high-school youngsters in class today, head bent over the quiz paper, clumsily trying to concentrate on the Punic Wars. She was the same age too. What was the matter with her?

Jessie stood by the desk while her heart beat out the seconds, telling herself that she couldn't go on feeling as she did about this girl.

"You have beautiful hair, Angela," she said, and lightly brushed her hand against it.

The movement Angela made was so violent and so sudden that Jessie started. Angela had jerked her head away as if there were contamination in the touch, and now sat staring straight ahead. "Please don't," she said in an ugly tone.

Jessie hurried blindly toward her bedroom, her eyes full of tears. But at the door she stopped, her hand on the knob. *No*, she thought bitterly, *I won't hide in my room and cry. I won't let her hurt me like this. Todd will be here by six. I'll tell him that he'll have to send her away—home to her mother. I don't have to let her stay here.* She took a deep breath and distinctly felt the fluttering in her stomach.

STEPMOTHER! A hateful stepmother. She had been so sure she would never be like this. Where was her intelligence? Why couldn't she cope with a simple emotional problem like having an unwelcome, ungracious girl in her house?

She had looked forward to knowing Todd's daughter. She had been prepared to love her. And look what happened. She wondered if she really hated the girl—yet. How can you tell the exact moment when dislike becomes hate?

"Angela," she said as firmly as she could, placing her back against the bedroom door, "your father will be here in about an hour. One of the things he likes best about his home is that I keep it rather nice. So will you please pick up your things and put them away? I shouldn't like him to see this room the way it is now."

The girl did not move. Finally she said, "I haven't any place to put them."

"Hang them in the coat closet. It mu obvious that we haven't a guest roon you." She went swiftly to the couch an gan to fold the blankets.

What will I do, she thought, *if she jus there and won't move?*

But Angela got up and carried an ar of clothes to the closet. Jessie was s lieved she thumped the pillows with v

"You know, Angela," she said, and ticed that there was only the slightest tre in her voice, "I've been thinking about and trying to understand you. I can un stand that you might resent the idea of father's marrying again. But now that know me, I hoped you'd get over that ing. Your father was divorced for three y before I ever met him."

Angela seemed concentrated on pic up her clothes.

"You can see for yourself that w happy together," Jessie added after a pa She picked up three ash trays and took t into the kitchen to wash. When she c back she said, "Angela, how long are planning to stay with us?"

"My mother said you wouldn't know first thing about hospitality. But it so l pens that I'm visiting my father. I ha right to visit father, if I please.'

"It's rather a point," Jessie s quickly, above agitation that lea up in her aga "Your father is a from Mondays u Fridays, and t apartment has b in my name for se years. So, of ne sity, you are visit me too."

Angela kept a st born silence.

"I'm sure t when you are mar and have a hom your own, you'll w to feel that you your husba share ——"

Suddenly the was crying. Te were already runn down her cheeks the time she co run to the bathro and shut the door.

Now what have I said? Jessie wonder The water was going furiously into the t so Angela must be sobbing and covering sound.

At any rate, this was the first human action the girl had shown. Always befo she had seemed as impervious as sh metal. Somewhere there must be a crack her armor. *Perhaps when she comes out sh be softened up, and I can try again.*

But when Jessie picked up a pair of w stockings hanging on the back of a cha with the varnish turned white from the mo ture, she was instantly so angry that s knew she would not try again. Surely a girl eighteen years old knew better than hang wet stockings on a varnished cha Either her mother hadn't taught her ar thing at all, or else Angela had hung th there deliberately to mark the chair.

Quickly she finished straightening t room and went into the kitchen to start d ner. After a while she heard Angela set the ironing board in the living room, a later she smelled the iron scorching son thing. She and Angela did not look at ea other or speak as she came and went, setti three places at the table.

At last Todd's key turned in the loc Angela ran to meet him with an "Oh, dadd daddy, I'm so *glad* to see you" that sound as if he had been away since before the w instead of since Monday. She threw her arm

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Thrush Song

BY ANN WILLIAMS

Ah, there, it comes again,
as it has done
Down through our years;
So tense, so sweet, till mind
And heart are numb with joy and
pulse is one
With fullest measure of a breath,
then twined
About each cell the blood's
dark cinnamon
Spins aching outward
thin ribbons to bind
This moment.
So shall it be some other spring
A thousand years from now
should one thrush sing.

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KVP Household PAPERS

around his neck before he could set down his bag, and she kissed him with fervor.

"Well, well, how's my big girl?" Todd said heartily, while Jessie, waiting at the door to the kitchen, wondered uneasily if she could be jealous. Of her husband's own daughter. Surely not.

"The iron is scorching, Angela," she said.

Now Todd came to her, taking big steps across the little room, and put his arms around her and kissed her unresponsive lips.

"And how is my other big girl?" he asked. "Angela," he said, lifting his head and sniffing, "what's that you're burning? You're as bad as your mother. She used to burn up my shirts, with a smell just like that. . . . Well, teacher, are you glad to see me?"

She felt a foolish little prickle of pleasure where he had put his hand on the back of her neck. The tension loosened, and in a warm flush of gratitude to Todd, she found she could laugh. She was so glad he was here, big and natural and not all tied up with complex feelings. He wasn't ever going to be rich, he wasn't the most brilliant man in the world. But he was just the kind of man she had always wanted—nice-looking and sweet, and good to her.

"I've got your favorite dinner," she said, standing in his arms, her voice full of the soft confidence of one who is beloved. "It's all ready."

"Good, good. Come on, Angela, my girl," he said, rubbing his hands and eying the table. "Let's eat some of this good cooking and put some meat on your bones, honey."

Jessie slid into her chair and Todd sat down. They waited for Angela.

"I don't care for any dinner, thank you," Angela said, and they turned to look at her. She was settled in the armchair, and now she opened a magazine. "I had a sundae this afternoon."

"Sundae or no sundae," Todd boomed, "come eat some lamb chops and baked potatoes." He rose and picked her up with his quick, strong movements, swung her around once, and set her in her chair at the table. "Don't argue with your old man," he said with a big smile that showed his even, healthy teeth. Everything about him was clean and strong, Jessie thought with pride.

He rubbed his hand hard across the top of Angela's head, and she tipped her face up and smiled at him. She didn't jerk away from *him.*

"Well, Angela," he said, sitting down, "having any fun? What have you been doing with yourself all week?"

"Oh, nothing much," she said indifferently.

Jessie kept her eyes on her plate as she said, "I thought Angela would enjoy meeting some of the seniors. We could ask some over for an evening. But Angela didn't want to."

"Why, sure. Why not, Angela?"

"I just don't care to," she said coolly. "What I really want, daddy," she began, turning on the charm, gazing into his face, ignoring Jessie, "I have a friend—a friend from home who is out here, and I'd like to have my friend come and visit me for a while. Could I, daddy?"

"Can your friend sleep standing up?" Todd asked, grinning.

"Well, daddy, you're away all week, and ——"

The nerve of this girl! Jessie thought. *It isn't inconvenient enough for her to move in on me, uninvited. Now she wants to bring another one, and she hasn't the decency even to ask me—she asks him. He doesn't have to put up with any of the trouble or the mess or the unpleasantness. After all, I'm the hostess.*

"I'm afraid, Angela," she said, biting off her words, "that you don't know how much you're asking. I'm sorry, but we can't accommodate another guest."

A triangle of silence held the three of them until Todd said, "It's a pretty small apartment. Why don't you have her to dinner some night and go to the movies?"

Silence again. Angela pushed her food around on her plate and glared at Jessie. Jessie tried not to look up.

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WITH 8 DELICIOUS
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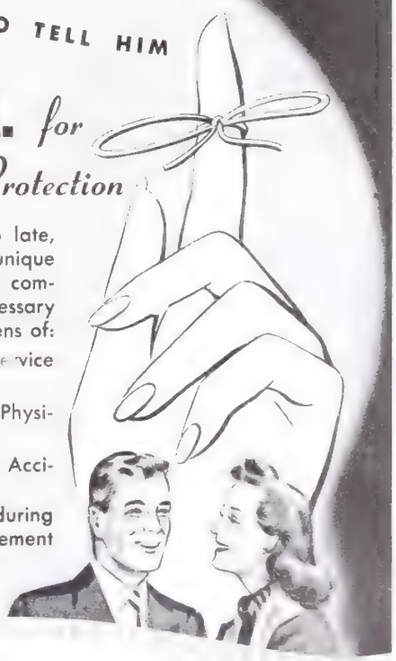

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"How about the movies tonight, girls?" Todd asked with good-humored enthusiasm, and Jessie wondered if he was unaware of the strain in the air. "What would you like to see?"

"Oh, daddy! Let's not go to movies. Let's go skating!" Angela jumped up from the table and wound her arms around his neck. "Remember the time you took me to the roller rink when I was eleven years old? Let's go again tonight. You're a good skater."

"An old man like me?" But he seemed pleased by her obvious flattery, Jessie noted with disgust.

"You're not old, and you're the best-looking man I know, and I'm proud of my daddy." Now she had her cheek against his.

I'm not jealous, Jessie told herself. *This girl is his daughter and it's natural that she's fond of him—if she is fond of him, and not just putting on an act. It wouldn't be decent of me to be jealous. Oh, I wish I knew what is the matter.*

"What do you say, Jessie?" Todd was asking. "Want to roller skate?"

"Can you skate?" Angela said to Jessie, as if it were beyond the realm of possibility.

"No, thanks, people. You two go ahead. I'll grade my papers, and potter around. You can have Todd all to yourself, Angela. Don't let him break any old bones."

See, she thought with determination, *I can be generous. I'll let her have him the whole week end. Tomorrow he can take her to Palm Springs, and Sunday they can go on a picnic to the mountains. They'll have fun together. There will be other week ends when I can see him. She'll know that I want her to have a good time before she goes home.*

Jessie had gone to bed Sunday night when they got back. Todd came into the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Have a good time?" she asked.

He grunted. "Honey," he said, "I have to leave early in the morning. I just wanted to say—uh—well—see if you can be especially nice to Angela. Sort of strain yourself. You know what I mean. She thinks you don't like her."

JESSIE felt the stiffening of her legs, her arms, her shoulders. She looked intently at him and saw the troubled frown between his eyes. So Angela had regaled him with innuendoes and accusations all yesterday and today. Be nice to Angela! How could he sit right here, within a foot of her, and not sense that it was only the strongest self-control that kept her from saying loudly, "I don't like her. I hate her. I can't stand her!"

He smiled apologetically and bent over to take off his shoes.

Carefully, so that it would sound casual, she said, "Todd, how long is she going to stay?"

"Oh, I dunno. Why?"

"You don't think she's planning to live with us, do you?"

"Oh, no," he said carelessly. "She lives with her mother."

He was very tired and went right to sleep and she didn't get to talk to him at all. The next morning he left early. She had only a few minutes to drink a cup of coffee with him.

On the way out, he stopped beside the couch where Angela was asleep. "So long, kiddo," he whispered, and tiptoed out without turning around again.

Jessie dressed for school very quietly, not to wake Angela, gathered up her marked papers, her keys, her purse, and started through the living room.

But now, perversely, Angela was awake and sitting up. "I just wanted to tell you," she said in the impersonal tone she used for addressing Jessie, "that when you come home this afternoon, I won't be here."

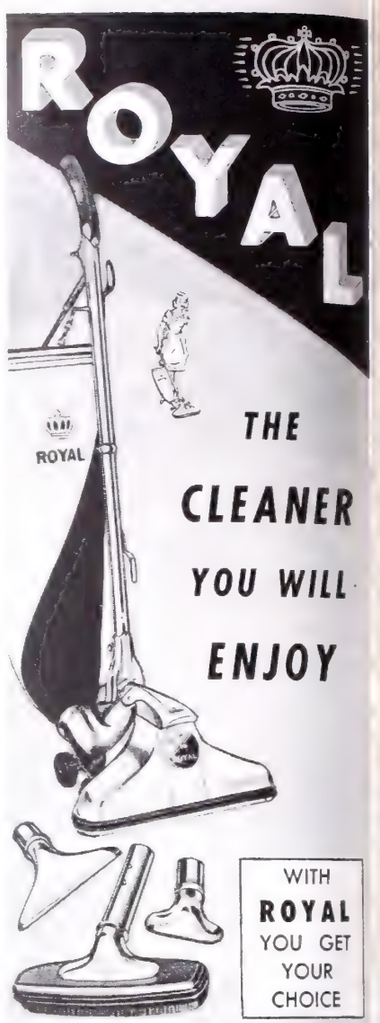
"Oh." Jessie hesitated. If she asked any questions, Angela would think she was prying into what was none of her business. "Well," she asked, "will you be here for dinner?"

"No. I'm going away for a few days."

Jessie asked nothing, said nothing.

"I'm going up to Oakland."

ROYAL



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you have a place to stay up
erhaps you've made reserva-

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ıss it—I consider it my own busi-

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and she braced herself before she
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few?
y she felt a nagging worry. There
of Angela. Not even a post card

f I don't get a new permanent now of the latest notice me and I'll always be on your hands!"

in the mailbox. Maybe Todd knew where she was.

She had the table set for two and dinner ready by the time Todd came Friday evening. His first words were, "Hello, honey—where's Angela?"

He didn't know about Angela's visit until Jessie told him.

"And she didn't tell you this friend's name, or address, in Oakland?" he asked.

"No. She tells me nothing. She does as she pleases. She came out here without asking us, you remember."

He took out a cigarette, looked at it, and then put it back. "I've been a rotten father."

She took his arm and started toward the table. "Well, darling, I don't think this is the time for you to get a hard case of delayed parenthood. Let's have dinner."

"I suppose I'm responsible for her while she's here, though. Her mother would raise Cain if anything happened to her."

"What could happen to her?" She meant the question to be rhetorical and reassuring, but it wasn't.

"Well, look, honey," he said, "she's eighteen. You don't suppose there's a man mixed up in this anywhere, do you?"

Jessie gasped. "Why, Todd! What a thing to say about your daughter."

He shrugged. "She's human. She's a big girl. Nobody knows anything about her—where she is, who her friend is, anything."

"Oh, no!"

"Stop being a schoolteacher, Jessie. Lots of girls get crazy over a man. I just think we ought to find out what goes on. I hate to do it, but I'll have to call her mother. Maybe she knows something about this Oakland deal."

He tried to put the call through, but the operator called back to tell him there was no Mrs. Lucy Morrison listed in the town of Fuller, Illinois.

"Listen, operator," he said pleasantly, although his fingers were drumming fast, "I know there is. It's a little town. You tell the local operator, and she'll find her. This is Mr. Morrison, and I must get in touch with Mrs. Morrison."

He held the receiver and waited. "I'd rather take a licking than talk to her," he said to Jessie and went on drumming the table. Then he noticed that he was doing it and stopped. He picked up a pencil and started marking on the pad.

"Hello? Lucy? This is Todd. They tried to tell me you weren't listed ——" A voice began coming over the wire with such vibration that he held the receiver an inch away from his ear. "Listen, Lucy, I just wanted to ask you ——" The voice came again. "Yes, she's fine. She's not here, just —— Listen, will you be quiet a minute —— Yes, yes, but do you know a friend of Angela's in Oakland?"

He was furiously drawing squares and triangles and jagged lines on the telephone pad, and his face was flushed.

Jessie could hear the voice on the wire, talking fast and continuously, and once she could distinguish the words, "'All right, go on out to your father,' I said, 'if you think ——'" The flood of talk went on and on, with Todd interrupting once in a while to shout a question. At last he hung up and dried his hands on his handkerchief.

"She's married again," he said.

"Who? Angela?"

"No. Lucy. Got married five months

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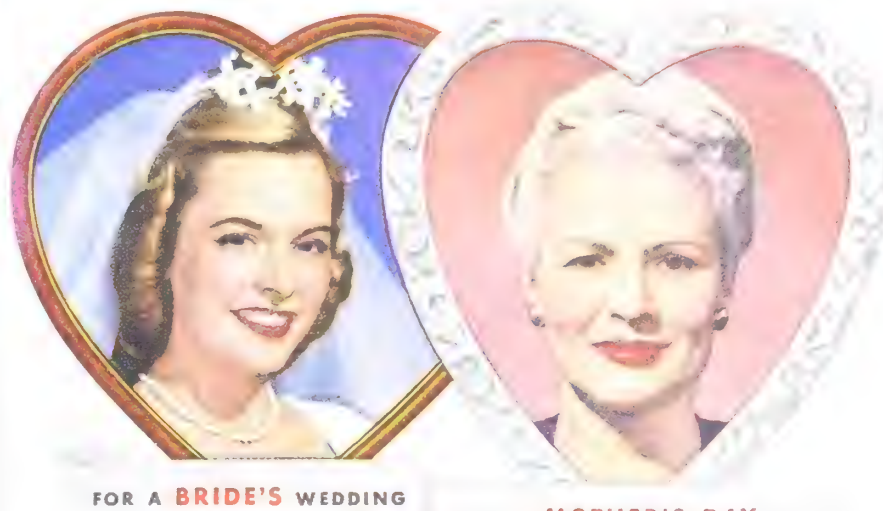

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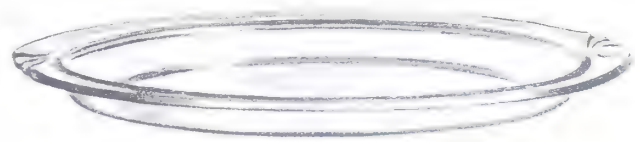

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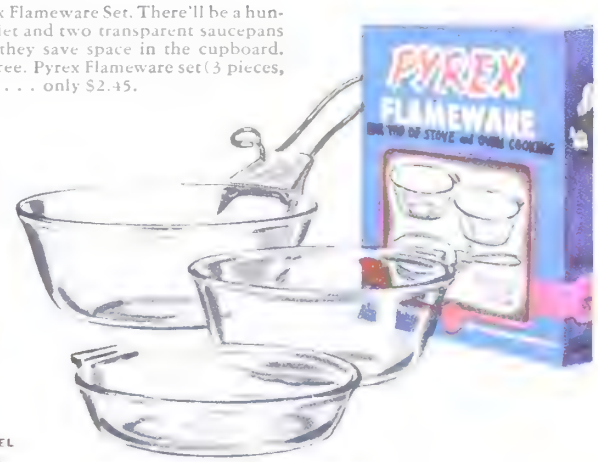

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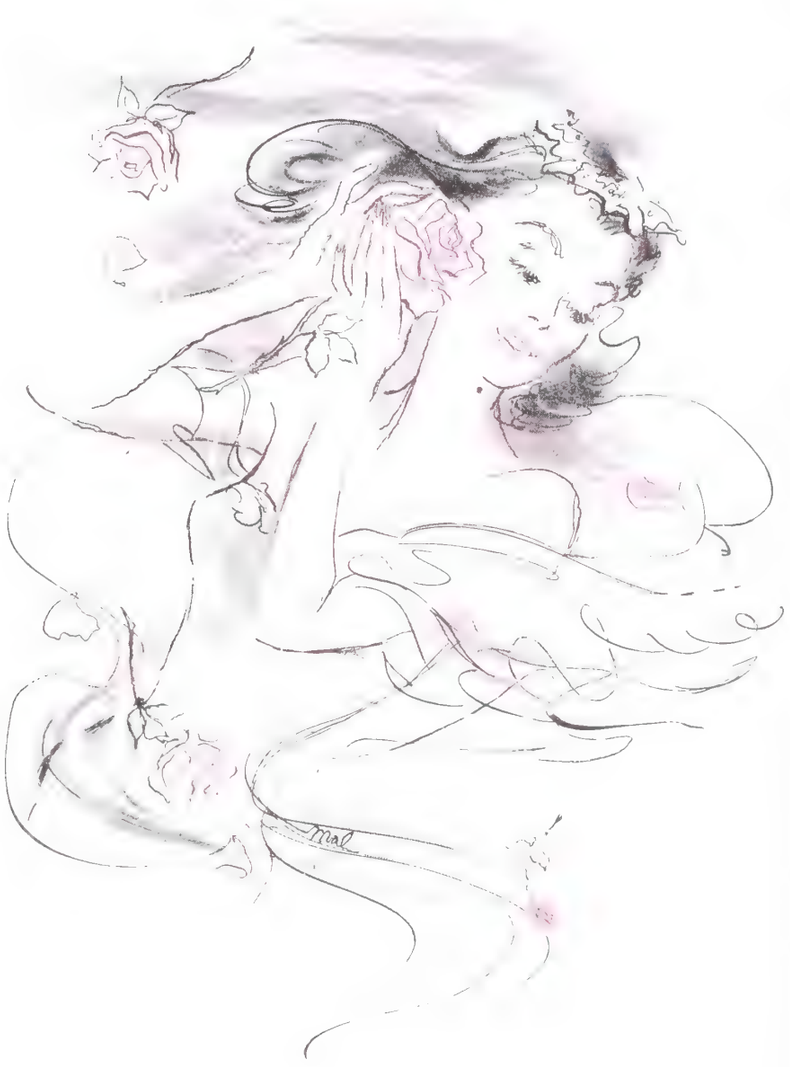

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ago, and that's why her name's not in the phone book. Married some guy that Angela didn't like, so Angela wanted to come out here, and came. Lucy doesn't know anybody in Oakland, but she says maybe the Davis boy is there. Angela was crazy about him when he was in the Navy, and he's not around. Lucy says it's just like me to let Angela go running after Pete Davis. Says I should have looked after her. She's having a fit." He rubbed his hand over his face. "I don't know why it is," he went on, "but I can't stand that woman. I got so that everything she did or didn't do, everything she said and the way she said it, rubbed me the wrong way."

He sat nervously fingering the telephone. Jessie had never seen him upset like this. Usually he was so easygoing that she thought he had no nerves. Now she came close and took his hand between hers. "I know, Todd. I'm that way too. I'm ashamed of it, but I can't seem to help it." She could tell him right now how she felt about Angela and he would understand.

He pulled her nearer, his arms around her waist. "When I think of all those years I lost," he said to her. "If I'd only met you twenty years ago instead of five ——"

She cradled his head in her arms and her throat began to ache as if she wanted to cry. Todd was here, and he loved her and they were happy together. She wasn't an old-maid schoolteacher, coming primly home at night to wash her stockings and grade her papers and be lonely. She was Todd's wife and his arms were around her.

"Do you suppose I'd ought to call the police?" he asked.

Oh, blast Angela, she thought impatiently. *Hasn't she caused enough trouble?* She looked at the nervous movement of his hands, usually so steady. She read the worry in his face.

"You understand these kids, Jessie," he said. "I don't know anything about them. What shall I do?"

"I don't understand Angela. But I'm sure she would never forgive you if the police brought her home. Angela is difficult——"

"Difficult!" he exploded. "She's a king-sized pain in the neck—always pulling and wheedling, and fixing it so I can't spend any time with you. But I'm her father, and I ought to do something for her. But right now, I don't know what."

"She's young, Todd," Jessie heard herself saying. She sat down on Todd's knee and fitted her head into the hollow of his shoulder. "She's really very immature. I'm sure there must be a reason why she's so—so awful. She dislikes me, and I dislike her, and I can't be rational about it. I've tried ——" She heard a sound and stopped. It was the key turning in the lock.

> **If the desire to kill and the opportunity to kill came always together, who would escape hanging?**
> —MARK TWAIN.

ANGELA came in, one shoulder dragged down by her suitcase. She stood just inside the door, her face pale and tired, her whole body drooping with exhaustion.

"Well," she said, "here I am."

Todd got up quickly, pushing Jessie off his lap. "We've been worried about you, young lady," he said sternly.

She lifted her chin in a tired travesty of independence. "You needn't have been. I'm married, and I wouldn't have come back at all if we had found a place to stay."

"Married!" Todd echoed loudly. "You went off and got married and didn't say a word about it to me, or to Jessie, or to your mother? And who did you marry?"

"Whom," Jessie said in an undertone, but they paid no attention.

Angela's lips were stiff and her voice was tight. "A boy I know in Oakland."

Looking at her, Jessie knew that Angela was going to cry in a minute.

"A fine thing to do," Todd was shouting, "run off and ——"

"Todd," Jessie interrupted quietly in her crisp classroom manner, "never mind about being the stern parent now. This child has gone off and got married, and it is too late to do any good by yelling at her. I don't think this is quite the welcome sh normally expect."

"I didn't expect any welcome," said sullenly, with her eyes on he

"Well, I'm rather sentimental ab riage," Jessie said. "And I think th to be a pleasanter time for you."

"I walked and I walked," Ang talking to her hands. "We didn't c little it was—just one room." H began to shake and she talked "Pete's landlady wouldn't let me st with him. And I couldn't find—just a that could be our own." She turned and stood there with her shoulders square while she cried. "Surely it's much to ask," she said indistinctly.

NOBODY said anything for a full Jessie reached for Todd's hand, but watching the slight tired girl cryin end of the room.

Vividly she could see Angela and suit-case, tramping block after block, loo a furnished room. She could see her the house where her mother and husband lived, carrying her suitcas off alone to her father. Then the sa and hat, the same suitcase as she wen the steps away from this building wh father and his wife lived. Lookin home and someone to love her. Then back, the coat wrinkled from travel, t case pulling at her arm, worn out and ed, to this door where she knew she wanted.

"The poor kid," whispered. "The po lonesome kid that have anybody. Th body wanted." squeezed Todd's bi and felt it cold and But hers was warm fore I had you, Tod said softly, "I knew what it was to be But I guess I'd forgotten." She across the room. "Angela, let me he with your coat." She wondered if would jerk away when she touche "You must be worn out from th Where is your husband tonight? you'd like to call him long-distance an to him. You might invite him dow week end, if he can come."

"Could I?" Angela asked unbeli "Could I ask him? You said no when you before. He's outside. He's waiti

Todd's voice boomed in the little "Bring him in. Don't let him stand o What kind of a father do you ——"

"And Angela," Jessie said, "dinn two is done and getting cold. Why do and—and ——"

"Pete," Angela said, and there was thing touching in the sound of th romantic name. "Pete Davis."

"Why don't you and Pete eat it? father and I are going out anyway."

"Oh, Jessie, could we?" Never befo Angela called her Jessie. "Here, all b selves?"

"Well, I can take a hint," Todd sai a smile that was almost natural. He p arm around Angela and half lifted her floor. "We're going out, and we'll pro be home good and late. Now bring tha in here before he gets scared and runs a

"Oh, daddy, oh, Jessie, thank Timidly she put out her hand to Jessi Jessie knew it for a gesture of gratefu Awkwardly they touched hands and A ran out the door. They heard her quick steps going down the stairs.

"Honey, are you sure you don't this?" Todd asked seriously. "I know i tough for you, having her here, and I know how this setup will work."

"Oh, it will be inconvenient, but I mind. Really, Todd, I think Angela a are going to be friends. I've been so ash of myself."

"Forget it. Do you want to be perfe

She started to protest, to explain, though she knew he was joking. Bu heard them coming up the stairs an went to the door to make them welc

THE

course your love for her lasts all the year through, but Mother's Day gs the chance to tell her about it with a special surprise — perhaps some ely new garment of gala Pacific cotton or rayon. If she's the sweet, retiring e — choose a quiet-patterned nightgown in dainty pastel coloring. If she's re like a big sister, she'll like some of Pacific's dashing designs in a day-time dress or housecoat. Good stores carry a variety of attractive garments, each bearing the Pacific label, your assurance of fine quality, fine styling and fine value. *FREE! Get your copy of our new amusing, helpful booklet, "Secrets of Smartness". Drop a card today to PACIFIC MILLS, Cotton and Rayon Division, Dept. LH-5, 214 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.*

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SOMEONE TO TALK TO

(Continued from Page 49)

yourself, "Hey, what's this? When do *I* get a chance to talk?" The answer is, you don't. When you've started to help someone by listening, your own worries and even your cleverest comments on his difficulties must be set aside for some other time. Good, helpful listening is utterly unselfish.

4. Since this is the talker's hour, you must let *him* run the conversation. This means that you can never probe, never ask a question to get information you may think necessary to judge things fairly. Judging is not your task, so curb your curiosity—otherwise the talker might tell you things he would later regret having said. The only questions permitted a listener who is really on the job repeat, in another form, what the speaker has already said. For instance, it may be helpful to say, "So you're fully determined to give up your job?" or, "Then you don't see *anything* good about her?"

The advice not to probe is especially valuable to wives and mothers who want to be helpful to returned veterans in their talkative moods. Such men, if they have had combat experience, dislike being "drawn out" even more than being shut off and told to "forget it all." Most servicemen want to talk; but men who have been under fire often have some memories they wish to protect from civilian eyes. An amiably meant question may intrude into a place where the soldier is not ready to admit anyone just yet.

5. Don't cut off the expression of feelings the speaker has begun, no matter how much these may appall you. If a man bangs the table and pours out an unreasonable hatred of someone, by all means let him bang away; if you interfere by saying, "You shouldn't feel that way," you will only succeed in bottling up his anger inside of himself—the last place in the world you want it to be stored. Let it come out.

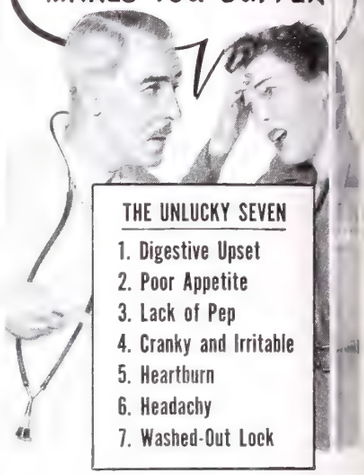
If a woman cries and sobs, the good listener will never try to stop her by a short-sighted comforting. To say, "Don't cry. Everything will work out somehow"; or, "Hush now. You're making yourself sick," is a refusal to continue listening. A "good cry" is exactly what she wants and needs—let her have it out.

6. A real faith in the other person's ability to work his own way toward light and air and hope is necessary, if we are to keep still. Try to develop it. Dr. Carl Rogers, of the University of Chicago, reports that such faith is invariably justified: "When the individual's negative feelings have been quite fully expressed, they are followed by the faint and tentative expressions of the positive impulses which make for growth. There is nothing which gives more surprise to the beginner than to find that this positive expression is one of the most certain and predictable aspects of the whole process. The more violent and deep the negative expressions, the more certain are the positive expressions of love, of fundamental self-respect, of the desire to be mature."

There are thousands of case histories to prove this point. There are cases of AWOL soldiers, interviewed during the war, who began the talk with the defiant words, "I won't go back," and ended them, after no interfering advice, with the words, "Of course, I know I'll have to return and face the music." There are cases of women who said, "Don't try to argue me out of getting a divorce. My mind is all made up." Forty-five minutes later, after their own uninterrupted talk, they have said, "A divorce is no solution." In these and in other successful counseling interviews the listener would have bitten off his tongue rather than try to push the talker toward such a decision.

Silence is hard for a listener; its practice is at war with the tendency to "set things right" which makes busybodies of us all. When a husband is discouraged, a wife's impulse is to rush to his side with soothing words; she longs to stop his silly talk about being a failure. Naturally she does. When a child sobs that he would like to kill some teacher, it is hard for a mother not to say,

WHICH OF THE UNLUCK
SEVEN
SYMPTOM
MAKES YOU SUFFER



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SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND URE!

sh. You mustn't say things like that." n either case, the woman will be much helpful if she holds back her words until talker has run down. And by that time won't be needed; the mere expression of views, the mere getting-rid of them, s the talker to begin to think in happier more friendly terms.

While all this violent or unhappy talk is g on, what *should* we say? One expert nmends a series of "eloquent and en-aging grunts." Counselors are trained sert such little comments as "I see," -m-m-m," "That's how you feel?", "I I understand." But if the talker gets and cannot go on although he ently wants to—a few seconds of silence o harm. The "expectant pause" is one e ways by which we can indicate our pathetic willingness to hear more along our acceptance of the fact that the er doesn't *have* to tell us anything. This versation is his show, not ours; so long he listener keeps that fact well in mind, responses will be in the proper key.

nalysis of successful interviews with ple who wished to "blow their tops" has wn that the listener always talks less one quarter of the time sometimes much less. His remarks never introduce ew idea into the conversation and er steer it in a dif-nt direction. But tener may repeat, other words, what talker has already l. Sometimes he sharpen the aker's remarks put them even e brutally, so that talker realizes ex-ly what kind of gs he has been ing. That slight ggeration of what been heard is as se as a good ener ever comes to ecting the talker. Take an example: nan has been pour-g out a great deal unintelligently ter feeling about some group of people om he dislikes. The "facts" he has pre-nted are all absurdities that could be ans-ered by other, sounder facts. But to answer em in this way would accomplish nothing e man is expressing emotion, and his notion had better be allowed to show itself all its ugliness. *Then* the speaker himself ll begin to see that he has gone too far.

An intelligent listener can help this process ong in a gingerly and discreet way by rowing back at the speaker his more ex-eme remarks, so that he will himself see w unreasonable they are. "Then you'd ally be happier if your wife were dead?" is ch a shocker, which might be used if that is hat the man's complaints of her have said. r, "You'd like to have everybody who goes strike put into jail?" is such a remark, d "You'd really rather see refugees die in isplaced Persons camp than let them into is country?" Such remarks are not made win the talker to your own viewpoint; eir only purpose is to let him see what *he* as actually said, so that he can examine it d consider whether he likes to be the kind person who can make such remarks.

8. Listening, as you can see, is hard work. demands a difficult kind of self-discipline we wish to do it helpfully. And one of the ardest of all the rules governing it is this: *Don't pass moral judgments.*" Your role in stening is not that of the reformer—you are ot attempting to make the speaker over into our own image.

The things that the talker is saying, no matter how hostile and unattractive they ound, are a part of the person you are trying o help. Perhaps he will never feel this way gain as long as he lives. Perhaps *you* will be quite as gloomy or angry a state of mind ext month. Better lay off the practice of rowing stones at the listener, even inside our secret thoughts.

The refusal to pass judgment applies to both sides of the case that you are hearing. You should not only avoid saying, "You're wrong," but, if you are wise, you'll also refrain from saying, "The other person is wrong." Many marriages have been hastened toward the divorce court by the sympathetic friends who said, "Don't stand it for another day."

9. Even if the speaker asks you directly for your advice, you need not give it to him—and you will not, if you are honestly determined to help. The temptation to answer such questions with a sentence beginning, "If I were you," is strong. But remember, you *aren't* the speaker.

"No person is ever wise enough to advise on another person's problem," is one of the fundamentals taught to Harvard and Radcliffe students by experts in this field. The giving of advice, even when it has been requested, may also keep the man or woman in trouble from pushing on to a real solution of his own.

When a husband says, "Don't you think I'd be perfectly justified in quitting tomorrow?" there are a dozen things a wife will be tempted to say. Most of them will only add to his trouble. For the only answer that can help, in such a case, is one that lets the husband decide the matter for himself. A wise wife will simply repeat back to her husband what he has told her of how he sees the problem. She will say, "You feel you can't go on for another day?" or "You've definitely decided you want to quit?" She will not smuggle into the conversation the question of what kind of job he could get in place of the old one, or ask him how they are to live if he does not work. Those matters will come later, when the husband has talked out his present rage.

10. The only remark worse than "I think you're absolutely wrong" is "I think you're absolutely right." Those in distress are not helped by judgment or by approval of their angry states of mind.

Counselors are told, "We don't help people by wading into the same emotional puddle in which they find themselves." You don't cure a consumptive by contracting tuberculosis; you don't help a person in distress to get a burden off his chest by putting it on yours.

Those who have made listening their lifework have found that one simple method of handling this difficulty is to identify themselves with the talker *as he will be when this problem has been solved.* The temptation to become involved in his rage or his pain can be avoided if we think to ourselves, "After all this is out of the way, I want to talk to him about books or fishing trips or tell him that amusing story about Jim." The person with whom you wish to establish friendship is not the bewildered, sick-at-heart or angry talker of the moment, but the serene individual he will be when this is off his chest.

11. Be genuinely interested, and show it—good listening is impossible if your thoughts are wandering off to the planning of the next day's menus. Actually, it has been found, the effort to be attentive is needed only in the first few moments of a conversation with someone who really wants to talk. You cannot long remain detached; you will find your spontaneous interest increasing as the interview goes on. At the end, you may well discover that you have experienced as much relief from your tension and worries as the speaker has. The interview is a two-way street, with both of you involved.

But because you are a human being and not an angel, your own emotions may be unpleasantly aroused during the course of the

(Continued on Page 246)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Heart's House

BY R. H. GRENVILLE

Why should I stand incredulous
To see before me now
A robin's house of gossamer,
Swung on a windy bough,

Feeling my heart go winged within
And knowing well enough
That love can build a stronger house
Of yet more fragile stuff?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Driving West... Girl meets Love

At the Grand Canyon — "Who's been following her?" I wanted to know. "Whose hands are soft as silk?" you said. "Worth going a thousand miles for." . . . Such attractive hands! Most likely, she uses Jergens Lotion.*

In California — "Better give in, sweet," you said. "You'll never lose me while your hands are so soft." . . . They always can be, with help from Jergens Lotion.

Whose hands feel even smoother, softer now? Yours can. Thanks to wartime studies, Jergens Lotion is now even finer. Protects even longer.

Look—two ingredients in postwar Jergens have such skin-smoothing, softening skill that many doctors use them. Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness; no stickiness.

*Hollywood Stars prefer Jergens hand care, 7 to 1.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

FREE

YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is now even finer.
Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle.

145

Name _____ *Address* _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Please print name, address plainly.) (Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only)

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Revlon's New "Fashion Plate"

Cream Wafer Face Make-up

Not a Cake!

Non-Drying!

No Water Needed!

The first real fashion make-up ever created!

Imagine! You put it on as you would a wonderful hat for an instant change in your appearance!

Imagine! "Fashion Plate" is a firm wafer BUT it changes at your touch to delicate cream fluff! No water needed. So easy to use!

Imagine! You change, too, as this dreamy-fine Cream Wafer transforms your complexion with a radiant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection. It gives you an altogether new look! You've never been this pretty before!

the only Cream Wafer face make-up in the world!

Imagine! No mask-y look! No fear of clogging or drying! "Fashion Plate"—the one and only Cream Wafer make-up—is and does everything you've ever dreamed! Even the sensitive skin will bless it. Hard to believe? You'll see! In madly beautiful "Ultra Violet" and ten other Revlon "Genius" colors. 1.75 plus tax

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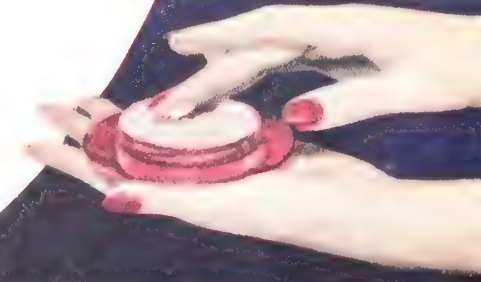

Touch it, feel the difference. Just stroke it on.

Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs $17.95 . . . and the other, $15. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LINIT*!

You'll find LINIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost $45.

. . . ADDS THE *"finishing touch"*

LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. Use LINIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, *all* your washables.

(Continued from Page 243)

talk; something the speaker says may outrage you and make you indignant. Admit this to yourself, and set the problem aside to be considered later, when you are alone. While you are listening, it is not your job to express *your* sentiments, however proper and superior to the speaker's you may consider them.

With this viewpoint in mind, you will find it possible, if not easy, to avoid the two worst sins a listener can commit: interrupting and arguing. We interrupt only to "set people right," and we argue only when we are more concerned with the subject under discussion than with the feelings of the speaker on the other side.

Those are the rules of helpful listening; they are immensely hard to follow, for they require the major virtues of humility, patience, self-control and restraint from judging others. Few of us, without practice, can listen perfectly for as much as a half hour. Most of us need to exercise self-control to obey the rules for even five minutes. But Dr. Leonard Himler, of the University of Michigan, offers us this hope: "Some people," he says, "apparently without any special effort, seem to have a natural ability to make their contacts meaningful and effective. But on the basis of my own experience and of observation of students in training, I believe that anyone who has a genuine interest can steadily improve in practicing this art."

Woman—the gods be thanked!—is not even collaterally related to that sentimental abstraction called an angel. —BROWNE.

Is it important that we learn to listen? Yes—according to the men who have dealt most seriously with the subject, it is immensely important. Employees in firms which provide counselors often report that interviews with them have been the most valuable experiences of their lives. "One friend, one person who is truly understanding, who takes the trouble to listen to us as we consider our problem, can change our whole outlook on the world," Dr. Elton Mayo says.

Many case histories show that this is true. A young man incapable of forcing himself to look for a job landed in the office of a counselor who did nothing but follow the rules outlined above. The man was at outs with his family, with the girls he knew, with the possibilities of his chosen work, with himself. After half-a-dozen talks, this client said, "Now I see the mistake in thinking I was making. Thanks." The counselor had not inserted a single word to bring him closer to the answer; life, the greatest physician, had healed his difficulties more skillfully than the counselor could have done by any glib pep talk or solution of his own. As counselors are told, "We are most helpful to a person when our desire is not to solve his problem, but simply to accept and understand him."

But listening may seem to be a kind of social-service work within the circle of your family and friends. "I am not," you say, "particularly interested in becoming a do-gooder. I don't welcome the chance to have everyone in the neighborhood come spilling his troubles into my lap. Let the professional counselors and priests and psychiatrists do this listening to other people's problems. I've trouble enough with my own."

The answer to that, as given by the scientists of social relations, is that you are a social being, whose problems are inextricably involved with those of the people around you. Listening and talking are things all of us are compelled to do from birth. If you do not listen to others with sympathy, the chances are very strong that you will not be able to pour out your troubles to them when *you* need help. "To have a friend, be a friend," can be rendered, "To have a listener when you need one, be a listener when someone else wishes to talk to you."

Listening pays dividends in other ways. Students who took the "Human Relations" course at Harvard last year discovered that their listening practice made even the most casual conversation a more enriching experience than it had been before.

"None of the girls who shared my dormitory ever poured out her soul to me," a Radcliffe student told her teacher. "But my relations with all of them improved after I had studied the rules for listening."

Another graduate of the course, faced with a family situation in which there was opposition to the marriage of an older brother, found that by skillful listening to both sides, he was able to bring about a happy solution.

"Imagine," he said later, "how far I'd have got with these older people if I had gone to them with my two cents' worth of advice about allowing the marriage. They'd have thrown me out as an impertinent brat. But they were all aching to explain to someone why they felt that way, and I was the only one around who was willing to hear them through. They told me all about their objections to the wedding—and when they'd finished telling me, they didn't object any more."

So long as we are not hermits, we have to do some listening every day we live. Our chances of leading lives that are rich in friendships and love may be considerably increased if we let the scientists' studies show us how to listen well.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?

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Another fact, not yet explored, which may be one cause of the greater strength of the female, is that in the sex union it requires two sex chromosomes (sex-producing elements), one from each parent, to produce a girl, whereas only one is required to produce a boy. Most people are surprised to learn that the *initial* "cause of sex" has long been well known. I say *initial* cause, because in some lower animals, such as rats and chickens, females have been changed to males, and males to females, after birth.

One would suppose that after this trying ordeal, the boys who are born would be stronger, on the average, than the girls. Not so. In 100,000 deaths during the first month, in Germany, 1276 were boys to each 1000 girls. During the twelfth month only 1017 boys died to 1000 girls; this showed that death was still taking the weakling boys. In the United States, about 137 boys to 100 girls die in the first month, but in the fourth month, only 132 boys to 100 girls.

Another dramatic line of evidence is found when we examine multiple births. Whereas in single births, 1060 boys are born to 1000 girls, yet among twins only 1040 boys pull through to each 1000 girls. Among triplets only 1007 boys survive to each 1000 girls; and among quadruplets, only 548 sets of boys are born to 1000 girls. We have records of only 35 quintuplets, and the sex is not known in all cases; but all the evidence indicates that had the Dionne Quints been boys, they would not have survived. Plainly, in the case of multiple births, the fight for life is more desperate than in single births, and a higher and higher proportion of females win.

As we go on from the cradle to the grave, the males continue to die earlier than the females. Prof. Warren Thompson, population expert, points out that out of every 100,000 of each sex born every year, only 91,567 males live through the first year, compared with 93,268 females. This would seem to have weeded out all the weakling males; yet, all the way from 15 to 45, *right through the childbearing period*, there are, in every single year, more male than female deaths. True, men have somewhat more industrial accidents, but these hardly balance the risks of childbirth. Finally, when the race is about over at age 75, there are 26,667 women still living,

(Continued on Page 249)

she has an eye for beauty . . .

her choice is

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curtains

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Snow Berry Curtains, 112 Madison Ave., New York 16

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(Continued from Page 70)

only 23,401 men, out of the original 00 of each sex who started the race of together. These figures apply to the ed States during the past 40 years, in h we have had comparatively few deaths ales in war.

umming up this line of evidence, the U. S. tality statistics show that of the 189 uses of Death," the male, at all ages, has higher death rate from every cause except ooping cough, which, for unknown reasons, ore fatal to girls. Even accidents of the e type are fatal to more men than to nen, and surgeons testify women survive same type of surgical operation better n men.

When we come to the two supreme tests of anic strength—*total* and *average* length of —we find the average life of white men in United States is just over 63, and of men, just over 68 years. The total length life is even more impressive. The late Raynd Pearl showed that out of every 100,000 ite babies of each sex born alive, 2291 feales but only 1523 males live to 90 and beond. Nearly 80 per cent of those who pass e century mark are women.

So far we have considered only the relive physical strength of the sexes, but the ental and emotional differences are just as riking. Dr. Neil Dayton, former Director f Statistics and Director of Division of ental Deficiency, Massachusetts Departent of Mental Health, after analyzing 0,000 cases of mental disorder, shows that males suffer nervous and emotional breakown to every 5 females. This does not tell e full story until we consider the *ages* at hich breakdown occurs. With men there re fewer and fewer breakowns up to age 30; but ith women, breakdowns ecrease until age 40. his means that the ougher mental and nervous constitution of the woman enables her to meet he strains of life ten years longer, on the average, than the man, before breaking down; and this, too, right through the chief childbearing period. From 40 on, women hold up better nervously than men. With men, mental unbalance begins to increase at 30, and goes up faster and faster to the end of his shorter life; but with women nervous breakdown does not begin to increase until age 50.

In extensive studies of marriage as related to health and length of life, Doctor Dayton has revealed a large array of entirely new facts relative to the stronger make-up of women. Up to 55, single men break down nearly twice as often as married men; but up to that age, the rate of breakdown of married men and women is almost the same. After that age, even the protection of marriage can no longer preserve the emotional balance of the husband. After 55, husbands break down one third oftener than wives; after 65, 50 per cent more often.

Looking at marriage in another way, Doctor Dayton shows that while single men suffer nervous breakdown nearly twice as often as married men, yet single women break only slightly more frequently than married women. You might surmise that single men break down more frequently than married men because women may have selected the stronger and sounder men. This may be a partial explanation, but does not account for the fact that single and married women hold their balance almost equally; nor for the further fact that single men break down about 50 per cent more often than single women.

Paraphrasing Doctor Dayton's conclusions from the largest amount of data ever assembled, marriage seems to give men "something" which greatly decreases their chances of mental disease. But whatever this something is, it does not give it to women. Instead of marriage being "the whole world" to women, and "merely another activity" to men, it proves to be man's mental and emotional lifesaver, while for woman it proves a poor bargain. With reference to mental disease, she gains little over her single sister, whereas the gain of the married man over the single is, as Doctor Dayton says, "tremendous." We can only infer, but the evidence is strong, that the greater constitutional vigor of the woman, with its protective influence, is the "something" that proves to be the lifesaver to the less vital man.

Turning lastly to the purely mental abilities of the two sexes, millions of intelligence tests, together with an equal number of school records, show that the average of the mental abilities of women is the same as that of men; and since psychologist Irving Learge, of Columbia, has shown that *mental power never declines by a single degree from its highest level at 27 or 28*, this intellectual equality of men and women continues to the end of life.

While, as pointed out, the abilities of the sexes *average* the same, they are measurably different in a few areas. Boys and men excel somewhat in mathematics, while girls and women excel in language. This probably accounts for the fact, as shown by the Minnesota University Tests of Clerical Ability, that women make better stenographers, typists and office workers than men. However, the most surprising and important discovery is that made by the Minnesota University Tests of Mechanical Ability—the best tests of a special ability in existence, except, perhaps, the Seashore Tests of Musical Talent. These tests prove, beyond dispute, that *women have equal mechanical ability with men*. They disclose that in the use of tools and objects that depend on *training*, college-graduate women do no better than eighth-grade boys; but on operations requiring *in-born mechanical aptitude* college-graduate women do as well as college-graduate men.

> If a man would know what he is, let him anger his neighbor.

The practical implications of this revolutionary discovery for industry, education and the future economic and even social life of both men and women are at present beyond calculation. When viewed in the light of the amazing success of women in every field of mechanics during the war effort, it brings up at once the question of giving mechanical tools and toys exclusively to boys, and dolls exclusively to girls. Many psychologists are tending to believe that girls do not "take naturally" to dolls any more than do boys, and do not play with them from any "motherly instinct," or even think of them as "babies," but rather as playmates and companions. They find that boys, at least up to puberty, if given dolls and reared in a feminine atmosphere, manifest almost identical reactions. The motherly "drives" in girls not "instincts," as most psychologists doubt that we have any instincts -do begin to assert themselves at puberty, but even these are largely affected by training

It seems impossible that these masses of evidence will not work important changes in the relations of men and women, to the benefit of both. Certainly, whatever may be the arguments for denying women "equal rights with men," or "equal pay for equal work," they can no longer be based on the age-old theories of the mental, emotional, physical or even mechanical inferiority of women.

It will always be true that the basic facts of motherhood, homemaking and child training will give woman a different "sphere" in many respects from that of man at least during the first four decades of life. The male must always be the "provider" for mother and child during their period of helplessness. Sociologists believe this fact, and *not love*, was the real origin of the family. Fortunately, however, in the long run Nature has balanced the burdens of each; but the fiction of woman's inferiority, which has made her burden heavier than need be, must be given up. From now on the world must be carried on, as never before, in complete co-operation between equals, and not as a battle for supremacy, with the assumption that woman is the weaker sex. Science has exploded this age-long belief, and the road is now open for man and woman to go forward hand in hand, as equals, toward building a better and a sunnier world.

THE END

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AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND MEXICO

Summertime slip covers in watermelon colors cool and refresh the room.

SEASON WITH SLIP COVERS

DRAWINGS BY DAVID PAYNE

Change of face for winter via slip-cover magic.

BY H. T. WILLIAMS

SOME of the best-dressed rooms in America have taken to wearing slip covers all year round. Their flexibility seems to suit our way of life, with its desire for frequent change of pace and mood, so much better than the rather static quality of upholstery. It's pleasant and, with slip covers, easy to change the feeling of one's room in harmony with the changing seasons, without disturbing the basic design.

The wrinkled shrouded look of not so long ago is gone, of course; today's smart slip covers are trimly tailored, excitingly colorful, closed with slide fasteners to achieve perfect smoothness.

The room we've sketched wears, in wintertime, slip covers of violet raw silk, blue-violet-and-green-print chintz. When warm weather comes, a change of slip covers cools and refreshes, suggests other simple changes in accessories that make the room look delightfully summery. Watermelon printed chintz, a chair or two in watermelon cotton serge splash clear gay color against the cool ice-blue walls. Paintings, cornices, formal draperies give place to masses of

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"Minuet" and "Minuet Rose," Glosheen's Better Homes and Gardens
Sister Prints, dance into your bedroom with a music-making color
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green leaves, airy curtains of sheer striped voile billowing out beneath deep shirred headings. Over its wintertime lacquered top, the coffee table takes a shiny brass tray for summer's plants and flowers. A washable rug of willow-green textured cotton supplants winter's broadloom.

As this suggests, the smartest slip-covered rooms don't match too much! If you use print for a piece or two, take one of its colors to use in solid rest space for other pieces. And don't be afraid to spice it all with a stripe. Here in this room, a bold pattern, stripes and clear solid colors summer together in perfect harmony.

Fabrics and textures in infinite variety lend themselves to slip-cover treatment. Consider, as well as the ubiquitous chintz, failles, blocked linens, cotton twills and serges, dyed towelings, certain spun rayons (now treated to make them wrinkle-resistant and shrinkproof), and the very new and very practical plasticized fabrics, which may be wiped clean with a damp cloth. Just be sure that the fabric you choose isn't too light in weight to tailor well.

It's important for most slip covers to be washable or cleanable, since their freshness is a great part of their charm. If you plan to wash them, be sure to use only preshrunk fabrics.

If you buy furniture in muslin, and want a more or less permanent cover to take the place of upholstery, follow the exact lines of the muslin covers put on by the manufacturer. Modern furniture especially is often treated in this manner, since its simplicity of line makes it very easy to slip-cover.

Covers in solid colors may save your decorating day if you, with a vanful of patterned furniture, find yourself moving into an apartment with patterned walls, and the landlord won't redecorate! Plain fabrics, however, need even more expert fitting than patterned ones, since every error in tailoring will be painfully evident. But if you want to disguise a tired old chair or sofa, a flowered fabric will camouflage its bumps better than a plain one would.

A tailored look may be pointed up by matching welting, crisp box pleats or kick pleats at the corners. If your room needs a frivolous touch, there are any number of decorative tapes and braids and bindings and fringes for the purpose. Appliquéd stripes on solid colors are smart in many rooms.

Making slip covers at home is, according to many women, much easier than making clothes fit the uncertain human form. Sewing-machine centers give expert advice and information. There's a JOURNAL booklet, too, called THE HANDBOOK OF SLIP COVERS, to guide you toward a professional-looking job. Order No. 1502, ten cents, from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN A TREE

(Continued from Page 13)

throat. The girl's expression, which so far had been immobile, broke into a beautiful, radiant smile. The lump in Peter's throat burst and he became aware that the young man in the white dinner jacket was staring at him. He was staring in a manner that indicated he did not approve of this exchange of glances. Peter picked up his soupspoon and started on his vichyssoise.

"Good," Dan said. "Now maybe we can get on with the dinner. They are waiting to bring us the next course."

Peter put down the soupspoon. "It's no good. I can't eat."

"What's no good? The soup?"

"No. The soup is fine," Peter told him. "It's just that I can't manage to eat it."

"That girl at the next table."

"Yes, that girl at the next table. In some way she's taken my appetite away. I can't explain it."

"We'll move to another table." Dan started to call the waiter.

"No, no. It's all right. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Look," Dan said. "Do something. Go over and grab her by the hair. Say 'My name is Peter Whipple and I want you.'"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"What would Tim Ireland do? I ask you. What would he do?"

"I don't know what Tim would do."

"Then I'll tell you. He'd tap the guy on the shoulder and ask him where he got such a good-looking suit. In another five minutes he'd be sitting next to the girl and have the guy five blocks away looking for a parking space."

"I'm not Tim Ireland. I don't like this guy's suit; and besides, he thinks I'm trying to pick up the girl already."

"Okay. But I hate to see all this good food going to waste."

"Think of something for me to ask him."

"Say to him that he looks familiar and you wonder where you've seen him before."

"He'll see through that. He's mad at me already."

"All right, but they're eating fast. In ten minutes they're going to get up and walk right out of your life. You'll never know what she is."

"It's incredible," Peter said. "You won't believe this. I hardly believe it myself. I've seen her before . . . in a dream . . . dream I keep having."

"This is beginning to sound more like musical comedy every minute."

"I keep having a dream about how I'm walking under a big tree and a girl's face appears in the foliage and beckons to me and when I climb up in the tree there's no one there."

"Now you know why. She runs off with the Napoleon. It must be some kind of an advertisement."

"I'm not kidding, Dan. That's the girl who lives in the tree. I've got to do something." Peter thought for a minute. Then he leaned toward the young man, who had turned so that his back was toward Peter. "I beg your pardon," Peter said.

The young man turned and looked at Peter. "Yes?" he said irritably.

"I—ah—I notice that you are hurrying through your dinner. I—that is we—were curious to know if you are going to the theater."

"Yes," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Just curious. That's all." The young man lowered his eyebrows at Peter and turned back to the girl. Peter grabbed a fork and shoveled four enormous chunks of lobster into his mouth. "There, you see," he whispered to Dan. "What would Tim Ireland do now?"

"Tim Ireland would slug the guy in the nose."

"That's very interesting," Peter said. He scowled at Dan and moved closer to the young man on his right.

"What are they talking about?" Dan asked.

"Sh-h-h. I can't hear. They're talking too low."

Peter sat tense, staring into space, trying to catch a word of the modulated conversation on his right. It seemed hopeless. Even

(Continued on Page 255)

> Every man has moments when he doubts his ability. So does every woman at times doubt her wit and beauty, and long to see them mirrored in a masculine eye. This is why flattery is acceptable. A woman will doubt everything you say except it be compliments to herself—here she believes you are truthful and mentally admires you for your discernment. —ELBERT HUBBARD.

"Who's my decorator? Me—with the help of the Singer Sewing Center!"

"Well, don't look so surprised! *You* could do it, too!

"Why, I didn't know a 'pinch pleat' from a 'box pleat' when I started. But a few Singer lessons fixed that!

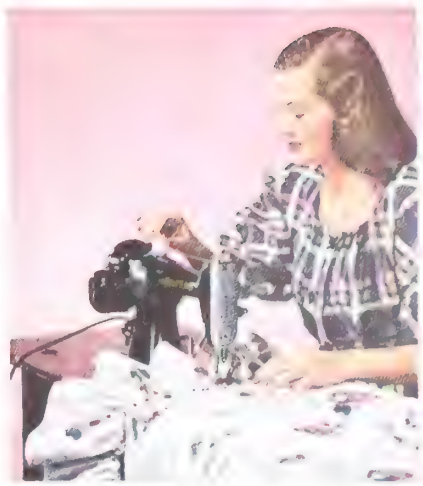
"Remember how dreary everything looked—the drapes washed out and tired—the sofa mottled with worn spots?

"The experts at the Singer Sewing Center taught me how to re-do the *whole* room myself!

"Believe me, when it comes to fancy decorating on a plain budget—they know some smart tricks. And it's only $1.50 a lesson—or 8 lessons for $10!

"In a few afternoons I learned to make drapes! A few more lessons, and I had the knack of slip covers that *fit*.

"Take my word, there's nothing like a trip to the Singer Sewing Center to bring out the decorator in a woman!"



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• **Every notion you need** you'll find at the Singer Sewing Center! Threads, binding, zippers—even magic "Simpleat" for making perfect drapery pleats every time!

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The Queen Anne model is stunning! A luxurious piece finished in satiny walnut. And inside—the world's finest machine: a smooth-sewing, super-dependable Singer!

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Singer sells its machines only through Singer Sewing Centers, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

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→

Here's the Singer Sewing Center at 329 Superior Street, Toledo, Ohio. Hundreds more from coast to coast. There's one near you!

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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"...so we rented the old haunted house!"

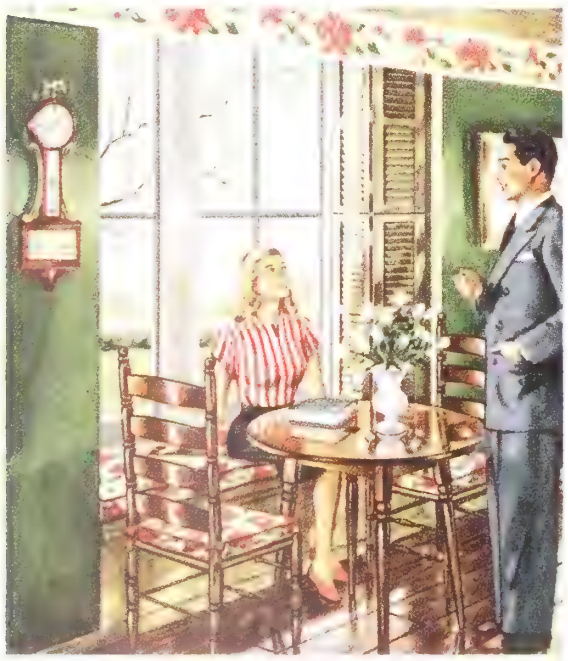
We knew it was hard to find a place to live—but we never dreamed we'd end by renting the creepy old house on the hill. You should have *seen* it . . . the shabby old floors alone were enough to send a bride home to mother.

LUCKY FOR US we knew about Johnson's Wax—we pitched right in on those floors, and oh, what a difference *wax* can make! Our floors shine like a ballroom now . . . and they are so easy to *keep* clean and bright!

OUR FURNITURE is a mixture—partly old and partly new—but we're awfully proud of it since we polished it with Johnson's Wax. First off, we waxed Grandma's walnut rocker and old mantel clock, and you ought to hear the compliments we get. Our few new pieces aren't the finest, either—but Johnson's Wax gives them a rich, mellow luster that adds so much to their beauty.

WE HAD NEVER REALIZED there were so many things that need waxing . . . bookcases, radios, window sills, leather articles, woodwork . . . and a hundred others. And it's so comforting to know that wax *protects* our treasures against dirt, wear and moisture.

I've found out something else . . . Johnson's Wax actually saves me hours of work. The smooth, *dry* wax finish cuts my dusting time in half.



Use Liquid Wax, too! A fine floor cleaner . . . removes dirt quickly and easily . . . leaves a protective wax coating that polishes to a bright, rich luster. Excellent, too, for cleaning and waxing furniture, woodwork and for 100 other uses listed on the label.

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New! DRAX* Johnson's new product DRAX gives invisible wax protection to clothes and fabrics. DRAX-treated garments resist dirt, keep fresh longer, are easier to wash and iron. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy. Ask your laundry and dry cleaner for DRAX service. Coming soon! DRAX for household use. Write for information.

Laugh at the life of Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday night—NBC

Copyright S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1947 *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 252)

the voices were raised to audibility
ne at the bar would laugh or a waiter
drop a handful of silverware and he
have caught only a conjunction and
repositions.

here," Peter said finally. "I just found
They're talking about sports. I heard
ay 'Myopia.' That's a hunt club out-
oston."

's also a disease of the eyes. She's
bly an oculist."

-h-h. I might get something more."
aybe he said 'my opium.' I think she's
nce for a dope ring."

e just said something about New Haven.
ust be a Yale man."

ould be the New Haven Railroad. He
be a conductor."

ly gosh, they're leaving."

vaiter was pulling their table back. The
man got up, glanced at Peter long
h to give him a farewell frown. The
ulled her jacket around her shoulders
lipped through the narrow passage be-
the two tables. As she did so, a fold of
white evening dress brushed against
's fingers. He was clutching the edge
table with such violence that the fin-
were a pale blue. The lump formed itself
in Peter's throat. He glanced up at
irl, expecting to see the back of her
To his amazement, she was looking
at him over her shoulder, smiling the
warm, wonderful smile as before. For
ment her lips parted as if she were about
igh or say something to him. Of course
id not. She simply turned and walked
f the restaurant, followed by the young
in the white dinner jacket.

'here you are," Dan said. "A fairly
al sequence in the series of petty vacil-
ns that go to make up your life. You
girl you like. She does everything but
you a written invitation and there you
tting her walk out of your life without
finding out her name."

know it," Peter said. "I'm a failure."

next morning was warm and sunny
Fifth Avenue was unusually crowded.
s of strollers and window-shoppers im-
d the progress of hustling folk bent on
g punctual for their appointments. Peter
ked downtown kicking an imaginary
along the pavement. His hands were
st deep in his pockets.

Never going to amount to anything, he mumbled to himself. *Never going to amount to a thing. Spend the rest of my life eating lobster thermidor in the Napoleon while life passes me by. Never can rise to a situation. Never meet a crisis halfway. I'm a little man destined for little things.*

He stopped in front of a jeweler's and looked at the window display. A jade picture frame, some silver-backed brushes and a diamond pendant were arranged on a piece of black velvet. Peter was not aware of what he was looking at. If there had been a live boa constrictor in the window he would not have noticed it.

But, he went on, *I don't want to be a little man. I must mend my ways. I must thrive on crises. I must decide what is to be done and then do it—do it with dispatch and courage. If, in the process, someone is hurt or offended, it is regrettable but necessary. It is imperative that I assert myself. The race, most certainly, belongs to the swift.*

Peter left the imaginary stick in front of the jeweler's show window and started off down Fifth Avenue, his head high, looking passing pedestrians in the eye with such strength and forthrightness that a path opened in the crowd before him.

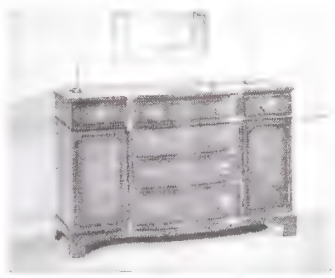
At Forty-fifth Street Peter stopped. The seventy-five-piece band that had been playing a John Philip Sousa arrangement of the Marseillaise in his breast dropped its instruments with a crash. A girl was walking up Fifth Avenue, coming right toward him. Not a girl; *the* girl. The one from the Napoleon. She was walking along briskly, her short skirt swirling in the light breeze and the gold hair blowing back from the side of her face. She was only fifteen feet away now, walking fast, right down the middle of the sidewalk, and glancing into the shop-windows. When she was five feet away she turned her head, looked straight at Peter and smiled. The lump formed in Peter's throat. It was as if someone were holding him. He was unable to move a muscle. He knew that his jawbone had dropped about an inch and he was powerless to raise it. Then the lump burst. Peter turned and started running crazily up Fifth Avenue.

Stopping to stand on tiptoe, he could see her head bobbing up and down in the crowd about a block ahead of him, but when he caught up with the bobbing head it was always someone else. When he got to Radio

"When Como sings it, it's romantic—
when *I* suggest it, it's *fresh!*"

Pieces from the New Travis Court Group *Designed by LeDonne and Koster*

Here's Surprising News for Small Home Makers



Write today for booklets "Traditional" and "Touraine" by Drexel. Send 10c for each to 272 Huffman Road, Drexel, North Carolina.

**Patent Pending*

Of course, size is important to you if you are furnishing a home this year. Every precious inch of floor space counts! That's why Drexel, when designing this beautiful new dining room grouping, purposely scaled it down to fit charmingly into cozy interiors. And then to add usefulness nearly every piece is multi-purpose. For example: buffet and the Handi-Tray Server* have ***PACIFIC*** Silver Cloth to keep silverware tarnish-free.

Plan to see this beautiful New Travis Court Collection at leading department and furniture stores in your city. You'll want to see it first hand to appreciate the rich, mellow mahogany veneer . . . the trim, even lines and, of course, to read the moderate price tag. Look for the famous "by Drexel" seal carefully branded into each piece.

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"Remember our first crystal set?"

1. **WIFE: "REMEMBER HOW WE USED** to listen with earphones on, trying to distinguish the music from the static? That wasn't long after the first World War. You gave it to me the same Christmas you gave me the living room rug."

2. **WIFE: "WE'VE BOUGHT A** dozen radios since then. Not to mention new cars and furniture. But we still have the same old rug. It's so shabby I'm ashamed to have anyone in any more. We got our money's worth out of it years ago. Can't we afford . . ."

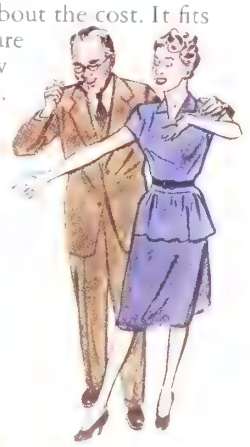
3. **HUSBAND: "GOSH IT IS A** wreck, isn't it? Sure, go ahead and get a new one. Heh! Where are you going?"

WIFE: "SHOPPING."

4. **HUSBAND: "THAT WILL *MAKE* OUR LIVING ROOM.** But it looks as if it will put a big dent in the old budget. What make is it?"

WIFE: "IT'S A SMITH FLOOR-PLAN RUG. And don't worry about the cost. It fits the budget as beautifully as it fits the floor." . . . If *you* are planning to replace *your* old rug, send for Clara Dudley's new color-idea booklet, Colorama.

Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, Dept. C9, 285 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



City he doubled back, looking into stores where she might have gone, but it was no use. She was gone.

Peter stopped at Forty-fifth Street. He stood on the corner and scratched his chin.

This, he said to himself, *is no time for self-pity or philosophical conjecture. It is a time for incisive thought and decisive action. I have but two clues; and slight though they are, they are most certainly clues. The first, the word "Myopia," might refer to a hunt club near Boston. On the other hand, it might refer to a disease of the eye. The second, the proper name "New Haven," coupled with the age and general appearance of the young man, clearly indicates a visit to the campus of Yale University.*

Peter was on the noon train for New Haven. He took a taxi directly from the New Haven railroad station to the university library, drew yearbooks for the preceding five years and settled himself in the reading room.

It seemed to Peter that he had passed many hours in close scrutiny of basketball teams, dramatic clubs and debating societies. His eyes were weary at the sight of so many meaningless sons of Eli when he was rewarded for his diligence. Peter turned a page and there, scowling up at him from a picture of the chess club, was old White Dinner Jacket himself. Peter looked under the picture for the name. There it was: Wellington Partridge III. He consulted the catalogue. Wellington Partridge III, resident of Timothy Dwight, Room 1602; home, Beacon Street, Boston. Wellington Partridge was still in college. At this very moment he was in a near-by classroom. The trail was getting hot.

In four minutes Peter was outside the door of Room 1602 Timothy Dwight. He knocked. There was no response. He knocked again. There was still no response. He tried the doorknob. It turned and he pushed open the door. The quarters of Wellington Partridge III were no ordinary ones. Over the mantel was a Matisse drawing. Beside the huge easy chair was an inlaid chessboard on which stood a set of hand-carved ivory chessmen. The books in the built-in bookcases which flanked the fireplace were bound in heavy leather. These were the rooms of a very elegant young man.

The door to the bedroom was closed. "Hello?" Peter said. There was no answer. He opened the door to the bedroom and found it unoccupied. He glanced at the top of the bureau, sure he was going to find *her* picture there. Save for a bottle of cologne, a brush and comb and a decanter, the top of the bureau was bare. On the desk he found a book of matches. He picked it up. It bore the name Myopia Hunt Club. Peter walked out of the bedroom, through the living room and into the hall. He listened attentively for the sound of approaching footsteps. All was silence. He returned to the bedroom and opened the desk drawer. In one corner was a packet of letters in light blue envelopes with white edging.

With a slightly trembling hand Peter picked up the packet of letters. They were all in the same feminine handwriting. He turned the packet over in his hand. There was no return address, but they were all postmarked Boston. Peter listened again. There was no sound. Quickly he slipped one of the letters out of its envelope and turned to the back page. The letter was signed "Love, Mother."

Peter put the letters back in the desk and turned his attention to the bureau. There was nothing in the drawers but clothes. In the closet were suits, coats, hats, shoes and four polo mallets. He tugged at a white sleeve. It was the white dinner jacket. Peter went back to the living room, closing the bedroom door behind him. He sat down in the big armchair, pulled a copy of Town and Country from the magazine rack and commenced to thumb the pages.

In an hour Peter had scanned all the magazines in the rack. He sat back in the armchair wondering if Wellington Partridge III was out of town, perhaps hunting at the Myopia Hunt Club, playing in a chess to ...

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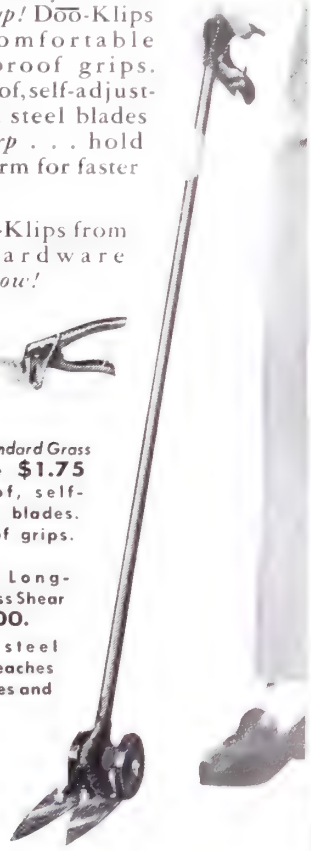

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Rolls on steel wheels. Reaches under hedges and bushes.

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DEPT. J1, ALLIANCE, OHIO

nament in Chicago or even dining with *her* at the Napoleon. As he played with this idea Peter's eyes came to rest on the doorknob. It was a very bright, very shiny brass doorknob. As he watched, it turned, the door opened silently and Peter found himself looking up into the hostile eyes of Wellington Partridge III.

"Hello," Peter said, and got up from the chair.

"Yes?" said Wellington, glancing about the room to see if any of his valuables were missing.

"I suppose this is rather unusual, my making myself at home like this."

"It is rather."

"Four years ago I occupied this room. Senior year and all that. I just came up from New York to see if I could recapture the old days, but it's no use. Gone forever, I'm afraid. Sort of tragic, don't you think, living in the past as I do?"

"I am moved by your story, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Whipple; Peter Whipple."

"I am moved by your story, Mr. Whipple, but unfortunately I have no time to talk with you, as I am already late for dinner."

"That's too bad. I had hoped to have a little chat with you. Get the undergraduate point of view. What young America is thinking. That sort of thing."

"I regret that it will be impossible. I'm afraid that I must say good night. Good night, Mr. Whipple."

Peter narrowed his eyes at Wellington. "You know, it's a very funny thing. I get the impression I have seen you someplace before. Is it possible you were dining at the next table to mine in a restaurant known as the Napoleon last night?"

We cannot ignore the tragic fact that science has given man control over nature before he has gained control over himself.

—SIR JAMES H. JEANS:
Quoted in Native American, by Ray Stannard Baker (Charles Scribner's Sons).

"I *was* at the Napoleon last night."

"Ah-hah! I thought so. I never forget a face. With names I have a great deal of difficulty. For example, the young lady you were with I know very well, but her name escapes me for the moment."

"That must be a great handicap." He was pushing Peter toward the door. "And now if you will excuse me."

"That name. It's so annoying not to be able to remember a name. Joan! Joan Something-or-other. Is that right?"

"No, it is not right."

"Nancy, then. That's it—Nancy Dalrymple. Of course."

"It is not Nancy Dalrymple. Perhaps it will come to you later."

Peter braced himself against the door jamb. "You are mistaken, I'm sure. Now that it has come to me, I *know* that girl's name is Nancy Dalrymple. Perhaps she didn't give you her real name."

"The name of the young lady happens to be Anne Whitney, and there is not the remotest possibility of her giving me the wrong name."

"Anne Whitney, of course. How could I have forgotten? Tell me, what's Anne doing these days? Still the same old Anne, I suppose."

"What do you mean 'still the same old Anne you suppose'?"

"Still living out there in the same old place in whatever the name of that town is?"

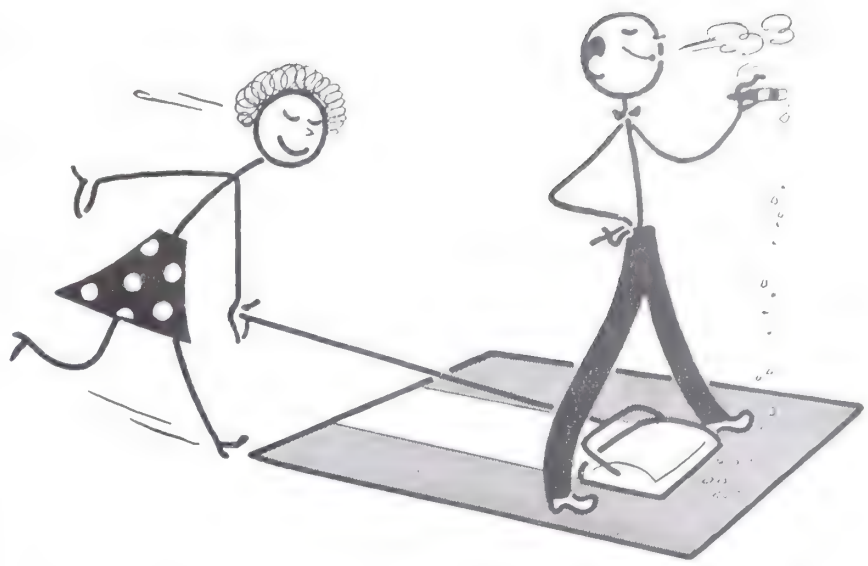
"Yes."

"H'm-m-m. Same old job, I suppose."

"As far as I know, Anne has no job. As far as I know, Anne has never had a job in her life. Rather difficult going through college and having a job at the same time, don't you think?"

"Yes, I guess they keep them pretty busy up there at Vassar."

(Continued on Page 259)



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New "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle whatsoever!

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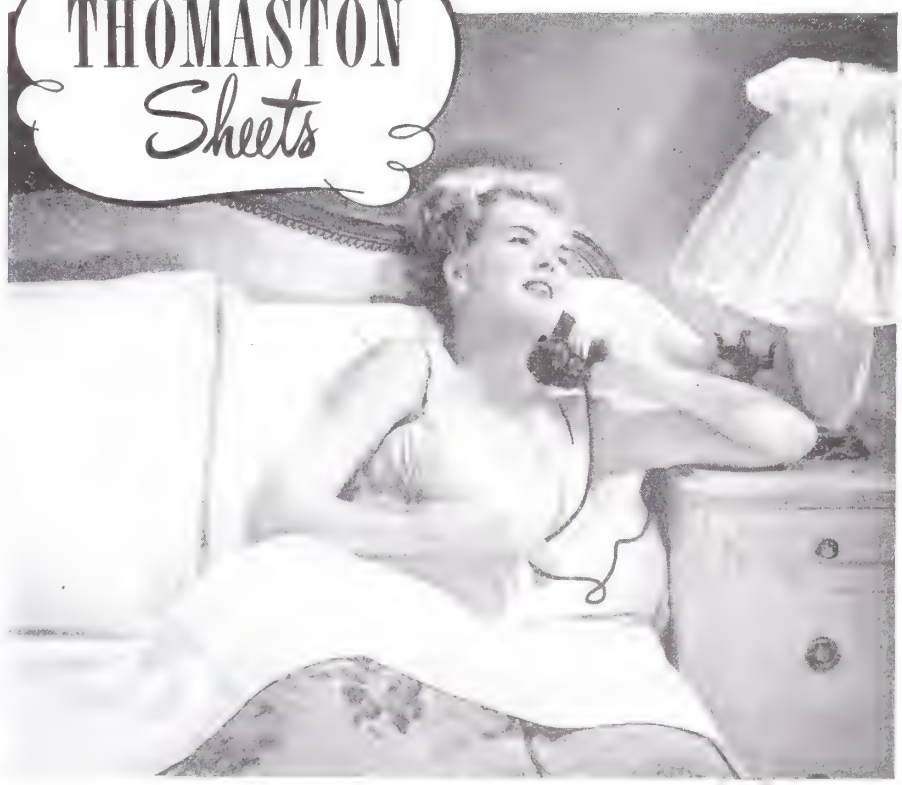

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Let's go 'round the clock with PINEAPPLE

Let's look at the clock . . . any mea hour you see is a time for pineapple And at parties, or between meals pineapple strikes a welcome note. With the four Dole cuts—Sliced, Crushed Chunks, and Tidbits, you can suit th cut to the occasion or the dish you serve. Want some ideas? All right.. here's what Patricia Collier, Dole Home Economist, has to offer.

For breakfast...

take that good old favorite French Toast, and serve it piping hot with grilled bacon and Dole Crushed . . . that's a dish-delicious! And of course any day gets off to a golden-go with that round-the-clock refresher—Dole Pineapple Juice.

For lunch...

or supper—just the time for Dole Chunks. It only takes minutes to arrange those sunny, spoon-size cuts around a salmon, tuna, or chicken salad as shown in the picture. Happy blending? . . . Tasting is believing!

For dinner...

here's the dessert that will bring the cheers—Dole Pineapple Upside-Down Cake! How about arranging those golden slices in a new design like that shown in the picture or even making your own design?

(Continued from Page 257)

"Anne is at Smith."

"Smith. That's what I meant, Smith. Well, I'm afraid I must be getting along now. Awfully nice to have seen you again."

Peter turned and walked rapidly out the door. He heard it slam behind him. It was too late to do anything before morning, so he ate dinner and took a late train back to New York.

At nine o'clock the next morning Peter was at the telephone. He dialed a number and waited.

"Hello?" a woman's voice said.

"Is this the Smith Club?"

"Yes."

"Do you have an undergraduate directory?"

"Yes."

"Would you look up a Miss Anne Whitney, please?"

"Certainly. Just a moment." Peter waited, drumming nervously on the telephone mouthpiece. "Yes, we have an Anne Whitney listed."

"What class is she?"

"When she comes back in the fall she'll be a member of the senior class."

"Oh. And do you have any idea where she can be reached during the summer?"

"Her home is listed as East Juniper, New Jersey, but there is no street address."

"Thank you very much. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Peter found a New Jersey telephone book in Grand Central Station and suffered his first reverse of the day. There were thirty-five Whitneys listed under East Juniper, New Jersey. He got three dollars' worth of nickels and dimes and settled himself in a telephone booth. Starting with Adolf Whitney, he moved down through the imposingly large list. Each time it was the same:

"Hello, is Anne there?"

"What number do you want? You must have the wrong number."

Peter was discouraged. He was down to the Samuel Whitneys. By the law of averages he should have hit it by now. At the Samuel Whitneys it was the same story:

"I'm afraid you have the wrong number. There is no one here by that name."

Seldon Whitney was next, and there were only four more Whitneys left in East Juniper, New Jersey.

"HELLO," Peter said. "Is Anne there?"

"This is Anne," said a cool, melodious voice.

"Huh?" Peter said.

"This is Anne," the voice on the telephone insisted.

"Oh."

"Hello?"

"Yes?" Peter said.

"I say this is Anne."

"Anne," Peter said, "this will seem very mysterious to you, but a matter of the utmost importance has come up and it necessitates my seeing you at once."

"Who am I talking to?"

"Well, my name happens to be Peter Whipple."

"Oh, hello, Peter."

"Hello, Anne."

"What *is* this matter of importance?" She was laughing now. Not taking him seriously, he thought. In a moment she would hang up.

"Well, I can't exactly tell you over the phone."

"Oh."

"So I wondered if you could meet me someplace."

"Like where?"

"Well, if you aren't doing anything for dinner ——"

"I'm not."

"Could you meet me at the Napoleon around seven?"

"I'd love to."

PETER spent the remainder of the day having his gray flannel suit pressed, getting a haircut and bringing his pebble-grain oxfords to a high polish. At seven o'clock he stood in the foyer of the Napoleon, nervously fingering the bunch of keys in his trouser pocket. At five minutes past seven she came in the door looking more beautiful than even Peter had remembered her. She walked up to Peter, smiling, her eyes sparkling.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," Peter said. He was ill at ease and didn't know what to do with his hands. He wondered how she could be so pleasantly self-contained at a time like this. For all she knew he had invited her out for dinner so he could murder her. It certainly was strange, a nice girl going out with anybody that called her up on the telephone. Why, he might have turned out to be fifty-five years old, with a wart on the end of his nose. Funny business.

"Well," Anne said, "how've you been?"

"Just fine," Peter said. "How've you been?"

"Just fine," she told him. "I wondered why you didn't speak to me in here the other night."

"I wanted to, of course," Peter said. "You saw that, I guess. It was the person you were with. He gave me the impression that he would resent it."

"Oh, don't be silly," Anne said. "He was a bit stuffy, but I don't think he'd have minded your speaking to me."

"I don't know about that."

"My goodness, it's been a long time since we've seen each other, Peter. How long has it been, Peter?"

"It does seem like a long time, but actually it was only yesterday morning, on Fifth Avenue."

"No. I mean before, the summer in Nantucket."

"The what?"

"The summer in Nantucket," Anne told him.

"Oh. Oh, yes. The summer in Nantucket."

Peter's mind raced back rapidly. Nantucket. Six summers ago his family rented a house in Nantucket. He had been a freshman at college. There had been a family next door. He couldn't remember their names. Now it was coming back. They had a scrawny little girl with pigtails; she used to throw sand at him on the beach.

"Why, I guess that must have been all of six years ago," Peter said, "and you ——"

"Had pigtails. I knew you were going to remember that." Anne laughed a delightful, bubbling laugh.

Peter laughed too. He looked at her intently. He was trying to see the pigtails, the impish, freckled face, the hands hurling sand at him. He could not. Anne was looking at him, smiling, and she looked more beautiful than ever.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For Mimi: Age Four

By Eunice Mildred LonCoske

May all shapes of flowers press
Deeply, in her consciousness.

Let all winds and trees and birds
Teach her silver singing words.

Let the edges of her will
Stretch to reach the highest hill.

May dusk's silence be a part
Of her tongue and of her heart.

Teach her, earth, that she may own
Every stick and every stone;

All that's beautiful and brief:
Frost on grass, snail on leaf.

If she grasps them not, then find
Ways to store them in her mind
As a river to refresh
Arid heart and altered flesh!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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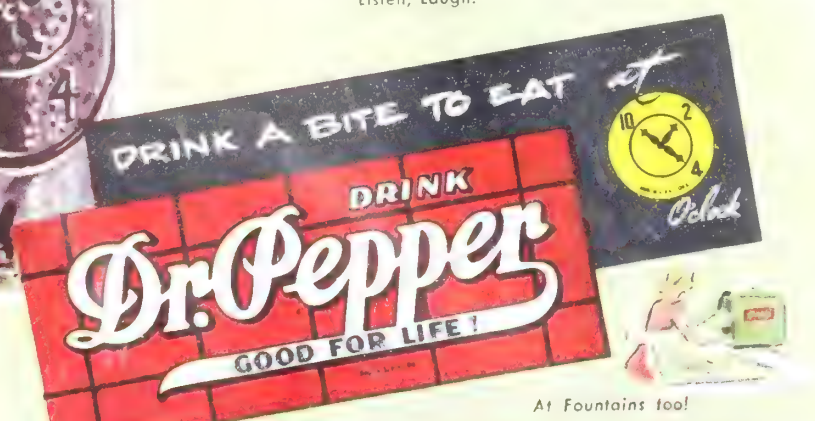

At Fountains too!

NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Sheila Hibben

Again the *Journal* welcomes Sheila Hibben. Mrs. Hibben sums up her philosophy about food as follows: "I am more and more convinced that the best food is simple food, beautifully cooked." Mrs. Hibben's latest book, American Regional Cookery, is now in all the bookshops.

ALTHOUGH a well-planned menu may not inevitably insure a good meal, it is certain that unwise planning, or no planning at all, can turn the finest ingredients, and even the finest cooking, to dust and ashes. Let me see your notes for tomorrow's three meals scribbled on the back of an old envelope and I think I can predict with accuracy whether tomorrow's eating will be a graceless routine or cheering and comforting refreshment. No meal is too simple to require careful construction, and no dishes are so grand that they can be trusted to take care of themselves without thought for what follows and what precedes. The woman who writes "bread" on her menu is to me suspect. What kind of bread, I should like to know. Is it the bread that brings out all the harmonies of flavor in the dish it accompanies? Does the vegetable really complement the meat? And is the dessert light enough or substantial enough to round off agreeably what has gone before? It is these considerations, and more besides, that must be pondered by those happy ones who eat for pleasure.

Monday

Luncheon

White and Green Spaghetti

Spring Salad

(butter cress, romaine, scallions, radishes, mixed with French dressing made with a blob of mustard and garnished with sliced beets)

Pumpernickel Bread

Dinner

*Pork Chops in Sour Cream

Fried Sweet Potatoes *Onion Soufflé

Corn-Meal Muffins

*Orange Pudding Coffee

Pork Chops in Sour Cream: Pan broil 4 loin pork chops in the usual way. When tender and a good brown, skim fat from pan gravy and add ⅓ cup sour cream. Continue cooking for another 15 minutes, basting several times.

Onion Soufflé: Peel and cut 6 onions into quarters. Cover with rapidly boiling water. Boil 10 minutes, drain, and cover with more boiling water. Continue cooking until very soft. Drain thoroughly, chop fine and drain again. Season with salt and a few grains of pepper. Cream 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons flour together. Bring 1 cup milk to a boil and add to flour mixture gradually. Cook until thickened. Beat 3 egg yolks until pale yellow and add to cream sauce, then add onions, and finally fold in the 3 egg whites, well beaten. Turn into greased baking dish, set in a pan of warm water, and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes.

Orange Pudding: Cream 2 tablespoons shortening and ⅔ cup sugar until fluffy. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks, 2 tablespoons flour, grated rind of 1 orange and ½ lemon, the juice of 1 lemon, and 1 cup milk. Mix thoroughly and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderately slow oven (325°F.) for about 45 minutes. Serve as soon as taken from the oven with sweetened whipped cream, over which orange peel has been grated. The pudding should be firm on top and a soft consistency underneath.

Tuesday

Luncheon

*Egg Consommé

*New Potatoes in Their Jackets with Spring Vegetables in Sour Cream

Rye Bread

Dinner
(a formal party for 6)

f Fish with Herb Mayonnaise
d Chicken Baked in Cream
*Hominy Grits Soufflé
Scalloped New Squash
French Bread
illa Ice Cream with Fresh
Strawberry Sauce
Rolled Almond Wafers
Coffee

nsommé: Put 4½ cups strong or beef consommé in a saucepan g to a gentle boil. Add ¾ tea- alt to 3 whole eggs and beat oly with a mechanical mixer) un- hick and lemon-colored. Add to nering broth and cook for 2 min- r low heat without stirring. Lift egg mixture (which should be crinkled around the edges and ft in the middle), and divide into —one for each soup plate. Pour onsommé and serve.

Potatoes in Their Jackets Vegetables in Sour Cream: m 12 to 16 small new potatoes ing on the size) in their jackets in vater. Mix ½ pint sour cream cucumber, chopped; 4 scallions, l; 4 radishes, thinly sliced; and ¼ epper, chopped. Add salt to taste extravagant grinding of black Mix well and turn into a bowl. he potatoes, place on a hot dish with a napkin, and eat, without with salt and pepper and sweet or margarine and the sour-cream .

of Fish with Herb Mayon- Shell and clean 1 pound Wash 1½ pounds any fish, such haddock, and so on. Cook to- in 1 quart water with salt, pepper, ay leaves, an onion, a carrot and slices of lemon. Strain broth and nd flake fish. Soak 1½ envelopes red gelatin in 2 tablespoons ater; heat 3 cups of the broth to iling point, season it highly with d Tabasco, and dissolve the gel- it. Set aside to cool. Take a fish nd in each of the eyes put a slice of in the middle of which has been d a whole peppercorn. (This can be y making a hole in the middle of rot slice with an ice pick.) Line the vith the 1 pound of shrimp, being to arrange them to represent the of the fish. Fill the mold up with ieces of boiled fish (2 cups), and n enough of the broth to come to of the mold. Set in the refrigera- congeal and chill thoroughly. Wash ck over 1 bunch water cress care- chop and combine with ¾ cup naise, 2 sprigs tarragon and 1 oon chopped chives; season highly lt and Tabasco sauce. Unmold the to a chilled platter and pass a bowl mayonnaise with it.

Chicken Baked in Cream: wash and disjoint 2 frying chick- ut in a bowl, pour on enough milk r, and let stand 30 minutes. Drain ghly, rub with salt and pepper, redge with flour. Heat ¾ inch of a heavy skillet and when it is hot, ot smoking, fry the chicken a ieces at a time, turning to on all sides. Drain on absorbent Sauté ½ pound mushrooms in 2 oons butter or margarine, pour in thin cream, season with salt and and let boil up once. Place the of chicken in a deep baking dish. the mushroom-and-cream mixture nem and bake in a moderately slow (325°F.) 40 minutes, or until the has become like a thick sauce. in the baking dish in which cooked.

ny Grits Soufflé: Mash well a fork 2 cups cooked hominy grits. cups scalded milk, gradually. Beat ughly and press through a sieve. Add 5 tablespoons melted butter or margarine, the well-beaten yolks of 6 eggs, and ½ teaspoon salt. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 6 eggs. Turn into a greased heated baking dish, set in a pan of warm water, and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes or until firm and light brown. Serve at once.

Wednesday

Luncheon

*Polenta Pie
(made with chicken left from Tuesday dinner)
Creamed Spinach

Dinner

*Calf's Liver in Cream with Chutney
Noodles with Buttered Crumbs
Fresh Asparagus with *Hot Mayonnaise
French Rolls
Cheese Pancakes
Coffee

Polenta Pie: Make a stiff mush of yellow corn meal, using milk instead of water. Grease a deep baking dish and sprinkle the bottom and sides with grated Parmesan cheese. While the mush is still hot, spread a thin layer of it on the bottom and sides of the dish. Pour in 2 cups creamed chicken and cover with remaining mush. Sprinkle with more Parmesan. Bake (375°F.) in moderately hot oven for about 35 minutes, or until a delicate brown.

Calf's Liver in Cream with Chutney: Rub thin slices of liver with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour. Sauté in butter or margarine, turning it to brown on both sides. When done, add ½ cup thick cream, ½ teaspoon soy sauce, a dash of Tabasco and salt to taste. Let it bubble up for 2 minutes. Arrange the liver slices on a hot platter, pour the sauce around them, and put a bit of heated chutney on each slice.

Hot Mayonnaise: Bring ¼ cup chicken broth and 1 teaspoon chopped chives to the boiling point. Add gradually 1 cup mayonnaise, stirring without stopping. Cook in double boiler until very thick, stirring all the time. Take from the heat, add a squeeze of lime juice and (if desired) herbs such as tarragon, chervil, and so on. Serve at once.

Thursday

Luncheon

*Zucchini Stuffed with Chopped Beef
*Baked Farina Dumplings
French Bread

Dinner

*Lamb Balls in Broth with Rice
Green Peas
Hot Buttermilk Biscuit
Almond Soufflé
Coffee

Stuffed Zucchini: Select 4 medium-sized zucchini, peel, and boil in salted water until tender but not soft. Cut off a slice running the length of the vegetable, scoop out most of the insides, and turn upside down to drain well. Heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a frying pan, and in it fry 2 thin slices of onion chopped very fine. When the onion begins to color, add ¾ cup raw chopped beef, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, the scooped-out part of the zucchini, ½ teaspoon soy sauce and salt and pepper. Simmer gently for 10 minutes, adding a little water if the mixture dries out too much. Stuff the zucchini with the mixture, place them in a small, shallow baking dish, pour over all 1 cup thin tomato sauce, and bake in hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes.

Baked Farina Dumplings: Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine and add ⅓ cup farina and 3 tablespoons flour gradually, beating hard. Add ½ teaspoon salt,

Say
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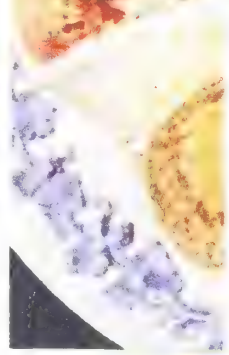
Picnic or Party

Picnic Style
Shefford Cheeseburger

Broil or fry hamburger patties. Place on split buns; top with slice of Shefford Chevel* Brand Cheese Food. Place under broiler until Chevel melts. Serve with sliced onion and sweet pickle relish.



Party Style—Shefford Cream Spread Sandwiches

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Pin Wheels: Cut thin slices of fresh bread lengthwise of loaf. Spread with Shefford Olive Pimiento Cream Spread. Roll jelly-roll fashion; chill and cut in thin slices.
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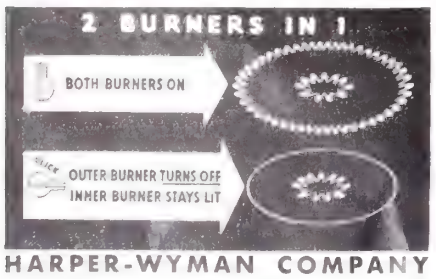

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1 egg and ½ teaspoon baking powder and beat thoroughly. Form into balls the size of a marble and drop into boiling salted water, being careful not to crowd. Cover, and cook 10 minutes. Take out carefully with a skimmer and place in a shallow baking dish. Cover with 1 cup thin cream sauce, sprinkle with grated Parmesan, and moisten with melted butter or margarine. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 15 minutes, or until brown on top.

Lamb Balls in Broth with Rice: Wash ⅔ cup rice well in several rinsings of cold water. Bring 6 cups meat broth or canned consommé to a boil and add the rice slowly. Mix together 1 pound ground raw lamb, 1 onion, chopped fine, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ⅓ cup finely rolled bread crumbs and 1 raw egg. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Form into small balls, roll in flour, and place carefully in the saucepan with the rice. Cover and let simmer until rice is tender, but not soft, and meat is cooked. Remove meat balls when done. Beat 2 egg yolks, add juice of ½ lemon and 2 tablespoons cold broth and add to rice-and-broth mixture. Stir lightly and remove at once from heat. Season with salt and pepper, and turn onto a hot serving platter, arranging meat balls on top of rice.

A certain doctor had ridden over a mile in a taxi when he suddenly discovered he had no money with him. He tapped the window and told the driver, "Stop at this cigar store a minute. I want to get matches so I can look for a ten-dollar bill I lost in the cab somewhere." When he emerged from the cigar store there was no taxi in sight.

—Canadian Doctor.

Almond Soufflé: Beat the yolks of 8 eggs until thick and lemon-colored; add 1 cup powdered sugar, sifted, and continue beating for 2 minutes. Chop ½ pound blanched almonds very fine, then crush even finer with a rolling pin and stir into yolk-sugar mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the 8 eggs and turn into a greased baking dish. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 minutes. Serve with a sweet sauce or whipped cream.

Friday

Luncheon

***Cabbage Soup**
Cooked Vegetable Salad with Mustard Dressing
Rye Bread Spread with Chive Butter

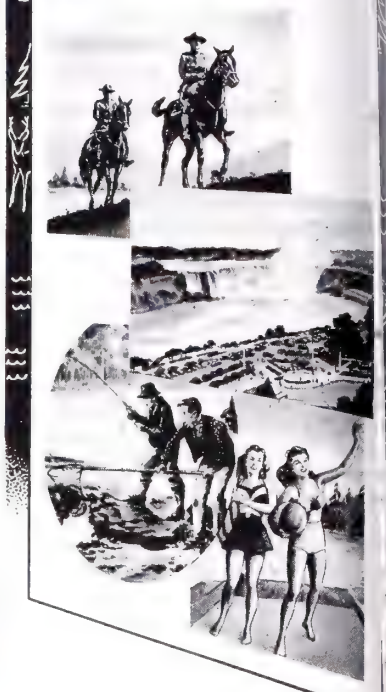
Dinner

Broiled Shad with Roe, Lemon Butter
Boiled New Potatoes
Mashed Avocado Salad
French Bread
***Soft-Frozen Orange Ice with Raspberries**
Coffee

Cabbage Soup: Cut ⅛ pound bacon into pieces. Put in saucepan with 1 quart cold water; bring to a boil and cook, covered, for 30 minutes. Add 1 carrot, peeled; 1 onion, chopped; and 1 potato, peeled. Simmer, uncovered, for an hour. Add ½ small head cabbage, shredded, and a pinch of thyme. Continue cooking for 35 minutes. Discard carrot, take out the potato and press through a sieve back into the soup, season with salt and pepper, add ½ cup cream and let boil gently for 3 or 4 minutes. Serve with grated cheese.

Soft-Frozen Orange Ice with Raspberries: Make orange water ice according to a standard recipe, allowing it to freeze a little harder than a mush. Put a package of frozen sweetened raspberries into a large chilled serving bowl. When the berries are

Fun for Everyone IN ONTARIO



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quarters thawed, spread out over the of the bowl. Lay on spoonfuls of the ice, and serve at once. Pass a small f soft-whipped cream sweetened and d with grated orange peel. Serve with d wafers.

Saturday

Luncheon

***Portuguese Creamed Codfish**
White-Bean Salad with Chopped Celery on Lettuce
French Bread

Dinner

Short Ribs of Beef with Sauerkraut, Fluffy Horse-Radish Sauce
Fried Hominy Squares
Braised Celery
Ginger Cake with Rich Sauce and Whipped Cream
Coffee

uguese Creamed Codfish: Soak 1 alt codfish in cold water several hours, ging the water twice. Drain, cover with cold water and heat slowly to boiling. n, add fresh water and simmer until er. Drain, and shred with fork. Com- with 1½ cups cream sauce. Beat hard. peeled and sliced tomatoes in 3 table- ns salad oil, turning to cook on both Just before the tomatoes are done, add ve garlic, minced fine. Combine with codfish mixture, beat thoroughly, and cup cream. Add pepper (and a little if necessary) and turn into a shallow role. Heat in a hot oven (400°F.) for 15 ites and garnish with toast triangles.

ger Cake with Rich Sauce: m ½ cup shortening until soft; add ½ sugar and ½ cup brown sugar. Beat fluffy. Add 1 egg, well beaten, and, n thoroughly mixed, add 1 cup unsweet- applesauce alternately with 1¾ cups . Add 1 teaspoon baking soda blended 2 tablespoons molasses. Mix well and 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons gin- ⅓ teaspoon cloves, ⅓ cup chopped crys- zed ginger to the batter. Turn into a sed loaf pan and bake in moderate oven ° F.) 1 hour. Turn onto a warm platter serve hot, or warm, with rich sauce and pped cream.

h Sauce: Mix together thoroughly ½ butter or margarine and 1 cup sugar and 5 tablespoons cream. Cook in double boiler until clear like honey. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla before removing from heat. Serve warm.

Sunday

Early Light Tea
(around 3:30)

Open-Face Sandwich of Egg Salad on Rye Bread
Hot Ginger Cake with Sweet Butter (reheated from Saturday dinner)
Tea

Buffet Supper Party
(for 12)

Fish Chowder
***Cassoulet** **Green Salad**
Hot Rolls
***Brown-Sugar Squares**
Coffee

Cassoulet: Pick over 1½ pounds navy beans carefully, wash, and set to soak overnight in cold water. Drain and put in a saucepan with 3 quarts cold water, ¾ pound bacon cut in pieces, ½ bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 8 whole black peppers and 4 onions. Let cook over low heat for 2 hours. Drain, saving the water. Rub 6 pork chops and 3-pound shoulder of lamb cut into serving pieces with salt and pepper and brown in a little fat with 6 onions and 1 clove garlic. Trim all meat from bones and cut pork into serving-sized pieces. Put a layer of the cooked beans in the biggest casserole you own, cover with half of the meat and browned onions, add more beans, another layer of the meat, and then the remaining beans, in which half bury 1 pound French or Italian sausage, diced or sliced; the bacon; and 1 garlic clove, minced. Add 1 teaspoon salt to the water in which beans have cooked, and pour enough of it over the beans to just cover them. Put a cover on the casserole and bake in a very slow oven (250° F.) for 3 hours, moistening with more of the bean liquid if the dish becomes too dry. Serves 12.

Brown-Sugar Squares: Cream ½ cup shortening; add 1 cup sugar gradually and beat until light. Add 2 egg yolks, one by one. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat well. Sift together 1½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Add to first mixture. Beat well. Spread evenly in greased baking pan. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, add 1 cup light brown sugar gradually and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread over the mixture in the pan and sprinkle with 1 cup chopped pecans. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) for 30 minutes. Cut into squares while warm.

YOUR LIFE

(Continued from Page 65)

hat really brings us to *Rule Number ee: Economize on the necessities, so you enjoy the extravagances.* This may sound sy-turvy, but you will have to admit it is flourishes that add zest to life, especially ey give you something to remember long rward. The kind of financial fling that is t rewarding is one that gives an immedi- lift to the spirit and at the same time adens the horizons. Travel is, obviously, exceedingly pleasant way to do this, but not the only way. A *hobby* can get you ut mentally, even if your actual locomo- is limited to prowling around museums, que shops or libraries. You can, for ex- ple, have a wonderful time getting ac- inted with old china or glass through rowed books, public exhibits and shops ore you ever spend a cent. In the course urthering this acquaintance you will ac- re considerable lore about foreign places, also learn some surprising facts about r own country.

uctions, too, are a rich source of educa- and inspiration even before you become uyer. Finally comes the wonderful day en you take the money you have saved, having your shoes resoled or by doing r own shampooing and manicuring for weeks, and choose your first "collector's item." With that purchase you have promoted yourself. You have joined the class of people to whom life is something more than just getting by. You have made an investment in imagination. You are developing your own sources of pleasure and appreciation. By giving yourself a new taste, you are also giving yourself a new talent.

Every additional thing you understand and enjoy may be capital for you someday, with a possibility of golden dividends—*literally*. Through your adventures in spending—and living—you will gain greater confidence, wider appreciation. As your mind becomes better informed and more responsive, and your scope of experience widens, you will become an increasingly valuable property to an employer. High wages are not paid for routine jobs or to "routine employees." As you develop into a more interesting and better equipped person, you will be able to set a higher price on your services and get it, because you will be worth more.

DIVIDENDS FOR EVERYBODY

Now we come to the old-age-and-security angle of this subject, or "how to be practical without being parsimonious."

Grilled SPAM* and vegetables

SPAM 'N' PANCAKES . . . For breakfast, crisp slices of grilled Spam add the right touch to a stack of wheats — or to waffles.

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You would like to be well-to do someday. Naturally. Who wouldn't? All right. Here is how you start. From the beginning of your wage-earning days, think of yourself as building up an "estate." Doesn't that have a solid, prosperous sound? Millionaires leave "estates." There is no reason you shouldn't have an estate, too, and maybe quite a sizable one before you're finished. It certainly is a more stimulating goal to work for than a "rainy-day fund," or an "old-age-and-emergency account." It doesn't have to include vast property holdings, company ownerships and long lists of securities. Your estate consists of the material accumulation of your lifetime, including your investments.

There is the magic word: *investment. Not to be confused with speculation!* Investment, in your case, is giving your money honest and responsible work to do so that it can hasten the happy day when you will be the possessor of substantial holdings. It also offers you another opportunity for education: in the field of financial management and planning.

Too many wage-earning women fall into one of two classes about their money operations. They are either overeager for quick profits and, therefore, completely gullible, or so frightened at the thought of any outside handling of their hard-earned funds that even to deposit them in the stoutest savings bank seems venturesome. They would really prefer to have a roll of greenbacks sewed up in the mattress.

And in each person I catch the fleeting suggestion of something beautiful, and swear eternal friendship with that.

—SANTAYANA: Persons and Places, vol. II—The Middle Span (Charles Scribner's Sons).

Savings banks are wonderful institutions, and particularly good, in my opinion, for fostering growing accounts until they are sturdy enough to be put out to heavier work. A savings account, however, is not very interesting as an end in itself, nor very profitable, in view of the low interest rate which is paid.

One form of investment which every businesswoman owes it to herself to investigate is an annuity. These come in various forms, and can be combined with life insurance or other provision for dependents, or can be used simply to assure eventual years of leisure or travel for oneself. The girl who signs one of these contracts in her early business days and makes faithful payments can feel with pride that she is the possessor of a steadily increasing estate. This form of accumulation is particularly good for women who need the spur of "must payments" to organize themselves financially.

A quick way to acquire the thrill of being an investor is to buy stock. Even one share gives the feeling of being a part owner in a great company. Here is where you show how sensible or how completely stupid you can be. A moment of honest thought will convince you that no matter how well equipped with native wit you are, you cannot possibly know by instinct about the soundness or investment desirability of the various companies whose stocks are publicly offered. Nor should you listen to well-meaning friends and relatives. Most especially, you should refuse to be hypnotized by smoothly worded offers to "let you in on the ground floor." Please, *please*, if you are considering a stock purchase, go to the investment department of your bank, or other recognized authority, and be thoughtfully advised! When your handsome, engraved certificate arrives, you feel that you have indeed entered the world of high finance. From then on, you will read the market and money pages of your paper with new interest; not only the stock report, but the comments of the editorial writers. You will even find yourself interested in statements of company reorganizations and earnings. All part of a useful education!

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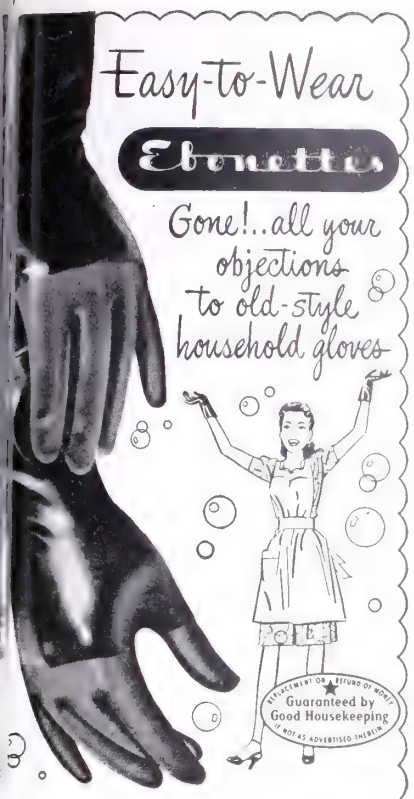

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he Liquid *Facial Cleanser Frees Pores of Dirt nd Grime. At Dept., Drug and Ten Cent Stores.*

Real estate is a tempting investment consideration for many women, because of their basic interest in housebuilding. A number of women I know have combined this home-promoting instinct with a moneymaking plan by buying small houses, paying for them over a period of years while improving them, and finally selling them at a profit. This can be a satisfactory operation if you are content to work hard for reasonable returns, since very often the measure of your profit will be in direct proportion to the time, imagination and effort you yourself have given. Before you commit yourself to such a venture, you must reconcile yourself to the stern truth that there will probably be times when you will be hard pushed financially, due to the fact that reconditioning a house is almost as unpredictable a business as bringing up a family. There are sure to be emergency operations, and demands for unexpected furbelows!

One further word of caution about looking for your pot of gold in real estate: don't fall for the old dream of "far pastures being greenest." Every locality has good and bad points, so you had better stick to a geographical setting you know all about, whether you are buying a lot, a house or a mortgage.

It seems almost unnecessary to add that in building your estate you ought to include a proportion of Government bonds. These are the gilt-edged holdings which make your elders admire your perspicacity and give *you* a solid sense of inner comfort, in the knowledge that there is no safer way of assuring yourself of future capital. Moreover, in most organizations the buying of them can be made practically painless by means of having them automatically deducted from your pay. You can subscribe for small or big denominations, to be paid for over long or short periods. But whatever your commitment, every time one of Uncle Sam's crisply legal, promise-to-pay notes is delivered to you, you can pat yourself on the back and say, "There is a good time coming by and by!"

By keeping your eye on a warm and golden future *(not a pinched and ailing one!)* you will find present-day denial easier to take. Not day-in-and-day-out scrimping. That's bad, as pointed out in the earlier part of this article. But certain present deprivations in favor of future rewards are wholesome. Keep the picture of your final goal in mind. It will stiffen your current sales resistance. Try it. For instance: Your first objective may be a trip to Mexico. Good. Provide yourself with an armful of those glorious folders and booklets distributed so gladly by travel agents. Study cruise pamphlets. Get travel books from the library. Read up on Mexican art and history. And while you are sailing away on winged words, you will be perfectly content with your lunch of sandwiches and fruit!

Here is to all your happy tomorrows . . . made from your spirited, forward-looking todays.

LETTERS TO JOAN

(Continued from Page 31)

If you are married, you just go ahead and have the baby, more or less philosophically. Usually it proves the finest thing that could have happened. If you're not married—well, I know of no modern improvement in the methods of dealing with that. Women still die as the result of abortions, and it's a sordid, painful and most unhappy business. Girls still have to choose between getting married after all, often to a reluctant male—and the possible heartache of finding that the romance is over—or the even greater heartache of giving up their babies.

It occurred to me that it would be helpful to learn just how many illegitimate babies are still being born in the United States today in this era of birth control. The Children's Bureau writes me that the latest figures, those for 1944, are 87,000 illegitimate live births in 38 states and the District of Columbia. Not included in this report were California and New York, two of our largest

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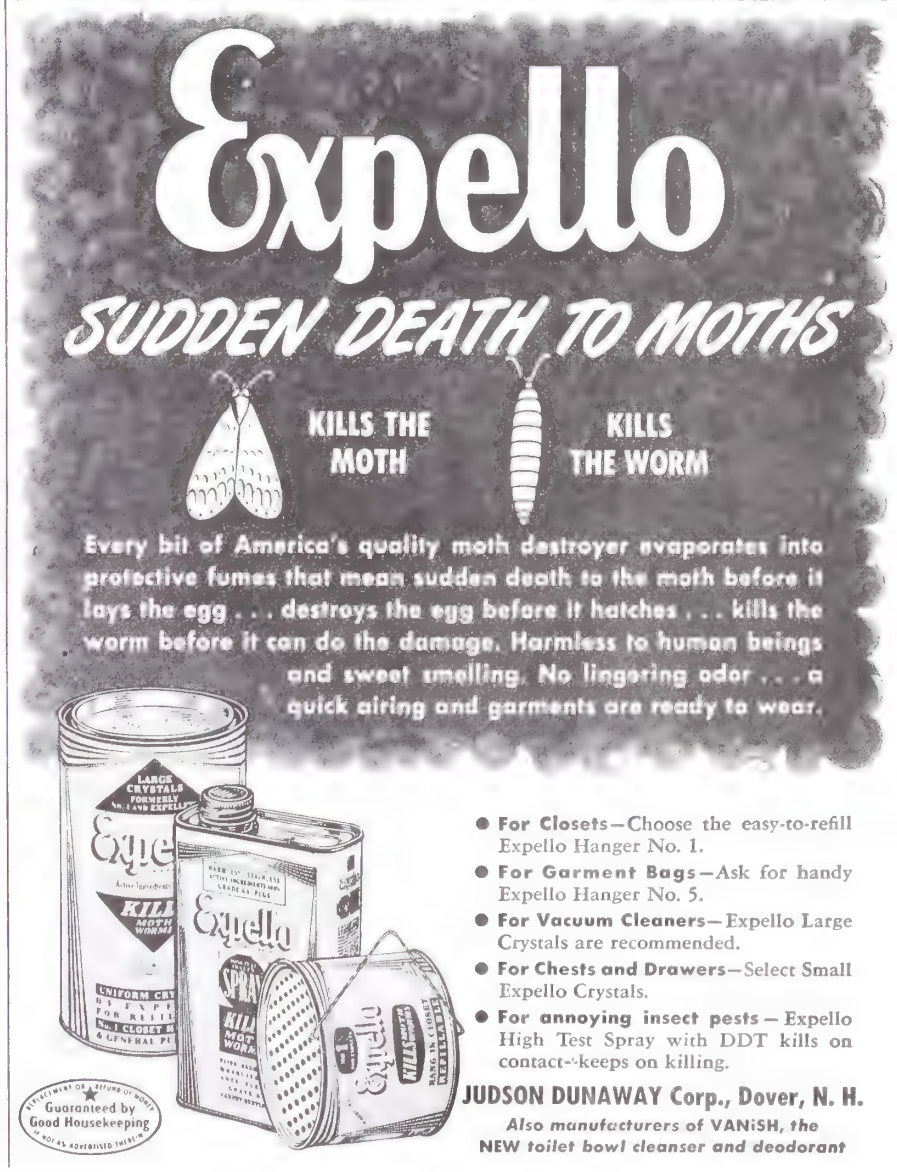
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EASY on the sugar, the arm, the eye!

—THIS Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake!

SPRING DESSERT CAKE

Preparations: Have shortening at room temperature. Line bottom of a deep 8-inch layer pan with waxed paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (375° F.). Sift flour once before measuring. Notice how few utensils you need! Mighty little dishwashing after a "Mix-Easy" baking!

(*All measurements are level.*)

Measure into sifter:

1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
1½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar

Measure into small mixing bowl:

4 tablespoons shortening

Measure into cup:

* Milk (see below for amount)
½ teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:

1 egg, unbeaten

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ½ cup minus 1 tablespoon milk; with vegetable shortening or any other, use ½ cup milk.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part! Beating cut in half! No creaming!

(Mix by hand or with electric mixer at low speed.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ⅔ of the milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add egg and remaining milk and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

Baking: Turn into pan. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 25 minutes. Cool. Pile Strawberry Cream on top of cake and serve.

Strawberry Cream. Sweeten 1 cup sliced strawberries; drain. Fold into 1 cup cream, whipped.

Swans Down *guarantees this delicious cake—but not with any other flour*. Be sure you have Swans Down—for that famous downy-soft fineness, the mark of a true Swans Down cake!

Bake a better cake with SWANS DOWN

Product of General Foods

states, and Massachusetts and Connecticut, both heavily populated, so it's not unreasonable to put the total at 125,000 as a minimum. Probably a large number of these unmarried mothers thought they knew the answers, but their methods were faulty. The rest simply yielded to impulse.

I can see the next questions coming up: "But suppose a girl is willing to take the comparatively slight risk of pregnancy—after all, many women do it today. Or suppose, as Jenny suggests, she actually wants to have a baby, marriage or no marriage. What then? Is there any really good reason why we girls should remain virgins until we are married?"

I'm not going to sidestep these, but I want to think about them before I give n answer. So I'll just shoot this to you for t time being, while I marshal my ideas abo the intrinsic value of virginity, and the re They'll be coming along in due course. Ar remember—I want your frankest commen and criticisms. That's the only way we'll g anything worth while out of this absorbing to me, at least—discussion course of our Maybe you girls will end by converting n to the fuller life, and wouldn't that be som thing?

Your most loving

MOTHER.

BLOSSOMTIME AGAIN

(Continued from Page 76)

waited for the spring. In short, why not have a little party on the porch or in the patio if the day is warm and the sun behaves? But indoors or out, you'll find this gay May luncheon party, with its birds and blossoms, a pretty nice business. And if you don't fall in love with the bird cage of flowers, I shall be mistaken.

Cool as a cucumber. The way that expression started is because a cucumber *is* cool. You hunt up one, someday, hidden away close to the ground in its cradle of green leaves. Give it a hasty wipe, preferably on your sleeve, and bite into it. This performance ought to be spontaneous; but if you were brought up in the never-eat-cucumber-skins school, you may get out your jackknife and do a paring job. Whatever happens, the cucumber will be found to be about as cool as a watermelon's inside. And you know how cool *that* is.

So the beautiful little bowls and their candy-colored plates are full of fresh pineapple-and-rhubarb cocktail, done with pineapple and rhubarb juices and decorated with mint—which, should it impart a memory of its flavor to the fruit, will do no harm. Have it all very, *very* cold. Colder than a cucumber. After all, this is a fruit cocktail and has no truck with a cucumber at all.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mistchavior Pattern

By Christabel Morley Cordell

Knowing it's just a passing phase
Consoles the harried mother
Until she learns, as years go by,
One phase succeeds another!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

From cold to hot. Later in the season we'll be pining for cold lobster and iced trout and big platters of thin-sliced ham and chicken and such. Because the hot days suggest such things and a lot more besides. But right now let me introduce you—or the other way round—to a nice hot dish that has a lot to recommend it. It tastes good, for one thing. And that's the acid test.

CHEESE-AND-NOODLE RING

Cook 3 cups of medium-wide noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Melt 1 package of processed cheese in 1 cup of hot milk in the double boiler. Add 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon of salt and ½ teaspoon of paprika. Mix with the noodles. Beat 4 egg yolks until light and fold in. Now beat 4 egg whites and fold *these* in. Have a ring mold very heavily greased and chilled. Pour in the noodle mixture. Set in a pan of hot water and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°F. When it's done, take out and loosen around the edges with a spatula. Turn out on a platter. Fill the center with ham-and-asparagus mixture. Garnish with sections of fresh tomato and hot ripe olives.

The filler-upper. No noodle ring is better than what goes into it. Fancy a noodle ring as empty as an OPA sugar bowl. Just wouldn't make sense.

But the noodle ring presented here is full of ham and mushrooms and asparagus, and all in a sauce to make you hungry and leave you satisfied. By the way, it's no asparagus season again. Don't cut it abov the ground. Stick your knife down under th stalk and cut with a quick sideswipe motion And next year you will find that each stalk s cut will show up with a family of litt asparagi (this will stop you!), and that is a to the good. "Be fruitful and multiply." And so now for the filler-upper of the noodl ring, for we must be getting on. First thin we know it will be getting dark.

CREAMED HAM, ASPARAGUS AND MUSHROOMS

Cut ¾ pound of cold boiled ham int small pieces—like dice or less, you know Cook and drain package of frozen as paragus tips or bunch of fresh as paragus cut int pieces. Make 3 cup of medium crean sauce from 1 cup o cream, 2 cups o milk, 5 tablespoons of butter or marga rine and 5 table spoons of flour. Cook in the double boiler, stirring all the time until it is about as thick as heavy cream, and exactly as smooth. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of dry mustard. Add the ham and the asparagus. At the last sauté 1 pound of mushrooms, sliced, in 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine, and add to the sauce.

Only one last word. Tomatoes, especially the little hothouse ones, taste wonderful at this time of year. Just as if they were made for May and had been waiting for blossomtime. They are tender and sweet and haven't that bored flavor some old tomatoes get. As if life had caught up with them at last, and their laurels were all behind them.

So, to garnish the noodle ring, cut sections or slices or, if they are small enough, use hollowed-out whole tomatoes, the kind I spoke of with regard. The little fellows may be filled with chopped scallions or chopped cucumber. (See how cucumbers keep cropping up? Well, nothing wrong with that.)

Then for the taste and contrast have some hot ripe olives. Their black skins are very decorative, and a ripe olive is better than anything except itself when it comes to eating.

HOT RIPE OLIVES

Heat to boiling 1 small jar or can of ripe olives in their own juices with half a clove of garlic (if you don't mind it) and 2 tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce. Or if you prefer, don't add anything, just heat in their own juice, but serve very hot. They don't *keep* hot the best of anything I ever saw, so heat them the very last thing.

CRUSTY ROLLS

You can make crusty rolls as easily as any others—including mine. About the only difference is, instead of using milk, just depend on good old tap water—or well, if you *have* a well. And another thing: instead of the whole egg, use two whites. That bolsters the roll without letting it get a *caky* texture. Also—bake the rolls on a greased sheet or pan which

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you have dusted over with corn meal. That does something—I never know just what; has to be brushed off afterward, so it's not for added nourishment, that's sure.

Have a very hot oven and put a pan of hot water in the oven under the racks. This helps out the crustiness. I guess that's all. But just to be sure you get a good crusty roll, here is the whole receipt:

Soften 1 cake of fresh yeast in ½ cup of lukewarm water. Put ½ cup of lukewarm water into a bowl and add 1 tablespoon of sugar, 1 teaspoon of salt and 2 tablespoons of shortening. Add 1 cup of flour, beating well. Add the softened yeast. Add ½ cup more of flour, beating well, then fold in 2 egg whites, beaten. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough—about 2 cups, or 3½ cups of flour altogether. Knead on a floured board until smooth, satiny and very elastic. Put in a clean greased bowl and let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down. Let rise until doubled again. Knead down lightly. Cover and let rest for 10 minutes. Roll out. Cut into rectangular pieces about 1½ inches wide and 2½ inches long. Pat each rectangle flat. Fold long edges under so they meet. Snip off short ends with a sharp knife to seal dough and make nice pillow shapes. Place on greased pans that have been sprinkled lightly with corn meal. Slash top of each roll with sharp knife. Brush the rolls with butter or margarine. Cover with a towel and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 450°F., for 20 minutes.

They are not pies. Nor are they tarts. Know what they are? They're *blossoms*. Such as never grew on the land or on the floor of the endless ocean. But they grew just the same, right in our kitchen, and, having no root and no bud, they are flowers of the imagination. Dream blossoms, sheer magic. And to make such, go to work on a few simple rules and you can't miss. They will bloom for you every time.

LEMON-MERINGUE BLOSSOMS

Make the meringues first. Add ⅛ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of vinegar and ¼ teaspoon of vanilla to 3 egg whites. Beat to a stiff foam. Add 1 cup of sugar gradually and keep on beating until *very* stiff. (Your arm should be fairly stiff by now too.) Shape in mounds on a cooky sheet covered with plain ungreased paper. Make a well in the center and shape them up into nests or cups with a spoon. Bake in a slow oven, 300°F., for 45 minutes. Remove from the paper immediately or the paper will become a permanent fixture. Cool. Fill with lemon filling.

Lemon Filling: **Mix ¾ cup of sugar with ⅛ teaspoon of salt and 3 tablespoons of cornstarch. Add 1½ cups of boiling water gradually. Cook until thick and no taste of starch remains. Do this in the double boiler and stir it every minute. You wouldn't want a lump, would you? Add a small amount of the hot cornstarch mixture to 3 egg yolks that have been beaten until very light and spongy. Mix well and add the juice of 2 lemons and 2 tablespoons of grated lemon rind. Stir this into the rest of the hot mixture. Cook in the double boiler, stirring until thick—about 10 minutes. Cool, but don't chill it. Fill the meringues with this mixture. Serve with a strawberry sauce.**

First of May. The streams are unbound and I shan't stay with you more than a minute or two longer *this* time. I was up in the attic the other day, looking things over, and I found things weren't so good. My fishing clothes (I shan't inventory them here) are in a deplorable state. I am perfectly certain *someone* has been wearing my—well, wearing *one* item, anyway. And while a general denial has been entered in by my household, jointly and severally, I feel sure I know. I just haven't the evidence, that's all. So I've got to get busy. Then my tackle looks as if the cats had had a Walpurgis Night with that. But Susie isn't allowed in the attic. And Weffy lives in another part of the house. So how account for that? Unless we have poltergeists. There's a hard day's work for me.

So excuse me if I leave you now. Oh, I must run. I hear something in the garden. It is, it *is* my mourning dove. Come home again for the summer. Good-by. THE END

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Grandma's new taste-thrilling ice cream!

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ICE CREAM

Grandma's Molasses-Mint Ice Cream

2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 cups light cream
2 eggs separated
¼ cup Grandma's Molasses
¼ cup sugar
Few grains salt
Few drops peppermint extract

Combine cornstarch and ¼ cup of cream; mix until smooth. Add 1¼ cups of cream; cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture has slightly thickened. Beat egg yolks and add the remaining ¼ cup of cream; stir into the hot cream mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon. Chill; add molasses. Beat egg white stiff, gradually add sugar, beating constantly. Fold into molasses mixture; add salt and peppermint extract. Pour into ice tray of refrigerator. Set control at point recommended by manufacturer for freezing ice cream. Freeze to a mush. Place in chilled bowl. Beat smooth. Return to tray. Freeze firm. Serves six.

Vary your molasses-mint ice cream with different toppings—grated semi-sweet chocolate, shredded cocoanut, or nuts—it's superb with any of them. Just be sure you always use Grandma's Molasses. Because it's *sweeter* than ordinary molasses (1 cup equals a cup of sugar in sweetness), its *finer flavor* holds in freezing. And Grandma's is the only nationally sold brand that does not contain sulphur dioxide—you'll like it better for cooking and table.

1 cup Grandma's Molasses equals 1 cup Sugar in sweetness

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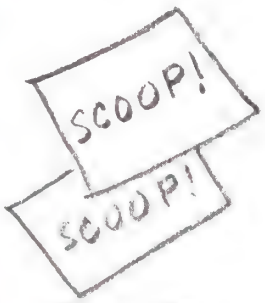

BY JAN WEYL

WHEN Nan and I were ten we formed a business partnership called Sunshine Enterprises, Inc. The partnership had one aim: money—as quickly and easily as possible. We were planning to run away, and needed funds.

The "sunshine" in our name had no particular significance. At the time, a sunset was the only thing we could draw at all well, and we agreed that our products should have some special touch all their own. As it turned out, they had a distinctive quality even without the sun.

Because I was then planning to become a do-or-die, scoop-a-minute newspaper reporter, we inaugurated our partnership with The Sunshine News, a daily newspaper 5x3 inches, which featured such current items as the big puddle on the street or the detour on Van Dyke Avenue. Each paper, its front page ablaze with a setting sun, sold for three cents a copy. We thought this was a smart price, since the town's regular evening newspaper was selling for four cents a copy. And we carried many items which our competitor missed.

Nan and I were coeditors. We did everything from reporting to editing to typing. We started out with a child's typewriter—one of those where you have to turn the wheel around for each letter—but when it appeared that the paper was going to be a steady thing, someone donated a very old office typewriter. This creaked and groaned and sometimes wouldn't work, but we thought it lent just the right air to our office. We lived in a continual buzz of copy and carbon paper.

The circulation and distribution angle was handled exclusively by my brother Tom, aged four, and his friend Ned. They had little burlap bags with setting suns painted on the sides and shrieked up and down the neighborhood, "Sunshine News! Only three cents! Hot scoops!"

We *had* hot scoops too. The papers were a running commentary on our families and their friends. No one was safe, and no one knew in advance what the day's news items would be. After mother canned tomatoes, The Sunshine News announced that "Mrs. R. C. Weyl is canning many tomatoes this year. 'I get my tomatoes at Turnbull's,' says Mrs. Weyl. Advt." Mother, who gets her tomatoes at Salamack's, almost lost a good grocer.

When Nan's mother bought a new girdle, the news was faithfully reported. And after her father had a particularly successful day at the Saratoga track, we carried a complete account of his winnings copied from his racing program.

DAD received the prize blow, however, when we headlined the news, during the days of prohibition, that "Mr. R. C. Weyl has converted his mahogany phonograph into a liquor cabinet. All are invited to inspect same. Come on over and have a drink." Dad, who had been receiving a bootlegger named Shorty at the back door, was in no position to convert the liquor cabinet back to a phonograph. He did the next best thing and tried to buy up all available copies of The Sunshine News. But for the first time our delivery system had functioned perfectly. All fifteen copies had been delivered to their rightful owners.

Dad poured himself a highball and sat down to wait for the blow to fall. He decided that readers had a choice—they could either call the cops or drop in for a drink. Fortunately, all those who did anything dropped in for a drink.

After that a censorship system interfered with the free flow of news in The Sunshine News. Chief censor—R. C. Weyl.

The Sunshine News was more than a gossip sheet, however. Nan and I had a strong social consciousness, and every issue carried an editorial on our peeve of the day. Each editorial was surrounded by a dark pencil line, and sometimes, if we felt the announcement was important enough, we used arrows for added emphasis. We never praised, always attacked.

"Blood's cat stuck on roof for two hours. What is fire department doing these days?"

unshine News

. McDonald goes downtown every day. She pend more time with her children."
hers think children are happy because school is in two weeks. They're not."
ıg the rainy summer we printed and reprinted a homely philosophy which apparently appealed Many gardens have been spoiled by the many 've been having. It's too bad, isn't it?"
paper came out intermittently during 1932 and ıd Nan and I were fully aware of the economic king place. Several of our editorials appeared in n of newsletter warnings. They always carried a d, "WARNING," and were surrounded by a -black line. The warnings coincided with whatper we'd been reading that day and were remarkTheir inconsistency — anything from extreme left me right. Our favorite, which reappeared many was "WARNING: Have your plumbing done September, 1933. Prices are rising considerable." father was having his plumbing fixed, and the r had graciously given us a big scoop.
g with other newspapers, The Sunshine News ut on the limb in the 1932 elections — for Herbert . We had originally intended to use merely "Skin , skin the cat, skin the dirty Democrat" as anment of our support for Mr. Hoover, but the thought we could do better. So after deep and ous thought over our country's future, we came up n especially long editorial:

WARNING:

Today we are going to give a speech for bert Hoover. We ourselves would vote for n if only we were old enough. Herbert over, Republican candidate for President, been faithful for four years and can stand ther four. Keep him on the job. Roosevelt ll right, but we haven't tried him yet. Let faithful run until death. November 8, 1932, lection day. One happy man will start his at life at the White House. Hoover is true in hearts of his countrymen.
We have only to ask you one question and at is—won't you *please* vote for Herbert over?
Nan and Jan, editors."

s editorial converted our two newsboys, who prey had been wavering toward Mr. Roosevelt, and ur of us were crushed when Mr. Hoover lost the on. The Sunshine News appeared with a black ning band for a week.
sident Roosevelt won us back, however, with the tion of the NRA. As an established business, we our duty to climb on the band wagon immediately unshine News had been a paying proposition from ery start, and the treasury was roaring the \$10 . Nan and I were thrilled. We were planning to go as far as Europe, and knew we'd probably need ch as \$20 apiece.
were so enthusiastic about the NRA that the Blue Eagle replaced the setting sun on our ead. Our editorials also switched to NRA pron: "President proves worth. Blue Eagle now me." Or "Join the NRA before it's too late."
t the NRA, instead of enhancing our position, d us out of business in record time. The last issue e Sunshine News carried our farewell editorial:

WARNING:

"We are going out of business because we ined the NRA and it says that a business ould close by 6:00. We don't get out of school til 3:30 and we can't get the paper out by six. ur parents say they're sure the NRA would derstand if we worked later, but we are true the Blue Eagle."

e end of the last page a small box appeared:

WARNING:
his paper will be published again someday

Butter Cookies
7 KINDS FROM ONE RECIPE
So Easy to Make
BETTER with BUTTER
NOTHING LIKE BUTTER for flavor in cookies! So here's an easy recipe. And 7 ways to vary shapes and frostings . . . all so deliciously different! No cookies like Butter Cookies.
RECIPE: Cream cup Butter, ½ cup sugar, beat until fluffy. Add and mix 1 beaten egg, ½ tsp. vanilla. Sift together, stir in gradually: 3 cups (sifted) all-purpose flour, ½ tsp. baking powder, ¼ tsp. salt. Roll thin on lightly floured board. Cut and decorate as shown. Bake 12-15 min. at 350°. Sixty good eatin' cookies! Variations—
1. BUTTERSNAPS: Top with almonds. Good
2. MOONS: Bake. Add chocolate shot. mmm.
3. TWINKLES: Top with crushed rock candy.
4. LEAVES: After baking, frost with chocolate. Gives you a chocolaty, buttery blend!
5. FRUIT-FILLED: Use jelly or preserves. Form in tart shapes, crimp edges, bake.
6. RIBBONS: Tint ½ dough pink, ½ with chocolate. Pack in layers in pan lined with wax paper. Chill, slice, bake. Pretty for a party! Tempting to eat any time!
7. STARS: Dust with colored sugar. Gay treat!
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THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN AMERICA

WOLF STORY

(Continued from Page 39)

"Talk a little louder," said the boy. "What did the wolf do when he slinked out of the forest?"

"Slunk," said the man. "Or maybe slank."

"Make it that he crawled out of the forest," said the boy, "but go on."

"Well, Waldo crawled out of the forest and crept over to the henhouse. For a long time the wolf had been watching Rainbow. He wanted to eat her and save her pretty feathers to make an Indian headdress."

The boy knew it was a joke. He would have laughed, but he was too sleepy.

"The feathers were so beautiful," said the man. "Red and pink and purple and lavender ——"

"Oo-ooh-h!" yawned the boy.

"—— and magenta . . . and . . . violet . . . and . . . yellow."

The man got up quietly. He pulled the blanket up around the boy's chin and crept out of the room, almost as quietly as the wolf, Waldo.

The next evening the boy got ready for bed all by himself. He took off his clothes and left them on the floor, kicking one shoe under the bed where it would be hard to find the next morning. He also dropped his underpants in the wastebasket. Then he pulled on his pajamas, and called to his father.

His father came upstairs. "Did you brush your teeth?" he said.

"When?" said the boy.

"Tonight."

"Not tonight, no," said the boy. "Shall I?"

"Why not?" said the man. "And what about washing your face? Shall I help you?"

"No, no, no," said the boy quickly. If there was anything he hated worse than washing his face, it was having someone else wash it. He hurried to the bathroom and smeared tooth paste on his toothbrush and then on his teeth. He took a big mouthful of water, swushed it around and spat it out. Then he took a damp washcloth and gently touched his face with it, being careful not to disturb the dirt inside his ears. He dried his hands on his pajamas, raced into the bedroom and leaped onto the bed.

"Someday you'll wear out your face, washing it so hard," the man said.

The boy laughed and crawled under the covers. "Tell about Rainbow," he said. "But make it long."

So the man continued the story: "The wolf, Waldo, crept very quietly to the chicken yard. He was quiet because he did not want to wake up Mr. Tractorwheel."

The boy asked in a loud voice, "Mr. *Who?*"

"Tractorwheel. Isn't that a good name for a farmer?"

"Very good," said the boy. "And make it that Mr. Tractorwheel has a son."

"He has several sons. And the wolf didn't want to wake up any of them."

"No," said the boy, "or Mr. Tractorwheel would come running with a shotgun and shoot the wolf."

"Don't you want the wolf to be shot?"

"Yes," said the boy, "but not yet. It has to be a long story first."

"I see," said the man. "Well, when the wolf came to the chicken yard, what did he find? What is all around the chicken yard?"

The boy sat up in bed, thinking hard. Then he said, "A fence."

The man was surprised. "A fence is right!" he said. "You're a smart boy."

The boy smiled and lay down again, this time on his back, with his hands under his head and his elbows sticking out like wings.

"The chicken yard was surrounded by a fence," said the man, "and the gate was locked. So how could the wolf get inside?"

"Make it that there is a hole in the fence."

"No," said the man. "If there in the fence, the chickens woul

"Could he climb over the fence boy.

"You know a wolf couldn' fence," said the man.

"Oo-ooh-h-h!" the boy yawne up and get him in somehow."

"Well, the wolf began to di under the fence. Then he crawl the tunnel and crept over to the Very quietly. V-e-r-y . . . v—e- quietly."

The boy yawned again and t on his side.

THE man waited for a moment stood up. But without opening h boy flung out one hand and caug

"Go on," he said. "More."

The man sat down again. "I house he saw a hen with all differe feathers. Blue and gray and scarle vermilion . . . and . . . cob and . . . azure."

The man pulled up the covers the boy on the cheek. On his w stumbled over the tin wastebasket a terrible clatter, but the boy wa in sleep to be bothered by anyth

The next day was Sunday, and fast the man said to the boy, "Sha an excursion today?"

"Yes!" cried the boy. "To F Park! And let's take Steffy."

Steffy's real Stefan and he door. He was a than Michael.

"All right," man. "We co lunch up there. mind," he said to mother, "not fix lunch for us!

"Oh, that terrible," said mother. "If I d to fix lunch for be forced to go back to bed and Sunday papers!"

So the man and the two boys to Fort Tryon Park. They left the the entrance, and walked down so steps and through a tunnel to a big where the boys played until lunchti lunch in the restaurant they went the field and sat on the grass.

"Tell a story," said Michael. "T Rainbow and the wolf."

So, after explaining to Stefan happened so far in the story, the tinued, "When Waldo the wolf s bow asleep in the henhouse he gra in his teeth ——"

"Tell Steffy how sharp the wol were," said Michael. "Sharp as knives, Steffy."

"Go on," said Stefan.

"Well, as the wolf grabbed her, let out a loud cackle. This woke up t hens and *they* cackled."

"Did it wake up Mr. Tractorwhee Michael.

"Make it that it didn't," said St

So the man went on, "Waldo Rainbow to his den, deep in the dar and there he ate her and that is th the story. Now let's be quiet for a

"No!" shouted Michael and Stef

"He didn't eat her yet!" said

"O.K.," said the man. "He di her."

"Then tell some more, daddy Michael.

"No, you boys are sleepy."

"We are not!" cried the boys.

"Well," said Michael's daddy, "I you'll be quiet for a few minutes I'll more on the way home."

The boys closed their eyes and p to be asleep. In a moment there sound of snoring. Was Michael asle

(Continued on Page 272)

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are quiet and settled, truth appears.

—JOHN SELDEN: From Table Talk From Ben Jonson to Leigh Hunt: Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

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(Continued from Page 270)

Stefan? No. *Michael's father was asleep!*

When Michael's father woke up, they walked back to where the car was parked. They got in and Michael's father pressed his foot on the starter. The engine coughed, but it didn't start.

"I smell gasoline," said Stefan.

"She's flooded," said Michael's father. He got out and lifted the hood. Sure enough, the carburetor was dripping. "We'll have to wait till it drains," he said.

"Goody!" said Michael. "Tell some more about Rainbow."

So Michael's father went on with the story: "We left off where Waldo took Rainbow to his studio—I mean his den.

"'Little hen,' said the wolf, 'I am going to eat you.'

"'But I haven't had my breakfast,' said the hen. 'I will be fatter if I have breakfast. There will be more of me for you to eat.'

"'What are you trying to do, kid me?' said the wolf.

"'A poor little hen like me try to kid a great big handsome wolf like you?' said the hen. 'Don't be absurd.'

"The wolf looked in the mirror. He was a very vain wolf; he was always looking in the mirror and putting stickum on his hair.

"'What do you eat for breakfast?' said the wolf.

"'Oh, a little grain, maybe. Or worms.'

"'I ain't got any grain or worms,' said the wolf.

"'Not here in your den,' said Rainbow. 'But I wouldn't mind scratching around outside while you boil the water and put out the knives and forks.'

"'What knives and forks?'

"'I hope you weren't planning to eat me in your fingers,' said the hen.

"'How do *you* eat chicken?' cried the wolf.

"'I,' said the hen, 'do not eat chicken.'

"The wolf thought for a moment. 'How do I know you wouldn't run away if I let you scratch around outside?'

"The hen laughed. 'A poor little hen like me try to run away from a ferocious, intelligent wolf like you? Ha, ha, ha.'

"The wolf looked in the mirror again. He smoothed one eyebrow with a paw. 'I see what you mean,' he said. 'Well, go ahead. Eat a lot. Get fat. I'll call you when I'm ready. And listen, hen. Keep clucking so I can hear you. If you stop I'll know you're trying to escape and I'll come out and eat you right away.'

"'Cluck, cluck,' said the hen.

"'That's the idea,' said the wolf.

"So Rainbow went clucking out clearing and the wolf turned on the and put a big pot of water to boil. ize, of course, that wolves do not ranges and this is all just a lot of n

"But go on," said Michael. "I Rainbow get away?"

"*Does* Rainbow get away?" said father.

"Yes! And the wolf gets kill Stefan.

"How?" said Michael's father.

"Make it that the farmer has a named Jimmy, and Jimmy kills t said Michael, "only not right awa it a long story."

"All right," said Michael's fat the car will start, we can finish the the way home." He pressed the sta hood was still up and the boys gasoline squirt right out of the ca "Boys, we're in trouble," said father."

"Goody, goody," said the boys.

"Goody my foot," said Michael "I'll have to walk to a garage."

He went away, and after a while man brought him back in a truck an the car to a garage. A mechanic carburetor apart.

"Have to put in a new float," "Take me about an hour."

"Goody!" cried Michael. "You about Rainbow for a whole hour."

"Oh, fine," said his father.

They went out and sat on the st house next door to the garage.

"Go on," said Michael.

"Well," said Michael's father, " was in the forest outside the den o the fiercest and most boring wolf in t when the sun came up, and Mr. wheel and his boys got up and wer do the chores."

"What are chores?" said Stefan.

"Little jobs like milking the cows the pigs and the chickens."

"Go on," said Michael.

"Young man, if you say 'Go on' j more, I'm going to have Rainbow g den and beat that wolf's brains ou Michael's father.

"Yea, yea!" cried Stefan. "Do it

"No!" cried Michael. "Jimmy b wolf's brains out. You promised."

(Continued on Page 274)

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3 fragrances . . . Spring Morning, Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine
Other Bathasweet luxuries: Bubbling Bath Oil, Foam Bath, Pine Oil, Shower Mitts

(Continued from Page 272)

"All right, but stop saying 'Go on.' Well, Jimmy Tractorwheel was the farmer's youngest son. He was only about five, but strong, very strong. And clean. Always kept his hands and face clean. He ate spinach and carrots and ——"

"Did Jimmy go to the henhouse?" asked Michael.

"Yes, because it was his job to feed the chickens, and he came running to his father. 'Father, father, Rainbow is gone! Come quickly!'

"So they ran to the henhouse.

"'H'm-m,' said the farmer, 'she's gone all right. Must have flown over the fence.'

"'No, father,' said Jimmy. 'Look! See the big hole under the fence. I think the wolf dug it and carried Rainbow away. And, look, there's wolf hair on the fence.'

"'Danged if there ain't,' said the farmer.

"So he and Jimmy went back to the house. The other boys were already at the breakfast table. Jimmy told them about Rainbow. They all shook their heads sadly except Tom, who was always making jokes.

"'Did you see a pot of gold?' said Tom.

"'No, why?' said Jimmy.

"'They say there's always a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow, and this sure looks like the end of Rainbow!' Tom laughed so hard he fell over backward in his chair.

"'I don't think it's funny,' said Jimmy.

"'No, but it's true,' said his father. 'This is the end of Rainbow.'

"'MAYBE not,' said Jimmy. 'Maybe we could rescue her. The wolf must have taken her to his den.'

"'And den what?' said Tom, falling over backward in his chair again.

"'He ate her,' said the farmer.

"'Maybe not,' said Jimmy. 'Maybe he's saving her for supper. Let's all go into the forest and search.'

"'Good idea,' said his father. 'You boys do that. I have to see a man about a well rope.'

"'I have a date to pitch horseshoes with Derwood Quigg,' said the oldest boy.

"'I'm helping the Hargelroad girls make butter,' said the next oldest. 'They helped me last week.'

"'And one good churn deserves another,' cried Tom. 'As for me, I have to go to the doctor to have some stitches taken in my scalp.' The last time he had fallen over in his chair he had hit his head on the stove, which is the sort of thing that happens to people who go around making bum jokes.

"'I'll go alone,' said Jimmy. So as soon as breakfast was over he took a baseball bat and a small compass and went into the forest."

The garageman came to the door. "She's O.K. now," he said. So they got in the car and started home.

"You boys have been very good today," said Michael's father. "You deserve a reward. What will it be? Ice-cream cones?"

"More!" cried the boys.

"More what?"

"More about Rainbow!"

"Next Sunday," said Michael's father. "In the meantime, please do not mention Rainbow to me, or Waldo, or Jimmy Tractorwheel. Is that clear?"

The boys did not argue. They generously agreed to take ice-cream cones as their reward. Double ice-cream cones, that is.

At breakfast the next Sunday, Michael's father said, "Well, son, what about an excursion?"

"Yippee! Let's go to Jones Beach!"

"But it's too chilly to go swimming."

"We could play on the sand. And fly a kite."

"That's an idea," said his father, who liked to fly kites. "Maybe we could get that big box kite in the air." He had a box kite as large as a kitchen stove and almost as heavy. He had never been able to get it off the ground. He thought perhaps the wind at the beach would lift it—and also, of course, he wanted to go where his son wanted to go.

Michael went to get Stefan while his mother fixed a lunch for them and his father

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went to the basement to find the box kite, and soon they were driving toward the beach and Michael's father resumed the story.

"Let's see, where were we?" he said. "Oh, yes, Jimmy Tractorwheel went into the forest in search of Rainbow."

"He took a compass to find the wolf with," said Stefan.

"No, the compass was to find his way home," said Michael's father, "in case he got lost. Anyway, Jimmy went bravely into the forest. He walked very quietly. And every few minutes he would stop, turn his head slowly and listen very hard in every direction. Do you know what he was listening for?"

"Clucking!" cried the boys.

"Yes. And after a long while he heard it. 'Cluck, cluck, cluck.' He turned his head this way and that way and then he set off in what he thought was the right direction. But the clucking grew fainter instead of louder. Why was that?"

"Rainbow was getting tired?" said Stefan.

"The wolf took Rainbow in his den!" cried Michael.

"No. The clucking grew fainter because Jimmy was traveling in the wrong direction. So instead of going so much *this* way, he started going a little more *that* way, and the clucking grew louder and louder. He walked on tiptoe; tip . . . toe . . . tip . . . toe. So-o-o-o-o quietly. Suddenly he heard a bell ringing. *Dingdong, dingdong!* What could it be? He lay flat on his belly and peeked around a bush and there in the clearing, what did he see? He saw Rainbow! And across the clearing in front of his den, he saw the wolf, Waldo, wearing a dirty old pink apron and ringing a big dinner bell

Men have more ways of amusing themselves than of doing anything else they do.

— WALTER BAGEHOT

"'Come and get it,' cried the wolf. 'The water is boiling and I'm hungry.'

"Rainbow was so frightened she could hardly speak, but she managed to say, 'I'm not quite finished with my breakfast.'

"'Come on!'

"'I'd like one more worm.'

"'No!'

"'Give me till you count to twenty-five,' said the hen.

"'I will not! Quit stalling.'

"'You don't know how to count to twenty-five,' said the hen.

"'I certainly do,' said the wolf.

"And now," said Michael's father, "this is where we leave the car, and walk through that underpass to the beach."

The boys were so excited to be near the ocean that they forgot all about Rainbow and scampered off to the underpass, leaving Michael's father to carry a blanket, a lunch basket, two sweaters, a kite, and one, two, three, four, five, *six* balls of string.

Michael and Stefan took off their shoes and socks and ran in the deep, soft, white sand, getting it in their ears and hair and down their necks and up their sleeves and in their pockets. Michael's father sat on the blanket assembling the kite. Presently he stood up and called to the boys. The kite was ready. It was as large as Michael.

"Now watch her fly," said Michael's father. He ran across the beach, but the kite just bumped along on the sand. "The wind blows it down instead of up," said Michael's father.

"You can fix it, daddy," said Michael. "Come on, Steffy. Let's be cowboys," and the boys galloped away.

Michael's father studied the box kite very carefully. He untied a string here and put it there, and untied a string there and put it here. Then he called the boys.

"I'm going to try once more," he said. "If she doesn't go up by the time I get to the water, I am going to throw her in the ocean."

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"Yipe!" cried the boys. They didn't know which would be more fun, to see the kite in the sky or in the ocean.

Michael's father began to run. Suddenly the kite left his hand. Slowly but steadily it began to climb. Up, up, up, higher and higher. Michael's father let the boys take turns holding the string. It was very exciting, because, if you accidentally let go, the kite would come tumbling down. They played with it till lunchtime and then they sat on the blanket and ate sandwiches and tomatoes, oranges and cookies, and drank up the vacuum bottle of milk. Then they stretched out in the warm sun.

"Think you could take a nap?" said Michael's father.

"First some Rainbow," said Michael. "Will that make you sleepy?"

The boys said no.

"It will me! Well, where were we? Oh, yes. Where the wolf said Rainbow had to come in this very minute to be eaten.

"'You'll have to catch me first,' said Rainbow. And she ran across the clearing toward the bush where Jimmy lay hiding.

"'Ha, ha,' cried the wolf. 'I can catch you in two leaps.' His big butcher-knife teeth were glistening in the sun. He made one great leap that carried him to the center of the clearing. And at that moment five-year-old James Tractorwheel jumped out from behind the juniper bush, holding the baseball bat firmly in both hands.

"'Halt!' said Jimmy.

"'*Yipe!*' screamed the wolf.

"Jimmy put all his muscle into one swing of the bat and brought it down on the wolf's head. *Bong!* The wolf smiled foolishly and sank to his knees. . . . Now what I want to know is this: Do you boys want Jimmy to hit the wolf again and kill him, or tie him up and drag him home and put him in a cage, or what? How do you want the story to end? Steffy, you're company. You say."

Stefan smiled shyly. "Ask Mike," he said. "It's his story."

"Steffy, you are a very good, kind, polite boy, a credit to your mother and father," said Michael's father. "And Michael, you are also a very good, kind, polite boy, and, as Steffy says, it is your story. What shall we do with the wolf?"

"Make it that he gets up and runs away," said Michael.

His father could hardly believe his ears. "Let the wolf run away?"

"Yes," said Michael. "As fast as his legs will carry him."

"You don't want him killed? Or even captured?"

Michael shook his head, no.

"This is the first time you've ever wanted a wolf to get away. What is this, be-kind-to-wolves week?"

MICHAEL'S eyes were shining and he spoke in a loud whisper. "If the wolf gets away he will come back and steal Rainbow again!"

"Yes," cried Stefan.

"*You want that to happen?*" cried Michael's father.

Michael nodded his head, yes. "That way we can have more story!" he said.

"Yea!" said Stefan.

"So go on," said Michael. "You can kill the wolf at the very end."

And so Michael's father made it that the wolf got up and dashed into the deep green forest, and then they all went to sleep on the blanket with the waves roaring agre their ears. And when they woke up t played on the sand till Michael's fat it was time to go home.

"No!" cried Michael. "Not so soo

Stefan didn't say anything, but he very unhappy.

"You have been such good boys get some popcorn to eat on the way said Michael's father.

"Yeah!" cried the boys, forgetti much they hated to leave the bea thinking only of the popcorn.

As they drove home, Michael's fath on with the story:

"JIMMY carried Rainbow home shoulder and, when they arrived at th Jimmy's mother and father and b were in the yard, and they all shouted boy, Jimmy!' and 'Welcome home, bow!'

"'We have filled up that hole un fence,' said Jimmy's father, 'so Rainb be safe in the chicken yard.'

"'What did you fill it with?' asked

"'Dirt.'

"'But if the wolf came again he cou tunnel in the same as he fore,' said Jim

"'That's tru his father. 'I thought of tha

"'I think we to dig a trench neath the fen fill it with co said Jimmy. if the wolf trie into the yard, stub his toena maybe he wi *Ouch* and we w him and com ning out and care of Mr. W

"'Good idea his father, and Jimmy's broth so, too, but w came to diggi trench they w busy somewhe and Jimmy ha it by himself.

"When the was dug he f with concret attached the of the fence t hooks he had the concrete, a

ered the concrete with dirt. The yard now looked exactly the same a Waldo the wolf came the first time, was certainly not the same, and if tried to dig into the yard again—oh, b what a surprise he would get!"

"Make it that he comes again th *night!*" said Michael. "Oh, Steffy, is scary?"

"I don't want to make it too scary Michael's father.

"Yes!" cried the boys. "*Make* it too Horribly, horribly scary."

"Well," said Michael's father, Waldo ran off into the forest, he wa angry. 'Who does that little Jimmy T wheel think he is anyway?' he said t self. 'Hitting me with a ball bat! A only five years old!'

"Waldo was so angry he swore he steal Rainbow again and this time he eat her right away, so that Jimmy co save her. 'I will do it tomorrow nigh wolf said to himself. 'I would do it only I have such a headache from be with that ball bat.' It is a good thing cided to wait, because that gave th crete time to get hard.

"The next night was as dark as the of a black velvet pocketbook. The onl came from the tiny flashes of f 'What a perfect night to steal a her the wolf to himself as he came out of h 'Boy, is it dark!' Just then he bumpe tree. 'A little too dark. I bruised my

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Woman in the House

By Patricia McDonald

Sweep into the corners,
Dust the smallest spot;
Wash-and-dry and spick-and-span,
And cold, and hot.

Thus should women pace their days
With small things, and good:
Here a broom, and there a broth,
And then the firewood.

Weep into the pillows,
Wish against the moon;
Waste an hour and watch a star
And spin a tune.

Thus does time go by me
That other women curse.
And who is there to say me
Better off, or worse?

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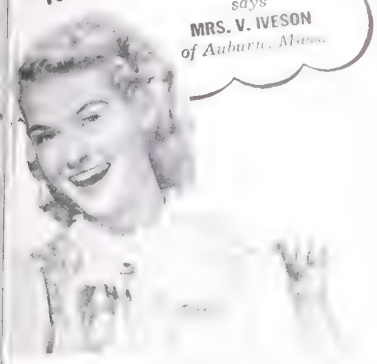

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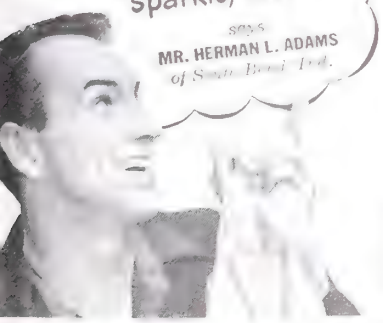

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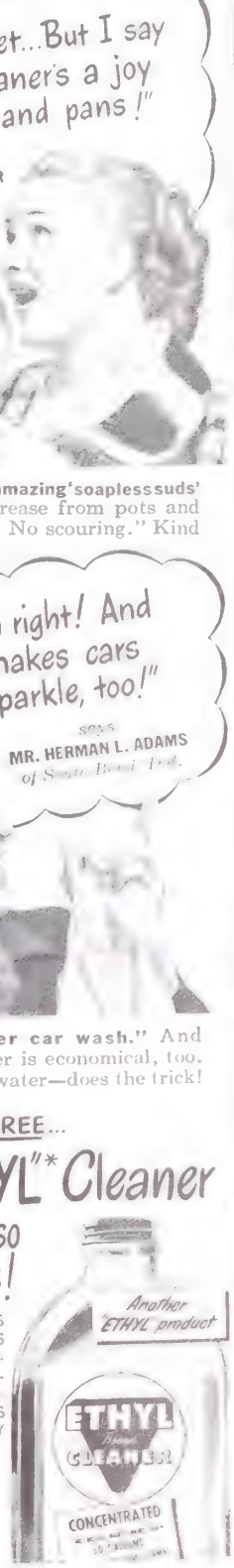

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"He went back into his den and got a glass fruit jar. He caught a lot of fireflies and put them in the jar. When they all flashed at once he could see pretty well, and so he arrived at the farm without bumping into any more trees.

"'Ah! Perfect!' he said to himself. 'Everybody in bed, including that little smarty-pants Jimmy. Will he be surprised when he comes out in the morning and finds his pet hen missing! I'll eat her right in the chicken yard and leave some of the feathers, so he'll *know* I ate her. Heh, heh, heh!'

"Waldo crept toward the chicken yard. He held the jar of fireflies under his topcoat and let out just enough light to show him where he had dug a hole under the fence. It was filled up but with very soft earth.

"'This is too easy,' he said to himself. He stripped off his topcoat, put the jar of fireflies on the ground and began to dig. His sharp toenails ripped up the soft earth and threw it back between his front legs, against his empty belly, reminding him that he was mighty hungry. He had his nose right in the earth, and all of a sudden it bumped into the concrete wall.

"'*Ouch!*' he yelped. 'I skinned my nose!'

"In the house Jimmy Tractorwheel rolled over in bed, but he did not quite wake up.

"Waldo brought his firefly flashlight over to see what he had bumped into. 'Aha,' he snarled. 'They put a rock in the hole. Thought they'd fool old Waldo that way. Heh, heh. I'll show 'em. I'll dig *around* the rock!'

"He began a new hole right next to the old one. The earth shot out and rattled against his belly. And then, again ——

"'*Ouch!*' he yelped. 'I skinned my nose!'

"This time Jimmy woke up. He sat up in bed. 'Did I hear something?' Jimmy said to himself. He listened. 'Guess not,' he said, and lay down again.

"Meanwhile Waldo was snarling to himself, 'I'll show 'em. I'll go around to the other side of the yard. I guess they wouldn't think of putting a rock over there.'

"He picked up his fireflies and his topcoat and slunk around to the opposite side of the yard and began to dig. Faster and faster flew the soft black earth. 'Won't be long now,' panted Waldo. And then ——

"'*Ouch!* I skinned my nose!'

"This time Jimmy Tractorwheel distinctly heard a sound. He went to his window and looked out. He could see nothing but an occasional glow of light as if from an unusually large firefly.

"'That's funny,' said Jimmy to himself. He decided to stay at the window for a while to watch and listen.

"And now, boys," said Michael's father, "I hate to interrupt the story, but here we are at the Triborough Bridge and I have to get a quarter out of my pocket to pay the toll with."

"Let me hand it to the policeman," said Michael.

"You did it last time," said Stefan. "Let me."

"O.K., Steffy, you do it."

So when the car stopped at the tollgate it was Stefan who handed the quarter to the policeman.

"We're almost at the end of the story and I'll try to finish it before we get home," said Michael's father as they drove down the East Side Drive.

"Make it that Waldo skins his nose again," said Michael.

"Oh, no," said his father. "Waldo has skinned his nose three times already."

"But it's so funny," said Stefan. The very thought of Waldo skinning his nose made the boys laugh so hard they almost fell out of the car.

"But this time," said Michael's father, "the wolf decided to try to dig sideways. So he found a fresh spot and began digging with his left front paw and his left rear paw, so in case he ran into another rock he would not skin his nose. He was digging fast when all of a sudden ——

"'*Ouch!*' he yelped. 'I skinned my side!'"

Michael's father had to stop for a few moments because the boys were laughing so hard. Then he continued: "This time

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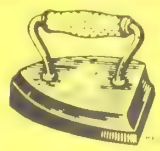

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Jimmy heard the wolf quite clearly. He ran into his father's room.

"'Papa, papa,' cried Jimmy. 'The wolf is trying to get in the chicken yard again!'

"'Oh, go back to bed,' said his father. 'You're dreaming.'

"Down in the yard, Waldo had given up digging sideways and was trying to dig backwards with his hind feet. Suddenly he let out the biggest yelp of all:

"'*Ouch!* I skinned my behind!'

"'You're right, Jimmy,' said Papa Tractorwheel, jumping out of bed. 'It is the wolf. We'll catch him.'

"They woke up all Jimmy's brothers. Jimmy's father took a shotgun, Jimmy took his baseball bat and the other boys took ropes and old tennis rackets. Quietly they crept out of the house.

"'We'll surround him,' whispered Jimmy's father.

"Half of them crept to one side of the chicken yard and the others to the other side. Waldo did not hear them, he was so furious. He kept digging, digging, digging. First frontwards, and he would yelp, 'Ouch, I skinned my nose!' Then sideways: 'Ouch, I skinned my side.' Then backwards: 'Ouch, I skinned my behind!'

"Suddenly Farmer Tractorwheel turned on a big flashlight. Waldo whirled toward the light, snarling viciously.

"'Stay where you are or I'll shoot,' said Farmer Tractorwheel.

"Then the ferocious wolf began to whine. 'Oh, please don't hurt me,' he begged. 'I didn't mean no harm. I only wanted to play with the pretty hen!'

"FARMER TRACTORWHEEL said, 'Jimmy, it was you that caused the wolf to be caught. You can decide what to do with him. Shall I shoot him?'

"'Just a minute, papa,' said Jimmy. 'May I ask him a few questions?'

"'Your witness,' said the farmer.

"'Wolf,' said Jimmy, 'what makes you so mean?'

"'I never had a chance to be nothing else,' said the wolf. 'I never been anything but a wolf all my life. I never had no opportunities. I ain't even been to school.'

"'Oh, shoot him,' said Tom Tractorwheel. 'I want to get back to bed.'

"'What do you say, Jimmy?' said Papa Tractorwheel. 'We can't stand here all night arguing.'

"'Well,' said Jimmy, 'I think we ought to lock the wolf up in a cage. Tomorrow I will come and talk to him some more. I will try to learn more about wolves. Then I will try to work out a plan for solving the wolf problem.'

"So the wolf was locked up. And every day Jimmy would come and ask him questions. Soon Waldo himself became interested in the wolf problem and he told Jimmy all sorts of things about the way a wolf is treated by his parents and what makes him so fierce. The more he talked about fierceness, the gentler he grew, until finally he was allowed out of the cage on a leash. Jimmy and Waldo became good friends, and wrote a book about wolves which was read by the farmers in that part of the country and helped them to understand why wolves behave as they do. As the farmers learned to understand wolves they grew less afraid of them. Some farmers made friends with wolves and even trained them to work as sheep dogs, wearing muzzles. And all this happened because Jimmy Tractorwheel was kind and grave and *very curious*.

"And that," said Michael's father, "is the end of the story."

"Start it all over again," said Michael.

"Yes!" said Stefan.

"You boys have been so very good today," said Michael's father, "that I will take you on another excursion next Sunday."

"And tell it again," said Stefan.

"Yea!" cried Mike.

And so it was that when Michael and Stefan got on the elevated train the following Sunday with Michael's father, the people directly behind them heard these words:

"Once upon a time there was a hen named Rainbow. . . ."

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a thirteen-card suit. Then I
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—Betty de Sherbinin.

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. **—Nancy Bruff.**

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—Louis Untermeyer.

Robert C. Benchley, in his more
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gamut of champagne, starting
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rial pint, quart, magnum, jero-
oboam, methuselah, salmanasar,
nd nebuchadnezzar.

—Howard Dietz.

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—Betty Bacon Blunt.

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t have to worry about money be-
le bring it to the banks and leave
hands. By some process of hy-
or cross-pollinization of your
d mine, bankers increase the sum
e money and have the excess left
lves. I'm not certain, but I think
wn to economists as unearned in-

I'd like to be president of a bank up in Rockefeller Center, where all the real tony banks in New York City are now converging. I would not care to be a banker in Wall Street. It's too commercial down there and the commuting is not only difficult but dangerous. Rockefeller Center is the real place. The atmosphere is civilized and enlightened. Everybody is polite and says "please" and "I thank you." Ladies take off their hats in the elevators when there are gentlemen passengers.

I'd like to have an office with a huge, leather-topped desk that once belonged to Disraeli or the Earl of Cork. I'd have a big Paul Revere silver bowl of popcorn on my desk, and I would make loans to my friends and to other deserving and needy people, without once mentioning such sordid words as "collateral" or "amortization."

—Crosby Gaige.

Till a few years ago I'd always wanted to write a book as good as Come Spring, and now I want to write a better one!

—Ben Ames Williams.

I've always wanted to be a nurse. Even today I have to sort of keep myself in check whenever a loved one is ill. My impulse is to run over to their homes, change linen, prepare broths, administer medicine and hover solicitously about. I have to check those impulses, however, the last time that happened, the nurse quit!

—Kate Smith.

Do you know why cats always wash themselves after a meal? A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. The vexed animal said, "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterward."

—CHARLES H. ROSS, The Book of Cats (Griffith & Gerrard)

It's a far cry from the Metropolitan Opera House—but I've always wanted to be a boxer.

—James Melton.

I would like to direct Bing Crosby in a picture. I would like to see that boy act my way—something he's never done yet. In fact, I'd like to see him act. What happens when Crosby is in a picture? It's always the same thing: if I'm in it, Bing steals the girl; if I'm not in it, Barry Fitzgerald steals the picture.

—Bob Hope.

What I have always wanted to do was to get a fourteen-day week or a forty-eight-hour day, or a sixty-day month so that I would be able to fit in all the things that I really want to do.

—Ruth Bryan Rohde.

If I had my way and could do something that would be both interesting and enjoyable, I would devote all my time to my farm. I would operate it on a self-sustaining basis, in the old-fashioned way—using the plow instead of the tractor, the horse instead of the automobile. In other words, I would like to emulate my grandfather—to achieve the kind of happiness he had.

—John Robert Powers.

I've always wanted to sing a blues song in a night club. **—Helen Jepson.**

From ten years old and up I've wanted to write a play. I still do.

—Wilfred Funk.

When I was very, very young I wanted to change myself into a pony. Grandmother used to take me shopping and stick my nose up against the post, where I'd wait patiently until she returned. Later I wanted to become a boy, because baseball was my favorite occupation. Now I'd like to make my thirteen-year-old son into an artist. He wants to become a magician, and it will probably take more than sleight of hand to change his ambition.

—Elizabeth Metzger Howard.

"From size 18 to size 12 —it happened to me!"

—says Mrs. Valerie Derrick of Columbia, South Carolina

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Valerie Derrick's Story in Figures

	Before	After	Change
Height	[illegible]	5'5½"	+ ½"
Weight	149 lbs.	116 lbs.	− 33 lbs.
Bust	36	34	− 2
Abdomen	36	29¾	− 6¼
Waist	33½	25½	− 8
Hips	42	36½	− 5½

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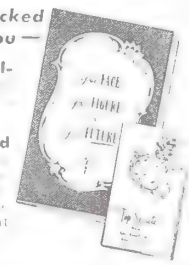
1 **Top Secrets from Ann Delafield** [illegible]

2 **Your Face, Your Figure and Your Future** [illegible]



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In May, it is enough to stand, drink in the apple-blossomed air, dream of promises of spring, being glad you can begin again.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

AY is a month for dreaming. The rich fulfillment of summer is not yet come, and the stern reality of winter is one with all time past. Winter, I think, he frosty visage of a Puritan, and has raffic with light-mindedness. And ner is like a Greek goddess, templed in and robed in moon-silver, but she es in her hand the dark secret seed of w, for she forecasts beauty that must

it May is enchantment without shadow. is the sweetness of love and the mys- of blossoming. And in May the faery come back to our New England hills the lands beyond the sunset. For like May too! My unicorn stamps his r hoofs on the massed wild violets in ight of the May moon, and the glossy t-shaped leaves bend as he passes. He s the dark-purple and the blue-and- e violets, and his polished silver horn the delicate rosy bells of the wild bush eysuckle as he moves up the hill. To on the fatal beauty of the unicorn is ie, according to the legends, but some look and live to tell of it, or how would know what the unicorn looks like?

Iay is like lyric poetry, and is the time read it, preferably aloud to someone love. Poetry ought to be read aloud way, because the sound of the words is sic. Like the music of Yeats:

sat grown quiet at the name of
saw the last ember of dark wine
d in the trembling blue-green of the sky
noon, worn as if it had been a shell
shed by time's waters as they rose and
ell
out the stars and broke in days and
ears.

It is good for us, I think, to keep as much in life as we can. We busy ourselves h so many things that are not of the rt and spirit. We worry about money, agonize over the terrible state of the rld, we fret at household duties or bus- ss minutiae, we work, we argue, we uander our strength in a million ways. And all the time the wonder of life is ound us, the ecstasy of breathing air ravished by apple blossom, of walking on fern-cool driftways, of listening to young leaves moving in the moonlight, and of seeing the twilight stars in the violet bowl of the sky. There is joy enough in one spring day to furnish forth the world, if we but knew it.

Even if life seems too difficult at times and grief gets too intimate with us and death raises his umbrella between us and the sun, there is still joy to be had in the immeasurable gifts of life, if we accept it. I do not mean to be a Pollyanna, for I always thought she was a tiresome person. But I think one should never lose awareness of all that is lovely.

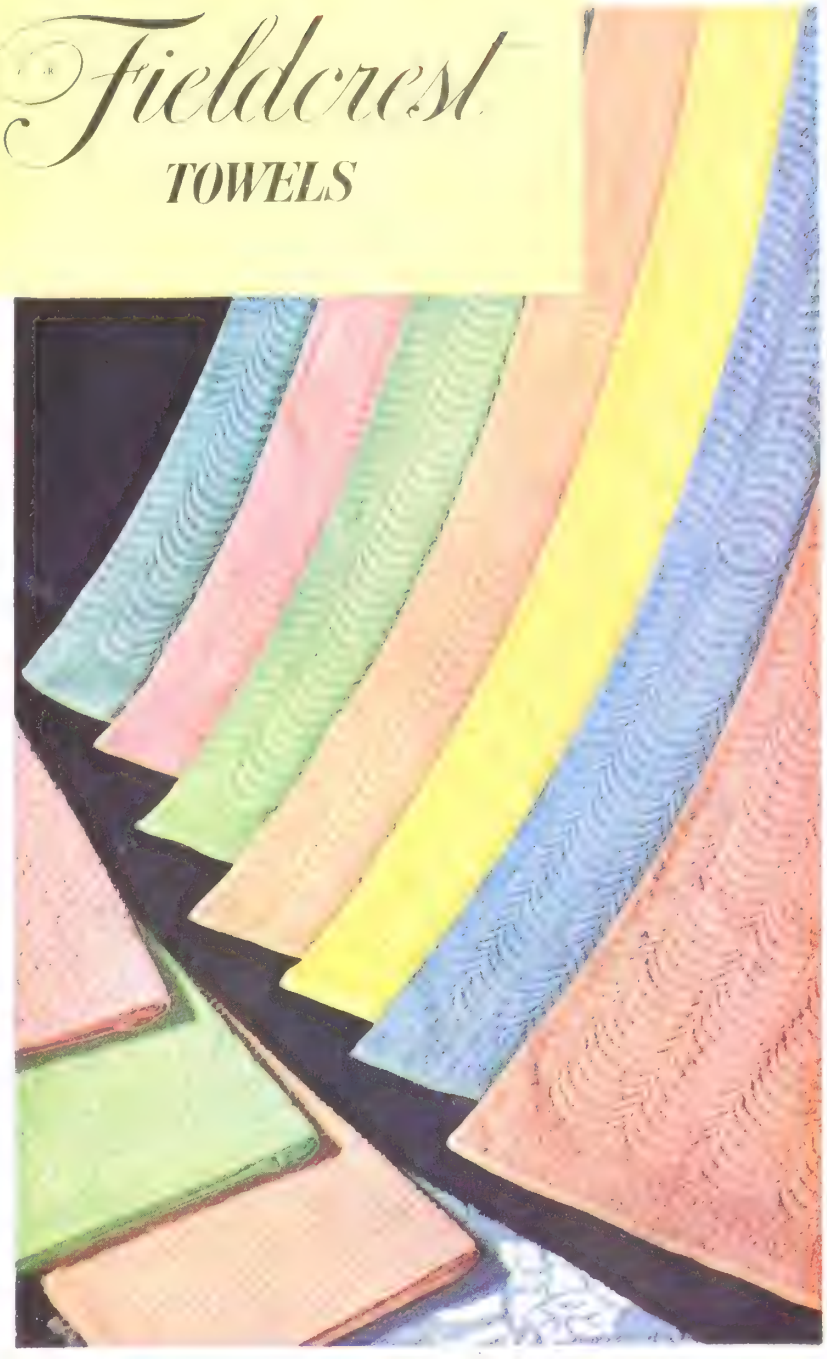
The problem of suffering we shall always have with us. When I read the figures of the casualties in our last war, or get a letter from a friend whose only son lies under a white cross in Switzerland, I know there are losses we cannot atone for. When my own mother died, there seemed to me to be no answer to anything. For a time the only universality was death.

And then I remember walking in the dusk along the quiet little street toward the house now so empty and meaningless. There was light enough from the sky to cast the lattice shadow of leaves on the walk. The sound of the river was steady and swift, and the air smelled of sulphur from the mills beyond it. As I looked up, a delicate petal of moon drifted into the tender blue, and all at once I thought, *How wonderful that the stars still shine!* And I

Now in May, the cockers are in ecstasy too. Cool nights and coin-gold days are just their dish. And the good smell of rabbit fills the thickets. They never, never catch a rabbit, but they have prodigious games at it. And as I watch them, I know their merry disposition is authentic, for their tails almost wag off. A cocker may have sad eyes, but never a sad rear half.

Stillmeadow Jeremy celebrated his sixth birthday (weekly) by lugging a whole walnut across the room. It was a large walnut with a crinkled shell and it looked

Fieldcrest
TOWELS



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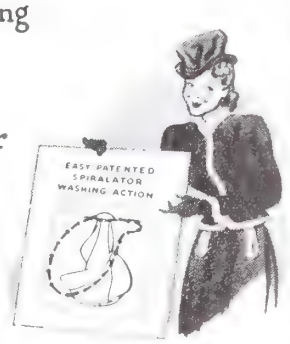
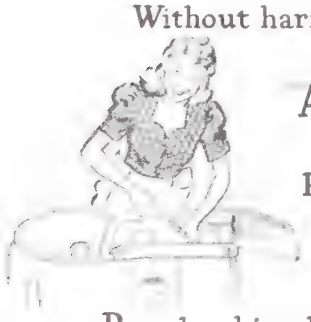
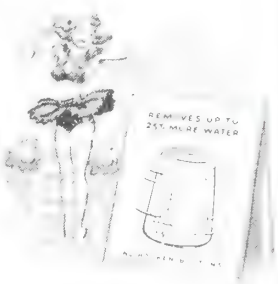
Speed with my washing
Is the thing I admire
It's done in an hour
With my Easy Spindrier



So gentle the action
In all parts of the tub
Clothes wash out completely
Without harmful rub



And when they are washed
They're so easy to shift
From one tub to the other
Not heavy to lift



But the thing I like best
There's no wringing to do
The clothes whirl around
Till your rinsing is through

With so much water removed
On account of the spin
The clothes dry much faster
Outdoors or in

Come see it in action
And after you try 'er
You'll be glad you waited
For an Easy Spindrier!

EASY WASHING MACHINE CORP.
SYRACUSE 1, N. Y.

EASY AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER-IRONER

WASHES MORE
CLOTHES FASTER

as big as he did. Staggering with effort, falling over and starting over, he made his triumphant way. Then he dropped it, withdrew and attacked fiercely. His growl is about as large as the sound of a small egg beater. He eats baby food, scraped beef, milk and egg, pablum, and has a droppertul of tomato juice and of cod-liver oil for tea.

Esmé and Tigger think very little of him, but if he lunges into their orbit they withdraw to a shelf and peer down. They seem to know he is a chewer and pouncer and lacks stability. Esmé shows her Siamese possessiveness by leaping on my lap and rubbing her head on my hand to indicate that the new little black thing is of no consequence.

Tigger, being a Yankee Manx, has a different idea. He is one of the most secure people we have ever known. Jealousy is not for him, nor doubt of our feelings about him. He does not yearn over us; he takes whatever loving he needs and then goes about his own affairs. He is never rushing up to say, "Do you still love me?" the way Esmé and the cockers do. He is a comfortable cat. We all admire his rugged individualism and so does Esmé.

I don't spend much time in May in the kitchen. Too much magic outdoors.

Last night we had hot deviled eggs in cheese sauce, asparagus on toast strips and Oberlin coconut loaf for dessert. This is one of our favorites and is easy to do. I soften 2 envelopes plain gelatin in 1 cup cold milk. Add ¾ cup sugar. Stir the whole over hot water until the gelatin is well dissolved.

In China, the first question a person asks the other on an official call is, "What is your glorious age?" If he replies apologetically that he is 23 or 28, the other generally comforts him by saying that he still has a glorious future, and that one day he may become old. Enthusiasm grows in proportion as the gentleman is able to report a higher and higher age, and if he is anywhere over 50, the inquirer drops his voice in humility and respect. People actually look forward to the celebration of their 51st birthday.

—LIN YUTANG The Importance of Living. (John Day Company, Inc.)

Cool until it begins to thicken. Then add 2 cups shredded coconut, 1 pint stiffly whipped cream and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Place in a wet mold and chill. Serve it with more whipped cream, garnished with maraschino cherries. Chopped fruits or nuts, or both, may be added to the extra whipping cream, too, for a variation.

We are always hungry in May. Jill works so hard in the garden that she comes in starving. If the children get home for a week end, they go straight to the kitchen to see what's available. Fortunately for us, Dorothy's new husband, Val, is definitely kitchen-minded. Happy the family that can achieve in-laws that seem indigenous to the household. We sometimes forget he hasn't always been here. He is gifted with a wonderful gaiety of spirit, an endless curiosity about how things are made, and a fine sensitivity to other people's feelings. And I think these traits should go at the top of the list on all those "What kind of man should I marry?" charts. Dorothy thinks so too.

This year we are going to double the amount of frozen food in the freezer. For last winter we had just as much company as we have in the summer, and Jill said all she did was climb the cellar stairs with both arms full of cartons.

And when four people turned up for a week end when the roads were bad, how easy it was simply to serve a dinner with no fuss. We had stuffed boned veal roast, creole squash, Frenched beans, ice cream and brownies, all from the freezer. And oyster stew for supper, with toasted English muffins and icebox dessert. The freezer again.

We try to keep a cooked roast put down, beef or lamb or a ham, which can be served as soon as defrosted. The fan speeds this up.

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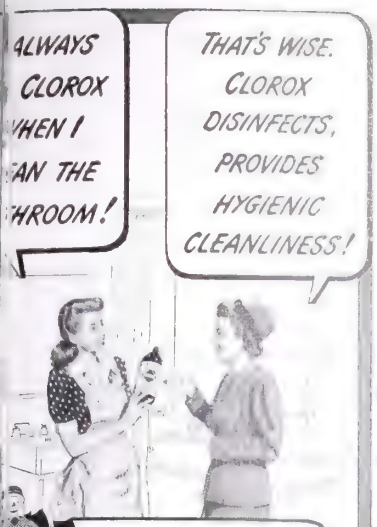
ALWAYS CLOROX WHEN I CAN THE THROOM!
THAT'S WISE. CLOROX DISINFECTS, PROVIDES HYGIENIC CLEANLINESS!
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$1.50 EACH POSTPAID

PET PRODUCTS CO., 36 E. 20th St., N. Y., N. Y.

Name.....

City..... State

The home freezer is, to my mind, the greatest help a housekeeper can have. There is no such thing as its being hard to feed any number of people at any time if you have a freezer. All you do is choose your menu and lug it up.

Jill says we shall do tons and tons of chard, spinach and beet greens. I am nothing more than a rabbit, she says, for all winter I want greens intensely, all the time. I could even eat them for breakfast. And a spoonful of sour cream stirred in chopped spinach is a fine thing indeed!

We are too busy to make hollandaise now, so we use mayonnaise on the bowl of tender young beet greens. Although it is painting the lily to use anything but butter and salt.

Sunday my friend Maurice came over with a cranberry-glass pitcher for my collection. He saw it in a window in a junk shop, and popped in and secured it. It has little flowers painted on its rosy curve and the top is fluted delightfully.

With milk glass, a few pieces of cranberry glass are a perfect complement, and what nicer thing for a friend to do than to think of this while dashing down a busy street in the course of a day's work?

On thinking it over while scraping carrots for salad, I decided collections are valuable two ways: for the beauty intrinsic in the things themselves, and for the memory that is in them. Anyone who does not know the warm feeling of remembering the day a certain piece of glass or ironstone was secured has a real emptiness in his life. In my Wedgwood covered toddy cups lies a full glowing autumn day, a sky like a blowing sail, mountains like a symphony. And the ceaseless conversation of me and Bebe in the back seat of the car and the thoughtful murmur of Jill and my Cousin Rob up front. And the laughter of young Bobby.

This is all in the toddy cups, as well as the lovely old house where we found them and the extra delight of meeting some nice people around Elizabeth Curns' open fire. Even Bobby's trumpet is in there, playing Sweet Sue, and the tureen of homemade clam chowder that we had when we got home.

I like to go into the yard after supper, and sit a few moments and feel the moonlight slip into my soul. There is the house, steadfast against time, lighted and comfortable and well filled with cockers and cats. There is Jill's garden, growing like mad to the left of me, and there across the road comes George from milking, and I think what a fine thing it is to know George, with his strength and patience and thoughtfulness and his sunny smile.

And beyond my horizon, over the darkening hill where the old orchard dreams, are all those other places like Samarkand and Cathay and Alexandria and Tibet. The "old unquiet ocean" is rolling around the world and strange winds blow in the ship's rigging.

And here am I, and the May moon is weaving a silver web across the grass and the stars are young. And Honey is stepping softly to lay a velvet nose in my hand; Honey always follows my moods, so she is thinking too. Up the shadowy slopes moves my unicorn, making no sound with his silver hoofs, but the violet leaves are whispering.

For May is a month to dream. THE END

WITH THE CHILDREN

"So, I took the twenty-five cents for climbing in her window for her to teach her a remembrance lesson to always take her key. Children can teach grownups too."

"And now I know what you mean about thinking first. When I saw the scissors I only thought of cutting my hair. For a long time I'll have to look at silly hair. I feel badly because my hair is more 'portant to me than anyone. It isn't all my fault, though; you should of seen how big those scissors looked at me." —KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON.

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One spraying actually mothproofs the cloth itself for a WHOLE YEAR

If you want to be *absolutely* sure that moths will *never* eat your precious woolen coats, suits, dresses and rugs—you must actually MOTHPROOF the wool itself with LARVEX—the sensational magic spray which gives POSITIVE PROTECTION against moth damage—the safe, modern, proved way to mothproof which big woolen mills rely on.

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It's Inexpensive! It costs no more to LARVEX a suit than it does to get it dry cleaned. And LARVEX gives POSITIVE PROTECTION against moth damage. You can buy LARVEX for only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.

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The illustration shows, at the left, moth worms eating cloth untreated with LARVEX. At the right, it shows cloth treated with LARVEX. Notice how moth worms absolutely *refuse* to eat anything treated with LARVEX.

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The Largest Selling Mothproofer

IN THIS STREAMLINED KITCHEN THERE IS A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, INCLUDING A VERY SPECIAL PLAN FOR A YOUNG DAU

Mother-Daughter Kitchen

BY GLADYS TABER

WHEN I was very young, in the days before we settled down and built a house, we lived out of packing boxes. Father was a mining engineer in those days and it seemed that most of the time we were packing up to move or unpacking after moving. There was always the drastic giving away of toys that could not be stuffed in anywhere.

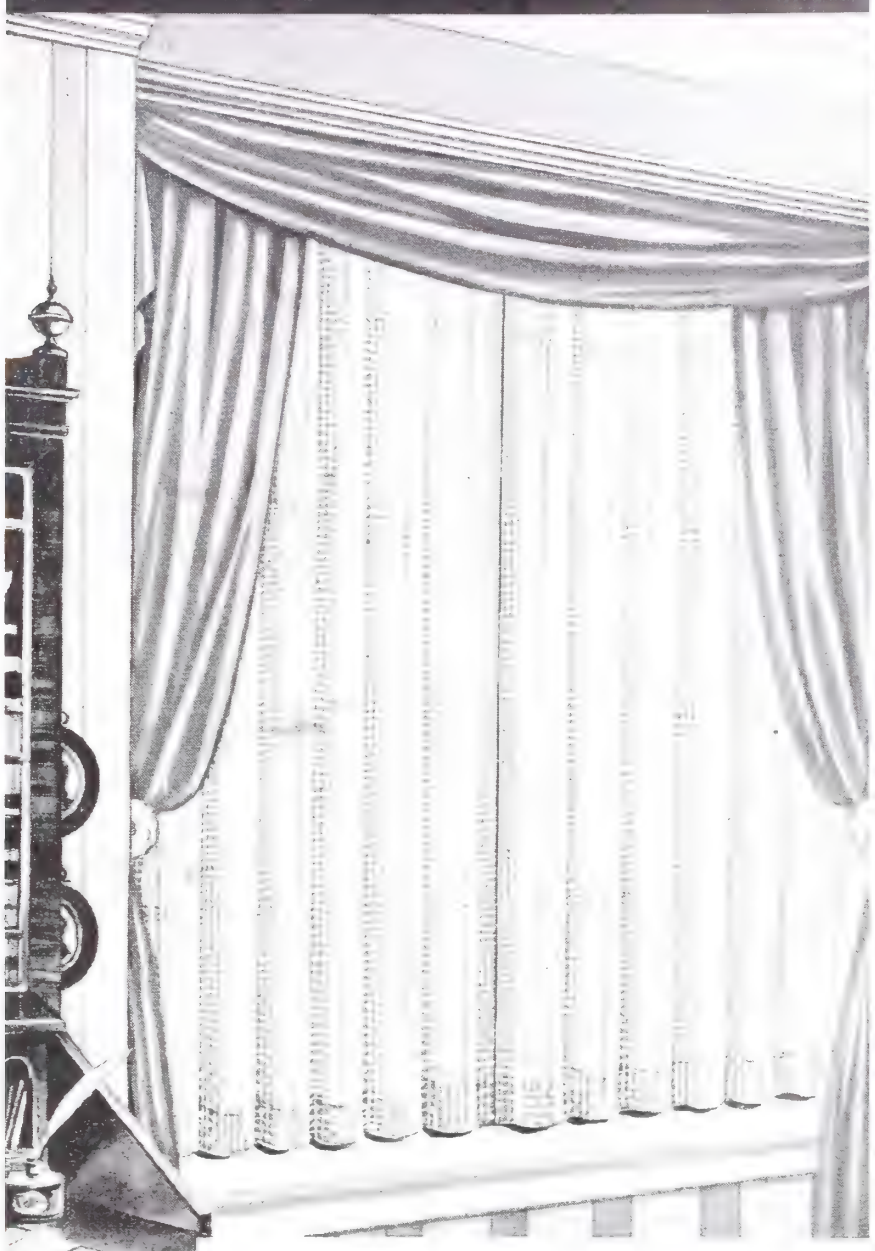
So I knew which toys were important. And the three that I clung to, from Mexico to California to Massachusetts to Illinois, were Jimmy the bear, Floradora the doll, and a little stove. The stove was a Christmas present from relatives in the enchanted region called "back East." It was a small cast-iron range, and had two pans to go with it. Jimmy and I learned to cook on it while Floradora practiced her music lesson.

When I walked into the kitchen-of-the-month, I felt a sudden ache in my heart. Jimmy and Floradora and I would have been in ecstasy over the miniature kitchen just for us! Not only a stove, but a sink and cabinets and an icebox! Dishes and silver and tiny, tiny cans of soup and chocolate, bouquets on the window sill—all exactly like the big kitchen and tucked cozily in near mamma's sit-down counter.

The play kitchen is a perfect copy of mother's. Use the space later for eating, sewing, ironing.

Craftspun Curtains

...ready to hang, without cutting or sewing!



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These wonderfully sheer, lace net curtains are unbelievably sturdy, too. Only fine 2- and 3-ply cotton yarns go into Craftspun Curtains. And thanks to Craftspun's famous tied-in-place weave, every thread stays in place through washing after washing! The weave won't shift or slip. You'll hardly believe the modest price tags for so much beauty and so much wear!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SCRANTON

CRAFTSPUN *Curtains*

THE NET OF THEM ALL

When I stepped around the corner into the big kitchen, I felt as if I were leaving childhood behind all over again. I grew up faster than Alice in Wonderland. I thought, "What a happy, happy place for a young mother!" For in this kitchen she has everything—and her daughter too! A planned place for little Jane to play, safe and out from underfoot, and a place that she will love to be in. By the time little Jane is old enough to use the real range safely and learn to make simple dishes that are not imaginary, the play kitchen will have sown the seed for an interest in cooking which will be invaluable in later years when she has her own hungry family to feed. Since we believe so much nowadays in play as education, this kitchen should be a start toward better cooking and better organized kitchens for tomorrow's young mothers.

I sometimes wonder whether some of my friends who have to cook and hate to, and say it is such hard work, such drudgery, have that feeling because they never were allowed in the kitchen when they were little. The kitchen was a place to stay out of. And maybe the reason I love to cook is that I was forever hanging around the kitchen worktable licking spoons and tasting and scraping frosting bowls.

The ideal kitchen, this, it seems to me, for there is room enough for any family activity. When the babies are small a child's play pen would fit in here nicely. When the play kitchen is outgrown, the same space (which in this instance is 4′ x 6′) can be used for a family breakfast table, with the counter becoming the planning desk. Or it could be a sewing center, or a place for the children to do their homework. Or a special corner for ironing.

The small kitchen is easy to do. Much of the equipment is available in stores which carry toys. Cabinets, although not a perfect match, may be bought or can be made by daddy, or a brother in manual-training class.

The main kitchen has everything to make a young mother's work easy. The cabinets are built to order; a much simpler job than it used to be, for at last a manufacturer has developed a complete line of accessories. Towel racks, cake and bread drawers, bins, cup racks, flour sifters are now available and can easily be installed behind the cabinet doors with minimum effort and maximum efficiency. I particularly like cup racks, which fasten to the underside of the shelf and hold cups safely and conveniently. Then the sliding pan rack is a wonder, for it means you do not nest all those pots and pans, but hang them on the rack, and it takes up less space too!

The lighting in any kitchen is one of the most important single features, and in this kitchen there is a good central shadowless light, additional light for the electric range, and soffit lighting over the sink between the cabinets. There is a light, too, in the miniature kitchen, and that is the only wiring necessary for this section, as the other units are nonoperative for perfect safety.

THERE are extra drawers in the snack counter for silverware and place mats, and there is room at the end of the counter for the toys little Jane is not using. One important feature, too, is the placing of the counter so the play kitchen is shut off from the main work area. This means that the danger of burns from spilled things or spatters of grease is entirely eliminated. "Get out of the kitchen, you'll get burned," is a kind of nagging that little Jane need never know.

The plan for working is my very favorite one. Somehow it seems to me the natural way to work, with a sort of modified U for the plan. The sink is between the range and the refrigerator, with work surfaces flanking it, where I find it most convenien snack counter is handy for setting fo hot green-apple pies out of the way a ready to serve. Salads can be mixed coolest corner, away from the stove, the kettle boils.

This is a gay kitchen, just to fit young mother and a gay little girl. fit daddy and the boys too. Althoug the height of efficiency, I felt there was thing old-fashioned and homey ab a feeling that always delights my hear ruffled curtains, the lovely blue-c wallpaper and the cherry-colored back chairs give this effect. I partic like the border of wallpaper abo white cabinets, for I think too much makes a kitchen look too hospital-li impersonal. And a kitchen must be pe

THE curtains were made of a plasti material which can be cleaned with a cloth. Nothing is more discouragin limp curtains, and how fast they ge in any kitchen! The diffusion of su through them gives an enchanted so glow, which is calculated to make potato peeling pleasant.

The electric range in this kitchen cient and trim-looking and has sim automatic control for cooking and a f I liked, which my own stove lacks, w that the surface units are widely spa permit the use of large utensils w crowding—a blessing when all the uncl the cousins an aunts come fo day dinner.

The refrige has a built-in f locker which ho to 70 pounds of food. This con ment maintains perature low e that it can be to freeze small tities of food as store them. I have your own freezer, as I ha is good to be a bring up an a and cache it in the refrigerator; and haven't, then there is the place for a frozen peas and peaches you buy a store. It saves extra trips.

Also, this refrigerator never needs d ing. I am the world's most ardent def and I can hardly imagine what that wo like! But I'd be pleased to try it.

I have a friend who once said ing kept cold in her icebox at all couldn't freeze even ice cubes. It t out that she hadn't defrosted f year and a half. But then she writes teries and maybe she was too busy ing for clues to notice the clue i own house, which was inches and i of ice on the freezing unit in her refrige My freezer man says ½ inch of frost is to 2 inches of asbestos insulation! refrigerator in which frost never for worth its weight in gold.

I hope we aren't getting too mechan When Jimmy and I were growing up, had to carry the 150-pound hunk of ice in from the porch every day. The ic took it only that far. We emptied the pan every day. What would mamma of a refrigerator that made its own ic never had to be defrosted?

The river of time always flows in one tion, and nothing can change that. But I should love to row back upstream fo an hour! That would be the hour that Ji and mamma and I and Floradora spend in this kitchen. Jimmy could chocolate cake and I would have p pudding and Floradora could sit in cherry chair and be served miniature cookies. And mamma would be making birthday cake, angel food lighter than feather and frosted deep and soft with mountain icing, and there would be candles on it. For it would be my birt and I would be three years old, goin four!

THE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Coincidence

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Coincidence that we should meet,
That once you dropped a glove—
Coincidence that I was there. . . .
But fate that we should love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Put another hat on the table!"

We haven't been married long — but we've had time to make up our little family phrases and our own lonesome traditions. Our *first* tradition of course was our Sterling.

There's that hat business. . . . One day Ted got a bonus and insisted on splitting with me. "Go buy yourself a crazy hat, Joan. Like the one you wore the day we met."

I thought that was pretty sweet. Then I started thinking about it. Ted was buying a lawnmower with his half. So I compromised on something beautiful and useful that Ted could enjoy too.

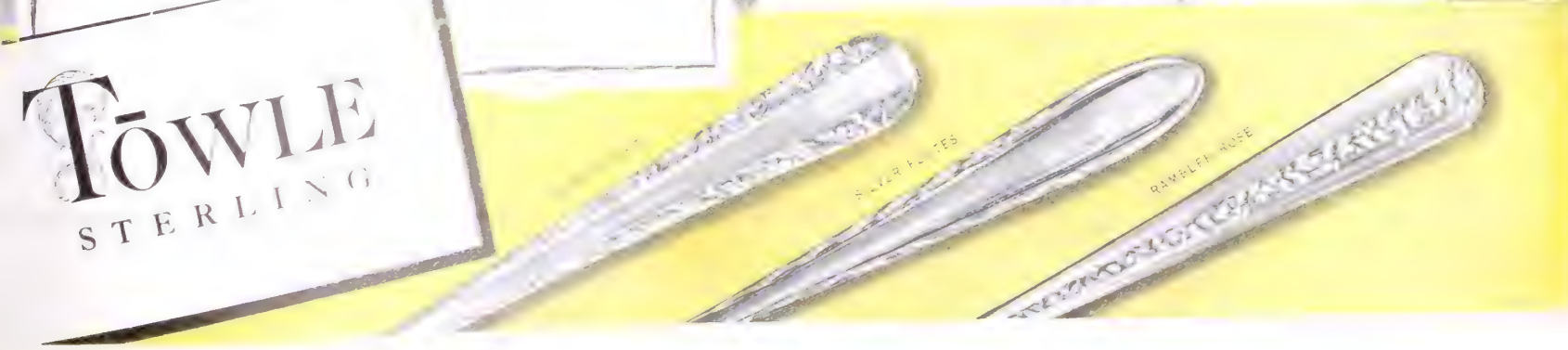
A lot to ask — but it was easy for me. A place setting in my own Towle pattern was the answer — and, when Ted brings home an unexpected guest, he always uses our silly phrase — telling me to put another "hat" on the table. Besides, he says it's just as becoming as the hat I didn't get!

• • •

Many a girl's *first* purchase is her Towle Sterling. And many a wife adds constantly to her precious set, as her needs and her entertaining increase. Towle Sterling, although it is *solid* silver, is your finest investment — and is not expensive. A six-piece place setting costs as little as $22.50 — including Federal Tax.

See the selection of exquisite Towle patterns — Craftsman, Chippendale, Royal Windsor and many others — at your jeweler's; and, for new table-setting and Sterling ideas, write to Towle Silversmiths, Dept. L-7, Newburyport, Mass., and ask for the 16-page book, *For Gracious Living*.

TOWLE
STERLING



Dishwashing's a cinch at this Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sink with its deep bowls, handy rinse spray and vast storage areas. Big acid-resisting porcelain enamel top gives elbow room galore. If you wish, get a Kitchenaider first, add cabinets later. Model shown, about $4.45 a month.

KITCHEN arranging made simple. Send coupon below with 25c (sorry, no stamps) for exciting 20-page booklet. You'll also get 51 cut-outs of Youngstown units, so you can make miniature arrangements in advance.

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Mfg. Corp.
Dept. L-547, Warren, Ohio

Send me your book on Youngstown Kitchens and the 51 cut-outs. I enclose 25c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐ I plan to build ☐
☐ I live in town ☐ I live on farm

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Your stunning new Youngstown Kitchen will set the neighborhood agog. Handsome easy-to-reach base and wall cabinets hold supplies at every turn. Avenues of work surfaces and beautiful Kitchenaider cabinet sink share the work load more to

night. Best yet, these sleek Youngstown step-savers are purse savers too. Kitchen above, for example, costs as little as $12.00 a month on most budget plans . . . installed, complete! Other arrangements below are priced proportionately.

Dream kitchens at "come true" prices

Oh lady, lady . . . take a look!

The brightest, most beautiful kitchens you ever imagined . . . all in sturdy white-enameled steel . . . at prices that will let you make your fondest dreams for a new kitchen come true.

And these are only a *few* of the gorgeous wife-saving kitchens you can design with modern Youngstown units. Your Youngstown Kitc Dealer can show you plans galore, or even you select a special arrangement of your own. D delay. See your Youngstown Kitchens Dealer to.

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Design Engineering Service

Youngstown Kitchens
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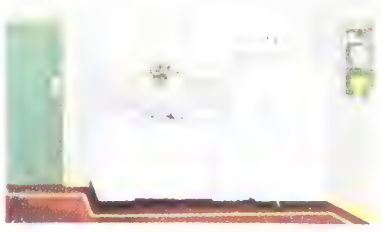

No meal time frenzy here. Sleek work surfaces and porcelain enamel sink top [illegible] kitchen "clock." Handy cabinets end cluttering. Your work flows. Sound insulated drawers and doors are *quie*

Any kitchen shown here can be installed in new house or old without fuss or costly alterations. Husky, snow-white steel units go beautifully with any range or refrigerator . . . are easily cleaned with damp cloth.

And wait till you learn how little Youngstown arrangement costs . . . to your kitchen area and installed. plete. Truly a dream come true! Hur your Youngstown Kitchen Dealer's

PEACE, IT'S A PROBLEM:

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with Less Care!

No Wonder Millions of Housewives are Switching to Self-Polishing SIMONIZ

Almost child's play! Any youngster can do a mother-sized "sprucing up" of lovely kitchen floors with Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. It's so easy! Just flow on with a mop applicator (yes, you can use a cloth) . . . no rubbing or buffing . . . and shines as it dries crystal-clear. You see the natural brilliance of colorful linoleums and fine finishes. And later, when the sparkle needs freshening up, a damp cloth wipes away dust, dirt, soiled spots and spilled things. Much later, that is. For Self-Polishing SIMONIZ gives your floors the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. Head your shopping list with Self-Polishing SIMONIZ for floors . . . today!

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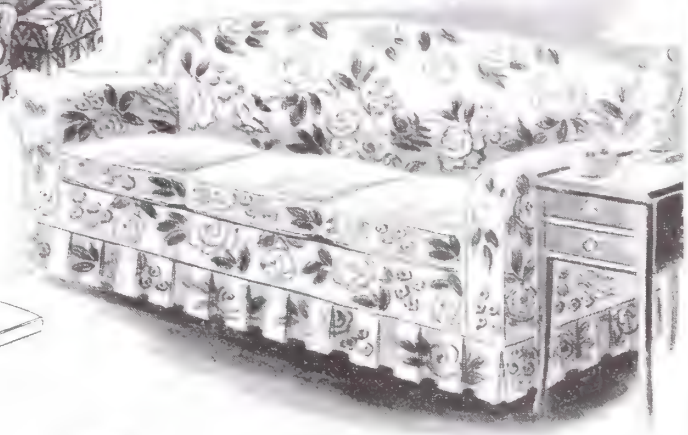
Interesting new folder on slip covers and name of your nearest Roley Poley dealer sent on request.

Beautifully finished all around



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Time Tested Since 1876

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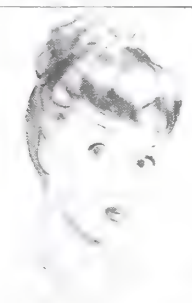

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doctor, it was decided to move Lyn to Children's Hospital for observation, and mother and baby were rushed off in an emergency police-patrol car.

The child was placed immediately in the isolation ward and fed an alternate diet of the milk formula and plain rice water, and was allowed no visitors. In the meantime, Bill and Eleanor put up their first Christmas tree, arranging Lyn's presents under the tree; but on Christmas Day Lyn was still in the isolation ward. After three and a half weeks of special dietary diagnosis, she was allowed to return home. From then on she was on a special diet with a no-milk formula. Back home once more, the baby suffered a stiff fourteen-day siege of colic. During the first six weeks of her life, the baby spent ten days in Misericordia Hospital with her mother, three and a half weeks in the Children's Hospital, and was visited three times at home by the doctor.

But suddenly Lyn turned into a model baby. By the time she was three and a half months old, she weighed over ten pounds. Her first fuzz of curly baby hair wore away and fine, straight brown hair grew in its place. Her eyes turned from baby blue to the gray-green of her father's, and her legs and arms were round and plump. When the baby was just two months old, her parents had taken $38 from their savings to buy her a handsome black-leather English cab, only to discover that their landlady wouldn't allow them to keep it in the yard, on the porch or in the cellar. The stairs to the second floor were too steep, so the buggy stayed two blocks away at "mother's," with Eleanor carrying the baby over and back in her arms. Since there were no laundry facilities in the apartment house either, most of Lyn's personal baby wash was done in the hand basin in the bathroom. Eleanor, with an almost fierce cleanliness, washed underthings every day, sweaters and blankets twice a week. And on Mondays she took the baby and the family wash over to her mother's, making it a social day, with her mother caring for the baby while she washed and ironed all day and came back with a clean week's laundry at night.

The Conrads rarely went out in the evening, because the budget was tight and because Eleanor didn't like to leave the baby with anyone. Sometimes Eleanor's younger brother, an ex-G. I. college student, stopped in for a late cup of coffee with some of his friends and an intellectual half hour of James Joyce and Proust in the kitchen. Once every two weeks, Eleanor went out to sorority meeting, a girls' club made up of young married women like herself, who liked to talk about husbands, children and shopping. When it was Eleanor's turn to have the girls at her apartment, Bill made a punch of grape juice and ginger ale and turned the evening into a real party.

He was still not working, but he had big plans. Before the marines he had learned no trade, but he was thinking either of going back to school to get his high-school degree or of studying air conditioning, and in the meantime he was drawing $20 a week unemployment compensation. With an old typewriter, left from high-school days and a special ad in the phone book, Eleanor did work during the morning and late afternoon as a public stenographer, typing manuscripts and business letters dictated by phone, and often making as much as $20 a week. They were buying furniture on a lay-away plan at $50 a month—a new desk for the living room, a coffee table, end tables and lamps. And after much discussion, they decided to hazard a $1000 college-insurance policy for Lyn, payable at $20.96 every six months till the child was twenty.

Life had almost begun to fall into a pleasant and routine pattern. But when Lyn was just three months old, the Conrads were stunned to discover they were going to have a second baby. Neither parent believed in planned families—Eleanor because of her religion and Bill because he loves children and wants them naturally, as they come. But the unexpectedness of this new responsibility was almost overpowering. The apart-

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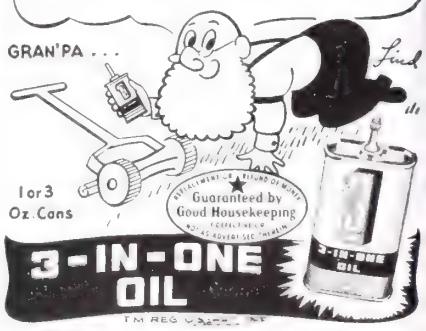

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ment was small, income was limited and irregular, Bill was still on the hospital sick list and the cost of living was almost prohibitive. There were already debts and unpaid bills. The child was wanted because it was on the way, and neither Conrad is the type to complain; but to both life became very grave.

During the first months of pregnancy, Eleanor was intermittently very ill, partly from the normal results of pregnancy and partly from worry. Bill was sobered and more silent. Both were still working hard for Lyn, but they were together too much, with too much on their minds. There seemed to be nothing to talk about together but money and worry. A home was growing up around the two Conrads, but there was too much illness, too much responsibility. Bill began to go out alone on an occasional evening. This tense living was a far cry from the daydreaming when Eleanor was wearing a bright green dress and Bill, strong and sure of himself, could make plans for "the most beautiful girl he ever saw." Both young people knew that things couldn't go on this way.

It was Bill who made the first major change. In May, after about four months out of work, and with bills piled up in the account book, he got a job as a filing clerk with the Veterans Administration. Those first days at work weren't easy. The weather was warm, the leg wound was still painful, and his months in the tropics had made Bill allergic to heat and muggy atmosphere. And the crowded streetcars in the big city are not easy travel for a man with a new leg. But Bill was making $37.50 a week, and that same month the first of his monthly disability-compensation payments of $104 came through. Bill Conrad was again taking care of his family himself, the thing that was all-important to him. He is almost jealously in love with his wife and needs her approval for everything before he is happy.

The summer was filled with hard work. Eleanor gave up typing so she could get more rest and because Lyn had become a full-time job. Eleanor kept an almost fanatic vigilance over her that first year, and never once did she have a bad fall, a burn or a bruise.

And then, in the middle of September, life changed for Lyn. From her own corner of the apartment bedroom, she was moved into a new room in a new house. Back in June, shortly after Bill began work at his new job, the Conrads went house hunting. The family

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and there's no catch: we're talking about two couples who've doubled up to cope with low finance and higher education under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

The story of the Charles and George Stones, of Springtown, Pennsylvania, is straight from today's campus—where a new (but not "lost") generation tries to face the challenge of adult life and still catch up on the fun it missed in war.

So here's an introduction to four on a farm: two brothers, George and Charles, T-squaring their way through engineering degrees; George's wife, Jane, part-time secretary; and Nan, full-time baby tender, sometime prom-trotter with husband Charles at Lehigh University. It's a full-time schedule with everybody pitching on housework and homework. But the Stones are young, they're happy, and they know the trick of

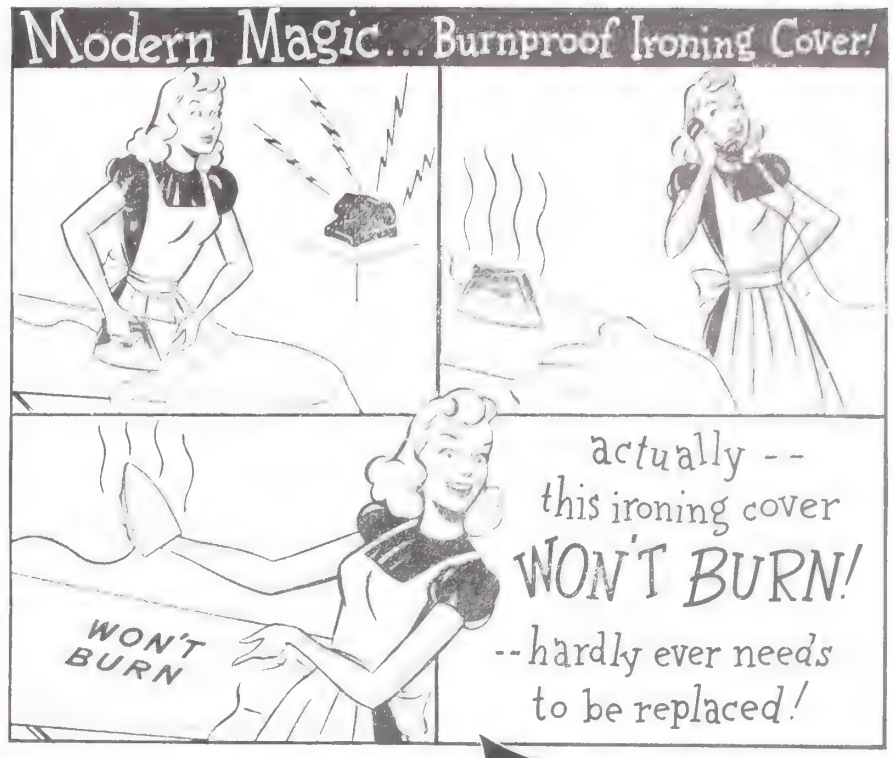
PARKING DOUBLE

By Hildegarde Dolson

HOW AMERICA LIVES

★ In the June Journal ★

Modern Magic... Burnproof Ironing Cover!



What a blessing! . . . knowing your hot iron can't harm Tex-Knit BURNPROOF Cover. And what a saving, not having to buy covers constantly! Made of *Lastex*, war miracle fabric developed for fire-fighters' suits by U. S. Rubber Co., Tex-Knit outwears, outlasts any ordinary cover. Gives you quicker, slicker ironing; washable, too. If your dealer cannot supply you, write today.

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The trick starts here:
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Now rinse — see the shine! S.O.S. cleans, scours and polishes in one simple operation. Quickly, easily, and positively! No other cleanser just like it.

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It never fails!
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S.O.S magic cleanser of pots and pans

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

was growing, the bank account was gone and everyday living was high, but before Lyn's first birthday they knew they would need room for one more child. A house was located, a six-room row house in West Philadelphia, but a family still lived in it. Bill and Eleanor got a G. I. loan to make the $250 down payment on the $6000 total purchase price, and arranged a mortgage to be paid off at $48.50 a month. On September fifteenth, the Conrads moved into the house. In twenty years, that home will be their own.

But on the first day, it was discovered that $620 was needed at once to make the house livable. The water pipes throughout the house were badly corroded; there was no water at all upstairs, and downstairs only a thin stream of hot water. That meant $20 for a permit from the city of Philadelphia to dig up the street in front of the house to lay new pipes, and $600 immediate outlay for new copper piping and an automatic hot-water heater to put hot water through the house. The sum was staggering, but the work had to be done. Then Bill and Eleanor got to work on the house themselves.

By six-thirty each evening Lyn was tucked in bed and Bill was in his old marine fatigue uniform, hard at work. Every room in the house needed almost complete repair. The new baby was due in just six weeks, and there was hardly time or money to do the bigger jobs. Materials were expensive, all labor had to be done in the evening, so the work had to be completed little by little, and Bill kept himself busy with the repairs that cost the least money till the second baby should arrive.

Both Conrads were still working too hard, but now they were working together. The tension of the past few months was lessened. Eleanor, who seemed to get even prettier and oddly fragile during pregnancy, tried to keep a feminine boy-girl attitude toward her husband. Actually a paragon of competence, she managed to look always as if she were leisurely doing nothing at all. Bill called home twice a day, to talk to Eleanor and the baby and to check on the World Series baseball scores. Lyn now weighed over twenty-one pounds and had to be carried up and down the stairs for her naps and bath every day, and the weekly wash still had to be done at "mother's." Eleanor, on a $10-a-week food budget, managed to go shopping for staples only every two weeks, put meats in the freezer of the icebox and bought fresh vegetables from hucksters who peddle through Philadelphia. Except for a suit at Eastertime, she had bought no new clothes since the day Lyn was born; but in skirts and white blouses, ironed till they shone, she looked appealingly lovely. She has the kind of bright coloring and unexpected beauty that make her loveliest at odd moments, when she is flushed from rushing with the supper or standing by the kitchen stove in her blue quilted house coat, heating Lyn's evening bottle. Babies and bills were still major problems, but the two Conrads seemed suddenly to have "grown up" together.

Near the beginning of November, when the fall weather was still bright, the Conrads got their first car, issued free by the Government to all amputee veterans who can pass a rigid driving test. But to the Conrads it was more than just a new car. It meant that Bill could get to and from work in comfort. It meant entertainment for the whole family: long drives on Sunday afternoon, quick trips to the country and, next summer, a trip to Chicago, where Bill's family can new family for the first time.

The birth of the new baby was Thanksgiving Day, and Lyn's first would fall on December fifth, just later. The Conrads were undecide what to do with Lyn while her mo in the hospital. Bill had already several days from his job to take L doctor's for diphtheria and chicken-p and to take Eleanor to her doctor natal attention when it became di manage both Lyn and herself on s The Red Cross and a nursing home f children were called, but, since nei nor Eleanor could make personal ap the days just slid by without result on the morning after Thanksgiving tiptoed down to warm Lyn's bo clock in the kitchen said six-thir waked with of his wife back upsta cups of co anced in he "I think today, Bill," said.

They deci tell anyone, coffee in bed and at eigh Eleanor cal and left fo cordia Hos two-thirty i ernoon, Will rad, Jr., normally an ing to his mo most easily. and new b scheduled t the hospita days. Each on his way Bill delivere her granc picked her u fed her, mad mula for the did her was visited his wife for an hour whil stayed with the baby. At the hos liam, Jr., was in perfect health a nor recuperated rapidly, had a family visitors and girl friends. noon, just as little Bill was carried mother for a visit, her youngest stopped in with a special gift, a titled Are You a Good Marriage P

December fifth was a Thursda placidly ate her supper of strained v and milk, looked in amazement at birthday cake her father set on th her high chair and then, with sm fidence, rubbed a fingerful of frosti hair. At six-thirty, right on schedul bathed, slipped into a clean c nightgown that gave her fat body t comfortable look of a tiny monk ar into her crib. Right next to her father placed her old bassinet, stan on legs and lined with pink satir that Eleanor had stitched for it. D one of her young aunts got out a and the evening paper to settle do baby-sitting. Bill rushed to clea kitchen, change his shirt and rush hospital to make the visiting hour.

Little Eleanor Mary Conrad wa year old. In four days her mother new baby were coming home. All o would start the struggle of a new colic, two-o'clock feedings, toothac tor bills and little wool sweaters str dry on a towel on the living-room and Eleanor Conrad faced a new nothing solved, nothing settled, were doing their worrying, wor planning together. They had made tional transition from being a boy in love with each other to a man an with a family and a home.

It was a solemn first birthday b knowing, and with the oblivion of well-fed baby, Lyn Conrad simp fast asleep.

Spring Comes Early to Hardrock Heights

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Barrowfuls of dogwood bloom
Nod from every florist's room.

Gay as Christmastide cravats,
Posies perch on gals' new hats.

Cats of raffish back-yard aura
Boldly ogle my Angora—

Her with ribbons by the stack!—
Who definitely ogles back.

Today a stranger dared to wink,
And I ——
Well, spring is here, I think!

Who says you have to be Born a good cook!

Any Cook Can Be Sure of perfect results on the new, 1947 Electric Ranges by Westinghouse. They're so *easy to use*, so *fast*, so *sure* in their uniform cooking results.

Exclusive Tel-A-Glance Switches cut out guesswork. Faster-than-ever Calrox units provide right temperatures for all types of surface cooking. The new, fast Deep Well Cooker *non* deep-fries, steams, boils. Also does most types of surface cooking. Ovens have balanced heat, waist-high broilers.

Beautiful to look at . . . Still more beautiful in performance, these new Ranges, and many other Westinghouse electric appliances, are on their way to you now. They'll save you endless work. See them at your Westinghouse retailer's.

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. . . and *really* scrutinize your skin.

Are tiny lines and wrinkles telling your age? To help you regain a younger, softer bloom, Helena Rubinstein blends her ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM. It contains an active, natural ingredient which your skin absorbs (the equivalent of a substance rich in young skins, but decreasing as you grow older). Use it each night for a month. You'll notice a rewarding change—a younger look!

ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM 3.50
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So cooling for tired, burning feet

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how medicinal Ice-Mint helps soften up callouses and corns, too. Get foot-happy today, the Ice-Mint way. At drug and department stores.

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CLOSE FIGURING

(Continued from Page 221)

cut you usually buy for beef stews. Season with salt and pepper. Roll the pieces of meat in corn meal. Brown lightly on all sides in drippings or shortening. Drain off fat. Add water to cover. Put on lid and simmer over low heat until meat is almost tender. Add 3 carrots, sliced; 4 small-to-medium onions; 3 stalks celery, cut into pieces; ½ green pepper, cut into strips; a few sprays parsley and additional salt and pepper. This time leave out potatoes. Add enough more water to take care of cooking the vegetables and make a gravy. Cook until almost tender. Make a corn bread: beat 1 egg, add 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup milk and ¼ cup melted shortening or salad oil. Sift together ⅔ cup flour, ⅓ cup corn meal, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add liquid ingredients all at once. Blend together. Do not beat. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 20 minutes in greased deep 9-inch piepan. Remove from pan. Put stew in piepan and top with the corn bread. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., about 10 minutes. Serve from the dish.

Tucking entertaining into a budget is sometimes a tight squeeze. Mrs. Conrad belongs to a sorority group that takes turns meeting at one another's houses. When they come to hers, she usually serves hot rolls or sandwiches, salad and a beverage. A group that meets regularly might not take to a change in refreshments, but a simple sweet that you can serve, along with sandwiches and coffee—or even without sandwiches—would be just as much appreciated, I should think—less work and less expensive. Here are two suggestions that won't make much of a dent in your budget.

Many women miss their greatest chance of happiness through a want of courage in the decisive moments of their lives. They shrink from sharing the stress of life and love offered by the man that every fiber of their nature declares to be their mate, but who perhaps cannot give them the padded luxury they think so necessary. There are others who embrace it passionately as the crown of their existence, and who deem it better to have stormed the heights undaunted by the dangers that confront them than dwell in smug complacency in the valley below. —WINIFRED GORDON.

APRICOT-JAM SQUARES

Cost, 35¢ 20 squares.

Cream ½ cup shortening. Add ½ cup sugar, and cream until light and fluffy. Add 1 well-beaten egg and ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Mix well. Sift together 1½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon cloves. Stir 2 tablespoons milk into the creamed mixture and add sifted dry ingredients. Spread half the dough in a greased 9-inch-square shallow pan. Spread ¾ cup apricot jam over the batter. Cover jam with remaining batter. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 25 minutes. Cut into squares.

Bill is very fond of coffeecakes and sweet rolls, but Eleanor usually buys them at the bakery. She likes raisins and he doesn't.

PHILADELPHIA CINNAMON BUNS

Cost, 19¢ Makes 2 dozen.

Dissolve 2 cakes fresh yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Scald 1 cup milk. Add ¼ cup shortening, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ cup sugar. When lukewarm, add the dissolved yeast and 2 beaten eggs. Add 4¼ cups flour, a part at a time. Work in well until smooth. Place dough in a greased bowl. Cover and let rise in a warm place until triple in bulk. Punch down and let rise again to the same point. Punch down and divide dough in half. Both portions may be made into cinnamon buns, or you may make up 1 portion plain to save sugar. For the cinnamon buns, roll half the

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Whenever you go barelegged — walki dancing, playing — wear genuine Footl "for feet's sake". Footlets mean cool, cle comfortable, healthy feet . . . lovely feet . all Summer long. Open Heel, Toe Guard a Regular Footlets at go stores. Look for the nam

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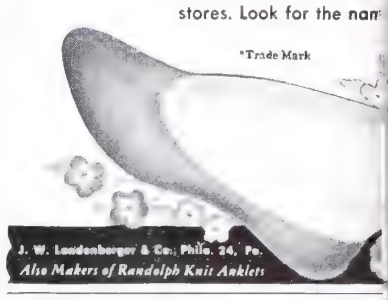

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For cleansing b ears, nose, and delicate spots. Pac pamphlet gives p cian's instructions 47 important uses.

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With safe, easy to use Enoz Moth Proof there's no danger of ... or spotting . . . no need to dip or sponge. Ideal for clothing, rugs, draperies, upholstery and all woolens. One spraying moth-proofs for a year, or until laundered or dry-cleaned. With Enoz Moth Proof it's "good-bye", fuss and bother — "Good-bye, moths!" An economical, good buy, too! At better stores.

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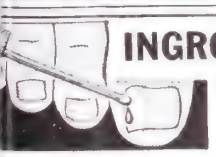

INGROWN NAIL Hurting You?

Immediate Relief!

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dough out to ¼-inch thickness. Spread with 2 tablespoons melted margarine and sprinkle with ½ cup sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons molasses. Sprinkle with cinnamon and raisins. Roll up as you would a jelly roll, pinching the edges together to keep the filling in. Cut dough into 1-inch-thick slices and place them on well-greased shallow pans. Repeat with other half dough, using same amount of sugar, and so on. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., about 20 minutes or until bubbly and golden brown. Turn out upside down so glaze can drip down over them.

BEAUTY . . . AND YOUR BABY TOO

(Continued from Page 216)

hospital from the fifth to the seventh day after childbirth. These are to help you strengthen and flatten your slack abdominal wall which has (quite naturally!) been distended. These exercises, plus any others you do in the first *four weeks*, should be done *lying down*. In every case, exercises should be done *only with your doctor's permission*. The exercises illustrated are beautifiers as well as health-builders. Here are some others: 1. Lie flat on your back, arms overhead. Rise to a sitting position and touch your toes with your fingers. Repeat only three or four times daily. 2. Lie flat on your back and slowly raise both legs with knees held straight, until your legs form right angles with your body. Lower slowly to within six inches of floor. Raise again. You will feel your stomach muscles tightening. Repeat only three or four times daily. 3. Lie flat on your back and cross your arms on your chest. Raise upper part of body, gradually coming to a sitting position. Then cross your hands behind your head and return slowly to lying position. Repeat three or four times daily.

Overexercise, like overeating, will get the wrong results. Do your exercises slowly and carefully. Don't make the mistake of giving yourself some other young mother's time limit for regaining your prematernal proportions. Depending on the mother, it takes anywhere from six weeks to six months to do this.

Food for Figures. It is normal for most mothers to lose between sixteen and eighteen pounds in the eight weeks following childbirth. But the more weight gained during pregnancy, the more to be lost later on. The fashion for overindulgence in eating during pregnancy has had its day. *Consult with your doctor concerning your prenatal diet.* He will work one out for you to eliminate unnecessary weight-building foods. Don't, after your baby is born, endanger your health by embarking on an extreme reducing diet. But do cut down on fatty foods and eat more proteins. Your basic daily foods should include at least: two glasses of milk; one egg; fresh fruit; green vegetables; one portion of meat, fish or fowl. (When Eleanor Conrad finds the day slipping by with no time for a regular lunch, she will raid her icebox for raw carrots, fruit and other vegetables, and a glass of milk. But she always makes up for a sketchy lunch at dinnertime. She avoids bread and pastry in the same day, and sticks to grapefruit, oranges and bananas instead of sweets or starches for between-meal snacks or desserts.)

Posture Perfect. During pregnancy you were advised to wear medium- or low-heeled shoes. This advice concerns your posture more than the possibility that you might fall. It is natural, with your added weight all in front, to curve your back inward to balance yourself. This can develop into postnatal sway-back, or the wrong kind of curves! Your low heels lessen this possibility during pregnancy. Give your body time to strengthen and your back time to straighten before you resume wearing spikes. Four weeks should be enough. Try this posture improver: Clasp your hands behind your neck and walk slowly across a room. Now, bending from side to side, slowly return

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See for yourself why more and more women are switching to Fresh—the new cream deodorant they find the most effective and so gentle

Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

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No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.

there's magic in the right lipstick

new TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK

Of all aids to beauty, none is so essential as the *right* lipstick . . . for the right lipstick *alone* has the power to instantly "spark" a dull, glamourless face to exciting new beauty. That's why so many women are changing to the new Pearls in Wine lipstick. Pearls in Wine is a true *transforming* lipstick . . . magically enhances natural beauty as no other lipstick has so completely done before. Try it *today*. Ask to see daring #6.

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TRANSFORMING LIPSTICK

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- transforming colors
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- exquisite smoothness
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- enchanting fragrance
- delightful taste

in six wonder-working shades
$1 plus tax

If your dealer hasn't received the new Pearls in Wine transforming lipstick, send $1 plus 20% tax to THE ARMAND CO., Des Moines 6, Iowa. Please give dealer's name.

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across the room. Repeat two or three times. (See other posture exercise illustrated on page 216.)

Notes for Nursing Mothers. Strenuous exercises and reducing diets are not for you if you want your baby to be the healthiest, pinkest-cheeked one around town. But on the other hand, don't overeat in the belief that you are producing more milk for your baby. You're not! Cut down on sweets, and check with your doctor on the amount of fresh fruits you can eat—too many sometimes disagree with your baby. A fluid nourishment such as a cup of cocoa or broth is advisable after each feeding. If you can arrive at a comfortable feeding position, it will ease your aching bones! Don't be alarmed if your weight goes up during nursing. That added weight goes down naturally when this period is over. In the meantime, your careful attention to yourself will help insure good health and good looks for both you and your baby!

The new father in your house wants to get acquainted with his newborn. He can do this and at the same time lieve your newly burdened should application of diapers is not exclu woman's job! Let it be your husban to clear off the baby's bathroom s label all jars carefully in his best p He can take over an occasional n bottle feeding after the procedure carefully explained to him. When it c lifting mattresses, cleaning bathtu moving heavy pieces of furniture, display his masculinity! With your fe ingenuity you can flatter your husban these new "father of the house" dutie should avoid any *strenuous* household ties for at least eight weeks after you has arrived.

Added Attractions. Hair ca shampooed almost immediately after birth. Permanents are usually their pr from three to five weeks after you lea hospital. A teaspoon of cod-liver oil breakfast and before dinner is a comp beautifier. Regular trips to your dent important beauty steps. THE

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE Japanese put one picture on the wall, that all visitors may turn toward that one object of interest and not be disturbed by others.

The guests were just beginning to arrive, at my first tea party after the war, when into their well-polished midst drove the long-awaited and long-overdue plumber.

The average budget builder doesn't use seasoned timber.

A mother-in-law may try to be affectionate and a daughter-in-law endeavor to return the emotion, but, if one thinks in terms of a meticulous house and the other doesn't, there will probably be a universe between them.

The modern woman has shed grandmother's petticoats but collected her bric-a-brac.

Marriage makes the money go faster, not farther.

Sometimes it isn't the economy of dollars that pinches so much as the sacrifice of feelings.

There are two kinds of mothers: those who share the beauty of "milkweed babies" and those who say, "Take those horrid pods outside before the fuzz gets all over everything."

Keeping things up may accomplish everything except lifting the spirits of the family.

A teacher asked the question, "What is a banquet?" The room was quiet a moment, then a thin child at the rear stood up and said with a shining face, "It's a swell meal!"

Little girl: "Why do I have to get my face so clean! The wind will blow my hair across it."

The worst thing that can happen to me is to have some paint left over I think has to be used up.

Some women find it easier to adhere to a physical diet than to deny themselves titbits of gossip.

The only difference between raising a puppy and a baby is there comes a time when you consider giving the puppy away.

Sometimes it seems that the happie children are those whose parents do know any of the rules on child training

Some adults could benefit from a adulteration—with childhood.

No dress rehearsal is ever necessary children who have been trained syste ically in good manners.

I have discovered if I wait long enough family eventually sews on its own butt

It's a mystery why lawyers are compe to study seven years to know how to ans questions, while potential mothers face t little interrogators unprepared.

It takes the whole family to make a ho but any one person in a family can unm it.

"You know," said the mother of a r son, "he and I just don't speak the sa language, but we understand each other.

Next year I am going to have a stra berry patch, save all the sugar from my cof and, the Lord providing me strength, children shall grow up knowing what stra berry shortcake (Michigan style) tastes lil

Straightforward question from a daughte "Why did you marry daddy, mother? I doesn't seem at all romantic to me."

Child's definition: Politeness is sayi "Hello!" instead of "Hi!"

What an imaginative child—the one wh called to her older sister, "Wet my toot brush so mother'll think I brushed m teeth!"

Young parents might be consoled by b ing told there is a breathing spell after payi off the obstetrician and before children into adolescent appetites, nylons and brac on their teeth.

A primrose blossoming into a full-blow flower and a little girl going into grown-u ways are the two most sudden blooming all flowers.

A friend says she has rarely bought a h her family liked, but a lot that suited he

★ ★

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JOURNAL

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Mr Ely and the Unicorn

COMPLETE NOVEL

By Nelia Gardner White

Electrical appliances are ready for use in kitchen. Pull-out slides provide extra work sp lunch counter. There's a handy chopping blo drop door holds a drip dish when you use the gr Counter tops are Armstrong's Marbelle Lino Style 021. Floor is Armstrong's Embossed Lino Style 5761. Your linoleum merchant will be help you plan an equally smart floor. For fre of room furnishings and room plan, just write

Send for "Album of Room Ide famous decorator. It's chock-full o in the house and pictures room ir are thinking of remodeling your ideas for that house you plan to b you'll find this book full of thoug your copy, send 10¢ (outside U.S. Company, Floor Division, 4706

"I quit doing my exercises in the kitchen!"

OPING and bending may be good for the waistline, but I'd ather do my daily dozen some place other than the kitchen.

fore we remodeled, it was stoop and bend all day long. I to get down on my knees to juggle the waffle iron out of a cabinet—and of course it was always buried under five or eavy skillets and the Dutch oven!

hen there was that old floor. Honestly, I was up and down all long trying to keep it looking passably clean.

sten, I finally said to myself, this doesn't make sense. You appliances that are supposed to be "labor-savers." Then you yourself to a frazzle getting them out and putting them y. Why not leave them right out where they're handy? You d keep them dust-free with a flip-up glass door like ones on the bookcases in Ralph's law office. idea started me off.

t very afternoon I marched myself down to store and told Sam Hilborn, "I want a new floor that I can take care of without turning myself into a contortionist with housemaid's knee."

Sam grinned. We went to high school together. "Guess you'd want something kind of pretty, too, wouldn't you, Mabel?"

Of course I did—and I got it! You can see for yourself. It's one of the very newest patterns in Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum. Sam wouldn't let me buy anything but Armstrong's. He said, "You and Ralph are too good friends of mine to sell you anything else."

You'd never guess it to see him, but Sam's really artistic. He was art editor of our high school annual. It was his suggestion to pick up the cockleshell floor design on the valance.

Sam's clever—but still a little fresh. Suppose I do gain a few more ounces. I'll get my exercise some other way!

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM F

for every room (A) in the house

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS, ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE, AND ARMSTRONG'S LINOWAL

Hold on, hon... your bath's not done until you Mum!

. . . you just washed away *past* perspiration— now guard your *future* freshness

True, glamour does *begin* in the tub. But, while your bath gives you a fresh lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard your *future* charm.

So, after you wash away *past* perspiration, *complete* your bath with Mum. That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come*. With Mum, you *stay* sweet, nice to be near, all day or evening.

Mum *checks perspiration odor*

1. Safe for charm. Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.

2. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

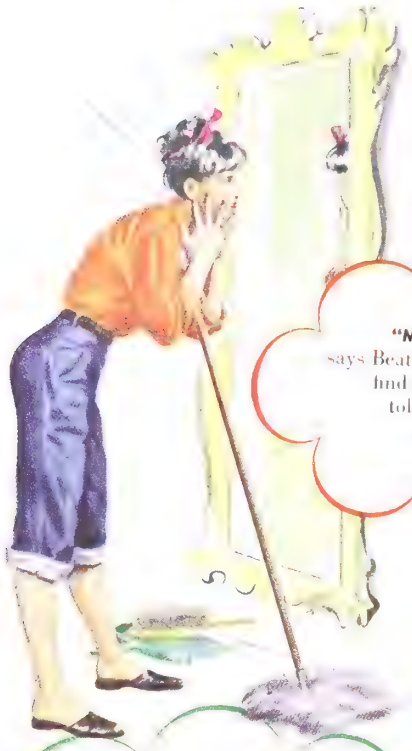
3. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

MUM

Product of Bristol-Myers

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"My spring cleaning included my complexion!" says Beatrice Molinari of San Francisco, "I was dying to find something to help my skin, but my mirror told me my complexion was as oily and coarse-looking as ever. Actually *dingy!*

"Then I heard about the Palmolive Plan over the radio. It told how 36 doctors – leading skin specialists – tested this Plan on 1285 women and proved it can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 . . . in only 14 days. I decided to try the Plan!

"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.

Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse!

Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Just 14 days after I started the Palmolive Plan, my complexion was fresher, brighter—noticeably finer looking, too!"

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 days!

- Less Oily
- Smoother, Younger looking
- Less Coarse-looking
- Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
- Less Incipient Blackheads
- Fresher
- Brighter, Clearer Color

IF you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

For tub and shower, get the new, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive—enjoy Palmolive's soft, lovely lather *all over!*

DOCTORS PROVE

PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

JANE McDILL ANDERSON

"In 1908, after being prematurely delivered during a typhoon in Baguio by my father, I was wrapped in old cotton clothes by my aunt and called Jane by my mother," says the author of *A Score for Love*. "Eventually we moved back to the States, where I learned to speak more than Spanish, overcame my dislike of telephones, ice cream and snow, and settled down to marriage, magazine work and children. Since my second marriage two years ago I've been housekeeping on the fringes of New York and continuing to write despite moving men, migratory maids, measles, mumps, marriage."

WILTON STUDIO

DOROTHY STALEY

"I wasn't born in Peru. I don't have any violent likes or dislikes, and I'm not even a temperamental, 'do-or-die' writer," says the author of *Wrong Number Please*. "Instead I'm an unglamorous businesswoman who, through a nice quirk of fate, became a writer. I took a night-school writing course, sold my first story two years later, and have been going strong ever since. I'd like to try a novel, but I'm still afraid I'll find someday this writing business is nothing more than a big dream."

COBY WHITMORE

"Most people don't understand me," says Coby Whitmore, illustrator of *A Score for Love*, "because eventually the fact slips out that I prefer the scream of a racing engine to the music of Tchaikovsky—and what's worse, that I'd rather work than play. My wife and three children concur in this opinion. My art career began in New York after an apprenticeship in Chicago, and will last, I hope, as long as I last."

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...ved DRENE!

UM-M-M...MORE SUGAR THIS YEAR FOR HOMEMADE STRAWBERRY JAM!

Make yours this easy, certain way—with CERTO

1. **So easy!** Thoroughly crush about 2 quarts fully ripe berries. (Yes, flavorful *ripe* fruits set with Certo!) Measure 4 cups crushed fruit and 7 cups sugar into large kettle. Mix well and bring to a full, rolling boil over hottest fire.

2. **Short boil keeps fresh-fruit flavor!** Stir mixture constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard JUST ONE MINUTE. (See—no long cooking to destroy fresh taste!) Remove from fire. Stir in ½ bottle of Certo, then stir and skim for five minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit.

3. **Short boil gives more glasses!** Oh, joy—10 glasses! That's a CERTO BONUS of *4 more glasses* than Grandmother, working without Certo, could get from 2 quarts of fruit. Certo helps all fruits jell just right, without the long boil that boils juice away.

4. **Smart gal! Thrifty, too!** In less time than it takes to make a simple dessert, you've stocked your jam cupboard with beautiful, wholesome treats for next winter—ten whole glasses of this strawberry favorite to serve with breakfast biscuits, in lunchbox sandwiches, on dressy desserts!

NO GUESSWORK WHEN YOU MAKE JAMS AND JELLIES WITH CERTO!

A booklet of 90 recipes comes under the label of each bottle of Certo. Fruits vary, you know. Certo safeguards your success by giving you a separate, tested recipe for each kind of fruit.

A Product of General Foods

(Continued from Page 4)

Most of the refugees are literally in rags. There are children that have never yet owned a pair of shoes, children with 40 degrees Centigrade fever that have no bedding and hardly any clothes, children that have never had a toy, no decent room, no heating, insufficient food. Women that have not a lap of old material, wherewith to mend their rags, men that cannot work for lack of clothes. I have sent her everything that I could miss and more, but the means of one private person are soon exhausted. (My own sons ran barefoot the whole summer with sores on their feet caused by impetigo.) Now they have shoes through the generous help of friends. Therefore I appeal to you.

I know that many women would like to help if they knew how to, and if they know that their help is turned into the right channel. And every little bit will help. Old clothes, however patched and mended, are wealth to a mother that does not know how to keep her children warm. Another great help would be mending material, any old color; all that matters is that the women have something wherewith to mend the clothes. If you have an old dress that you cannot wear any more, don't throw it away; send it with sewing or mending material for the relief of a child or mother. Yours sincerely,

HORTENSE G. ZELLER.

Mrs. Zeller's letter was accompanied by the following report from the American Friends Service Committee, a report which tells its own story of the obstacles confronting relief work today. ED.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: We feel sure that you and your readers will want to know about the situation described in this letter from Hamburg.

Relief situation has never been so bleak. The spring months, which should be months of hope and joy, were hunger months in Europe. Recoveries optimistically anticipated last year have *not* materialized. Famine is now acute in many parts of Europe. Stock piles have long since been exhausted. Human endurance has worn incredibly low.

Now UNRRA, the intergovernmental relief agency, is closing out. Before new official machinery can be set up and put into function in order, many children will die of hunger.

The American Friends Service Committee feels that the voluntary relief agencies can best fill the gap between increasing human need and the temporarily discontinued governmental aid. If the agencies are supported spiritually as well as materially, they can do something to meet the appalling physical need and overwhelming depression.

The warehouses of American Friends are literally empty! All available supplies of food and warm clothing have long ago been shipped to those in need. Since the shipping lanes were freed, and boats made available, most agencies have exhausted their backlog of supplies. New supplies of food and clothing must follow, or life will be starved out for thousands of men, women and children. Sincerely,

American Friends Service Committee.

Food for Thought

Muskegon, Michigan.

Dear Editors: I've been buying the JOURNAL since 'way back; at first Mr. B. wouldn't look at it, thought it was just for the "females," but one night he was hungry and the icebox was bare so, sulking, he leafed through the magazines, and lo and behold, his interest was snagged by the pictures of the food. Since then I have been leading a dog's life in the kitchen trying to make my stuff look like your pictures. Sincerely,

SYLVIA G. BARCLAY.

Every Wednesday Mother's Day

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Editor: Before I came to keep house for my old mother, I used to run in now and then, as did the others. I actually thought I was doing my share. I realize now "now and then" is far from enough, so I've decided to make each week "Mother's Week." I started about a month ago, called up all the family and friends of mother, setting aside Wednesdays, when I prepare a simple luncheon.

(Continued on Page 8)

PORTRAIT of Old Fashioned Hospitality

in a MODERN Setting

Hasko Trays are the "picture of elegance. They lend *background* and *color* to the simplest settin . . . and they add that qualit touch to a formal "big moment. Smart, indeed, is the hostess wh knows that Hospitality starts wit a capital *H—ASKO!* See them a Department, Gift or Fine Jewelr Stores. They come in many differ ent sizes and styles . . . and thei beautiful gift packages are sur passed only by the elegant desig of the trays themselves.

HASKELITE MANUFACTURING CORP
Dept. 143, 135 S. La Salle St., Chicago 3, Illinoi

Hasko TRAYS AND ACCESSORIES
HASKO ROYAL CREST

Haskelite also makes
PLYMETL • PLYWOOD • PHEMALOID
3 Famous Products for Industry

Finest way to put personality into a Sunday breakfast

Finest MENU

Stokely's *Finest* Citrusip, Grapefruit,
Orange and Tomato Juices

Snappy Scrambled Eggs	Bacon
Corned Beef Hash Patties	Bologna Cups
Hot Corn Bread Squares	Coffee

And to get a man in just the right frame of appetite, be sure you treat him first to the most bracing, taste-tingling juices ever pressed. Whether it's from sun-drenched oranges . . . tart, zesty grapefruit . . . or plump, ripe, red tomatoes, the *finest* juice is fresh-packed *right away* to capture every drop of hearty flavor. Then it's tested carefully for purest quality, to bring you *nothing but the finest* in every sparkling glass of Stokely's *Finest* fruit juice.

Finest RECIPE FOR SNAPPY SCRAMBLED EGGS

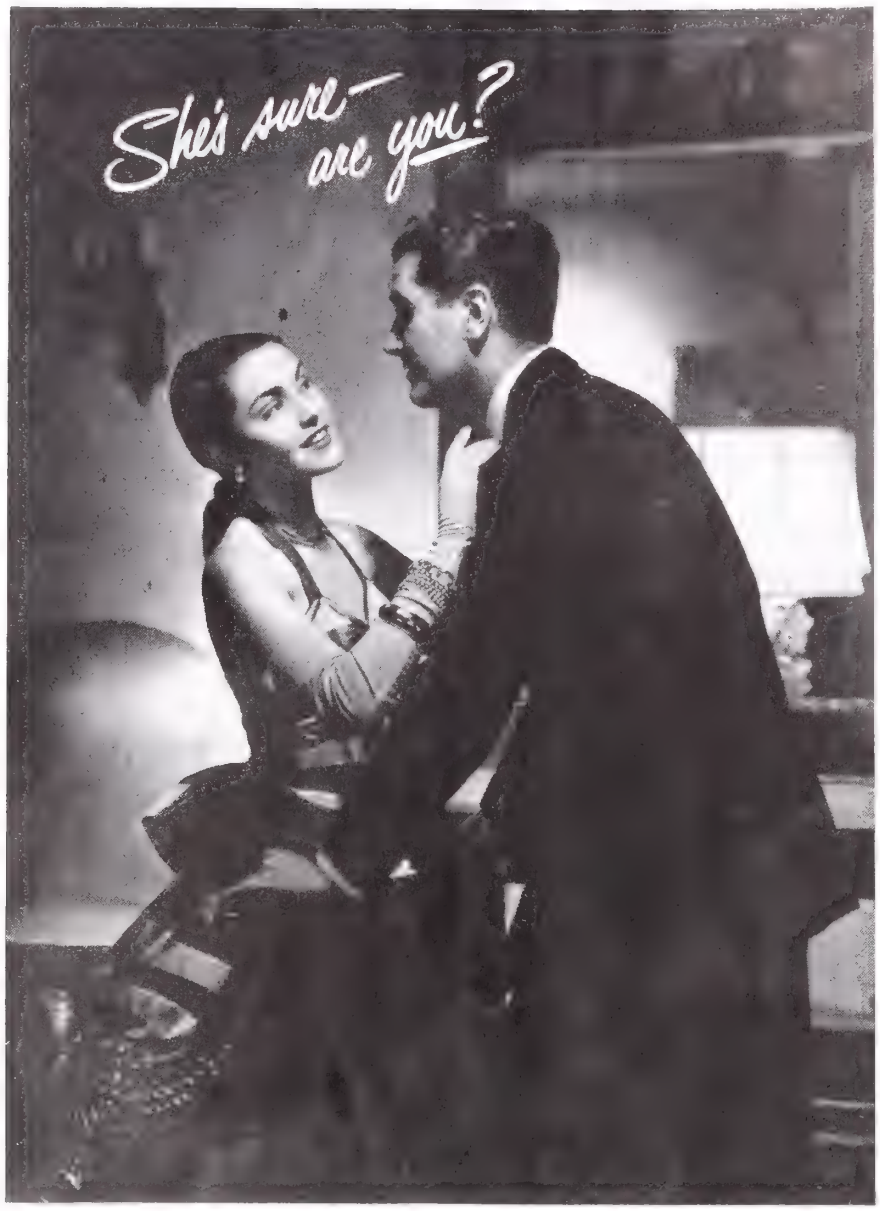
6 eggs
¼ teasp. salt
Few grains pepper
⅓ cup milk
2 tablesp. butter or margarine
¼ cup Stokely's *Finest* Catsup

Beat eggs slightly; add salt, pepper, milk. Mix well. Melt butter or margarine; add egg mixture. Cook slowly, stirring frequently. Just before eggs are set, stir in catsup. Serves 4. Your family'll start the day with a song! For that exciting, appetite-rousing catsup puts pep and personality into an old stand-by. To be the *finest*, catsup and chili sauce must have that stick-to-the-ribs, country kitchen heartiness. That's why they're cooked in small batches . . . from the reddest, ripest, prize-winning tomatoes . . . when they're *nothing but the finest*, Stokely's *Finest*.

Stokely's Finest Foods

HONOR BRAND FROZEN FOODS

ALWAYS DELICIOUS
Products of
STOKELY—VAN CAMP



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection *24 hours of every day?* Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only *protects your dainti-ness a full 24 hours, it's the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .*

It gives you *the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.*

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)

24-hour protection with Odorono Cream

(Continued from Page 6)

So far, everything has worked out fine and I have even had relatives whom mother hasn't seen for years. She not only has a lot of fun, but she catches up on all the news, which keeps her mind busy all week. Even I am getting a big kick out of these Wednesdays. Sometimes we play cards, sew or just talk. The cost is small, but the dividends are worth while.

Why not make every Wednesday "Mother's Day"?

Very truly yours,
EDNA L. O'LEARY

Brobdingnagian Book

CORNELL, CALIFORNIA.
DEAR GOULDS: I MET YOU IN PERSON A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO, AT HIGH NOON ON THE STAR-SPRINKLED SANDS OF MALIBU. AT THAT MEETING I FOUND YOU KINDLY, MATURE-MINDED PEOPLE, AND SO IN MY HOUR OF WOE I TURN TO YOU.

YESTERDAY MRS. OBOLER, KNOWING THAT I WAS GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAINS TO THE CITY, ASKED ME IF, ON THE WAY, I WOULD GET IT FOR HER. HAVING FAILED TO KEEP UP MY DUES TO THE SANTA MONICA MOUNTAIN ASTROLOGY CORPORATION, I HAD NO PRECONCEPTION OF WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, AND SO I AGREED.

I JOUNCED HAPPILY IN MY JEEP FOR MANY MILES TO OUR BOOK SELLER; THERE I BLITHELY PARKED UNDER THE TRAFFIC POLICEMAN AND WENT IN AND ASKED FOR MY COPY OF IT

IMMEDIATELY A DEEP FREEZE SETTLED OVER WHAT HERETOFORE HAD BEEN A GAY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

I REPEATED MY REQUEST.

THE PROPRIETOR PRESSED AN ALARM BUTTON AND A BELL BEGAN CLANGING AND IMMEDIATELY TWO GENTLEMEN, BOTH OF WHOM WORE A FAINT RESEMBLANCE TO PRIMO CARNERA, GRUNTED FORTH WITH A HEAVY HAND TRUCK WHOSE STEEL FRAME SAGGED UNDER ITS BURDEN.

IN THE SHORT SPACE OF TWO OR THREE HOURS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE LOCAL FIRE DEPARTMENT, IT HAD BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM HAND TRUCK, TO SKY HOOK, TO JEEP.

TWO DAYS LATER, USING THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF MY AMPHIBIOUS DUCK, SCOOTER, BOTH OF OUR BURROS, AND MY SMALL SON'S TRICYCLE, NOT TO MENTION AN ELECTRICAL WINCH, A CADILLAC WHICH I HAD LEFT OVER FROM A HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE, AND A WAR-SURPLUS DONKEY ENGINE REMOVED FROM THE S.S. MISSOURI, WE FINALLY MANAGED TO GET IT UP THE SLOPE AND INTO OUR HOUSE.

IT IS NOW GETTING VERY LATE AND I MUST FEED THE QUAIL, SO I WILL NOT MENTION WHAT HAPPENED WHEN IT ENTERED OUR FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT CREATION—THE CRACKED JOISTS, CRUMBLING FOUNDATION FOOTINGS AND SAGGING CANTILEVERS. ALL I WILL SAY IS THIS: IF YOUR NEXT ISSUE OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL IS TO BE ANY LARGER, PLEASE WIRE ME COLLECT SO THAT WHEN, AGAIN, I AM A GOOD HUSBAND AND GO DOWN AND GET IT, I WILL BE THOROUGHLY PREPARED FOR THE PROPER TONNAGE.

THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT I HAVE ALREADY SENT IN A SEALED BID TO WAR ASSETS ADMINISTRATION FOR A 16-WHEEL LOW-BED CRANE-TRAILER COMBINATION FORMERLY USED BY GENERAL PATTON'S PANZER DIVISION TO REMOVE FROM THE COMBAT ZONES DISABLED TANKS UP TO AND INCLUDING 110 TONS.

ON SECOND THOUGHT, IN THE EVENT THAT THE NEXT ISSUE OF IT WILL EXCEED THAT TONNAGE, PLEASE DO NOT WIRE; WE WILL COME TO NEW YORK AND READ THE MAGAZINE IN YOUR OWN OFFICES.

WITH GREAT FATIGUE,
ARCH OBOLER.

In deference to the heat of July and August, issues for those months will be lighter. ED.

Says it All

Cross Roads, Jamaica.

Dear Editors: I adore reading the JOURNAL. It is the only woman's magazine worth taking. Sincerely yours,
MRS. A. J. NEWMAN.

3 WAYS BETTER than Ordinary Alcohol...

1. **Leaves the Skin Feeling Smoother, Softer!**
2. **Helps Protect Against "Alcohol Dry Skin"!**
3. **Makes Massaging Easier . . . Feel the Difference!**

TRY NEW MIFFLIN as an after-ba rubdown for the youngsters—f yourself! Splash it on . . . ah-h, h *invigorating!* New Mifflin *wakes* your skin, makes it tingle and glo

Please—don't confuse New Miffl Rub with ordinary rubbing alcoh DERMIUM . . . Mifflin's new "mirac ingredient" . . . makes a difference y *feel* instantly! DERMIUM aids in pr venting absorption of natural sk oils, helps guard against "Alcoh Dry Skin"! DERMIUM leaves your sk with a feeling of new *smoothness*— silken *softness!*

For the most exhilarating rubdow you've *ever* enjoyed, try New Miffl with DERMIUM. Use it, too, to clean nicks and cuts, and as a mild sickroo antiseptic. Plain, and scented wit Pine, Wintergreen, Lilac or Lavende

Don't just ask for "Alcohol"... insist on the Genuine New

MIFFLIN

with Dermium!

ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL

★ **The National Rubdow**

Threat to Loveliness

HOW MANY GERMS ON YOUR SCALP RIGHT NOW?

As a precaution against infectious dandruff make Listerine Antiseptic part of regular hair care.

It's getting to be a delightful "must" with countless fastidious women. And for a very good reason. Anyone can catch infectious dandruff. Thousands do, often without being aware of it. Those little telltale flakes on hair or dress may be a warning!

Why not be on your guard against an infected scalp and its ugly flakes and scales that can mar the shining beauty of your hair? Try the delightful Listerine Antiseptic "bath" along with every shampoo. It kills millions of the dreaded "bottle bacillus" germs (Pityrosporum ovale) that many dermatologists point to as a causative agent of this distressing condition.

Easy and delightful

You'll love this simple, easy "must" as part of your program for good looks and good grooming. See how marvelously clean, how wonderfully cool, refreshed and gloriously alive Listerine Antiseptic makes your scalp feel! See how it helps guard against those distressing flakes and scales, leaving your hair in all its natural, shining glory.

Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same safe, reliable, many-purpose antiseptic that has been a household stand-by for 3 generations. Made by pioneers in Oral Hygiene and proved effective in more than 60 years of day-in-day-out use!

P. S. While you're about it, as a precaution against infection, wash combs and brushes . . . then douse thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic to kill lurking "bottle bacillus."

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

New "NO-WORK" SUMMER MEAL!
Chef's Treat Boosts Summer Appetites
The perfect hot meal for any summer day — Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls! Plump, made-with-beef meat balls . . . fine durum wheat spaghetti . . . ready-cooked in a m-m-marvelous sauce blended as only Chef Hector Boiardi knows how. Costs so little, serve it often . . . the "No-Work" meal all your family will love!
JUST HEAT AND SERVE
Chef Boy-ar-dee
SPAGHETTI and MEAT BALLS
HOT WEATHER MEAL IDEAS
by CHEF HECTOR BOIARDI
(pronounced Boy-Ar-Dee)

EASY SUMMER SUPPER

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALLS
Hard Rolls • Garden Salad with French Dressing
Vanilla Pudding with Crushed Fruit Sauce
Instant G. Washington's Coffee

CHOPS BOY-AR-DEE

4 shoulder chops (veal, lamb, pork) • 1 onion chopped fine
1 cup CHEF BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI SAUCE
¼ cup chopped celery • ½ tsp. salt • ¼ tsp. pepper

Brown onion and chops in skillet; add other ingredients. Cover and simmer slowly until chops are tender. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce also does wonders for spaghetti, fish, poultry and 101 other dishes.

NOT JUST A "TOMATO SAUCE"! Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce is the Chef's own matchless blend of 19 mouth-watering ingredients. Comes in two styles: with Meat, or Meatless with extra mushrooms.

PORCH LUNCH

Spread Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli in skillet; cover and simmer over low heat. Place Ravioli on platter. Serve with mixed green salad, crisp crackers, iced beverage. A scrumptious meal, and so easy.

LIKE TINY MEAT PIES IN SAUCE! Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli are stuffed with choice MEAT (Beef) and blended-in vegetables. Thrifty, too—big full pound jar, only a few pennies a portion.

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS

Chef Boyardee "NO-WORK" FOODS

"correct" lead a few days later did they hail him as a leader in foreign policy. They had to be given the "right" attitude; they could not get it from Mr. Wallace's speech. It is, in fact, impossible to *have* an attitude toward something which is not coherent or comprehensible, and contains obvious contradictions. So, except for the pro and anti Russians, more and more of the American people are, and have been, I think, worried, anxious, but floundering. It is not their fault.

Yet they do have an opinion, and a fairly coherent idea of what our policy should be. At least I think I discern one.

The great majority of Americans believe in the rule of law. They awaited, and await, a United Nations capable of, and devoted to, the creation of a law of nations governing the behavior of nations toward one another. The vast public interest in all the plans for various degrees or systems of federation aimed at subjecting all states to enforceable law is indicative of this belief and this expectancy.

Most Americans are willing, I believe, to put the full strength of American power behind a system of international morality. But they want morality to be far more clearly defined than it is. They are very tired of being "antis"—anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi, anticommunist. They want a positive, coherent international moral philosophy, universally applicable regardless of considerations of power politics.

They want the abolition of war, not by "enforcing peace"—whatever that may mean—but by enforcing clearly defined laws. If I can judge from the many opinions that I read from members of the public, most of us would rather stand with those nations that will abide by law—if any such exist—than abandon the hope of a law-governed world in favor of a more or less Utopian dream of mystical world ness.

The most idealistic people on this e Americans do not, nor will anyone be to make them, think in terms of p politics. They will enthusiastically cru for liberty and law, but not for pc whether in terms of bases or of oil. will they any longer crusade for "de racy," because that is another idea wl robbed of its organic moral content, lost much of its meaning. Democrac Americans, means the Bill of Hu Rights; it means that far more tha means any particular form of governr or economy. And it means a rule of based upon and implementing these ri with attendant obligations.

I may be wrong, but I think this is only internationalism in which most Ai icans believe at all. The American t tion is not internationalist, but isolatio And although isolationism has not present a single powerful political spo man and has been abandoned by i great parties, I think it is growing, thc inarticulately, among the people, sin because of their bitter disillusionment the kind of internationalism they are b offered.

At present the government, because parties are largely united, thinks, perh that it has the people with it. But if people are not opposing, neither are t agreeing to a large extent. For lack of more positive program, they are allov their present leaders to make the decisi But this half-distrustful, half-apath and genuinely anxious attitude augur for those leaders, if their decisions inv this nation in continuing crises—or, w of all, in war. For I do not believe American people will fight another "ar war, nor another war for "peace."

Facts About Infantile Paralysis

With warmer weather comes renewed fear of infantile paralysis. Fear is infectious, and feeds on the unknown. You can best allay panic in your own home and your neighborhood with the *facts* about the disease. Here are some major points to remember:

Who are the victims of paralysis? Infantile is a highly selective disease. Twenty cases in a town of 100,000 population usually constitute an "epidemic." Half those stricken with paralysis recover without visible permanent effects; another fourth recover with only minor permanent injuries.

How can you prevent polio? As yet there is no one certain answer to this question, but you can *help* ward off germs. Doctors are agreed that

Fatigue aids disease. Watch out for late hours, irregular schedules, too much exertion.

Do not swim in polluted waters. If you are in doubt, consult your local board of health.

Take extra sanitary precautions against flies and insects, against germs carried on the hands.

During warm weather—particularly when there is a suspicion of infantile paralysis in the neighborhood—avoid theaters, beaches, busses and other public gathering places.

If paralysis should strike your home: Prompt informed medical care will increase the chances of recovery. If symptoms appear—the danger signals resemble symptoms of many other childhood diseases: nausea, upset stomach, headache, unexplained fever—CALL YOUR DOCTOR!

Let your doctor be your guide. There is still no sure cure for infantile paralysis. But doctors agree that patients can be most successfully cared for in hospitals. Do as your physician advises.

Do not borrow money to meet the financial strain. Few families, even those of substantial income, can afford the extraordinary expenses of this disease. Get in touch with your local chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. It is part of their job to help you with funds derived from the yearly March of Dimes campaign.

Keep calm. You can contribute much to the long-range health and happiness of a paralysis patient by keeping your household as near to normal as possible.

You'll say we made it just for you—

This NEW FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL

Room galore for frozen foods!
Big Super-Freezer Chest holds up to 35 pounds. Lever-release Quick-ube Trays give you ice cubes fast —without a struggle.

See—it's Cold-Wall!
Chilling coils are built right into the walls. Air stays still and moist, so foods stay fresh and vitamin-rich days longer —*never need be covered.*

Meter-Miser makes the cold!
It's the *simplest* refrigerating mechanism ever built: uses less current than an ordinary light bulb. Quiet and self-oiling.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire *made only by* ***General Motors***

I'm a fancy Dan with a frying pan!

But the Little Woman says our new Frigidaire Electric Range is so simple, even a *man* can use it! Also, it's *fast*—it's *clean*—it's *WONDERFUL*. Practically does the cooking itself, she says —but you should see *her* blush when I praise the meals she turns out now!

Frigidaire *made only by*
General Motors

See your Frigidaire dealer about these and other modern Frigidaire products for your home. Find name in Classified Telephone Directory. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio. In Canada, Leaside, Ontario.

Listen to "THE MAN CALLED X" every Thursday night. See newspaper for time and station.

GOOD NEIGHBORS CLUB

Pepsi-Cola Company

Announces

a new service to the women of America

A monthly column of helpful suggestions from one neighbor to another

$1500.00

IN CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH

FIRST PRIZE $700.00

SECOND PRIZE $250.00

THIRD PRIZE $125.00

FOURTH PRIZE $75.00

FIFTH PRIZE $50.00

PLUS 30 PRIZES of $10.00 each

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES...

1. These contests are being offered every month to the women of America . . . as a public service of the Pepsi-Cola Company . . . to be of help to women in their day-to-day living. Hence, your entries will be judged on their practicability and every-day usefulness to your neighbors.

2. Here's all you do: Write out on any sheet of paper, in 50 words or less, the best idea you have which you think will help your neighbor. Then underneath, write briefly your reasons for selecting the idea you did. Ideas can deal with any subject of interest to women, such as short cuts in housekeeping, parties, entertaining, homemaking and decoration, etc. . . . Food Recipes are not eligible.

3. Submit your entries in your own words . . . literary style will not count. The originality and aptness of the subject matter . . . and your reasons for selecting it . . . are the things for which prizes will be awarded.

4. You may enter these contests as many times as you wish. There is nothing to buy, no box tops to send in. Write each entry on a separate sheet of paper and be sure to print your name and address on each sheet.

5. Mail your entries to Pepsi-Cola Company, Dept. L, Good Neighbors Club, P.O. Box 230, Long Island City 1, N. Y. All entries postmarked not later than June 30, 1947, will be judged in the June contest. Entries received during July will be judged in the July contest . . . and so on each month.

6. Every month, 35 cash prizes will be given totaling $1500.00, in order of excellence of entries, as follows: 1st Prize: $700.00; 2nd Prize: $250.00; 3rd Prize: $125.00; 4th Prize: $75.00; 5th Prize: $50.00; plus *30 prizes* of $10.00 each.

7. Checks will be mailed to prize winners in this June contest not later than July 31, 1947 . . . and so on each month. Top prize winners of the month of June, with their pictures, will appear in the November issue of this magazine. Do not send pictures with entries.

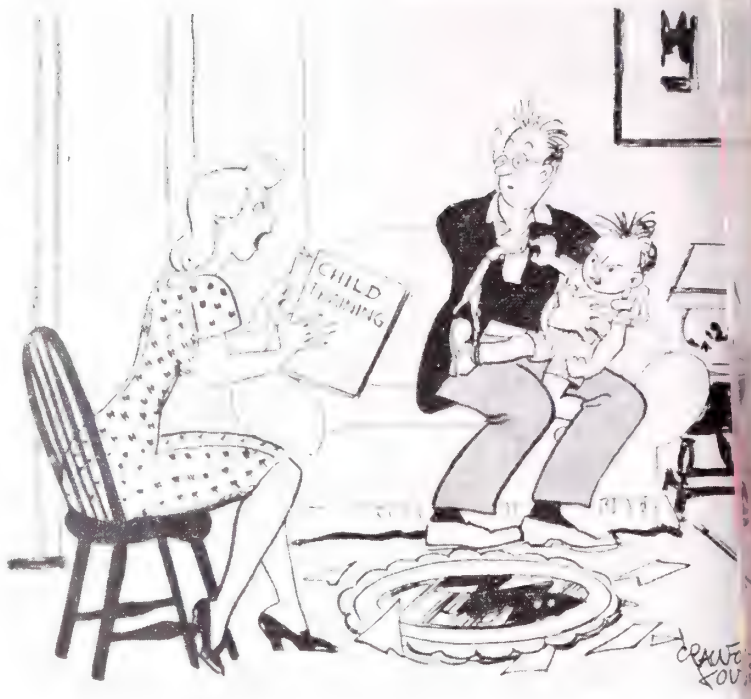
8. Pepsi-Cola Company shall have the right to publish all prize-winning entries in any form desired, with or without editing, and including names and addresses of winners.

9. The judges of each monthly contest will be a nationally-known contest-judging organization, under the personal supervision of a well-known consultant in home economics. All decisions of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the case of ties. No entries will be returned.

10. Anyone may enter these contests *except* employees of Pepsi-Cola Company, or of any Pepsi-Cola bottling company, or of their advertising agencies. Members of the families of such employees are likewise not eligible.

Prize winners among entries received during the month of June will receive checks by July 31st . . . and the winning ideas will appear in the November issue of this magazine.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENI



"You count ten and then paste him."

UNDER-COVER STUF

By Bernardine Kielty

YOU can't tell where you may pick up a choice bit of information, but to learn about a baby book at a high-class, top-notch, sophisticated, literary tea-and-cocktail party is incongruous. This one was a party on the Waldorf Starlight Roof with its soaring star-sprinkled ceiling, its long windows open to a view of the western sky line, with literary "lights" in every group. What we learned about, both from the publisher and the reprint man, was THE COMMON SENSE BOOK OF BABY AND CHILD CARE, by ***Dr. Benjamin Spock.*** It had just received the Parents' Institute 1946 medal—an annual award for the outstanding book of that year for parents. Later we heard from three young mothers that in their opinion and practice it was the No. 1 baby book . . . . The only other conversation we remember on that really brilliant occasion was about birds: the editor in chief of one of the large publishing houses told us about a flock of thousands of purple finches which he had seen patterning the snow.

Henry James—to our way of thi ing the greatest American nove and short-story writer of them al is going to be popular in spite himself. A Hollywood producer p $200,000, we hear, for an adaptati of one of his stories, changing Jam uncompromising title, *The Aspe Papers*, to *The Lost Love*. Collectio of his writings continue to come o which is a good thing, because many of the earlier editions are n out of print. The latest to date THE AMERICAN NOVELS AND STORI OF HENRY JAMES, edited by ***F. Matthiessen.*** There are four novels THE EUROPEANS, WASHINGTO SQUARE, THE BOSTONIANS and TH IVORY TOWER—and nine stories, a with an American setting. It is n the best of James, but it is still bett than almost anything by almost an body else.

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can't promise that I can go to the movies, Teddy—but I have pretty swell parents."

Some women, when they have an extr half hour, play solitaire and some kni and some telephone their friends. ***Mir iam Chapin,*** author of HOW PEOPL TALK, used up her spare moment when her children were little by study ing grammars. Any grammars that sh could get hold of. Once when som other housewives caught her studying Fiji, she realized that she must keep this vice of hers secret. They thought her queer. Perhaps, they seemed to think, she'd been touched by the sun. But this language dabbling of hers has now matured into one of the most satisfactory books on the subject that the layman can get. How People Talk is not for scholars. But it does present a remarkably clear explanation of how different languages got their start, how they differ from one another, how, in fact, there came to be language at all.

Only man, of all creatures, can talk. Only man, of all creatures, carries baggage. Chimpanzees in captivity, it's said, have learned to use some of our baggage, but once they're allowed to escape they at once abandon such objects without hesitation.

(Continued on Page 16)

MEAT Main-Dish Plans that Come in Cans

Square Meal from a Square Can. Grill sliced ncheon meat in butter and pineapple juice, dle on your favorite barbecue sauce, and this ersatile meat is ready for lunch or supper.

Chili and Tamales—Hot and Quick. For the Mexican-style dinner, the late supper, the quick lunch. Choose the brand that suits your taste —hot or mild.

Corned Beef Hash—with Eggs on Top. A meal for a man. 8 minutes in the skillet, and this ever-popular blend of corned beef and potatoes is ready to be crowned with eggs, served with pride.

The Flavor Secret of Meats-in-a-Can

Those come-on-and-eat flavors of meats-n-a-can come from the good meat and other ingredients you see named on the abel—the fine spices and seasonings, he skill of expert canned meat "chefs." Read the labels, too, for fresh new ways to serve these mealtime beauties. And remember that canned meats, like ll meats, give you the kind of complete igh-quality protein all of us—young nd old—need every day, winter and ummer alike.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

This Seal means that ... made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods ... can Medical Association.

Vienna Sausage and Macaroni Loaf. These delicately seasoned open-end frankfurters, tender macaroni and your favorite cheese sauce make a dish that the children reach for.

Tasty Tongue—and don't forget the mustard. Perfectly cooked tongue. Buy it whole or ready-sliced, in tin or glass. Meaty "makings" for savory sandwiches.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago *Members throughout the U. S.*

Choosing a Range is like choosing a Husband...

You'll be living with both for a long time

A smart woman just doesn't marry the first man that comes along. She chooses carefully and wisely, preparing for a long and happy life together.

The smart housewife doesn't buy the first gas range that is available, either. She knows that it's worth waiting a little while—if necessary—to get *all* the advantages of the handsome, new, easy-to-use, easy-to-clean Tappan—again preparing for many happy years together.

So when choosing your new gas range, choose carefully and wisely. Choose Tappan—the range of distinction.

Specially engineered models for LP (bottled or tank) Gas

TAPPAN'S GLEAMING chromium-lined, brilliantly illuminated Visualite Oven with the "see-through" glass window makes oven cooking a new delight. It's fun to watch your pies, cakes, cookies, etc. bake to the rich appetizing brown you prefer.

TAPPAN

Gas Ranges

THE TAPPAN STOVE COMPANY • DEPT. L • MANSFIELD, OHIO

(Continued from Page 14)

The smart chimpanzee! When man reaches the highest rungs of civilization, his baggage is something like this (the following list covers the articles carried by each of four U. S. representatives of the United Nations, on an expedition bound for the Balkans): first-aid kit, two pairs of boots, wool trousers, shirts and underwear, sheep-lined gloves, leather greatcoat, sheep-lined helmet, sunglasses, wool scarf, nylon raincoat, flashlight, clasp knife, musette bag, vacuum bottle, sleeping bag, identification armbands, duffel bag and metal foot locker. And we're not mentioning technical equipment like compasses, Coleman stoves, binoculars, radio sets, map cases, typewriters, motion-picture equipment, and so on. St. Bernard dogs, we hear, are standing by.

• • •

Sholem Asch's EAST RIVER, *as everyone by now must know—because it is one of the top best sellers—concerns people of different races and religions, living peaceably together at*

Sholem Asch.

the river's edge in New York. Now, appropriately enough, the United Nations is going to build on practically the very tract of land of which Mr. Asch writes.

• • •

There's a taxi operating on Long Island which carries this sign on its rear seat: "Disabled veterans carried without charge anywhere in New York City." Praise to the cab owner, Martin Deutsch, who is himself a Navy veteran, and understands.

• • •

Cosmetic item: the lady police of Pittsburgh aren't allowed to use lipstick.

• • •

Idwal Jones, *author of* VERMILION, *the long family novel centered around a California mercury mine, is a dark, heavy-browed Welshman with a thick Welsh burr. Though he looks like a younger John Lewis, he speaks like a scholar, his enormous fund of knowledge running from Celtic folklore to the Italian Renaissance to mineral ore to California history to wines and fine food. Sitting at a table with three other persons, he helped one out with information she needed for a radio program about Bali; supplied another with the real name of* ***Curzio Malaparte*** (KAPUTT), *and explained why Malaparte had got in wrong with Mussolini; and discussed fine cooking with the third. His last book was* HIGH BONNET *(about a chef), and his next, after* VERMILION, *is to be* THE VINEYARDS OF CALIFORNIA.

(Continued on Page 18)

What do you thi

"I found a wonder new cleaner! It's gr for dishes!"

says **Mrs. O. J. Dostilio** *of Keene, N. H.*

"No more scraping or scouring of dis pots and pans! 'ETHYL' Cleaner just float away heaviest grease."

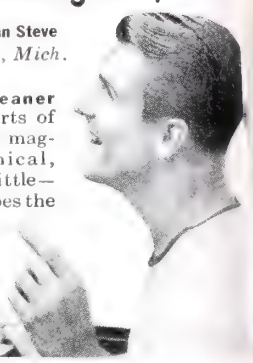
"You found? I found 'ETHYL' Cleaner's fluffy s fine for washing delica fabrics!"

says **Mrs. Helen Vane** *of Camden, N. J.*

"Quick and gentle 'ETHYL' Cleane keeps my nice things—silks, nylons an rayons—fresh looking." Kind to hand

"You're both right! And 'ETHYL' Cleaner scor for washing cars, too!"

says **Mr. Herman Steve** *of Battle Creek, Mich.*



"'ETHYL' Cleaner washes all parts of the car—like magic!" Economical, too. Just a little—plus water—does the trick. Try it!

SEE IF YOU AGREE...

New "ETHYL"* Cleane is tops for so many things!

WINDOWS and MIRRORS • DISHES • POTS and PANS • GLASSWARE • REFRIGERATORS • ENAMEL SURFACES • STOVES • WOOLENS • RAYONS • NYLONS • RUGS and UPHOLSTERY • CAR WASHING.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Available at leading stores and automobile service stati

EAR·EVER

with the Snap-Tite cover that can't be lifted off while pressure is on

Less time

in the kitchen—more for leisure—when your Wear-Ever reaches temperature fast, then cooks peas, for instance, in 15 seconds!

Simple!

No moving parts in temperature control—won't break. All cooking at one pressure.

Just taste

vegetables pressure-cooked the Wear-Ever way—you'd never guess how good and fresh they can be!

Easy!

Snap-tite cover operates with just one hand—a child could use it! Even with lid-lock unhooked, cover can't be lifted off while pressure's on.

Reliable!

Ask Grandma, who's used Wear-Ever utensils since way back when! See the extra-hard, thick-sheet aluminum. Extra-thick, extra-durable bottom spreads heat fast and evenly. Light to lift but strong!

Savings

The Wear-Ever Pressure Cooker uses low heat; cooks in minutes—not hours; soon pays for itself with fuel savings

WEAR-EVER T.A.C.U. ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

Keep aluminum gleaming the easy way. Use WEAR EVER CLEANSER PADS. At all stores.

WEAR·EVER

Aluminum pressure cooker

Made of the metal that cooks best—easy to clean

947 T.A.C.U. CO.

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

N-e-v-e-r did a coffee give you all this!

1. New high in enjoyment—or your money back! Look for a lift that pulls you right out of your chair, the fun of [illegible] Borden flavor! Matter of fact, if you don't like Borden's better than any coffee you ever tasted—ground or instant—we'll give you your money back!*

2. Magic convenience—no pot, no grounds! If you could push a magic button for coffee, it couldn't be quicker! Just drop ½ to ⅔ of a level teaspoonful in a cup, add hot water. No pot. No wait. No grounds. No waste. That's why Borden's is perfect for breakfast and every other meal.

YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR MORE THAN THIS IN A COFFEE, FRIENDS. SO C'MON—SERVE BORDEN'S EVERY MEAL, EVERY DAY!
Borden's
INSTANT
COFFEE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

3. And, half again as many cups! Most users tell us they get *half again* as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as are usually obtained from a pound of ground coffee. Remember, Borden's isn't *half* coffee. It's *all* coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.

*[illegible]

(Continued from Page 16)

The first woman to smoke in public in America, according to The New York Times, was **Mrs. Pat Campbell,** *the alluring redheaded English actress who played in Pygmalion and Magda and The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, in the days*

Pat Campbell.

when cigarette advertising was very, very young. The time was 1903, and the occasion a reception at the Park Avenue [illegible]

• • •

"Morals and deportments"—that phase of education now neglected and almost forgotten—was once of prime importance in this country, if one can [illegible] described in **Arthur Schlesinger's** LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE. According to Mr. Schlesinger, there was a drastic change in manners after the Civil War, along with the growth of great fortunes, the activities of the "Four Hundred" and their emulation as far as possible by the middle class. "The Cult of Elegance," he calls it. When a lady crossed the street she should "gracefully raise her dress a little above her ankle," counseled the book. In conversation one was advised: "always think before you speak," and "never emphasize a remark by a touch of the foot." Appropriate topics for discussion were "articles of virtu, photographs of foreign subjects, paintings or statuary. . . . The conversation may gradually center on the Egyptian obelisk or the Tower of London." Before one went out socially one outlined one's subjects and fortified oneself by study.

It was in those days that Edward Bok secured "Ruth Ashmore" "Isabel A.

"I suppose it isn't right to trick a man into marriage, but then—what other way is there?"

Why polish silver?

IT'S AS OLD-FASHIONED AS THE HOUR-GLASS CORSET

PACIFIC Silver Cloth

ACTUALLY PREVENTS TARNISH!

Gone forever is the drudgery of routine silver polishing. Your silver, scientifically protected from tarnish, remains bright and sparkling when entrusted to Pacific Silver Cloth.

Guaranteed Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND IF NOT AS ADVERTISED

This amazing patented Pacific Silver Cloth may be had in chests (\$5 up), bags, rolls (\$1 to \$4) and in wraps (about \$1). They're on sale in jewelry, department and furniture stores everywhere. Always look for the Pacific label when you buy.

If you cannot find chests, bags, rolls and wraps made with Pacific Silver Cloth, write to us for the name of your nearest dealer.

PACIFIC MILLS: DEPT. LH-6, 214 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK 13

HANKER NO MORE

Kraft American is here again!

... AND PLENTIFUL

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE
CHEESES ARE MADE BY **KRAFT**

Handle with care that Tender Skin

—IT'S REALLY THINNER THAN YOURS

YOUR tiny baby's skin . . . soft as down . . . delicate as a flower . . . needs *always* your very gentlest care. Because it actually is thinner than a grown-up's, you know.

That's why you do your best to keep him dry, and make sure that every trace of irritating soap is rinsed from his diapers. But have you thought how important the right bathroom tissue is to your baby's comfort and safety?

Baby's tissue should provide 3 things

There are three qualities you should always look for in selecting your baby's bathroom tissue, to spare him daily discomfort. Real softness, so the tissue cannot chafe, or irritate . . . high absorbency . . . and sufficient strength to prevent tearing and shredding.

Every day more mothers are finding this ideal combination of qualities in ScotTissue than in any other brand of tissue.

ScotTissue is "old linen" soft for comfort, wonderfully absorbent, yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. These qualities will be a great help now—and you'll find they will aid you in training your baby to proper toilet habits later on.

How to reduce the diaper-laundering problem

For babies up to 6 months, try crumpling up 20 or more sheets of soft, absorbent ScotTissue and inserting in the diapers. You will have more dry diapers . . . less staining. Simply flush away the soiled tissue. Keeps baby "comfy" and saves on laundry, too.

New ScotTissue is softer than ever

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

• The minute you feel a CHIX Gauze Diaper you just know they're soft and absorbent—better for baby's tender skin.

Enlarged view shows why CHIX Gauze Diapers are so soft! The special CHIX weave and finest surgical-type gauze make them light and airy, comfortable for baby.

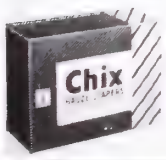
PROVED . . . Independent laboratory tests show CHIX Gauze Diapers to be super-absorbent — extra soft. They're easy to wash—quick to dry. The difference is in the weave.

Your baby will love these softer — more absorbent diapers.

Chicopee Sales Corporation, New York 13, N. Y.

Chix

GAUZE DIAPERS



Extra Soft
Super Absorbent

THANX AIDS IN CORRECTION OF THUMBSUCKING AND NAILBITING
A "STILLS" PRODUCT

Knitting Yarns

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE CARD

SEE and FEEL Cliveden [illegible]

Spun in our own mill, there are Cliveden Yarns of all types and colors—for every purpose. Preferred by experienced knitters for [illegible] WRITE DEPT. E-5

CLIVEDEN YARNS 711 ARCH ST. PHILA. 6, PA.

(Continued from Page 18)

Mallon) to conduct a department on social proprieties and heartaches for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *Her Side Talks with Girls brought her 158,000 letters in sixteen years.*

• • •

Career girls—those smart up-to-date secretaries, teachers, saleswomen, who are in the fortunate position of being so busy and so independent that they can take their beaus or leave them—will be surprised to learn that one out of every eight American girls marries between the ages of fifteen and nineteen—12 per cent. In Canada the proportion is 6 per cent; in Italy, Belgium and Australia, 5; and only 2 per cent in England. In Ireland and Norway—in spite of the beautiful Mavourneens and Gretas and Ingrids—the percentage of girls married under twenty is 1. (Statistics of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.)

• • •

Commander Eisberg, *believe it or not, was born with* ***Admiral Byrd*** *in the Antarctic. Which reminds us of the old story of the penguin who one time didn't make her regular migratory trip north. When friends inquired solicitously, they were told that she couldn't make it this year—because she was "with Byrd."*

• • •

Perfumers say that musk is the most fascinating of all scents to man. The Empress Josephine used it as her personal perfume, and for years afterward the walls of her apartments were still fragrant. Mohammed wrote about it in the Koran. It is the most important perfume in the whole enormous modern business, yet the entire supply of musk from time immemorial until very very recently came solely from the little musk deer of the Himalayas. (In Natural History, February, 1947, ***Jennie Harris*** tells the whole story.)

The musk deer is only about twenty inches tall, he wanders over the shoulders of the great peaks at an altitude of 8000 feet, through forests of rhododendrons—vermilion, scarlet and white—through ferns and bamboo and birch and juniper. He feeds daintily on gentians and primroses, and consistently enough is sensitive to the sound of flute music.

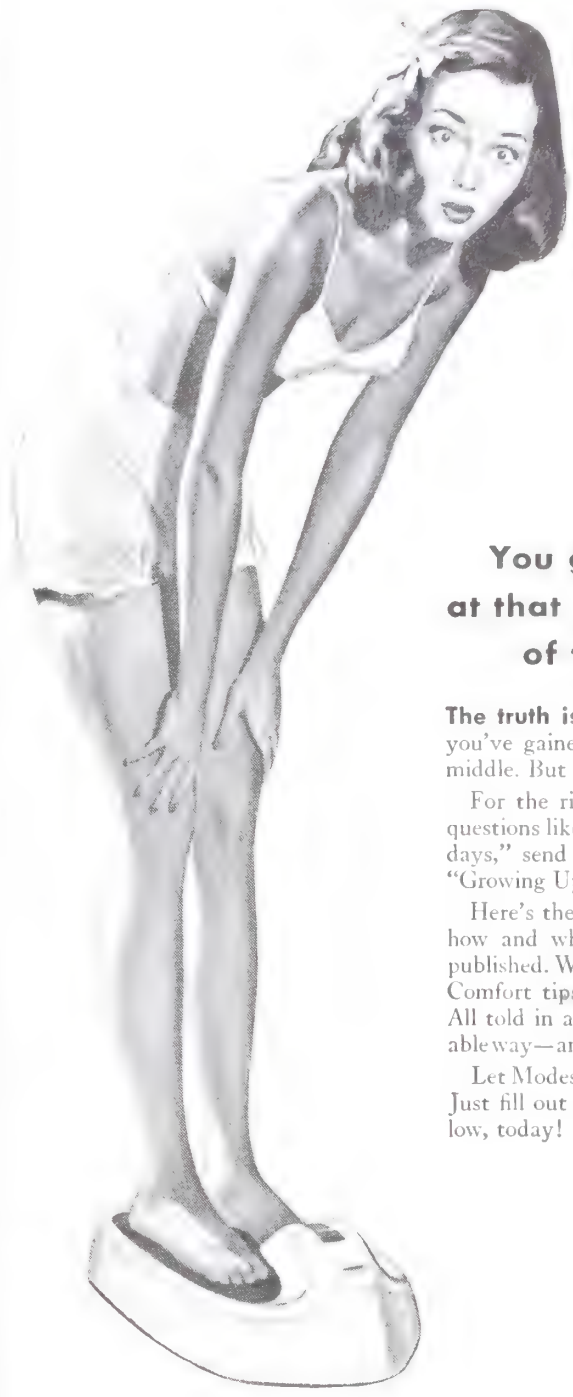
The perfume in tiny musk grains—is held in a pouch about the size of a walnut, near the base of his abdomen. When the deer rests on a rock the musk is exposed, and the sun, heating the rock, diffuses the scent and thus signals the hunters. One grain is said to perfume millions of cubic feet of air, which is a doubtful blessing to the deer: 100,000 are slain yearly.

Now apparently a synthetic musk has been developed. At the perfume-bottle stage, we won't know the difference, but what a cause for joy in those rhododendron forests!

C. V. T. STEWSPEAPERE

"This perfume will attract every man within a radius of fifty feet—it's radioactive."

TRUE OR FALSE?



You gain pounds at that "certain time" of the month

The truth is—you may FEEL as if you've gained pounds, all round the middle. But you haven't. Forget it!

For the right answer to dozens of questions like this about "those trying days," send for your FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."

Here's the brightest booklet on the how and why of menstruation ever published. What's taboo, what's okay. Comfort tips, poise tips, health tips. All told in an understandable, enjoyable way—and lively with illustrations.

Let Modess send you a FREE copy. Just fill out and mail the coupon below, today!

TRUE OR FALSE?

All girls chafe "that time of the month"!

FALSE. 88 out of 108 school girls who recently tested the new *Free-Stride* Modess report: No chafing with *Free-Stride* Modess.

The secret? Free-Stride Modess is specially designed with extra cotton on its edges . . . for greater freedom from chafing.

Try luxury-comfortable Modess, today! You'll be glad you did.

Send today for your FREE copy!

Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 332-P, Milltown, N. J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking it."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Age_____

dreft

THE GREATEST SUDS DISCOVERY IN 2000 YEARS!

[illegible] along you never dreamed such

[illegible]ible!... Brings benefits that no soap

[illegible]—Fluffier new Woolens... Brighter Lingerie

[illegible]kings... Sparkling Dishes!

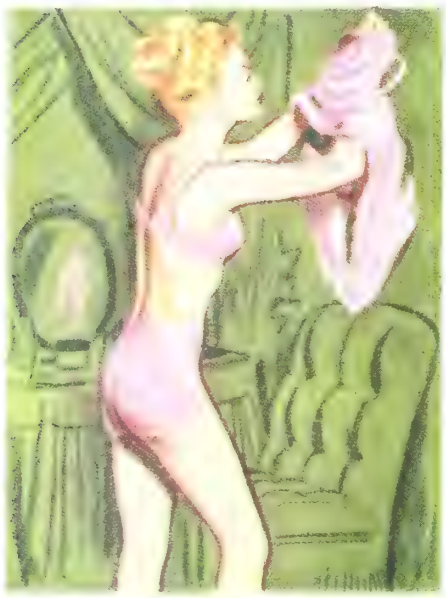
Dishes Shine—Even Without Wiping!

It's True! For the first time in history Dreft made it possible to let dishes drain dry—without streaks or cloudy film. Even your nicest glassware sparkles like jewels—towel or no towel.

Grease Vanishes! No soap or soap flakes in the world can get rid of dishpan grease the way Dreft can! Pots and pans come shining clean in a jiffy. The grease just seems to melt away. And Dreft's gentle suds are kind to your hands!

Faster, Brighter, Safer cleaning

for SILKS, NYLONS, WOOLENS, DISHES!



Lingerie Stays Color-Fresh far Longer than with any Soap!

You've got to see Dreft's washing miracles with your own eyes! Your lovely lingerie stays color-bright and fresh far longer than with any soap you ever used. There's no dulling soap film to give that faded look. Dreft keeps your pretty colored slips, blouses, "undies" fresher and newer-looking wash after wash.

TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT. OFF. A HYMOL PRODUCT

Stockings Wear Longer!

With Dreft's clear-rinsing suds your precious nylons look sheerer and lovelier than ever before! There's no soapy residue to heavy up hose and spoil their fresh, sheer look. What's more, nightly Dreft-washing means noticeably longer wear.

New Woolens Wash Fluffier than ever Before!

In all your life you've never seen anything that's just the same as Dreft! You'll be amazed how your lovely new sweaters and baby things wash softer and fluffier than with even the most expensive soap flakes! There's no soapy residue to cause matting and coarseness.

Procter & Gamble's Patented Suds Discovery

[illegible] OF U. S. PATENTS—2,166,514-15, 2,383,737 AND UNDER LICENSE OF 1,968,793-97 INCLUSIVE, 2,264,737.

Community Action in the Housing Crisis

THE discouraged homeseeker, particularly the homeless veteran, has pondered thoughtfully all the advice, testimony and alibis of officialdom. And now he asks, "What can the home town do?"

For the real push to housing results, people are counting more and more on the homemade, home-town efforts. Veterans, through their organizations, are putting the problem squarely before local business and municipal government.

You can help your community develop a course of action. The inquiring citizen is a great energizer.

Are you acquainted with the housing-crisis facts in your community?

Do you have a Mayor's Emergency Housing Committee? Does it meet or is it just a committee on paper? Have you attended any of its meetings? Even if you are not on the committee, you can ask permission to attend a session or two and bring in a few neighbors. Nothing like a gallery of interested citizens to spur lagging efforts!

Do you have a "local housing authority" to use state and Federal funds available for slum or substandard clearance or renovation?

Do the civic groups to which you belong concern themselves about housing? About Federal legislation and appropriations or state subsidies and loans? A genuine educational program on this greatest of all domestic postwar problems is needed.

During the war the co-operative efforts of community leaders representing business, labor, agriculture, government, religious, women's and civic groups licked many wartime problems. Let's use the wartime formula of co-operation and clean up the housing mess in which most American communities find themselves.

★ Write the JOURNAL's Public Affairs Department Editor about your community plans. If they are successful, we can share them with others. ★

On This I Stand

As a Citizen of the United States,

I WILL DO MY PART:

To realize **that hope for world peace lies in justice and equality for all;**

To assure **to every individual personal dignity and freedom in all things, at all times;**

To promote **the solid foundations for peace and security in my own community;**

To free **the world from the threat of future wars.**

AND FOR THESE ENDS:

I will be a good neighbor;

I will perform some personal service for my community;

I will unite my strength with others working for the improvement of community living;

I will insist that my Government's representatives adopt these standards for national and international relations.

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT'S ANSWER ON HOUSING

By Joan Younger

PHOTO BY [illegible]

Six million, five hundred thousand Americans have no homes of their own, live with relatives in crowded conditions.

"I CAN'T take it much longer," said the man. "We've been living with the wife's mother ever since I got back a year and a half ago. I never dreamed then that I'd see New Year's, 1947, there—and now—well, what are we going to do with the baby when he comes? So we've learned to live at a whisper—can a baby? The wife says I've got to find a place for us. What am I going to do?"

Carl Remy shuffled the white filing cards in his hands and looked hard at his desk, which stood in the middle of Meriden, Connecticut's, Veterans' Center. He acted like a man who didn't know quite what to say; and he didn't.

"I don't know what you're going to do," he said. "From surveys on housing here we figure there are about 450 men in the same boat with you—and that's just veterans. Sure, the baby puts you in the list of hardship cases, but your hardship comes along a little late—like a second wave. You'll have to wait until one of the earlier hardship cases moves out of some of the emergency housing. This town's done okay on emergency housing so far—the trouble is the emergency just doesn't stop."

He didn't add that he, too, veterans' guide to housing though he was, was also living at his wife's mother's home. Nor did he add that there were others who were now beginning to realize that the "emergency period" in housing was here to stay for at least several years, and were attempting to make long-term plans. After all, you can't live in a blueprint.

The veteran left, dejected. There was nothing in the way his shoulders dragged to remind you that just about two years ago he had been acclaimed among the heroes, kissed by sobbing Frenchwomen—one of the men whose courage and selflessness made life a lot happier for many—a very great many—people. *(Continued on Page 255)*

For Father's Day

ON FATHER'S DAY

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THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

Tina Leser

COMMENDS THE NEW STYLING OF KAISER AND FRAZER CARS

FAMED designer of glamorous play clothes for American women, Tina Leser not only knows, but establishes, styles. "In the lines and colors of my beachwear," she says "I try to capture the spirit of leisure and play in which it is worn. Successful design always reflects purpose. To me, the design, styling and colors of the new KAISER and FRAZER cars appeal as a most successful effort to make distinguished beauty reflect luxurious transportation."

Beachwear by Tina Leser

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If You Ask Me

By Eleanor Roosevelt

★ ★ ★

My husband and I decided some years ago that our small contributions to peace would be never to tell or repeat "Eleanor stories," racial-prejudice stories or jokes, but we differ on our reactions to others' telling such stories. My husband says that if other persons make racial jokes, it is like beating your head against a stone wall to argue with them. He just changes the subject. I "light into" them, and tell them if they can't say anything good, not to say anything. Which of us is correct?

I doubt if "lighting into" people ever does much good, but I think the time has come when we ourselves must stand up and be counted for our beliefs. If we can say quietly that we think the attitude that someone is taking is harmful to the co-operation between people of different races and religions and will not help to promote peace in the world, and explain very calmly why we think so, we may plant a seed in even a prejudiced mind, which may of itself bear fruit someday.

I have read that it is difficult for Russia to understand us fully because of differences in our languages which are lost in translation. This is doubtless true of other nations too. Don't you think it would be an excellent idea for the United Nations to push the idea of a common language which every child should be required to master in addition to his own? English has become somewhat of a world language, although it is considered one of the difficult languages to master. Could we not have a simplified English such as Theodore Roosevelt advocated?

I think there is a growing feeling that a common language, learned by all children, would be tremendously advantageous and a help toward peace. The difficulty is that whatever language is chosen, other nations will feel that it gives that nation an added political prestige. You are right; English is becoming more widely known and may, little by little, be accepted as a common language. I doubt very much if simplified English would make a great deal of difference, but a certain amount of simplification is going on all the time.

I am a girl of 13 of the Jewish faith. My mother and I have been discussing the problem of eventual dates with boys. My mother says I should confine my dates to Jewish boys. I say it does not matter with whom I go out, Jewish boys or boys of other religions. What should I do?

I do not like to answer questions on subjects which really have to be decided within a family. Racial and religious questions fall into that category, but I would point out to your mother that we have to live in a world in which all races and religions have to learn somehow to live together.

In a recently published eulogy of Marian Anderson this statement was made: "It was the religious voice of a whole religious people—probably the most God-obsessed (and man-despised) people since the ancient Hebrews." Please tell me why are the Negroes probably the most man-despised people?

I do not know who wrote that quotation, but I imagine the author was thinking of the fact that in parts of our country, and perhaps in some other countries, the Negro has not been treated with the respect which one should accord to every human being.

Is there any provision in the work of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for the rehabilitation of victims of infantile paralysis before the time the organization was formed? My husband had infantile paralysis as a child. He was affected in both legs, but regained much of the use of one. On the other he wore a brace and was able to lead a happy, normal life. Six years ago he fell and broke his hip. At 43 he found himself confined to bed for life. We don't want charity, yet the kind of specialized attention which he needs is almost impossible for us to get. The orthopedic specialists I know don't make house calls. He can't go to a doctor's office except in an ambulance. When you have difficulty keeping your bank balance at $50, you just don't go around making too many demands. I feel his morale is getting so low that I must do something.

I think Warm Springs takes in such patients and does have some funds to assist those who cannot afford to pay. There is, however, a long waiting list. In any case, it would do no harm to write to Mr. Fred Botts, Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, Warm Springs, Georgia, and ask him about the chances for your husband.

I am a houseworker now. How may we organize? I'm receiving substantial pay for these days, but some employers want blood, not sweat alone. Would you please help me with suggestions?

There are a few houseworkers already organized, but it is a difficult group to organize, since there are rarely more than one or two employed in a household and each household has different requirements, so the standards are very difficult to set except for wages and hours, and even those have to vary now and then. I do think there are certain conditions, however, which could be covered, and I am quite sure if you go to the Y.W.C.A. wherever you live, they will give you the information you desire and help you in every possible way.

I am eleven and a half and like to listen to mystery stories on the radio. My mother and father object because they are too exciting and limit me to one a day. I would like your opinion, please.

I think your mother and father are very wise. What do you really get out of mystery stories? They give you a certain amount of excitement, but they do not give you anything that you want to keep in your mind.

Would you please clear up the confusion which exists about your name? Newspapers sometimes refer to you as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and sometimes as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Which is your preference?

I much prefer to be called Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. There are a number of Eleanor Roosevelts in our family, but only one Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I have a daughter, 17, who will finish her freshman year in college this spring. She wants to quit school and marry a boy of 20, also a freshman in college, in June. He goes to school under the G. I. Bill of Rights. I feel that she is too young to take on the responsibilities of married life. Am I right in asking her to put off marriage now? If so, will you please help to convince her of the advantages of this?

I am afraid I cannot help you to convince your daughter that she is too young for the responsibilities of marriage. She probably knows that her great-grandmother married at sixteen. The person who really should be convinced is the boy, who today has a more difficult time to support a wife and family than did his grandfather, who probably lived on a farm, or worked in some small, developing business. He will have to find an opening and establish himself, and he is the one who should convince your daughter that both of them will need the equipment which college can give them to face the problems of a more complicated world than the one in which their grandparents lived.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies Home Journal. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* Journal.

The Neighbors — **By George Clark**

"Now you're not going to talk Junior out of getting married. I haven't forgotten how stubborn you were during our courtship!"

When everybody's feeling festive – serve

AMERICA'S LUXURY HAM

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ARMOUR ★

This-n-that about Ham

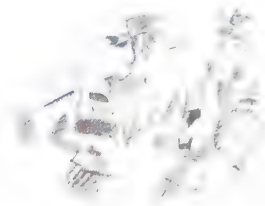
BY

Marie Gifford

Director, Armour Consumer Service

Here's the perfect party food for June — America's Luxury Ham! On your handsomest platter arrange wonderful, tender slices of Armour Star Ready-To-Eat Ham. And reserve the center for . . .

Wedding Bell Salads—Soften Cloverbloom Cream Cheese with a little mayonnaise. Press together canned pear halves filled with the cheese. Using pastry tube (you can fashion one out of stiff paper) flute ribbon of cheese down each side of bell. Top with ring of cherry.



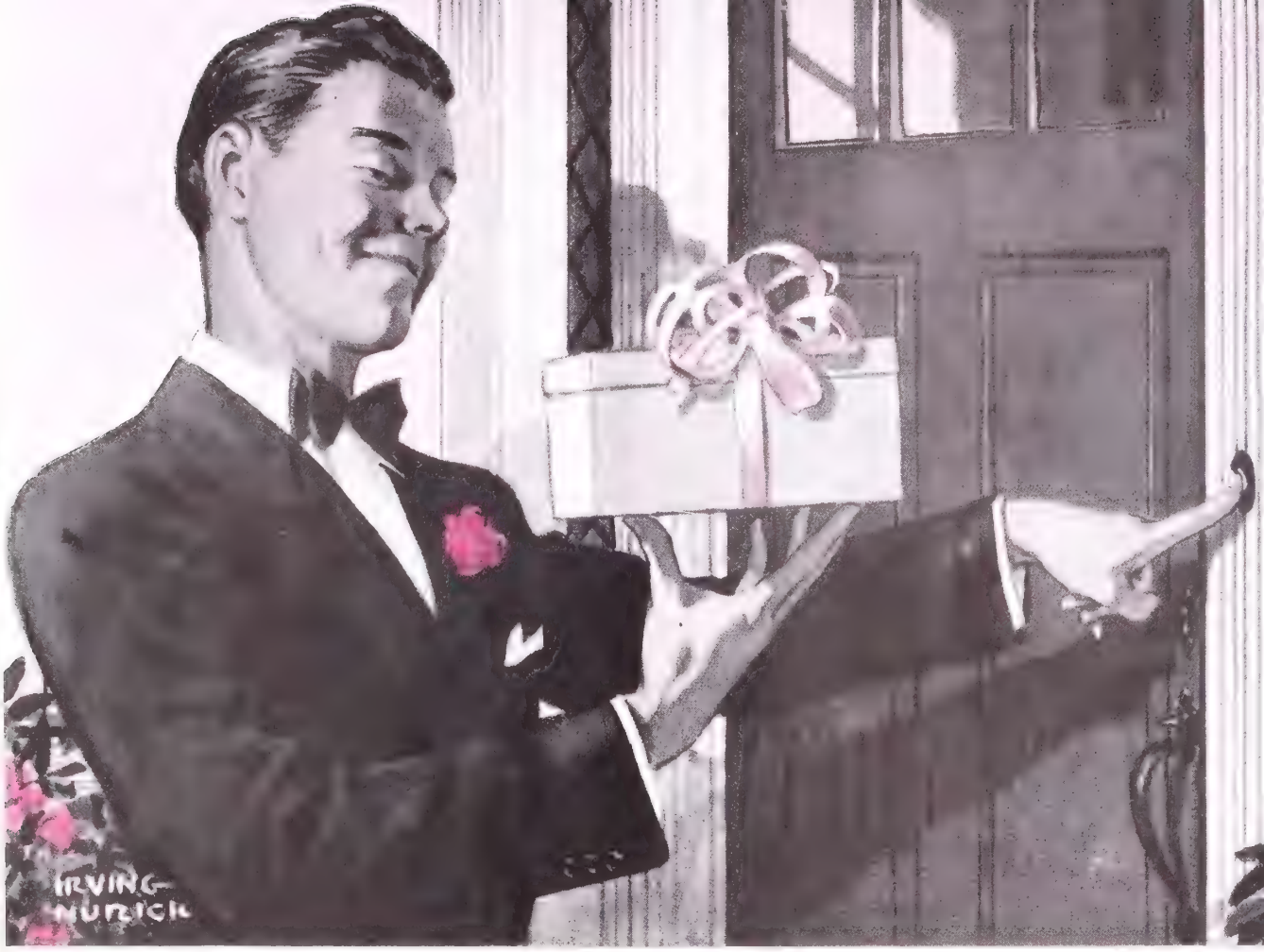
How to tell ready-cooked ham from uncooked ham? Just keep an eye on the labels. Armour Star Ready-To-Eat Ham comes in the striped package, Armour Star Smoked Ham (not cooked) in the solid color wrapper. Both of them are America's Luxury Hams! Hand-picked—sugar-cured by Armour's exclusive process—tender-smoked over fragrant hickory and hardwood!

Why is ham such a "good buy?" Because it's substantial, satisfying meat — and it goes so far! You use up the tiniest scraps — even the bone for soup. 4 people can get 5 nutritious meat-meals from a 6 lb. half-ham!

Ham for two—Happy thought for two-some families: Ask at your market for half-inch slices of Armour Star Smoked Ham! Pan fry them eight minutes. And try a Deep-South recipe for delicious cream gravy: 2 tbsps. ham fat, stir in 2 tbsps. flour, add 1 cup milk slowly, stirring. Simmer 2 min. Salt. Mmm—brings the moonlight and magnolias right up to your kitchen door!

Short on time—and an idea supper? The answer: Armour Chopped Ham—with canned sweet toes or sizzling fried Cloverbloom It's all ham — whole ham, cho sugar-cured, and vacuum-cooked own full-flavored juices! Simple satisfying!

Free recipes—new recipes other ways to serve ham—delic differently, write: Marie Gifford 87, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago



It's a Da
For a Dan

NEXT to graduation, your seventeenth birthday and the day you bought that new Vaughn Monroe album, probably the brightest date on your current calendar is the spring prom. Whether it's a first dance for you, or the last big party of your high-school career, it's got to go down in your diary as one of the most exciting evenings of your life. Everything has to be right—in every small detail—from the beau boy who comes to pick you up at eight o'clock right down to the hamburgers and malteds you gulp down together just before the clock ticks round to the zero hour. And you're the girl responsible for the best "bright-eyed and beautiful" performance of her dating career. So set the backdrop, get yourself the right props and work out your own program for an evening that will go off as smoothly as a Peter Lawford movie!

LITTLE GIRLS ARE MADE OF . . .

First, what are you going to wear? It doesn't have to be new, it doesn't have to add up to big numbers in folding money, but it should be an evening dress that makes you "feel like dancing." Don't try to find this dream-girl number in half an hour, after school and just two days before the dance. Give yourself shopping time, fitting time and strutting time to pick yourself a dress that has everything: light, bright colors; a full skirt that billows when you dance; a nipped-in waist, a puffed-out sleeve or no sleeves at all—everything to give you that Rita Hayworth dancing look. Skip the black satin, slit skirt and sequins, the fancy earrings and extra bracelets, and concentrate on simplicity. You want to look pretty as a picture, but you should feel "comfortable" in your clothes too!

And how about the added attractions such as evening wrap, bag and slippers? You can't play Cinderella in moccasins or saddle shoes, so sandals for dancing are a must on your list, and a pair in gold or bright silver won't overbalance the budget—but no need to shop around for sables, sequins or quilted satin for a dance wrap! Most high-school girls manage to look young and smart in their school coat or date coat, brushed, pressed and with all handkerchiefs, gloves and old candy-bar wrappers removed from the bulging pockets. If the night is warm, just wear the coat draped around your shoulders, with your corsage pinned on the lapel for an added festive look. If you have an evening bag, small and in good color contrast to your dress—well, you're a lucky gal. But if you don't, a small black handbag would do—or simply wrap a lipstick, small comb and powder puff in a clean hanky and tuck it into your coat pocket for midevening perking up. If you want to wear evening gloves, you may—otherwise, just slip on a pair of white cotton shorties, the same pair you wore with your best spring suit, to wear to and from the dance. The big bright idea for the whole evening, however, is to be absolutely well groomed and to "like" the way you look yourself!

SUGAR AND SPICE . . .

Don't change hair-do's at the last minute! If you usually wear a short feather cut to school, don't switch to bangs as your escort waits downstairs in the living room. Or if you have long, sleek hair, don't try to create a glamorous upsweep just the night before the dance! How can you have fun if you're worrying about hairpins and whether or not the whole mess is going to slip down into your eyes? And no last-minute rinses, sun-glow tints or curler treatments that leave you hot, harried and looking like the wrong end of a bath brush. Shampoo your hair two or three days before the dance, wash well, rinse with special thoroughness—and then brush and brush and brush.

And none of this Johnny-come-lately treatment for your complexion either! Give your face a two weeks notice that you're planning a big evening—and get it into pink-and-white perfection by gentle *daily* treatment. If you haven't been completely faithful with the soap-and-water schedule, revise your routine to include a nightly lathering, thorough rinsing and then tuck yourself in for the night with an application of cold cream to leave your skin soft. And be even more careful of the foods you eat; add some extra fruit to your diet, several glasses of water, and omit the sweets and greasy food you know will give complexion troubles. But remember, these preparations must start weeks before the big dance to get just the right results—don't risk irritating your skin with panicky last-minute cures of special lotions, mud packs and egg-and-honey massages!

Do treat yourself to some last-minute good grooming: a long, lazy bath with time to relax and scrub; a careful manicure; a thorough workout with your toothbrush, and a good deodorant. (It's funny how those "small things" become even more necessary in the excitement of a big evening.) Wear just enough make-up to look fresh and colorful at the same tim
Try a powder base for this evening, even a light ha
lotion patted into your skin before you use a pu
If you wear a very light lipstick during the day, t
a darker shade that will look brighter under t
lights—and try dusting the first application wi
powder and reapplying the lipstick again lightl
This will keep your lips neat and without faded edge
no matter how much you laugh and chatter! Eve
if you don't do it in the daytime, try a touch
mascara or a little petroleum jelly on your eyebro
and eyelashes to give your eyes an interestin
"evening look." Cologne behind the ears or touche
lightly to the hem of your skirt, and there you are
off for a big evening, as fresh and attractive as
cover girl.

EVERYTHING NICE . . .

If this is a girl-ask-boy dance and you've picke
out your own particular Van Johnson for the occa
sion, be sure to have the tickets purchased an
tucked into your escort's hand before you reach th
dance. No boy likes to stand by and watch his dat
fumble with change at the door! After that, the eve
ning is his. Your date will take care of checking you
wraps, unless there is a special checkroom for th
ladies. In this case, of course, you're on your own
and use the small change in your evening bag for th
checkroom girl. Even if you're queen of the pron
you always save your first and last dances for you
date of the evening, no matter how anxious you are
and if another boy cuts in on you, you have a doubl
duty to perform spontaneously—a smile and thank
you to your date and a smile and hello to the bo
who's taking over. It's up to your dancing partne
to steer you back to your escort after the dance i
over, so don't spoil the dance by craning your nec
to keep sight of the chap who brought you! Don'
worry too much about what's going to happen nex
at all—just do simply what seems to be the righ
thing at the right time. And if your date keeps a
diary, too, you can both mark down: "And tha
night of the Senior Prom—we had a *wonderful* time!"

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Diet is as diet does—whether you're plump as a pincushion or thin as a string bean! So help your looks along by ordering the new Sub-Deb booklet with all the dope on diet, COUNT YOUR CALORIES, No. 2324, 5 cents, from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

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LETTERS TO JOAN

This is the fourth in a series of letters from a mother to her daughter, in which standards of today are discussed, frankly and understandingly—to insure the success of tomorrow.

BY GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

JOAN DARLING:

Thanks for relaying the further discussion of the girls on the subject of virginity. It has been most helpful to me as well as interesting. Especially that incident where Amy was told by an amorous escort, "It just isn't smart to be a virgin," and she felt completely at a loss to answer him.

Nothing could be more indicative of the change in attitude since I was your age. Then, if a girl transgressed the traditional standards of right and wrong, she tried to find arguments to justify her in doing so. Now, I take it, it's the girl who wishes to follow traditional standards who feels she must justify herself—and doesn't quite know how!

Just as a side light, let me say that I don't think you need meet an escort's arguments in such matters. In fact, the less you argue with a wolf, which this young man obviously is, the better. You girls have every right to think and discuss and get all the information you can about sex. But in nine cases out of ten, the man who tries to get you into an argument about it is concerned less with arriving at ultimate truths than with making an immediate conquest. It's a line that has been found effective by seducers since the dawn of social history—and you would soon learn that there is nothing smart about falling for a line. I should say that Amy's reply, "Just the same, I intend to go right on being one," was the best she could have made.

However, I think the young man has given us an excellent point of departure for appraising the value of virginity to a girl in the world as it is today, with traditional moral values toppling all about us. Is it an asset or a handicap in finding happiness and establishing satisfying relationships with the male sex?

I'll start by agreeing that sex fulfillment is a desirable, though not absolutely necessary part of a well-rounded life. I should be sorry not to have had it myself, and I should be the last to throw stones at the woman who, not having married, nevertheless does not die a virgin. Nor does society throw stones any more. To be sure, the discreet woman usually doesn't let her moral slips show if she can help it. But I think it would distress few intelligent people to learn that a dignified, lovely person like Miss ——, for instance, had had a purple interlude or two in her life. I know a very respectable family which openly rejoiced when an elderly and blameless spinster member of the clan elected to live openly with a fine man whose wife was hopelessly insane. They felt that she deserved happiness, and held her quite capable of deciding whether she would find it in such an arrangement.

However, sex in human beings is involved so deeply with the emotions, that sex on a mistaken basis can, in my own opinion, cause as much—if not more—frustration and heartache as living without sex entirely. This is especially true with women. There are some, of course, who seem to know how to make a very good thing of it, but these women have never been admired, and sensi-

It's the way we seem to be made. And when the feeling is not reciprocated, we suffer.

So the man's viewpoint becomes an important consideration. And why they call women the inconsistent sex is beyond me. For if it were the right thing for a woman to be generous with her body, you would think men would be reverent and grateful toward these benefactresses of the male sex. But are they? Not at all. Men scorn and despise and talk about the easy woman, however much they may avail themselves of the opportunities she offers.

My experience as a wife gives me one advantage. I have learned at first hand how men regard such things—and how undependable the average gallant is. A girl in such a case can never be sure that the episode will not be broadcast, with due damage to her good name.

You may argue that that is a hang-over from conventional attitudes, and that men no longer demand virtue in their women. I have delved into that—ah, the things I have done for you girls! I have taken advantage of my gray hair to drive male relatives and old family friends into corners and cross-examine them mercilessly to find out what goes in the world today, and the way the male sex feels about it. And following are points on which all of them have agreed:

1. *When a man really loves a woman, he wants her for his wife.* That, they tell me, is as true now as it ever was.

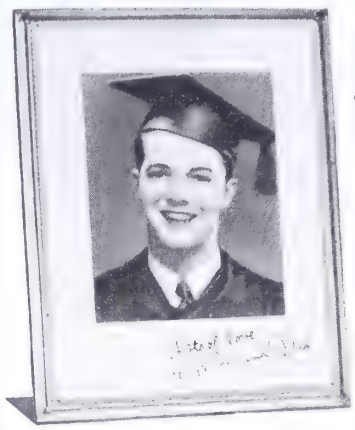
2. Even though a man may try his best to "make" other women who attract him, he doesn't want to "make" the woman he loves. It is his impulse to keep her in a different category.

3. Knowledge that the girl he loves has had previous sex experience will not count against her seriously with many men today. But if he finds she is a virgin, her value is usually enhanced in his eyes.

4. Men in general are inclined to think of a virgin in terms of marriage, because they realize she has been keeping herself for marriage and respect that in her. Even today, a man of any character will observe the age-old masculine code that a decent man will not take advantage of a virgin whom he has no intention of marrying. There are plenty who transgress it, but they are not the worthier specimens. Thus a young Navy man told me that while he had heard occasional reckless young men say it was their ambition to "make" as many virgins as possible, in the main his own friends in the service felt a high sense of responsibility in this matter. To them, virginity is an asset to a girl in getting the best deal from life, and they don't want to cheat her of her chance. These were top men in their training school. They are back in college now preparing for careers that should be more than ordinarily successful. A far better group for a girl to cast her lot with, I should say, than the thoughtless young and old blades who are merely hunting for virgin scalps to hang from their belts.

I think myself that this homage which the better men pay to virginity will not

What's hidden in his handwriting?



"Lots of love to Mom and Dad"

The wide loops on his m's and l's show a sensitive nature. Little things are important to this boy—even in a fountain pen. He'll love the flexible Moore Fingertip point . . . the floating way it writes to gentle pressure . . . the way this pen-point pen shows up his own personal way of writing. And what swell colors!

"To Bob—
The future All-American—Ted"

The way he closes his o's and a's nice and tight shows this boy is the mechanical type. He's a stickler for things being *mechanically right*—like the Moore Fingertip. It's a pen with a clog-free ink flow . . . a pen that doesn't blotch or leak.

"To Sally the best cheer leader ever" Hank

Look at the short crossed t's and you can see that this fellow compares everything. So before you buy his graduation pen, compare all the leading pens—on every count—looks, dramatically different mechanical design, easy writing. Chances are you'll pick the Moore Fingertip!

HAVE YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED BY AN EXPERT.
Send 10¢ in coin, ten words or more of your handwriting, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Emily Ames, Moore Pen Company, 29 Melcher St., Boston 10, Mass.

Compare all 4 . . . and you'll give a Moore

MOORE
Finger tip*
PEN

$8.75

Matching Pen and Pencil Set $12.50

Also ladies' Fingertip models in a range of prices

Fully Guaranteed

How can you tell how beautiful a baby'll be?

It's easy! Start with a little lovely like Shirley Johns. Give her lots and lots of tender care. (Tender care—that's Ivory care, because Ivory Soap is *so* mild, *so* pure—99 44/100% pure!) And what will you have some fine spring morning? A glamour girl, of course!

So, if you want a lovely complexion, remember how important Ivory's purity and mildness are. More doctors, you know, advise Ivory than all other brands of soap put together.

See how beautiful! This is Shirley Johns, cover girl—already famous for her natural beauty, her radiant complexion. Come a little closer while Shirley whispers her beauty secret to you.

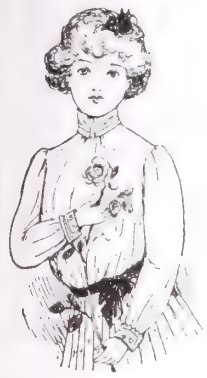
"It's so simple," Shirley says. "I'm never careless about my skin. I cleanse my face regularly with gentle Ivory Soap. That's all there is to it!"

Isn't that good news? And what's more—here's a promise for you. If you follow Shirley's hint, you can have a smoother, younger-looking, more radiant complexion in just *one week*. Imagine—*That Ivory Look*—for *you*—one week from today!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

99 44/100% Pure... It Floats

IFTY YEARS AGO
THE JOURNAL



N June, 1897, Chauncey Depew covered Queen Victoria's Diaond Jubilee (sixty years on the rone) in London; snow fell on ong Island; and a strawberry in outh Orange, New Jersey, reached foot in circumference. Two dozen oldiers, fully armed, started bicying from Montana to Missouri to est these vehicles for war; and reland's most unpopular landlord, aptain Boycott, died.

he June, 1897, JOURNAL featured n article called What Victoria Has een and pointed out, among other appy events, that "Great Britain as had thirty-eight wars in the ast sixty years, and in every one he has been victorious."

A useful accessory is the veil," remarks Emma Hooper, "to keep the face clean and to hide defects as well."

Writes Editor Bok: "Brilliant cravats, fancy waistcoats, loud and large checks in clothes, and extreme colors in shirts, are not for the young man of taste, refinement, and of future standing."

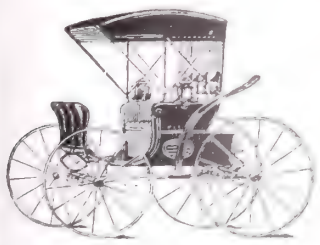
"B. E. J.: It is never in good taste to introduce people on the street, or in public conveyances."

Tipping: "It is not at all necessary for a woman who is traveling alone to tip waiters in hotel dining rooms: if the waiters are not attentive because they are not given fees, she should report them to the office."

Ruth Ashmore advises a reader: "I agree with you that the wearing of lace caps is decidedly more sensible than the assuming of false front pieces."

"Boys of sixteen are properly attired for Sunday in black coats and waistcoats, light trousers, high collars, gloves of gray suède, and derby hats."

Baby's dresses: "Shorten the skirts to the instep to prevent the child from falling when trying to walk."



In this issue, the JOURNAL offers prizes for the Be Piazza Room, Remedies for Plant Poisoning, the Best House Boat, and a Christmas Entertainment for Churches.

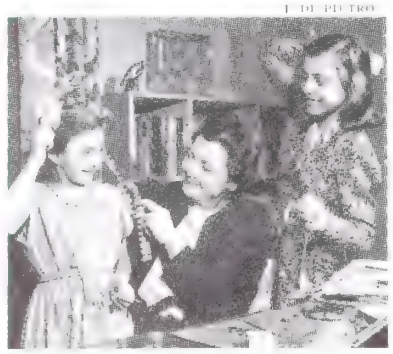
"When compelled to spend the night in a sleeping car, wear a loose wrapper of striped flannel in the Mother Hubbard style," advises the fashion editor.

Journal About Town

Big ones that didn't get away: everything from 700-pounders to three-inchers lures the gourmet's appetite at Fulton Fish Market.

AS we go to press, they're debating in the building next door what kind of more or less amphibious creatures to install this summer in the big Rockefeller Plaza fountain down below the Workshop. And out of those conferences come rumors too good to be true: that they're considering beavers! . . . People ask us how long it takes to print and distribute almost five million copies of the JOURNAL each month. Well, unfortunately, it takes just long enough for men to change their minds. So by the time you read this, it probably won't be beavers at all, down in the pool, daily displaying their industry before thousands of idle onlookers. More likely it will be something on the order of baby sea lions, wasting their time, and ours, just having fun.

A bachelor friend of ***Henrietta Murdock's,*** recently retired and ready to settle down on his plantation in Costa Rica, has just with great difficulty been able to adopt two Viennese orphans, Edith and Ingeborge—not related until now. Arriving here luggageless by plane, a little the worse for war, they were whisked at once to dress shops and hairdressers, then came to call on Miss M., who gave them each the first brush and comb they'd ever owned. But what really moved them most (and us as well) was when they were shown the Workshop kitchen, and helped prepare their own luncheon—anything they wanted!



Edith and Ingeborge learn hairdressing technique from Miss M.

If you like to know how things happen, in this case the cover this month, it seems that with all the fabulous bridal headdresses of the John Frederics designing rooms at her disposal, Dawn Crowell was at the point of despair because her model didn't quite get the "bride look" she wanted. Until all of a sudden Dawn noticed that in passing an unassuming half-hidden bolt of embroidered organdy, someone had tossed some sweetheart roses on the organdy. The suggestion was irresistible, and in no time the John Frederics magic touch had shaped a new creation. Raven McBride tried it on, and Dawn finally saw the "breathless" look she was after. Don't you?

In Switzerland, when a bride has trouble with the housework, all she has to do is dial the number of the Government Information Service, which is prepared to answer all kinds of questions, from homemaking and baby care to elaborate recipes. . . . According to the Labor Department, the number of women Federal workers has dropped more than 50 per cent since June, 1945. . . . Virginia is farther west than West Virginia. . . . Expenditures for jewelry in the U.S. reached a record $1,300,000,000 for 1946. . . . *Say it isn't so:* the Census Bureau has laid down a rule that a woman is never classified as the head of a family if her husband is living in the same household. . . . According to a Hollywood expert, the best hours for sun bathing are dawn to 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. to sundown. . . . The greatest number of fatal auto accidents occur in clear-weather conditions on Sunday, involving male drivers between 18 and 24 years of age.

A friend in show business reports a possible forthcoming event, which should make theatrical history of a sort, if it ever occurs. Concerns ***Beatrice Lillie*** *and* ***Helen Hayes,*** *who have apartments in the same house, and an afternoon when the English comedienne dropped in on the star of* HAPPY BIRTHDAY *for tea, just as Jamie, Miss Hayes' nine-year-old son, came in from school, a cheek and a pocket bulging with bubble gum. It was a chance both women had long wanted—to take their first crack at this fantastic confection; and in little more than an hour the American leading lady and England's Lady Peel had developed such prowess that they'd promised each other at the first opportunity to display their new talent on the stage. In case you care to keep it in mind.*

If you're here this summer and want something different to do in the morning, *Judy Barry* recommends very highly the Fulton Fish Market, down below the Brooklyn Bridge. Best time to go, she says, is as soon after seven as you can make it, when everything from 700-pound tunas to tiny whitebait, three inches long, is glistening, and the range of colors quite staggering. Also, early, there is so *much* of everything. That's because it is, of course, the biggest fish market in the world, selling well over a million pounds a day. And while the people down there couldn't be busier, Judy says they make you feel as though you were on a personally conducted tour. Much more exciting than visits in the old days to the Aquarium.

When ***Bruce Gould*** found in his mail photographs of fifty-four young ladies of the Class of 1947 at the State University of Iowa (his alma mater), together with a letter from ***Bettye Neal,*** editor of the Hawkeye, the college annual, asking him to pick the five most beautiful, he took the request in his editorial stride; and now, having received this picture of his winners, he has no regrets regarding his selections.

Hawkeye Beauty Queen Dorothy Ball and members of her court.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.

Mr. Ely and the Unicorn

HE WAS GUILTY OF TWO SINS. EACH HAD TO DO WITH LOVE, AND LOVE WAS THE THING OF WHICH HE WAS MOST AFRAID.

The Journal's Complete-in-One-Issue Novel by NELIA GARDNER WHITE

THERE is a point in the history of a great weariness when the mind loses touch with reality. Ofttimes a fantastic humor takes possession like a daemon and everything becomes larger or smaller than life. One can look on mankind as a race of Lilliputians or one can be a leprechaun laughing at a race of giants. John Thackeray Ely had reached this latter point as he sat in the cocktail lounge at the Sheraton, staring first at his drink and then with an exhaustive attention to minutiae at the murals on the walls. He didn't know whether this was his first drink or his tenth. It was his first. He was so weary that he imagined he was drunk.

He saw the Emersons coming through the doors that became bewildering mirrors when closed, and he knew them and looked straight at them, willing at the same time that they should not see him or speak to him. *A fine, upstanding country wench,* he said to himself, putting her on one side of a room and Cass, fair and fragile, on the other and saying, *I choose you,* to Cass. Nevertheless, choosing fragility, he saw that Aggie Emerson was a grand, big girl with an invigorating bloom of health. *She ought to be ashamed to come into a place like this with a weather-beaten look like that,* Mr. Ely thought truculently. He had only two years ago published a book concocted out of Sid Emerson's dramatic criticisms. He had always wished Aggie had written the book instead of Sid. She was coming straight at him, grinning widely, her arms full of packages, her hat crooked.

"Hi, Johnny! Where's Cass?" she said. Her voice was as big as the room and told everyone that Cass didn't live with him any more.

"I wouldn't know," he said coldly.

Her unplucked brows went up. She slid into the red leather seat beside him and Emerson flanked him on the other side. Hemmed in, a leprechaun between two enormous, unweary people who had the stamina to live up on a dirt road in the Connecticut hills the year around, Mr. Ely had an impulse to slide down under the table and take his small self out through the sea of giants' legs and vanish. Then he felt a panic from not seeing any door where a door was supposed to be, only the bewildering mirrors, and a claustrophobia seized him.

"No fooling?" Aggie Emerson said, sympathetic, curious and cheerful all at once.

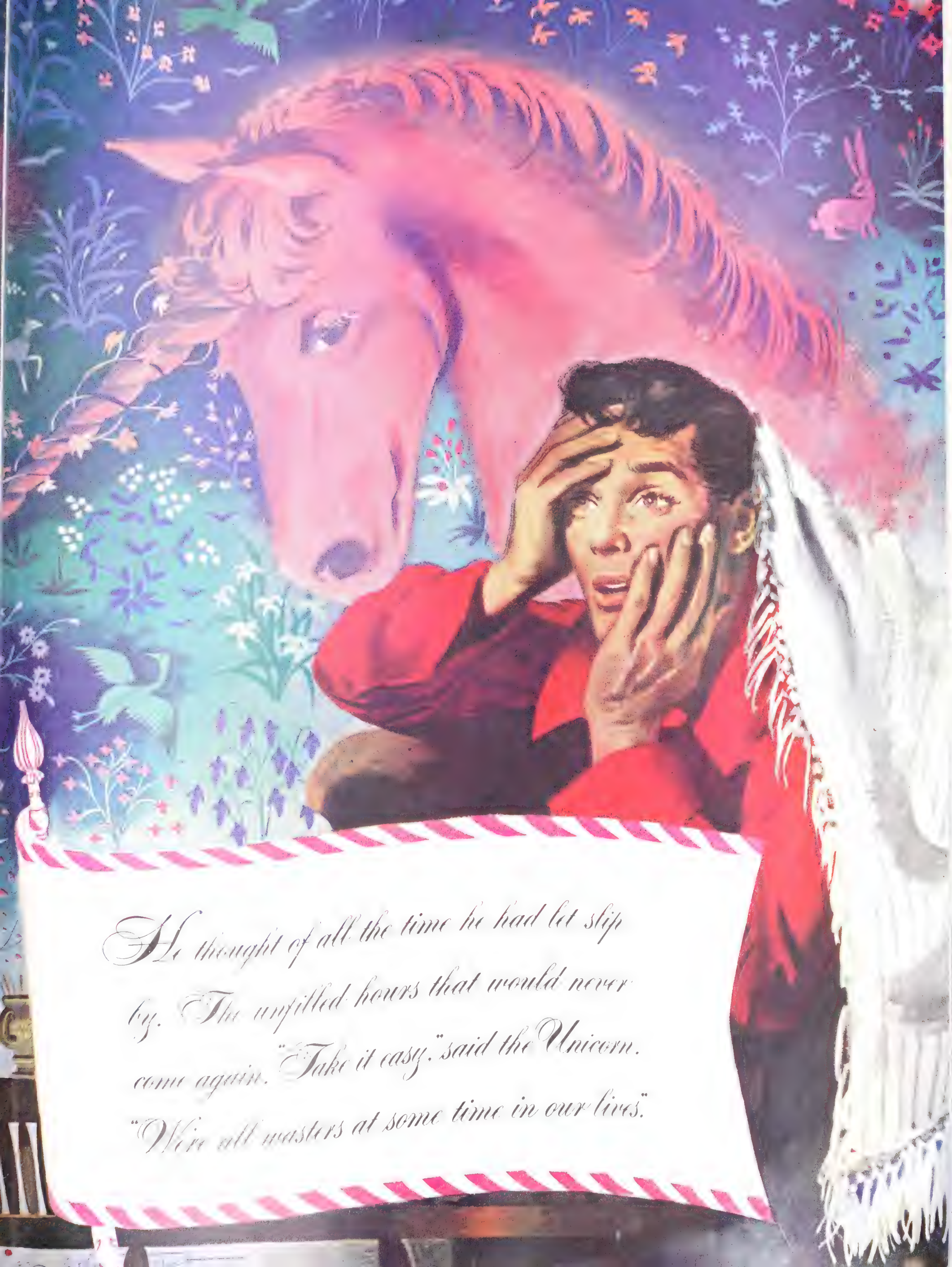
Don't answer, Mr. Ely's subconscious said. *If you are as silent as the tomb they'll think you're not here. I am not going to tell them about Cass. I'm not going to tell them about anything.*

Then what was he doing here? Mr. Ely asked himself, floating out the Merritt Parkway. He must have talked, because here he was the next afternoon, floating out through a dark, dank autumnal world to Aggie's place for a week end.

I spent the night somewhere, Mr. Ely said to himself. *I couldn't have gone home, because home is where the heart is.* That sentence seemed to him extraordinarily profound, but when his mind groped after its profundity, it found nothing, nothing at all. No sense, even.

HE couldn't remember getting his car either. He couldn't remember getting to this point. He turned off the parkway, however. He had a notion that the car was in control of him, that he was doing nothing whatever about control of gas or wheel. The world looked wet and dead and that was all right with Mr. Ely. He was in complete harmony with the wet brown oak leaves and the stripped maples and beeches. *(Continued on Page 120)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



He thought of all the time he had let slip by. The unfilled hours that would never come again. "Take it easy," said the Unicorn. "We're all masters at some time in our lives."

Peace AND ANOTHER

"I believe the Second World War need not have happened, and therefore I believe that a Third World War need not, and may not, happen."

IT is often said that, in the nineteenth century, Great Britain regulated the peace of the world and managed the conditions of its prosperity, and that it is now the mission of America to play the part which Britain is no longer able to play. I have no doubt that this is true, provided we do not make the mistake of supposing that we are like a son who inherits from his father the assets, the good will and the going concern of a well-established business. For the international order which Britain regulated no longer exists.

During the century between the fall of Napoleon and the outbreak of the First World War, Britain, though the leading power, was only first in a community of fairly equal states. The powers were Britain, France, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Germany and Russia. All of them, with the exception of France, were not only in form but in fact monarchies and empires. Their dynasties were related across the national frontiers by intermarriage. Their governing classes were bound together by many family and social connections. In the period of the Pax Britannica the masses of the people came awake and acquired more and more democratic power. But as late as 1914, international affairs, the conduct of diplomacy and the making of war and peace remained the special business of men who by inheritance or adoption were recognized members of the governing classes of Europe.

They were, moreover, all of them Europeans. The continent of Europe was in effect the center of government for the world. Though the powers of Europe were rivals and frequently at war, their rulers recognized one another as permanent members of one international society. Their wars—even their great wars—were limited and localized. There was no such thing as total war, no such thing as the extermination or deportation of masses of people, no idea that the object of diplomacy could be the destruction of a great power. Though there were national boundaries, national animosities and national ambitions, there remained, still strong from earlier days, a feeling that Europe, the center of the world, was itself a cosmopolitan community within the bonds of Christendom.

This was the world order which Britain, though never in fact an enormously powerful military state, was able to preside over and to regulate. It may well be the verdict of history that the Pax Britannica marks the last phase of the international system which ended with the rise of the masses of the people to political power. It was, perhaps, the Indian summer of the ancient aristocratic European regime. And we, I imagine, are living in the winter that has followed the decline and fall of that regime. The old order is dead. But the new, which is to come, is still only the seed in the ground.

Only in some such perspective can we begin to measure how severe is the challenge which destiny has put to the American people. I hope no one will misunderstand me when I say that the challenge is unique, or think that I mean to disparage the greatness of Britain's mission, or—worse still—to become vainglorious about our own. The nineteenth century, though it ended in the catastrophe of the wars and revolutions of our generation, was a time of dazzling discovery, of the invention and the dispersion of the means by which a good life has become a practical possibility—eventually—for all men. To have been the leader of mankind when this occurred is the glory of the British Empire. It is an imperishable glory. On the other hand, no American can be vainglorious about the mission of this country, since anyone who could conceivably contribute to it must know that it will be easier to fail than it will be to succeed.

Nonetheless, it is true that the American challenge is greater than that which the British met on the whole so brilliantly. For they had only to conserve, and liberalize, an established order. America must be able to conceive, and to promote and to form and to defend, and in large measure to support, an order which does not yet exist.

THIS IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE. Today, in the year 1947, we are in the earliest preliminary stages. We are unable as yet to see how the great mission of a new world order is to be accomplished. We are just beginning to see what are some of the first problems that have to be solved. We are not yet equipped to solve them. For we have played a leading role in world affairs for only a few years. The conference at Teheran in the autumn of 1943 might be said to have been the first occasion in history when the United States began to take a direct and leading part, as distinct from a regional and a subordinate part, in attempting to shape the order of the world.

American statesmen have not been trained to conduct a global policy. All of them were born and have spent most of their lives in a world where the great global decisions were made in Europe—in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Washington was not at the center of, nor closely in touch, nor much concerned with the conduct of, world affairs. Even Wilson and Roosevelt, though they were not isolationists when they were in the White House, had grown to maturity in the long epoch of American isolation. Today, though no one can doubt that the United States is a leading world power with global interests and responsibilities, there are as yet no Americans who have had more than a brief experience in world politics.

Thus we are acting as a world power before we are ready to act. Britain rose gradually to world leadership over a period of at least two centuries—say between the defeat of the Spanish Armada in the time of Queen Elizabeth and the defeat of Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo. Her power was acquired slowly. Her public men became accustomed slowly to the exercise of great power. Our rise to power is more like an explosion than an evolution. America has risen to a position of world leadership in about twenty-five years. But Americans have accepted that position for less than five years.

War!

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

So we are having to learn while we are acting. And we have to act fast, lest the greater part of the world sink into chaos and barbarism from which it might not be able to recover for many generations.

In measuring the challenge to Americans, nothing is gained by minimizing it. Some, I know, will be discouraged when they realize that the world cannot be pacified and a new international order created by endorsing the Atlantic Charter, by joining the United Nations, and by extending economic and other assistance in doles and driblets around the world. But others—and they are the ones upon whom the future depends—will be nerved to the effort as they realize how hard but how great it must be. For Americans—I think it can be said especially of Americans—do big things better than they do small ones. They have never liked much tidying up their back yard. But they liked opening up a continent. In any event, what lies before us is a very big thing indeed. And whatever the outcome, we shall achieve one of the great triumphs of all history or one of the greatest failures. That is the American rendezvous with destiny.

If we are to shape the future, we must not forget the past. How has it come about, then, that as we enter upon the work of making peace, we find ourselves confronting the Soviet Union in all parts of the world, and engaged in a conflict of power and influence which many believe must, and all believe may, end in the most destructive war in the annals of mankind?

To say that the Soviet Union is an aggressive expanding power with an alien ideology is no answer to the real question—which is why we find ourselves the principal opponents of the Soviet Union. I do not believe that anyone can come near the right answer to that question if he fixes his attention too much upon the Russian-American conflict. For then he will overlook the main point, which is that Russia and America appear to be engaged in a duel for the world only because all the other countries are for the time being so weak. It is true, of course, that the Soviet Union is a stronger power than Czarist Russia ever was. It is true that the United States has developed huge industrial and military power. But neither is remotely strong enough to rule the world. The notion that Russia and America together—or one of them, after having defeated the other—could organize and rule mankind is at least an optical illusion, and might become a most dangerous form of lunacy.

The events are worth recalling which have brought Russia and America to their present position, which have made Moscow and Washington the two present centers of the world. They are the events which mark the destruction of the international order which existed for many centuries until the two World Wars of our age. We may list the principal events.

IN THE PERIOD OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR:

1. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was dissolved, and on its ruins there arose a collection of small successor states.
2. The Ottoman Empire was dissolved, and a collection of small Arab states rose out of the ruins.
3. The Manchus were overthrown in China, and were succeeded by war lords whose civil strife has kept China in a state of civil war, and opened China to Japanese aggression.
4. France, though it won the war, suffered such huge losses that it ceased to be one of the chief world powers.
5. The Czarist Empire was dissolved, and, after years of revolution and civil war, a new autocratic state rose to be the successor.
6. The British Empire, though victorious in the end, would have been defeated if America had not intervened.
7. Germany, though defeated, had so nearly won the war and had suffered, relative to its neighbors, such small losses that she was able and willing to try again twenty years later.

When the Second World War was developing, many of the pillars of the old international order had already been destroyed and nothing had been put in their place. The Austrian empire, the Turkish, the Chinese were gone. The British and the French had been gravely weakened.

IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR the destruction of the old international order was carried farther:

1. Japan, though it was in the end defeated and reduced to helplessness, inflicted such crushing blows upon China, upon the Netherlands empire, upon the French empire, upon the British empire, that there is no likelihood that the Asiatic empires of the European states can ever be re-established. The Japanese lost the war. But "Asia for the Asiatics" has triumphed.
2. Germany, too, lost the war. But before Germany was defeated, she had won great victories. The undoing of these victories required an effort and sacrifices which have had enormous consequences. The heroic resistance of Britain has cost her the greater part of her empire, her whole predominance over the region from Egypt to India, and has used up the greater part of her accumulated wealth. Not only the preservation of the British imperial positions around the world, but the defense of the British Commonwealth—of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and of the United Kingdom itself—have become dependent upon the United States.
3. The defeat of the Nazi empire over Poland, the Danubian states and the Balkans was achieved only because of the victorious counteroffensive of the Red Army, which engaged and destroyed two thirds of the German Army. This counteroffensive has brought the Red Army into the center of Europe. If the Red Army had not advanced into Europe, then France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark, Italy would have remained under Nazi rule, and Britain under devastating bombardment. But the liberation of all of Europe from Nazi domination has left half of Europe under Soviet domination.

The present situation of the world is intelligible only if we remember that Germany and Japan were defeated decisively only by Russia and America. The Japanese have had to *(Continued on Page 189)*

The day had started just like any other day. No one could have guessed it would end like this.

SHE USED SAM'S HEART FOR A MIRROR UNTIL THE NIGHT SHE SAW ANOTHER WOMAN'S FACE THERE.

A score for love

BY JANE MCDILL ANDERSON

SOME people say that since the war New York has turned into a shabby old jade of a city. They say it's too feverish, too greedy, too full of people who care only for themselves and how much money they can make and how much they can eat and drink. I don't know. I never lived there before the war. I only know it as a place where I learned how to love a man. For that reason, it will always be a good city for me, the city they say it used to be, a city of great promise and wisdom and enchantment.

Falling in love is easy enough. Any woman can do that without thinking. And usually does. But how to keep on loving is a different matter. A lot of women never know there is a difference and go around in a peevish way the rest of their lives, wondering what happened to that first excitement. The lucky ones learn the difference, and often through the most trivial things. His favorite old jacket that needs mending. The sound of his feet coming home every night. A certain chair that has to be by a certain light. A clear soup that he likes when his stomach is upset. His tools in the cellar, that always have to be put back.

It was a chicken that started me off on the right track. An ordinary two-and-a-half-pound fryer.

We had been walking up Madison Avenue that late November afternoon and I'd been watching the two of us reflected in the shop-windows, my head just an inch or so below Sam's, both of us tall and thin and close together. I waved my hand at everything: the buildings in cold half-lights; the gray, streaky sky; the crowded busses and taxis and cars.

"You know, darling," I said, "before I knew you all this would have been like an etching to me, black, gray and white. Now it's like an oil painting, full of color, lots of contrasts, moving with stuff I'd never noticed before. That's because I love you. Love does that, makes everything jump out, full of itself and exciting."

"Is it really that way for you?" Sam said, smiling at me. "I'm very glad, Susie." He took hold of my arm and looked ahead, searching with his own eyes.

"Oh, yes," I said happily. "And I'm sure it will stay that way for me for all my life with you."

It's wonderful how confident you can feel, how sure of things. But I'd always felt like that. Being an only child with doting parents makes you feel pretty solid. You get quite a lot in a setup like that. Good dresses, the right schools, plenty of friends, plenty of beaus. Ever since I can remember I'd lived in our big house in Hartford, red-bricked, solid, set back from the street, with gardens and a tennis court. I'd played under the old trees with my dolls and been kissed for the first time under them. I'd thumped down the wide, polished stairs on pillows with my pigtails floating out behind and clicked down them in high heels, very proud, half smiling at someone or other waiting below with gardenias in his hand for me. If you have all this, and if, in addition, you're not bad-looking and know your way around, it's pretty easy to think you can get almost anything you like.

When I decided I'd done a good war job with the Red Cross and the canteens and would enjoy a winter or two in New York, it wasn't hard for me to get plenty of letters and a job that didn't hold me down too much. I'd had it now for almost a year. Doing research for an art magazine called View. Even getting a place to live in town had been simple with all the people I knew. First I'd been with Midge Barstow and Pussy Newbold, and then taken over Francie Carstair's apartment when she married and moved to Detroit. And to make everything the way I liked it, View had sent me to a Mr. Samuel Andrews to find out how a soldier-artist reconverts himself to painting peacefully. What I found out was just what I'd been looking for. Someone big enough for me, with a quiet voice, an easy smile, light-brown hair and dark-brown eyes that looked as if I pleased them.

But if I'd been confident before, it wasn't anything compared with the way I'd been feeling since the day of Sam's show and the success he had had with his paintings and how he had said afterward, "Well, Susie, we've done it. You've been my good-luck piece ever since you tried to do a case history of me for View. How about making it a team, you and I, until Kingdom Come?"

When I'd finished kissing him, I'd said, "*This* is the most delicious and exciting thing that has ever happened to me. And it's going to stay that way. I'll make a spell."

"Make it a good one, Susie," he'd said, with a funny look on his face, gripping my shoulders so that they ached. "Make it a very good one."

I'd wondered a little what was putting the trouble in his face, but I was so happy about the way my heart was pounding and the way my mouth felt that I couldn't think of anything else. "The spells I make are purely perfect, sir," I told him. "I've never been known to fail."

(Continued on Page 232)

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

WHAT CHANCE HAS A MAN WHEN A GIRL'S GOT HIS NUMBER?

BY DOROTHY STALEY

SUSAN NORMAN dropped to her knees beside the day bed and said, "You beautiful, precious thing," to a very ordinary telephone—which, of course, did not make sense at all.

If you had asked her, Susan would have told you that she was not at all emotional. But then three months ago she would also have told you that she was not easily frightened and never, never lonely.

Or if you had asked Mr. Dipple, her employer, he would have said in his usual short, crisp sentences, "Susan? You mean Susan. Old head on young shoulders. Extremely capable for twenty-two." Then he would have explained that the Webster Improved Automatic Valve Company had brought her from the small manufacturing town in Ohio to their new sales office in Philadelphia for that reason.

And if you had found some particular young man to ask, he would have said, "Pretty nice," meaning Susan's hair and wide-spaced, steady eyes, the oval face with its firm chin and its wide, generous mouth, and the trim, lithe figure that went with them—but there wasn't any particular young man to ask.

And because there was no particular young man, and because Susan was never frightened, or lonely, or emotional, there was no reason for her to drop to her knees as soon as the workman left and croon to a very ordinary telephone; for after all, it would never ring with that special ring that sets a girl's heart to racing. In fact, it would probably never ring at all unless Mr. Dipple called some night about business.

For Susan had been in Philadelphia only two months, and aside from Mr. and Mrs. Dipple, who had taken her to dinner twice—at a monthly interval, like a duty to be discharged—and a washroom acquaintance with the girl in the next office, with whom she had gone twice to an early movie, she had only the briefest speaking acquaintance with the newsboy, the grocer at the corner, and the cashier in the cafeteria where she ate her lunch. And of course, Mrs. Bishop, who had the first-floor-rear apartment; and she wished often that she hadn't in small-town fashion spoken to Mrs. Bishop.

For as soon as Mrs. Bishop was past the "Good morning, lovely-day-isn't-it" place, she had said, "Look, Miss Norman, I don't want to frighten you, but a big city isn't like a small town. You never know what's going to happen. Now when you live alone as you do, it really isn't safe to put 'Susan Norman' on your letter box. Change it to 'S. Norman,' and then no one knows whether a man or a woman lives here—see? Now a woman two houses down came home one evening ——" So Susan changed the name on her letter box.

She purchased a night chain for her door when Mrs. Bishop said, "A first-floor apartment's all right, but you just never know who's stepping in the hall. Now one night ——"

But when Mrs. Bishop had suggested a telephone, Susan had said, "Good heavens, what will I do with a telephone? There is no one for me to call and no one to call me."

"Well," Mrs. Bishop said, "it's best. If you should get sick in the night, or if something should happen. And I'm telling you. You never know what is going to happen." Then Mrs. Bishop had added in a brighter tone, happy because she had found a thought she hadn't worried before, "Or if something should happen at home, they could reach you."

So Susan asked for a telephone, and didn't tell Mrs. Bishop that there was no one at home who would want to reach her. Until her speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Bishop, she had regarded her first-floor apartment in one of the old Spruce Street mansions as a minor miracle in a chain of miracles. A telephone after only a six-week wait was certainly one, but the first and best of the miracles had been the request of the

(Continued on Page 196)

The impossible had happened. The phone was ringing.

RATED
PARKER

SELF-CONFIDENCE

Know yourself and respect yourself, if you would know and respect others

BY JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN
Rabbi, Temple Israel, Boston; Author of "Peace of Mind"

SOLARI
Doctor Liebman

IT is one of the great discoveries of modern psychology that our attitudes toward ourselves are just as complicated as our attitudes toward others—sometimes more so. When we go astray in our attitudes toward ourselves we become enslaved to false notions of what we are and what we ought to be. We persist in trying to be someone we *think* we are (or have been told we *ought* to be) instead of learning to become what we *are*—ourselves.

The key to the problem is to look within—to gaze steadily, unflinchingly at our inward selves—weighing our flaws and infirmities, and rooting out the causes of our failures and fears. *Self-understanding*, which brings with it proper self-regard, or love of self, is thus the way to inner peace and outer confidence in self. The great commandment of religion, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," might now be better interpreted to mean, "Thou shalt *love thyself properly*, and then thou wilt love thy neighbor."

By "love thyself properly" I do not mean coddling oneself, indulging in vanity, in conceit or self-glorification; I mean primarily that warm, friendly, life-respecting, tender attitude that we should (but seldom do) take toward our own personalities as well as toward the careers and destinies of other human beings, whether our children, our mates, our friends or our human brothers.

Many times we think we have proper regard for ourselves when, as a matter of fact, we are most cruel to ourselves. Indeed, of all the human frailties that I encounter in the course of a long day, the commonest is not man's wrongdoing to others, but rather the injury that he inflicts upon *himself*. The famed barbarians who gashed their bodies with clamshells, then rubbed corrosive dyes into their wounds, were self-indulgent fellows in comparison with some of the self-tormenting people who enter my study for counsel and advice. Invariably they are practicing upon themselves a curious kind of cruelty: they minimize their own virtues and exaggerate their own faults until the weight of their shortcomings becomes an intolerable burden.

I think now of a fine, gifted woman of my acquaintance. Although she is a lovely and sensitive person, she seems to have a tragic gift for being mean to herself. She is a specialist in her own shortcomings and has found every weak spot in her own armor. She has set up unattainable standards of perfection for herself, and then flogs herself with whips of her own making because she cannot reach these humanly impossible goals. She is a slave driver, a Simon Legree to herself, and she makes her own life and that of her family miserable. If we could but realize that *all* men and women bear within themselves the scars of lost battles, we would judge our own lacerated skins less harshly.

Anatole France said a very wise thing when he proclaimed that only those who expect modest things from human nature will learn to be kind and tolerant. Those who expect too much and receive too little will end up by turning into misanthropes, fanatics or tyrants. This applies to ourselves as well as others.

In the battle for self-confidence in which we are all engaged, we must realize that we need not emerge either geniuses or saints. Justice Holmes, in one of his brilliant letters, describes the feeling of inner release that came to him when it dawned upon him that he was not placed here on earth to play the role of God. No, he was created as a frail, fallible man, finite and limited in many ways.

Several thousand years ago, in the great Jewish ethical treatise Sayings of the Fathers, an ancient rabbi counseled man: "Be not wicked in thine own sight," which the famous Jewish philosopher of the Middle Ages, Maimonides, interpreted to mean: "Regard thyself as partly good and partly evil; be not therefore either conceited or despairing." We are *relative* and not *absolute* creatures, and everything we do is tinged with imperfection as a result. Let us accept the fact that there *is* a little tyrant and a touch of the critic and martyr in all of us. There *are* moments when we want to dominate, to tear down, to make others suffer. But we must learn to take the depressed mood, the cruel mood, the uncooperative mood for what it is: fleeting and impermanent. We must learn to take ourselves for worse as well as for better, to cease demanding of ourselves a brittle perfection, which can lead only to inner despair because it is impossible of fulfillment.

The lack of self-confidence which torments so many men and women today originates in a number of different ways. One of the commonest causes of a sense of insecurity and inferiority is the "emotional hang-over" from that chapter in our lives when we really were inadequate. The world of the child is certainly a world of actual insecurity. There is nothing imaginary about his sense of helplessness—the lack of support as he stumbles across an uncertain floor or falls out of an unguarded bed or seeks in vain to communicate, without the tools of language, his feelings of pain and hunger and loneliness.

As children we were really inferior in comparison with the adult figures protecting us by their love, but also frightening us at times with their power. On one occasion or another we may have been laughed at for some childish failure, some house of blocks that came tumbling down. We were made to *(Continued on Page 190)*

THOMAS EAKINS was the most intellectual artist America has produced, yet *Sailboats Racing on the Delaware*, which he painted in 1874, looks at first gla as fortuitous and casual as a colored snapshot. Where does the intellectual elem in Eakins' painting show itself? What is the difference between a realistic paint of this kind and a well-taken Kodachrome? Though Eakins himself was a pion photographer, he used the camera only as a mechanical means of gathering d about appearance, not as a basis for his pictures. Actually this scene of a sailb race was put together in the studio from sketches and from memory, perhaps l after the event. The picture seems photographic because painter and camera h the same goal: to show, as Eakins said, "what o'clock it is, afternoon or morni winter or summer, and what kind of people are there, and what they are doing why they are doing it."

But these facts the painter can convey more convincingly than the camera photograph taken on a sunny day gives the general semblance of sunshine; Eakins, through his careful analysis of reflected light, seems in his seascapes to cre a sunshine of his own, sparkling from countless angles of the choppy water. A pho graph indicates depth; but Eakins, by strongly emphasizing perspective, draws spectator's vision into this depth, makes him part of the scene, in this case throu the receding line of boats with their intervals so arranged as to pull the eye acr the bay as irresistibly as watching the ricochet of a skipping stone. And a photogra sometimes fixes in the kaleidoscope of appearance a satisfactory design; but it alm never achieves, as in *Sailboats Racing*, an integrated composition in which no obj can be altered or removed without destroying the whole effect.

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Curator, National Gallery of A*

Sailboat Rucina on the Delaware

THE UNWED MOTHER

ONE out of every twelve babies born in the United States is born out of wedlock. Of these, almost all are born to mothers beaten and bewildered, poor in purse and spirit, and with none but strangers near when the great miracle of life occurs once more—under the most unhappy of circumstances. Statistics show roughly half these mothers are from 10 to 19 years old, about half have only a grade-school education, more than half come from small towns or rural areas, about six out of ten are Negresses, a vast number are from broken homes, and scarcely one in a hundred reveals a happy childhood and a satisfying mother-daughter relationship.

This is the story of one of them. She cannot be said, of course, to be typical; only statistics can reveal the typical, human beings cannot. Each of us responds differently, reacts differently to similar experiences. Yet, just as all of us are but a part of the whole of mankind, so each of our reactions and responses has something in common. In one individual's story, it is possible to catch a portion of all stories. The unwed mother in this story—we shall call her Katie Herrick—has weathered several rounds in the personal battle she started unwittingly against society. Her baby is two years old now, healthy and well fed. But in the almost three years of her baby's growth, she has known many of the trials of all unwed mothers—and she has still more to face. For neither food nor money can change her basic malfortune, nor her child's: both will be forevermore objects of curiosity and suspicion, and victims of fear and deceit, for such are the penalties for breaking the laws of our society. This, then, is Katie's story—and her baby, Johnny's—as she told it to me. . . .

"It's very strange trying to figure out where some event in your life begins exactly. Even something as big as having a baby. Does anybody ever know where anything begins? Sometimes I lie awake at night and start wondering how this thing happened to me. I remember something bad that I did when I was a little girl and think to myself, *That's where it began; I must have been just naturally a rebel and therefore it's only natural I'm a 'bad girl' now.* Then I rebel against that and think, *I'm not really bad;* that I didn't deliberately plan out this thing to hurt Johnny and defy everybody, that I just didn't know, and I wish that somehow, somewhere along the line, I'd learned more about things, like why marriage is, and what love means, and how you can protect yourself against being carried away by your emotions.

"Anyhow, I didn't, and now I've done the worst badness of all—I've hurt someone else. That's the kind of badness nobody wants in their life, and if they have it they want to forget it, but a mother can't forget it ever. I can say that I'm happy now because I've learned to face this and know that, having been bad this way, what I must do now is to make up for it as best I can: to see that Johnny gets the best possible sort of life; that he becomes the best kind of person I can help him to be, and the strongest, and the most beloved. And I know that I can't do anything for him at all unless I make myself strong and good and secure first.

"Maybe other people can be bad, but I know I can't afford to be any more. I've got to be disciplined and cautious; a lot of people expect the worst of me no matter what I do, but I can do my darnedest not to give them anything to work on.

"Anyhow, I was saying that I don't know where this story begins. There was the day when my sister—she was just sixteen and I thought she

PHOTO BY JOE MIELE

This picture illustrates our illegitimacy ratio: 1 out of every 12 births in the U. S. is illegitimate. One of these babies was born out of wedlock.

was wonderful then—ran away from home and got married. I'm pretty sure that that was mostly mother's fault, really. Mother was always railing at all of us. She didn't like anything we did and she wouldn't let us have dates or go out much, even to harmless old birthday parties. When I hear a woman yelling at someone someplace I always hurry very fast to get away from the sound of it, because it reminds me of how my mother used to scream rather than talk. She lost her temper over just about everything. Everything we kids—there were five of us—did could always have been so much better if we'd just done it her way. I don't think there was a one of us who didn't start when we were about ten to plan to run away from home as soon as we could. I was going to be wonderful and famous; Janie—that was the sister who ran away to get married—was going to marry a rich man and have lots of kids and a beautiful home.

"Well, we both did get away. But it wasn't to get away from home that made me have a baby. I didn't get to college the way I wanted to, but I did get through business school and I got a job and was very much away from home when I met John—I named the baby after him even if he didn't marry me. I was already free of my mother then; I even had a pity for her because, after Janie ran away and I left, father divorced her. They'd been married twenty-five years, and she was acting worse than ever; but even so, I felt sorry for her. Janie's marriage turned out terribly, and I suppose that maybe that influenced me too. It made me wonder if mother was right, and both of them gave me a worry about getting married. I decided I was going to be so sure, so very, very sure of the man I married before I married him. I was going to marry just the right man and live happily ever after with him. I wasn't going to be taken in by charm—I knew too much about charm. My mother had a charm about her on a good day. She could wheedle you into believing something you didn't want to before you knew it. My brother—the young one—has that kind of charm too. And no staying power. I'll bet he's had fifteen jobs in the past two years and now, instead of moving on to better jobs, he's moving on to worse ones.

"My ideas of what I did want in this ideal man were really vague, though. I didn't know any men until I started to work when I was nineteen. Mother had warned us all not to get 'mixed up' with men; she said they were always 'wanting something' out of women, but she never came right out and said what. When Janie fell for Roger, mother was pretty mad. She told Janie that she'd hadn't brought her up to go out with any Tom, Dick and Harry, and that she'd find a good husband for her when she was older. So Janie said that if the only way she could see Roger was to run off with him, she'd run off with him and she did. Of course, it didn't work out; they didn't have any money, and they were too young, and then Janie had a baby born dead, and she started to drink too much. It was just awful, but anyhow, the first dates I had were with an older man. I thought he was wonderful, but I found out he was married and I had an awful fight with him. He told me I was a ninny and I didn't know anything about life. I thought I was through with men for sure then.

"Then I met Johnny. Somehow he didn't scare me a bit. He was so gentle and so sweet and he seemed to need me so much. He was always asking me what he should do about things; we worked in the same office, and while I know now that what I thought was niceness was an awful lot of weakness, still, he was sweet and that's all there was to it. We talked and talked about things, about what he wanted to do and be, and we seemed to agree on everything, and when he first kissed me it didn't seem as if anything could possibly be wrong or awful about it.

"Sometimes I go over and over our love affair. I had my own apartment then, and he used to come over in the evenings. We were in love, we thought, and we were going to be married. I knew he'd have to go away; he was in the Army—I was working in the depot. But it never occurred to me that we ought to get married before we made love—maybe I was scared I'd lose him if I insisted, maybe I was just caught up in a daydream, I don't know; anyhow, even when I discovered I was going to have a baby, I wasn't scared he'd leave me.

"I didn't even catch on to the fact that he was mad about my getting pregnant. He was scared, and told some of his buddies, and you know how men are, or women either, when they get together. It seemed funny to them, and they razzed him a lot and called it all sorts of names and said I was trying to trap him into something, and what did he want to marry a girl who'd play a trick on him like that for anyway.

"You know how looking back on something one small incident stands out as a sort of turning point—only you didn't know that's what it was at the time. Anyhow, Johnny had been telling me what they were saying and I guess I didn't understand very well how it had gotten under his skin and I got impatient and I said that there was only one thing to do about it, and that was to stop just planning on getting married *(Continued on Page 102)*

Even without Russell, it was strictly a hooray day. But could it stay that way without Bill?

Angela was Eighteen

BY LEE WARREN

BIRTHDAYS had always been exciting, but none had ever been so thrilling as this, her eighteenth, because Bill was coming. The family had never met Bill. And she would be so proud. Even Harold would be crazy about him. Not that it mattered too much about a kid brother's opinion, but it was nice to have someone the whole family would like. Harold had been so scornful of Russell. It had been very unpleasant. Impossible to recall Russell today, without thinking of her seventeenth birthday. No question he had made it a breathlessly exciting day. Russell was a poet. Not one box of flowers, but three, had come, spaced at intervals during the day, each different, each with a poem likening them to her. It had certainly been a day of mounting excitement, with the family flatteringly impressed, all except Harold, who had made such disgusting noises when she had read the first poem aloud that she wouldn't let him hear the others.

Of course Bill wouldn't do anything like that. She laughed aloud at the idea. Men like Bill never went in for little details. Bill was so masculine—and after all, that's what a girl wanted most in a man. Someone who could walk right up to any man and knock him down, if need be. It gave one such a blissful feeling of security. Bill was older than Russell, and he'd had two years in the Navy, and no doubt that helped.

It was luxury, now that she was home for spring vacation, to get up any old time, but today was different.

She was just about to spring out of bed when the door opened and Harold stuck his head in, and before she could remonstrate at his barging in in this way, when she'd warned him so many times, he called, "Happy birthday, sis. Say, did you say that guy was on the football team at college?"

"Practically. He will be in the fall, and I do say he'll be captain by another year."

"Gee! Are you engaged to him?"

"Don't be so nosy, Harold. Good-by."

Harold closed the door.

Impossible to explain to a kid brother the delicious state leading up to an engagement. Exciting enough at the moment to be known as Bill's girl. Ever since she had been his guest at last winter's Sports Carnival, where he had made a ski record and won the silver cup, her friends had been dying to meet him. So just yesterday her mother had agreed to let her have the buffet supper before the dance at the country club. She was having twelve at the house first. That meant a busy day, and she should be up helping.

Angela slid her feet into cerise satin mules and made off for the shower. She took cold ones each morning now, to harden herself; a step toward making herself the outdoor type, to match Bill better.

Perhaps it was the shock of the cold water and its sobering effect, but suddenly a nasty little fear clutched at her, most unwelcome after the rosy glow of her waking reflections. There hadn't been time to let Bill know about the supper, and although she had stressed to him the importance of getting there in the morning, so they could have the whole day together, he didn't know of any actual plans until the dance at night; and *suppose* he didn't come until late evening! *(Continued on Page 245)*

Parents ask pointless questions. They never seem to understand. There were times when Angela wished she could be completely grown up

Zion National Park Southwestern Utah's desert blooms into spectacular canyon country where the Virgin River has etched sandstone cliffs 2000 feet high and Nature's colors range from dawn's haunting gray to the power of brilliant red at noon. The 135 square miles of Zion National Park—once a haven for prehistoric cliff dwellers, later part of Mormons' sanctuary—now offer the grandeur of lonely rock fortresses like West Temple (2500 feet high) and the symbolism of Sinawava's Temple, where stone-pillared altar and pulpit survey a natural amphitheater. There is year-round camping, with housekeeping cabins as low as $2.75 a day for two persons. Trails (26 miles) include route up Lady Mountain, where 2000 feet of cable steady the climber over 1400 steps carved in solid stone. Sight-seeing by horseback ($5 a day) provides a view of the West Rim, where rocks 200,000,000 years old blaze against an ageless sky.

UNION PACIFIC

YOUR AMERICA

merica's national parks and monuments offer the country's most flexible vacations among the greatest spectacles of Nature. In them you will find the vast shock of mountain beauty and the tiny excitement of a daffodil in the sun. You can spend two days or twenty; follow the challenge of an alpine trail, or , peaceful, before the blue calm of lakes at sunset. These lands invite equally a family of six or the white-collar girl on a solo vacation. ıpervised by the Government, they are as democratic as a town meeting in New England, as unsophisticated as a barbecue on the range. In the surge of their rivers, in steep-walled glacier valleys, the parks hold our tradition of westering. Theirs are the stories our fathers fashioned of ioneers. Of women in bonnets and men in buckskins, whose vision took them westward with the mallard's flight, deep into forests where light never shone. Masters of voyaging, pursuers of horizon, to them America was wilderness—a creed in itself—waiting for belief. And for us, as for them, this wilderness, this grandeur still await discovery in the national parks system. Free to all, preserved for all, these 20,000,000 acres are the past's living heritage, a bridge from all ime to our time. They are a magic haven from the traffic and tension of everyday routine. Without them, we would be the less.

For all of us hunger for our origins, "to see a vorld in a grain of sand, heaven in a wild flower."

JOSEF MUENCH

Rainbow Bridge —Greatest of all natural bridges (309 feet high, 278 across), this stone arch in Utah is nearly double Niagara's height. Indians named it because of rainbow symmetry; Bridge Creek carved it to take short cut around a canyon's bend.

FEDOR

Carlsbad Caverns —Ceilings reach the floor in New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns, where dripping water deposits sedimentation to form spires and columns. From a subsurface cave, millions of bats fly out every summer night in a cloud—3 hours long.

WESTERN WAYS

Old Faithful —Welcomed the first explorer to Yellowstone Park in Northwestern Wyoming, now plays its water show for tourists. The trouper geyser performs every hour—on the hour (more or less).

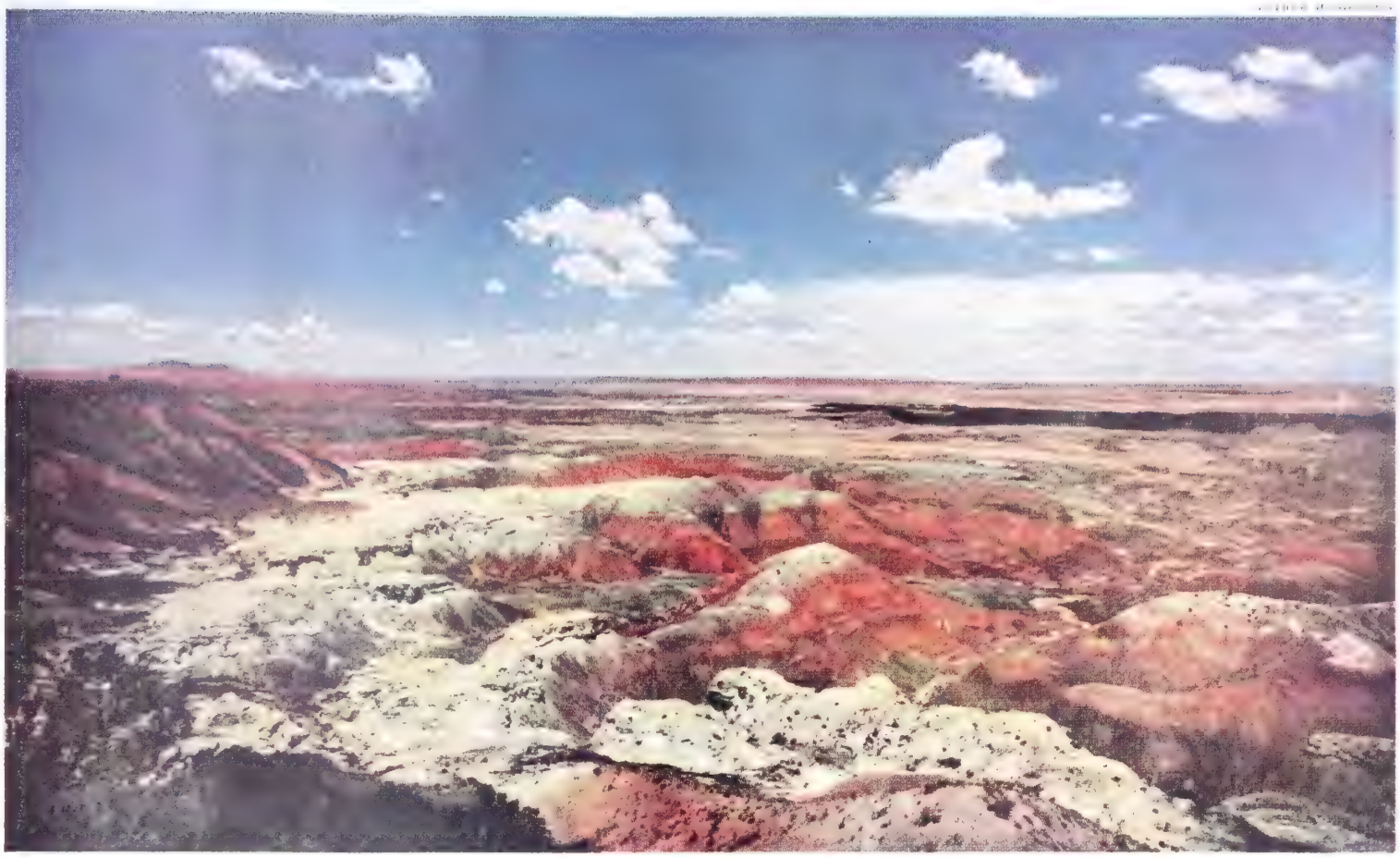
This America is yours for the price of gas, oil and a little of the leather from your low-heeled shoes. If you want the low-down on costs, and so on, just turn to page 185 after you've finished looking at the scenery.

Monument Valley

Cloudbursts, sandstorms and Indians rule the thousand square miles of Navajo reservation enclosing Monument Valley. And whoever follows the hazards of an uncertain road to Goulding's Trading Post in Utah will have found one of the most removed spots in the United States. Here the Indians come for flour, coffee and candy—bringing their blankets, rugs and jewelry to sell or pawn. And hereabouts for the hardy is a unique experience in discovery. Putting up at the Post ($2 a night), they can venture forth in special cars (low gears, oversize tires) to areas, perhaps unexplored since the gold rush, where masses of strangely carved rock prod the sky in shapes that change with shifting desert light. Cave drawings hold for the recorders of today a message of man's ancient lonely origins.

The Tetons

Massive in their cha
to climbers are the so
hued mountains of Wyoming's Grand
Park. Eleven peaks towering more than
feet look down on four zones of flowers
forget-me-nots of valley floors to alpine
tians. Open May 15 to October 15, Teton
early-summer skiing, and—for all who
five lakes in this one-time empire of gl



Painted Desert A boundary of rainbows holds Arizona's Painted Desert. Fifty thousand acres of restless sand and rock shift colors endlessly in a pageant for travelers on transcontinental U. S. Highway 66. Much of this area is in the Petrified Forest National Monument, where trees that lived 160,000,000 years ago lie turned to stone. Exposed by wind and rain, some have crumbled into fragments of onyx, opal, jasper and agate that reflect the sun in a dazzling spectrum. Primitive Indians chipped the agate into arrowheads and hammers; now their forest is a convenient base for trips to near-by camps of present-day Navajos and Apaches. It became a national monument when Arizonans, alarmed at looting of the semiprecious gems, asked the United States to take over and preserve their past's glory for generations to come.

CRANDALL

Yellowstone Water and wind, architects of the ages, chiseled beauty so fabulous in Yellowstone Park that audiences branded 19th-century lecturers as impostors for attempting to describe it. The oldest (since 1872) and biggest (2,213,000 acres) of our national parks, this area in Northwestern Wyoming was Mecca for 814,000 visitors last year. One of our largest wildlife sanctuaries (the quiet trail watcher can see deer, bear, antelope and mountain sheep), it shelters 200 bird species—including crag-nesting eagles and rare trumpeter swans. Fishermen, who need no license here, can catch a trout in Yellowstone Lake and then use one of 10,000 hot-water springs as a ready-made cooking pot.

EDWIN C. EVANS—SHOSTAL

Glacier Sixty small glaciers—residue of the monsters that once pressed down from the north in three waves of ice—still grip the earth in the Montana fastness of Glacier National Park. Nestling on the Canadian border, the 1583-square-mile reservation has sky-tall mountains, giant glacier-carved valleys, and at least 200 lakes. The one road traversing the park is Going-to-the-Sun Highway, 53 miles long, and crossing the Continental Divide through the 6654-foot-high Logan Pass. But a thousand miles of trails lace the peaks and valleys, and vacationing climbers can put up at a chalet or trail camp for around $5.00, American plan. Open only in the summer, Glacier has 800 species of flowers—150 of them brilliant showpieces that spread their tapestry of blooms across its slopes in July.

Rocky Mountain "Nature's gift to Everyman"; thus the rangers who guard it proudly describe Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park. For the solitary (and agile), there's the challenge of climbing in the Snowy Range (Long's Peak will take them 14,255 feet above worldly care). For the group-minded, free naturalist-conducted hikes can add new friends to new knowledge (kids have their own field trips with a microphone truck tagging along to broadcast the fun). Even the motorist need have no conscience about being a tenderfoot on wheels. Old Fall River Road, a one-way holdover from early tourist days, offers thumps and thrills for the experienced driver, while Trail Ridge, the state's highest highway, takes sitting mountaineers well over 11,000 feet. And for those who sight-see on the night shift, there's the special beaver floor show—dam construction—in America's largest roof garden.

JOSEF MUENCH

Bryce Canyon "Red-rocks-standing-like-men-in a-bowl-shaped-canyon" is the Indian name for this vast amphitheater in Southern Utah. Grotesque pinnacles, domes and temples rise from what an early settler once described as "one hell of a place to lose a cow." Good roads, trails make it tourist-tyros' paradise.

LAURA GILPIN

Mesa Verde Juniper and piñon trees cast green shade all year on the world's greatest archaeological preserve. There, Colorado canyons shelter remains of the Basket-Maker and Pueblo Indian cultures—ruined villages, proud cliff dwellings. The most spectacular is Cliff Palace, which provided 200 living rooms for the 400 tenants.

THOMAS PETERS LAKE

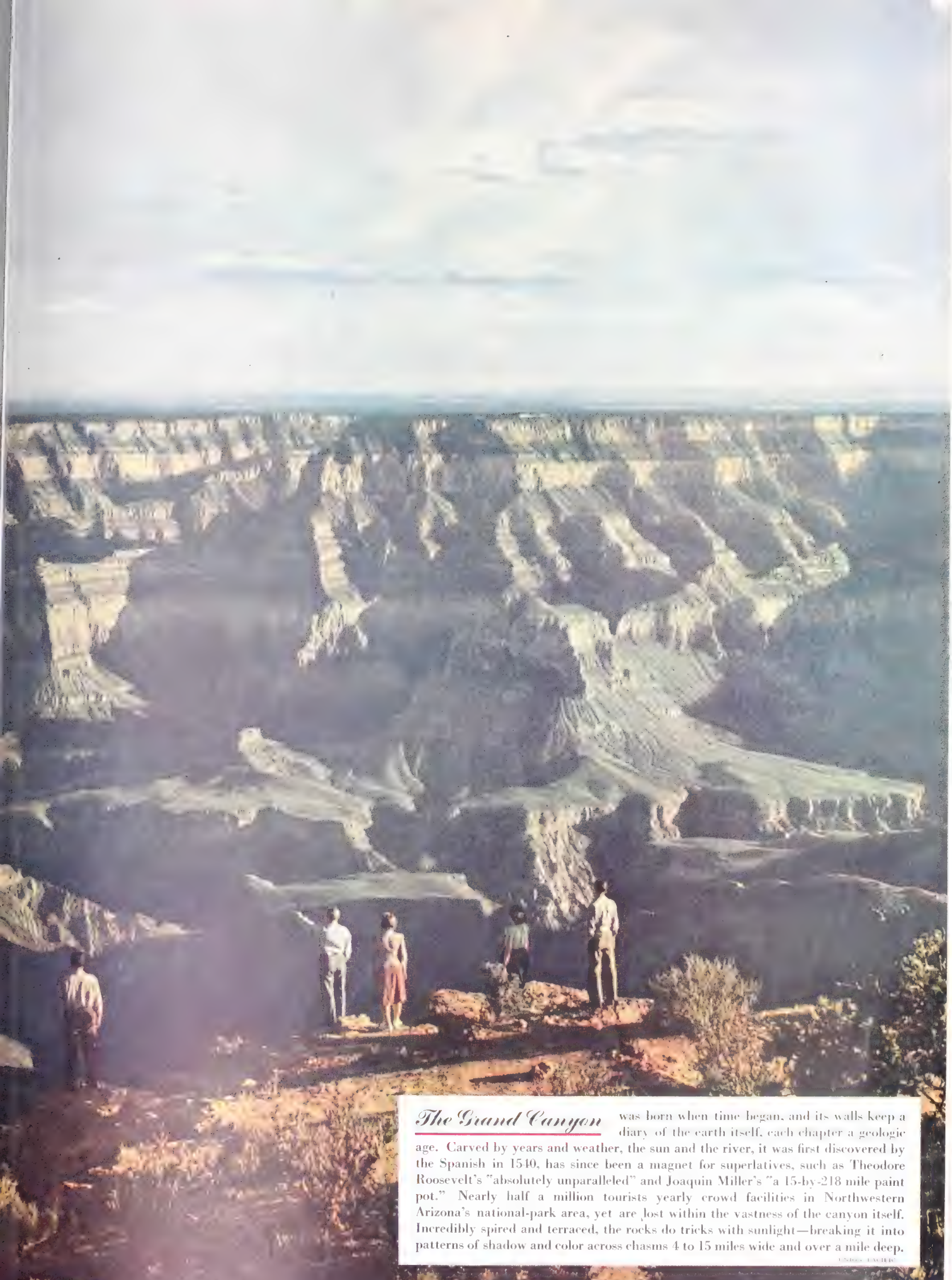
White Sands Uncle Sam's biggest sand pile is 13 billion tons of sugarlike gypsum in Southern New Mexico. Its 79,000 yearly visitors go barefooted, build castles and lay out highway and railroad systems that the wind erases overnight. Some of the more adventurous fasten sleds behind their cars and go dune-bogganing; others ski down the soft white slopes. Scientists report that sands form the greatest known surface deposit of gypsum in the world, while biologists note that only seven species of plants can live in the area and that local desert mice are white to match their surroundings. Memo for the future: in several thousand years, the sands' drift northward will bury the town of Alamogordo, 12 miles distant.

ERIC H. BOND

Boulder Dam A man-made wonder, the $125,000,000 dam harnesses the surging Colorado to provide the West's power and water. Behind it stretches Lake Mead, an inland ocean big enough to float all the world's navies and be a public playground for 1,171,736 yearly visitors who swim, boat, sun themselves and indulge their taste for bass.

JOSEF MUENCH

Delicate Arch rises, a shock of copper light, among its 81 sisters in Southeastern Utah's Arches National Monument. Its massive "slickrock" and precipitous cliffs are reward for a two-mile hike from road's end; but Landscape Arch, believed to be the world's longest, is near by for tourists who prefer to take their scenics from a car.



The Grand Canyon was born when time began, and its walls keep a diary of the earth itself, each chapter a geologic age. Carved by years and weather, the sun and the river, it was first discovered by the Spanish in 1540, has since been a magnet for superlatives, such as Theodore Roosevelt's "absolutely unparalleled" and Joaquin Miller's "a 15-by-218 mile paint pot." Nearly half a million tourists yearly crowd facilities in Northwestern Arizona's national-park area, yet are lost within the vastness of the canyon itself. Incredibly spired and terraced, the rocks do tricks with sunlight—breaking it into patterns of shadow and color across chasms 4 to 15 miles wide and over a mile deep.

UNION PACIFIC

The Innocent Farewell

By Jane Albrecht

IT WAS THE HAPPIEST TIME OF HIS LIFE. BORROWED HAPPINESS THAT HE WAS NEVER MEANT TO KEEP.

WE came to that town in the spring and rented a big house on the hill; the house was quite shabby and ordinary, but mother said it would do for a while and the rent was not high. The first thing we did was to take down the pictures of Roman ruins and the portrait of the fat little girl holding a rose which hung in the dining room. We put down our Oriental rugs, which mother always refused to store away with the rest of our belongings—which were very few—because she said you could do anything with a house if you had decent rugs, and we carefully packed up all the little lace doilies which had been laid upon the worn plush arms of the chairs. After that it was really a very pleasant place to live in. There were windows everywhere in that house, and the staircase was unexpectedly graceful. The kitchen was nice too. It had a wide porch which overlooked a small, bare yard, and in the exact center of the yard was a wonderful flowering crab which was just beginning to bloom when we came.

It was because of the house that we first met Pill. His father owned it. His name was really Joseph; it was my little brother who first called him Pill, and before long everybody called him that, even his mother and father. He was a shy, stammering child with a face in which poetry and irony might be mingled in time, but when we knew him it was merely pale and round and singularly without substance, because his brown eyes were as limpid as a puppy's and all his features were still soft and vague. His smile was the wide, fleeting smile of honesty and integrity, but it was a little crooked because two of his baby teeth were missing and the new ones had not grown in yet.

On the day that we moved into the house he had come hesitantly across the front lawn and stopped to watch our rugs being unloaded on the walk. After a while he went up to my mother, who was standing in an old sweater and skirt, supervising the men, and said:

"My name is Joseph. You have a little boy, don't you?"

"Yes," said my mother, smiling at him. "He's in the house, looking at his room."

"Is he older than me?"

"A little bit, I think," she said kindly.

"What grade is he in?"

"The fifth."

"Oh," said Pill. He added despondently, "I'm in the third."

Just then my little brother came running out. "I've got two windows!" he shouted. Then he stopped and looked at Pill.

"My father owns this house," said Pill. "I live next door. My name is Joseph."

For a moment my little brother did not say anything. Then he inquired cautiously, "Have you got a bicycle?"

"No," said Joseph.

"I don't either," said my brother, looking disappointed.

"B-but I've got a w-wagon," said Pill, beginning to stutter in the extremity of his desire to avoid the disaster which my brother's immediate indifference threatened.

"You do?" exclaimed my brother, his expression changing to one of incredulous delight.

Pill blushed; he seemed overwhelmed with pleasure. He nodded happily. "W-want me to s-show it to you?"

"Sure thing."

My brother forgot all about his room in the new house and my mother standing in the sun with her sleeves pushed up. His eyes were fixed intently upon Pill, who had a wagon. He had never had a bicycle or a wagon or a scooter or anything like that. "Well, let's go and look at it," he said, and he and Pill went across the lawn to where Pill lived.

An hour later our telephone rang for the first time, while mother and I were in the living room, and mother was saying, "Have you ever seen such ugly furniture in your life?" She answered the phone, and it was my brother calling importantly to say that he was staying at Pill's for lunch.

"Where?" asked my mother. "At whose?"

"At Pill's" repeated my brother. Then he explained casually, "That's what I've decided to call him. Joseph is too long."

"Pill," said my mother as she hung up the receiver. "That's what his name is now." She sighed and said, "I feel rather sorry for Pill."

"I feel sorry for Pill's wagon," I said. Then we both laughed and started taking down the pictures.

WELL, we lived in that house for a whole year, because we were waiting for my father to come back from Germany, and when he came we were going very far away. All during the spring and summer my little brother used to tell Pill about all the places we were going to as soon as my father came home, and Pill would listen as if my brother were telling him a fairy story. Afterward he would pick up a stone from the ground and see how far he could throw it and then he would inquire:

"But aren't you ever coming back *here?*"

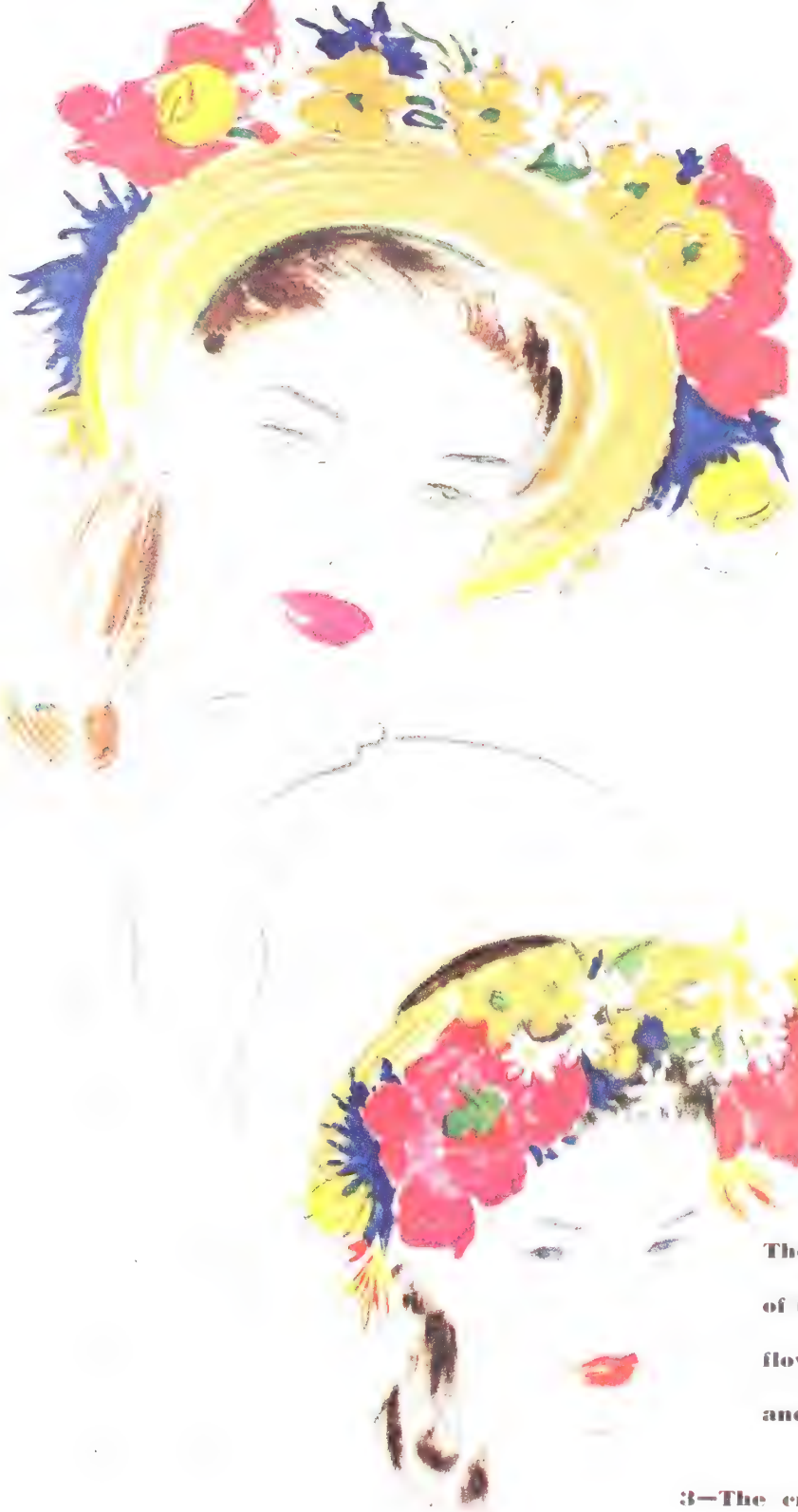
"Heck, no," my brother would reply scornfully. "And I bet I could throw a stone farther than *that.*"

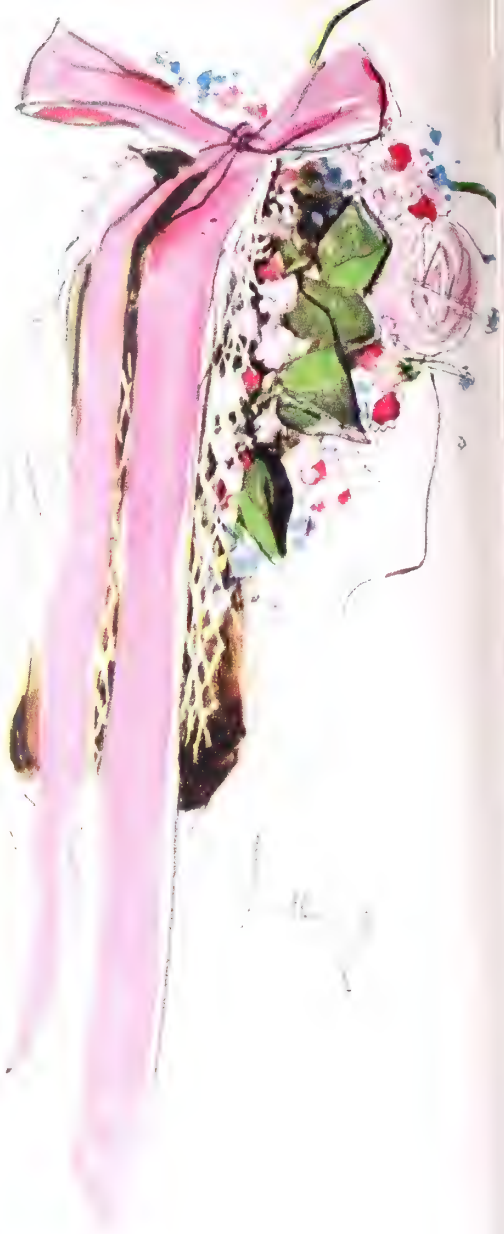
(Continued on Page 113)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

He stood frozen until the car turned the corner . . . . his whole body an agonized farewell.

Walter M Baumhofer





The traveling hat wardrobe is based on the fashion of the crownless hat: 1—the burnt-straw wreath with flowers worn on top or next the face; 2—flower-and-ribbon-trimmed veiling for afternoon or evening.

3—The crownless navy straw circlet worn stark and simple, or with a glamorously tied veil; 4—the small green felt sailor with or without a veil, or slipped inside the navy straw brim.

GOOD TRAVELERS

Certain clothes, like certain people, look well in the process of travel. Others look as though they never should have left home. Especially in summer, the battle of wits is concerned with the conspiracy of wrinkling, wilting, soiling and falling into general disorder.

This summer fashion plays into the hands of the traveler. There hasn't been so much silk shantung for years, and it travels superbly well. A shantung suit in carbon blue, coffee brown, gray or green is perhaps the best of all starting points for a wardrobe—cool, pretty and reasonably uncrushable: spruced up easily with a boutonniere or a fresh, tissue-packed blouse. And if one shantung is good, two are even better—the second a casual or an afternoon dress, depending on where and how you are going.

Cottons and linens are to hot-weather travel what air conditioning is to a train. Add to your two shantungs at least two or three cottons chosen for travel . . . not transferred from the back yard! Shirtwaist dresses are good travelers in gray or brown chambray or shirting; suits in nonerush linen, seersucker or crisp striped twill—with cool straw skullcaps or bandeaux, straw or leather belts and bags. The bare-top dress with a jacket can ride out a journey or go to a party after arrival, with your best jewelry and afternoon sandals.

The fashion of the crownless hat, cool and packable, is the happy inspiration for a wardrobe of traveling hats—an idea with endless possibilities. The one sketched is designed by Lilly Dache, consists of four separate parts to be worn a dozen ways—upside down or inside out, singly or in pairs—all easily contained in one small box.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

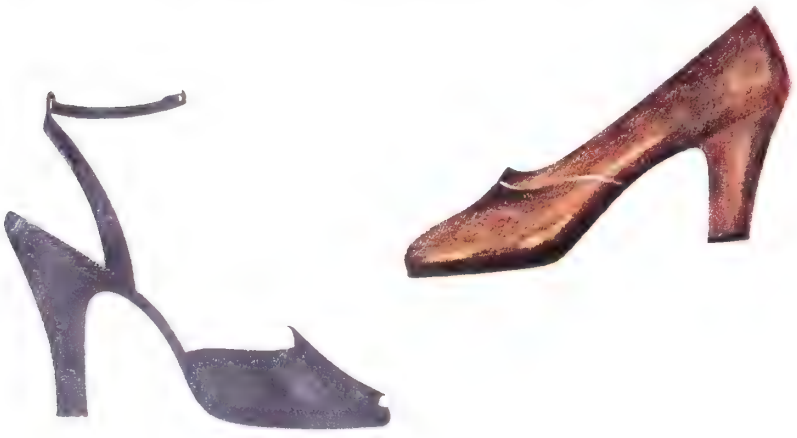
Silk shantung suit has the travel talent, with or without blouse or flower; by Larry Aldrich.

Long-sleeved polka-dot shirtwaist dress—an indispensable in all forty-eight states.

GOOD TRAVELERS

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Commuter, or long-range hot-weather traveler in cotton shirting, by Joset Walker; straw skullcap, Koret's leather bag.



A good traveler goes anywhere with two pairs of shoes: brown calfskin walking pump; and black suède sandal.

Gray silk shantung dress, at home the world around, by Joset Walker; John Frederics' soft straw hat, print gloves.

Young travelers adore cotton suits, bright straw bags and bandeaux; this one is striped twill, by Helen Morgan.

COTTONS... SHANTUNG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN

Checked gingham, by Rose Barrack, travels with bolero and crownless linen hat; and goes bare-top to parties.

Coffee-brown silk rajah, by Pauline Trigere, lends itself to many hours and places; lime straw hat.

SIXTEENTH SUMMER

ann

Dear Bob,
I am having a divine
time. I've seen there are
some
of
ha
Sa
of
a

Shorts and bra
to match the outfit.

It's that blue denim outfit with the rickrack he's really interested in—

PHOTOGRAPH BY CUSHMAN

This makes quite a splash! The shorts are quilted.

This is it! . . . This is your summer . . . you are longer, slimmer, lovelier; there's a young man called Bob, Bill or Peter on your mind, and a very sixteenish-looking wardrobe will make things perfect. Whether you visit friends or stay put in your own back yard, you'll want to look your best, and your best is—sixteen. Make the most of this summer in which you're young enough to play pranks but old enough to be romantic, young enough to run to mother but old enough to travel alone. Dress up to these privileges in the clothes designed for you—only you! And—get snapped every time you make a move, for the record or the sentiment. ★ BY JOSETTE DALY LUTZ

et and all-Lunch at Marges
aunts in striped cotton.

Marge on Ripley's Chinese
Junk. She likes in her
two-piece gingham.

Marge in her gingham-cute?

Marge in my semiformal
-its chambray, so cool.

-me, really! What chintz and yards
of skirt can do.

Me, mailing a letter to you, in
mother's spice-checked gingham.

Lovely at home

sival lines, yellow jersey, bead embroidery; by Dorine Liebert.

ored beauty, in white eyelet, yellow trim; a Tewi design.

The time for leisure can be an hour of enchantmen
if you know how to look and feel beautiful at home
How often have you wished that you had bee
born hundreds of years ago when women ha
fewer rights, but more romantic clothes!
Every precious hour you spend at home
this summer is your opportunity to look
as divinely feminine, and as disarmingly help-
less, as the most enticing lady of the past.
Pastel organdies with ruffles and flowers at
the waist; sheer jerseys with huge sleeves; white
eyelet tied with pink and blue satin
ribbons . . . all these are for you. But if,
by chance, simplicity is what you adore,
that too you will find in cool white eyelets,
crisp striped taffetas, pretty pastel piqués.
Leave crisp down-to-earth qualities to your other
clothes; negligees and leisure housecoats
should be chosen for sheer beauty!

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

Frothy bouffant organdy. A bunch of field flowers at the waist; by Dorian.

riguing: satin trousers and top
h chiffon; Joseph Whitehead.

Beguiling blue marquisette, smocking: by Raymond.

Rustling striped taffeta, front buttons: by Dorine Liebert.

Fresh delightful white eyelet, pink and blue streamers; a Tewi design.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOYNINGEN HUENE

SUMMER BRIDE . . . *makes her trousseau*

Our summer bride is lovely . . . *and* she is clever. She planned her trousseau carefully . . . made it herself, using Vogue Patterns. Her wedding dress of eyelet and plain organdy has a long, fitted bodice to accent her tiny waist. She chooses an eyelet with a design which forms its own decorative edge on the pert peplum. By cutting off the short train, she has a perfect summer evening dress. Her bridesmaid wears matching eyelet in a pastel. Demure Peter Pan collar with tiny buttons down the bodice . . . a lovely party dress to wear all summer long. John Frederics made the eyelet picture hat, with heavenly-blue bow . . . you make it from JOURNAL Pattern No. 2328. Bride's dress, Vogue Design No. 6088; bridesmaid's dress, Vogue Design No. 5775.

Our bride knows the value of a co-ordinated trousseau. Her short green coat is chosen to go over her beige "going away" suit-dress, but will look equally pretty over her polka-dot silk. It will even go over her piqué play dress and double for an evening wrap; what more can one ask from a coat? She can wear her polka-dot gloves with her suit; add a matching scarf for glamour. Her beige suit accessories double with her silk dress to wear in town. A four-piece play-suit pattern has endless possibilities . . . will look like at least three separate outfits, covered up or bare shouldered. With imagination, a little patience and an average knowledge of sewing, this trousseau will make you look enchanting on your honeymoon. ★ BY NORA O'LEARY

"going away" suit-dress in beige shantung. Interesting and dropped shoulder. Vogue Design No. S—4787. 12 to 20.

To look your prettiest . . . polka-dot pure silk. Vogue Design No. 6072. 12 to 20. Make gloves to match.

Other views and prices on Page 250.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario.

★ For Brodesmaid's Hat pattern, send 5c direct to Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna., and ask for No. 2321.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMONE

Sun yourself in bare-shouldered piqué; and cover up in a belted toweling poncho. Vogue Design No. 6081, one size (12 to 16).

A coat to go over everything; new short length, new flared back. Make it bright or white. Vogue Design No. 6063. 12 to 20.

The SILVER LINING

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

William Zukerman is a member of the editorial staff of the Jewish Morning Journal, of New York. As chief European correspondent for this newspaper from 1920 to 1941, he has lived and worked in England, France and Germany, and has traveled widely throughout Europe.

OBSERVERS of the contemporary scene have noticed for some time that disillusionment after World War II has come much sooner than after World War I. It took several years for the high hopes and idealistic expectations of the first world cataclysm to evaporate, but in the present conflict, disillusionment and depression seem to have come even before the "cease fire" order. There seems to be remarkably little enthusiasm and hope among men and women everywhere for the emergence of a new and better world as a result of humanity's greatest sacrifice, although the military victory of World War II is as complete as ever known.

This is true of most people, but more so of the Jews. Jewish people have come out of the war with a feeling of profound pessimism and loss of faith in humanity bordering on despair. The prevailing opinion is that Hitler has won his war against the Jews, even if he lost it against everyone else. He succeeded in poisoning the minds and souls of non-Jewish people with anti-Semitism for centuries to come. A conviction is spreading that there is no future for the Jews in Europe, or in fact anywhere else among Gentiles, and that the only solution for the Jews is in escape from the Christian world and in slamming the door on it.

While this mood is understandable psychologically, it is not entirely justified by facts which have come to light since the end of the war. The truth is that the incredible Nazi atrocities which resulted in the deliberate destruction of more than five million Jews in the death factories and gas chambers were not the *only* manifestation of the non-Jewish world toward the Jews in Europe during the war. The bulk of the Christian population outside Germany not only did not collaborate with the Nazis in their mad campaign against the Jews, but looked upon it with the greatest abhorrence and often fought against it with greater zeal than against any other Nazi crime. There was more opposition to and sabotage of the Nazi anti-Jewish laws than of any other decrees. Everywhere in Europe Jews were helped to escape Nazi persecution and deportation: they were hidden for months and years in non-Jewish homes. Jewish children by the thousands were adopted into Christian families. Christian churches, monasteries and other institutions were thrown open to them for refuge: special societies and organizations were formed to help them escape from the Nazis, and thousands did escape. The remarkable fact is that in the midst of the greatest upsurge of anti-Jewish persecution in history, a strong pro-Jewish, even philo-Semitic, movement sprang up and countered the anti-Semitic horrors. The darkest cloud in modern history was not without its silver lining.

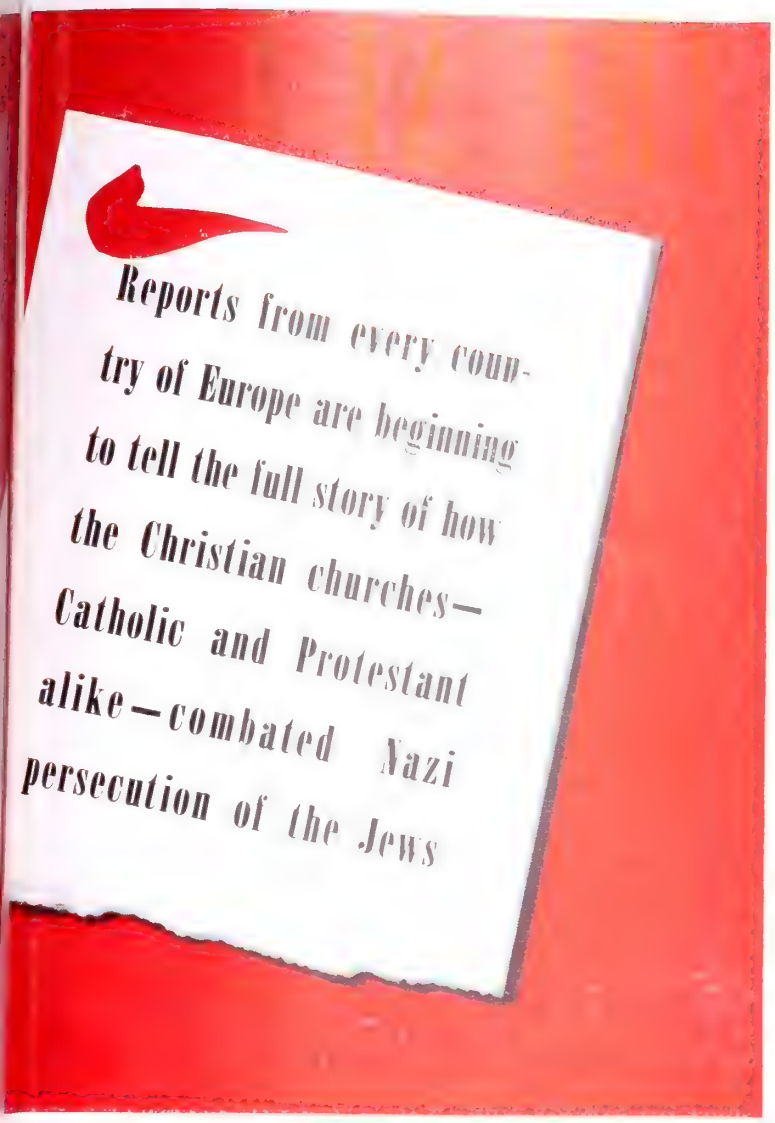
ONE fact stands out above all others. This is the decidedly moral and religious character of the manifestation. That is not to imply that the movement had no political aspects, motives and results. Quite the contrary: it was, in many countries, an integral part of the Underground. The Nazis had so closely connected their general ideology with intense anti-Semitism that, to many people, fighting Nazi persecution of the Jews became a way of fighting Nazism as a whole. Yet the rescue work of the Jews had a tinge of religiosity about it, making it different from the political anti-Nazi movement. This was expressed in many ways. The most outstanding were: the leadership assumed by the Christian clergy of all denominations; the prominent part played by women; and the nonpartisan, nonclass character of the men and women drawn into this work.

Of the entire, amazing story, doubtless the most striking feature is the leadership of the churches. No sooner did the Nazis invade a country and introduce anti-Jewish laws than the Christian churches immediately raised protests. In Holland, when the Nazis set up the first racial laws in 1940, Protestant ministers countered with sermons urging the people not to obey. This, together with the courageous stand of Leyden University, closing its doors in preference to providing separate benches for Jewish students, was the opening shot in the revolt of the Dutch against Nazism. Immediately all churches were thrown open to the Jews. Clandestine societies to help them were formed, and the movement which later grew to epic proportions was thus begun.

The Belgians followed suit in their own manner. When Jews of this country were ordered by the Nazis to wear yellow badges in the form of "Shields of David," sermons were preached to treat the yellow shield as a badge of honor. The result was that when a Jew appeared in the streets wearing the yellow insigne, Christians would take off their hats to show respect. Soon so many Belgians began to wear yellow badges that the law became useless.

In Norway the first anti-Jewish laws of the Nazis brought forth a pastoral letter by Bishop Eivand Bergrav, head of all the Protestant churches of that country. This famous pastoral letter had far-reaching results—not only nullifying the effects of the anti-Jewish laws, but serving as a signal fire for the formation of an unlawful committee to aid the Jews. Otto Nansen, son of the famous explorer, headed this committee.

OF all the clergies in Europe, that of France played the most illustrious role in this movement. The Catholic Church of France had at its head during the occupation several men of truly heroic stature. Among them were Cardinal Gerlier, of Lyons, and Archevêque Jules Saliege, bishop of Toulouse, together with a host of others of smaller rank but not smaller courage. It was due to the efforts of these men that mon-


Reports from every country of Europe are beginning to tell the full story of how the Christian churches—Catholic and Protestant alike—combated Nazi persecution of the Jews

steries, abbeys, churches and Catholic children's homes were thrown pen to Jews, especially to Jewish children. They became sanctuaries ot only in France, but all over Europe, and the means of saving housands of Jewish lives.

Thus in Lyons, where several hundred boys and girls had taken efuge in such a church, the Laval government in July, 1942, demanded heir eviction. Cardinal Gerlier gave the order to barricade the church, nd sent word to the police that they would have to break into the uilding by force in order to take out the children. This the devout atholic police hesitated to do. Instead they sent inquiries to Paris for nstructions. Five days passed before a reply came to use force. By his time the Underground had removed all the children to safety.

It was also Cardinal Gerlier who, in August, 1944, defied the Gestapo when the Germans were retreating from France. The German orders were to leave no political prisoners or refugees alive. Several hundred men, mostly Jews, were incarcerated in the prison in the cardinal's district, doomed to be burned alive in their prison. The cardinal, dressed in the garb of his office and carrying a crucifix, walked to Gestapo headquarters and warned the chief officer that he would be held responsible, personally, for the death of the prisoners. The threat was effective and the men were saved.

Similar stories, confirmed by hundreds of eyewitnesses, have been reported of other churchmen of all nationalities. Père Banno, head of the Capuchin Order of Belgium, won fame for a task unique among churchmen. He conducted an office where false passports and documents were prepared to enable refugees, mostly Jewish, to escape to neutral countries and to Italy. It has been estimated that this man, alone, saved the lives of 1800 Jews.

In Namur another Catholic priest, l'Abbé Joseph André, organized the Refuge de Notre Dame, protecting the lives of hundreds of Jewish children of the neighborhood. In Louvain, Père Bruno, another priest, conducted a similar society. In Brussels the Abbé Corneille Depaissance was personally responsible for the saving of 563 Jewish children. Someday the names of these noble people will be more widely known, and their acts of heroism will shed a lustrous light on a very dark period of human history.

During the crucial months before the Allied occupation of Rome, the grounds of the Vatican, which by international law are neutral territory, were thrown open to Jews, and as many as 25,000 are known to have found refuge there. Scores of thousands of others were saved in Italy and in other countries by a device originated in the Vatican and known as "protective passports." These passports were issued freely by the Vatican and by papal nuncios in many countries to Jews, who were thus put under the protection of the Vatican and saved from deportation and destruction. The part of the Vatican in saving Jewish lives during the war has been officially recognized by the Jewish community of Rome in a special thanksgiving service there immediately after the liberation of that city, and later by the World Jewish Congress.

The role which the women of Europe played in rescuing the Jews was no less remarkable than that of the clergy. Their chief contribution was the adopting of children whose parents were deported, and caring for them as members of their own families. More than 100,000 boys and girls were thus adopted throughout Europe. These women were real heroines, for it requires more than a momentary impulse of generosity and courage to bring up a strange child as one's own for two, three and even four years at the constant risk of loss of freedom, even of life itself. Yet literally thousands of women did this.

One of these was Jeanne Daman, a Belgian girl now in her middle twenties. Her father was a school inspector in Brussels. Jeanne, fair-haired and pretty, was learning to be a teacher, helping out in a kindergarten in the early days of the war. In 1942 the Nazis began to deport Jews from Belgium. One day Gestapo agents arrived at Mlle. Daman's school and told her that three of her Jewish pupils were wanted by their mothers. The unsuspecting young teacher turned the children over to the Germans. None of the three was ever again seen alive. This experience changed Jeanne Daman's life. She became one of the most daring rescue workers in Belgium. It was her job to find out in advance whom the Gestapo had scheduled to be deported, and then to hide the victims. She continued this dangerous and difficult work for three years.

Jacob Pat, general secretary of the Jewish Labor Committee, a New York organization doing relief work in Europe, visited Brussels after the war's end and talked to Jeanne Daman about her difficult assignments. "Why did you do it?" he asked, and she told him:

"Because I could not do otherwise. When I realized that I had had a part in sending three small children to their death I could never rest. To save other Jewish children from what had happened to those three became the aim of my life. These children were the unhappiest among the unhappy. They needed my help and I had to give it."

Dr. Charles Odic, a distinguished French physician who spent several years in medical care of abandoned Jewish children in France during the occupation, says, "The Jewish child found as many mothers as there were French women to witness its distress. . . . Face to face with the Nazi crime against childhood, there arose a conspiracy of motherhood against it." It is Doctor Odic's conclusion that this was not a matter of reason or even of moral principle: it was simply an instinctive act called forth by the sight of the tragedy of the mothers and the helplessness of the children.

While the clergy and the women were the spearheads of this great rescue movement, the vast number engaged in it were from every class of society. The Queen Mother Elizabeth of Belgium and the royal families of Norway and Sweden took

(Continued on Page 183)

FUN IN THE SUN . .

• THE SUN FURNISHES YOUR MAKE-UP BASE and gives you a choice of colors. But before you're ready to turn yourself skyward, experiment with several shades of foundation make-up to find your most becoming color. Is satiny beige better for you than a warm, honey brown? Does a deep, dark color bring out the blue of your eyes—or just give you a heavy, thick-skinned look? A critical eye and a brightly daylighted mirror will help you decide. • MAKE THE SUN YOUR CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE, not your closest friend! Sun-bathing is like oven-roasting: the more you turn, the more evenly browned. Choose your favorite sun-tan lotion, oil or cream, and apply it generously over all uncovered areas. Remember a double dose for your nose, eyelids, and the tender skin around the very edges of your bathing suit. You might try a combination insect-repellent and sun-tan lotion that offers an attractive fragrance for you—but one that scares away the bug population. Vinegar, and tea leaves diluted with warm water, are two more tanning aids. • Midmorning and midafternoon provide softer, more flattering sunrays than high noon. Intense, high-noon sun should definitely be *viewed from the shade*, at least for the first few days. Good sunglasses will ward off squint lines from eyestrain. Don't let the shortness of your holiday trick you into rushing into a tomato-red burn. First, it will hurt. Second, it may result in the uncute kind of freckles that take years to fade away! *Doctors warn that* *(Continued on Page 187)*

PHOTO BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

. . AND IN TOWN

By Dawn Crowell
Beauty Editor of the Journal

• TOWN-WISE HAIR-DO'S brush casual manes into trim, sleek ones. Flying feather cuts can convert to groomed coiffures with short, neat bangs. Shoulder-length hair can change into a cool up-do, neat chignon or a clever side bun. Try this: Brush all your hair to the back, side or top of your head. Catch the mane with a tight elastic band at the scalp. Secure the ends of your hair with a ribbon and roll over or under to the elastic band. Then tie a crisp bow. • PRETTY POLISHED HANDS are worn with immaculate cotton gloves. Wrist-length, hand-stitched ones are becoming to most any summer clothes. Two pairs, washed after each wearing, should last all summer long. • CITY LEGS wear real or synthetic "stockings"—but never go unadorned. An opaque leg make-up can be applied deftly in two minutes, using quick, long, upward strokes, beginning at your toes. After it dries, a little cornstarch or talcum rubbed briskly between the palms and over the surface of your legs will give them a silken sheen. • WELL-HEELED SHOES, highly polished and usually dark, take the place of saddle shoes and moccasins, which are as familiar to your home town as the corner drugstore, but unappreciated by sophisticated city streets. Open-toe shoes, worn without stockings, must show polished toes. • SUMMER BACKS, arms and shoulders sprinkled with a talcum-deodorant will help avoid the damp, hot meeting of clothes and skin. And there are small cotton *(Continued on Page 188)*

PHOTO BY FRITZ HENLE

A WOMAN IS NEVER TOO OLD TO LOVE

—OR A MAN TOO OLD TO KNOW IT

Town will Talk

BY MAY SARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

THEY lived in a small town in Ohio, not far from Columbus, where every road leads eventually into fields and brooks—a town with a quiet dignity all its own, proud of its college which it persisted in calling a "university." Lucinda Howarth, now in her seventies, was one of the early graduates, her diploma framed in the hall, an inveterate writer of letters to the papers, an opinionated old woman who sat, massive in black silk, on the platform at commencement and intimidated visiting speakers with her acid questions. But in 1942 she fell on an icy sidewalk on her way to a meeting of the NAACP in Columbus and had been confined to the lower rooms of her house ever since.

Nathanael Sumter was the retired president of the local bank, now in his eighties. His wife had been dead thirty years and most people in the town thought of him as a bachelor. He and Lucinda saw each other every day: he took Cracker, her old spaniel, for a walk and then came back for a cup of tea before the fire. He and Lucinda quarreled about everything from national politics to the diet of dogs and were quite sure that each could not live without the other.

"Of course without me," Lucinda said. "Nat Sumter would have ossified long ago. I prod his mind a little every afternoon. He's about reached the point now where he'll admit that Andrew Jackson was right in the bank crisis. By the time he's a hundred I may have got him up to the New Deal," and she laughed her loud, deep laugh.

[illegible] *pendent on me, poor dear; she'd die of boredom without me.*

On the coldest winter day when Nathanael shivered even at the draft from a closed window, he forced himself to go out, *because Lucinda would be worried to death if I didn't stop in.*

And Lucinda, for whom dressing her massive body became increasingly difficult, managed with the help of Mary, her colored maid, to get into a dressing gown and limp to the armchair. "I've got to bait Nat Sumter with this speech of Henry Wallace's," she said. "Must keep him alive somehow—[illegible] anger is good for the blood, you know, Mary."

"Yassum," Mary would say, "a good cry for a woman and a spell of anger for a man, them's the cure for some ailments."

She herself had found work to be the best cure for everything, and sometimes wondered what Miss Lucy would have been like if she had had to work for a living. Privately Mary thought it might have been a good thing. There was too much power in that frame for what life had given it to do. She should have had half a dozen boys to bring up—but of course she had scared all her suitors away with her strong will and her fire and her contempt for any weakness. More than one old man in the town held bitter memories of her "Don't be a fool!" when he had finally brought himself to the point of proposing. They had found comfort elsewhere, but Lucinda had gone her lonely, passionate way, pouring her energies and her love into such things as the NAACP (for Mary's sake) or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (for Cracker's).

But Lucinda never did get around to Wallace's speech on that cold February day.

"Nat Sumter, you look like the very devil," she said crossly when he was sitting by the fire. "What's wrong with you?" Just like Nat to look ill when she was spoiling for a good argument and had the ammunition safely tucked into the pocket of her dressing gown. For really he was pale. His hands trembled slightly on his cane; Lucinda hated all signs of old age.

"Well," he said, "I've had bad news, Lucy."

"Pour yourself tea, and tell me what it is."

SHE wondered if he had lost all his money, or what. He really did look shaken, and she noticed that he had dressed with less than his usual care. The handkerchief in his left breast pocket was crumpled, and there was actually a spot on his tie that looked very much like egg. Nat Sumter had always been a dandy, so these two small things showed that he must have been in a state of extreme agitation when he dressed.

He took an unconscionable time to pour a cup of tea and drank it down straight in one gulp.

(Continued on Page 111)

Nat felt his courage go before Lucy's piercing stare. But it was now or never.

Friends and Lovers

BY HELEN MacINNES

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

DAVID BOSWORTH didn't guess the important thing that would happen to him when he accompanied his friend, George Fenton-Stevens, to Scotland on a tutoring holiday: a thing that would make him forget he had said women were a snare and a delusion. Here, on the island of Inchnamurren, he met the kindly Doctor MacIntyre. Here, too, he met Doctor MacIntyre's granddaughter, Penelope, and something happened immediately to both of them, something unnoticed by Penny Lorrimer's sisters, Betty and Moira, but not by her mother, who wasn't sure, then, that she liked Mr. Bosworth. And the something was so strong that later in the summer, when the holiday had ended, David had to work up a lame excuse for calling on Penny at her Edinburgh home.

Back in the dismal little house in London with his invalid father and his querulous sister Margaret, to await the opening of the fall term at Oxford, David despairs of succeeding at the Foreign Office without the all-important money and family. The dull weeks of waiting for Penny to come to the city as an art student at Slade School are brightened only by her endearing letters.

Then one day Penny is there before him on the station platform, saying, "Oh, David!" and the drabness and uncertainty of his life disappear. At Waterloo Place, David kisses her. Their cup is full, and Penny, in her joy, gives her sympathy generously to all the women they pass, who cannot have David walking beside them.

Art school now for Penny, and a looking ahead to each Sunday, the day she and David spend together, sometimes at Oxford, sometimes in the open country. By February she knows she is not growing as an artist, possibly because she can think of nothing but David. This despite the attempts of Lilian Marston, a fellow student, to interest Penny in some of the men students.

At Mrs. Fane's party, which she must attend to please her mother, and which she has had no chance to tell David about, Penny is rescued from strangers and boredom by George Fenton-Stevens, who had not noticed last summer at Inchnamurren how beautiful she is. And when Penny returns to Baker House, Residence for Women, that evening, David has been there for her and has been told she is at a party. Penny, trying to keep her voice even, asks, "Where did he go?" Then she walks slowly up the stairs.

Copyright, 1947, by Helen MacInnes

III

Penny walked slowly up the stairs to her room, closed the door wearily, sat on the edge of her bed without turning on the light. She wondered where David had gone this evening. And she wouldn't see him tomorrow. He would not phone, either; she knew her David. Probably, at this very moment, he was trying not to think that she went to parties all the time and never told him. He wouldn't phone. That mention of the dance tonight would prevent him.

"Oh, David!" she said aloud. *And blast Marston. Her way isn't my way, or David's.*

She crossed to the window, trying to calm herself. After all, things could be explained in letters. And things could also be misunderstood. It suddenly appeared to her that a very small, very trivial incident could cause a lot of damage.

Gower Street was quiet now. London's Sunday sleep always seemed to begin here on Saturday evening. A few people hurried to keep a dinner engagement. Occasional taxis, some cars, but no more trucks or vans; an empty, lifeless street, a desolate street. And then a man came out of the darkness and halted under the lamppost at the corner almost opposite Baker House. It was David. Penny rapped on the glass sharply, but she was too high up for anyone in the street to hear. She had even forgotten to turn on the light, so that he could not have seen her. But she remembered these things only as she reached the hall, and scrawled her name in the out-until-eleven-thirty register. *He will be gone*, she told herself, and ran toward the door.

The sedate maid on hall duty stared at the slamming door. *Well, reely*, she thought, and opened the door curiously. She saw Miss Lorrimer running—*running*, mind you—across Gower Street, and heard the tearing screech of a taxi as it braked suddenly. The cabbie was kicking up no end of a fuss too. But by the time the taxi had begun to move again, Miss Lorrimer was nowhere to be seen. The maid shook her head disapprovingly and closed the door. A fine way to behave, giving people a turn like that. And for what? Just what in the whole wide world was worth that?

At first David thought Penny had been hit by the taxi. But in the next moment she was on the pavement *(Continued on Page 80)*

's voice trembled a little. "I'll explain to you some time why I was born and why I should live at all."

MENU

Jellied Cucumber Soup

Stuffed Sweetbreads

Sautéed Peach Halves

Purée of Peas

Hot Rolls

Tomato-and-Camembert Salad

French-Vanilla Ice Cream Pineapple Sauce

Daisy Cake

Coffee

PHOTO BY STUART POWLER

Many Happy Returns

BY ANN BATCHELDER

J

Fond memories.

BIRTHDAYS. WEDDINGS. REUNIONS—

HERE YOU ARE.

Line a Day

By Ann Batchelder

1 Anything Bellamy Partridge writes is definitely—but *definitely*—up my alley. Now he, with his pal, Otto Bettmann, holds the mirror up to some bygone days and ways you shouldn't miss. As WE WERE—that's the book. And a treasure store is waiting for you.

2 From a beauty page of long, long ago: "An old lady without a wrinkle in her face is like a crystallized baby. She never grew up." Well, she grew old, and that's something.

3 *Herb note:* Baked tomatoes, stuffed, and the space between the tomatoes filled with bread crumbs, can take the merest whiff of garlic, along with the salt, sugar, pepper and sweet basil. A few crusts of bread rubbed with a cut clove of garlic will do the whole works.

4 Don't overdo the garlic treatment—ever. Folks who do give it a bad name. It belongs in a green salad rubbing the bowl is better than none). It goes with a lot of meat dishes (leg of lamb or broiled steak, for instance); it's wonderful between slices of French bread made hot in the oven. It has no business in an apple pandowdy.

5 Know what we did? Fried a lot of finger-size potato croquettes and strung them along on French-fried-onion rings. Sort of hot-dog style. Smash hit with all.

6 When you can't think of a single thing to serve for dessert, crush up a can of fine figs. Beat them into a pint of cream whipped very stiff and flavored with almond. Chill, serve in a bowl that has been lined with ladyfingers. Sweet—but more than delicious.

7 *News items:* Italy comes through, at long last, with those marvelous *baked* figs, stuffed with almonds and rolled in caraway seeds. Packed in baskets. And sunny Italy also sends along her unique fruitcake, flat, but *flat*, and dusted with sugar and clove. And just to get away from sweets, there are the little hot pep[pers] vinegar. Food shops are beginning to be interesting again.

8 *More news:* Not for a long time have you found crayfish bisque, *pâté* of shrimp, shrimp bisque—all out of old New Orleans. You'll find them [here]. And you'll love them.

9 Broiled lobster may not be on your menu every day; but if and when it is, stuff it with fresh crab meat (frozen, you know, if the crab is elusive), baptize with seasoned cream and broil. Now it's the crab meat that does it. It's the cream that perfects it. The eating is a dream.

10 Will anyone who likes tripe raise her right hand? My, I wouldn't have thought it. Wash a pound of the honeycomb, put it on in cold water and simmer away until tender. Takes quite a while, and worth it to those who really like tripe.

11 *Second lesson:* Make a thin batter of milk, eggs, flour, a little baking powder and a speck of red pepper. A *speck*. Drain the tripe, cut into finger strips or larger, dip in the batter and fry in deep fat. Serve with some very tart sauce, pickles, a big salad. (Boiled potatoes are classic.)

12 For a broiled fish (and trout and pompano are on my mind), try little rosy-cheeked tomatoes stuffed with a julienne of cucumbers in sour-cream dressing, all on crisp lettuce hearts. (Was there ever a fish like pompano? The answer is, "One, that's trout.")

13 *A vision and a dream:* Prepare a set of sweetbreads; when trimmed, demembraned and chilled, chop them fine. Make a rich cream sauce. Add the sweetbreads. Season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Add a few chopped ripe olives, a finely cut cooked chicken liver or two, a cup of sautéed mushrooms and two or three sliced truffles. Cook in the double boiler. Beat and serve on breaded breasts of chicken done in deep fat.

14 That is a superb sauce. It's as original as a Lilly Dache hat. It requires the utmost finesse. It may repay better than stock in a gold mine. Because it is a *tour de force*. A gold mine may be one of Nature's old horselaughs.

15 Know about a fine coverall for hamburger and allied hot sandwiches? Take some mayonnaise, add a good spicing of chutney (ground very fine), a little curry, and salt and paprika to taste. *That* will keep them guessing. Also eating.

16 The iced tea and coffee season is right around the corner. So make very thin toast, spread liberally with butter or margarine, sprinkle with cinnamon, cover with thin slices of Swiss cheese, put together à la sandwich. To be very chi-chi, spread the cheese with honey butter. Toast again in the oven. Serve very hot.

INHERITANCE JUDITH SMITH, AGED ONE YEAR

Forget-me-nots shall blossom here
Where ends the life span of a year.
No flaming flowers of arrogance
Shall be for you, Inheritance.

Only the butterflies will come
To hover over your last home.
No thing of pomp and circumstance
Belongs to you, Inheritance:

Save when dusk falls, a tiny star
Will rise to tell us where you are.

17 I tell you that smoked cheese with prepared mustard and a little pat on the head of chutney, spread on pumpernickel, is far from being despised. In fact, it rates special mention.

18 So much for the sandwich plate. I mustn't spoil you. Now then: three things men like—and women too. Clam chowder made with salt pork and lots of clams. Little rock lobsters with water cress and chives. Chicken pie with enough gravy and hot biscuits. (Add Jiggs' favorite: corned beef and cabbage.) A girl who can perfect these is ripe for the altar and won't be alone long.

19 Strive for perfection. Rembrandt did, and see where *he* got. A dish of macaroni and meat balls can be a poem. A rasher of bacon and a fried egg can make the mouth water. See that it does. Accomplishment is all.

20 Little new potatoes are boiled or steamed in their jackets. When tender, peel them. Put in the frying pan with sweet butter, season with salt, pepper and a little thyme. Toss and roll them until light brown. Wonderful with chicken.

21 Rice pudding has received more sneers than an old maid in a dolman. But—wait a minute. As it cooks (use brown rice if gettable), add a cup of seedless raisins, mixed with a quarter of a cup of brown sugar, a teaspoon of vanilla and a little heavy cream. Stir well to mix.

22 *Now another chapter:* When it's done, spread the top with vanilla-flavored whipped cream, cover with brown sugar and run under the broiler. Serve hot or cold. Wonders will never cease!

23 *From an old cookbook:* "It cannot be denied, I think, that in our cuisine we could dispense with the lowly codfish. Only one way is it destined to receive popular acclaim—in fish balls. Even these are not often seen save on the more *common* tables." Let the cod go back where it came from.

24 More and more I am becoming sold on fried parsley. To garnish fish and chicken it is fine. And this from me—who has had plenty to say about parsley!

25 Broiled eggplant is next to fried eggplant so far as I am concerned. And the finishing touch to the broiled variety is a nice smearing with lemon butter just before it goes to the table. Just discovered this, so pass it along.

26 A melon cup that rises to spectacular heights is this: Mix small melon balls with cubes of preserved watermelon in the sirup of the watermelon cooked with a little mint. Garnish with candied mint leaves and minted cherries. Can't you just *see* it? Wait till you eat it. Have it chilled.

27 Celery and cucumbers may seem like odd bedfellows, but try them just the same. Peel a fine cucumber, remove seeds and dice; add two cups of *inside* celery, chopped reasonably fine. Cook them in salted water, adding a teaspoon of sugar. When tender, drain. Put in a saucepan, sprinkle with a little flour, add a good piece of butter or margarine and, gradually, a cup of heavy cream. Stir every minute. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with sippets of toast. Lovely for luncheon with fish or chicken.

28 Fried green peppers garnish the lamb-chop platter, or do an act all by themselves. Take out the seeds (ever chew a pepper seed?), cut into six or eight pieces and fry in a little hot salad oil until tender. Season with salt and pepper and oh, so *little* garlic. But *garlic*. Drain them on paper. Very worthy of your attention, if I may say so.

29 Keep your eye out for tangerine juice. Comes in cans. Delicious. As good for you as it is good to taste. And besides, it's a lovely color.

30 June, the month of roses and brides—and what are *your* plans for the summer? Mine include a certain paint job, and it isn't a landscape or a portrait either. Well, you guessed it, didn't you? Shows how good you are at guessing!

"BACK AGAIN...
ALL 21 CAMPBELL'S SOUPS!"

YOUR CHECK LIST:

21 KINDS
TO CHOOSE FROM

- ASPARAGUS
- BEAN with BACON
- BEEF
- BEEF NOODLE
- BLACK BEAN
- BOUILLON
- CHICKEN
- CHICKEN GUMBO
- CHICKEN NOODLE
- CLAM CHOWDER
- CONSOMME
- MUSHROOM (Cream of)
- OX TAIL
- GREEN PEA
- PEPPER POT
- SCOTCH BROTH
- SPINACH (Cream of)
- TOMATO
- VEGETABLE
- VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE
- VEGETABLE-BEEF

At your Grocer's—At your Fingertips

Now that both you and your grocer are getting the Campbell's line from Sorry we couldn't [illegible] — you'll be happy to hear some further good news: *All 21 Kinds of Campbell's Soups are back again!* You can now buy them all . . . all you want at once. After two years of shortages and substitutions, this wide range of choice. You'll find Campbell's Soups a grand way to add tempting variety to your menus — delicious nourishment of good meats and fine vegetables in soups made according to time-tried recipes. So run your eye down the list on this page. Check your family favorites and stock up at your grocer's. And, oh yes . . . go adventuring, too! Try some Campbell's Soups you've never served before. You'll be glad you did!

Seldom have you had [illegible]
From Campbell's [illegible]
All 21 are [illegible]
So step up! Make [illegible]

Campbell's SOUPS

Are you really sure of your present deodorant? Test it against Fresh
See for yourself why more and more women are switching to Fresh—the new cream deodorant they find the most effective and so gentle

Use FRESH and be lovelier to love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.

Now in 59¢ economy size. Also 10¢, 25¢, 43¢.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS

(Continued from Page 75)

beside him, laughing as if she had not even noticed.

"Penny," he said roughly, and caught her arm. Then he kissed her.

The taxi driver leaned forward to add his comment. David turned to the man with an ugly look on his face, but Penny said, "Please, David," and her hand on his arm pulled him gently toward her. For a moment he hesitated, then he took her arm firmly through his and they walked away.

"It was my fault," she was saying in a very subdued way for Penny. "But I didn't see him. I didn't see anything except you. And I was so afraid that you might have disappeared."

It was difficult, David thought, to be very polite, charming and just a little diffident. That was what he had intended to be. But it was no use indulging in even a minor form of sulking with Penny. Remembering, too, how he had felt in that moment when he was sure she had been hit, he halted, looked at her and then kissed her.

"Just to make sure you are really here," he said. "Sorry, darling, but you shouldn't be allowed out without a bodyguard."

Penny smiled and hugged his arm. Everything was all right again. She was with David, and there were at least three hours left to them before he had to catch that train. She would explain all about Marston and the Fanes. But not at the moment: at the moment, explanations would only seem like excuses. Later, once dinner had begun, she would tell him all about it.

They crossed over Tottenham Court Road, busy and garish with that early-Saturday-night feeling when women put on their smartest clothes and men have extra money in their pockets.

David looked at Penny with a smile: once they were inside Marinelli's, once he had ordered some food, he would tell her. All the excitement which had accompanied him to London on his train journey began to return.

Marinelli's was crowded as usual. As they climbed the narrow wooden steps, so tightly built against the yellow plaster wall with its hand-painted panels, David said, "There are three reasons why I like this place. First of all, no one stops talking even to bother looking at us. Secondly, we aren't expected to leave the minute we finish coffee. Marinelli would think something was wrong if his customers did not spend a couple of hours over dinner. And thirdly, I get you to myself." He paused, and the lightness went out of his voice. "At least, as much as I can get you to myself at present."

THEN he pretended to be very matter-of-fact in seeing that she was comfortably settled and that dinner was ordered. Chicken *cacciatore* tonight, he decided; tonight called for something more elaborate than spaghetti. The small table seemed a very complete island in a sea of disinterest. David stretched his hand across the white tablecloth, and gripped Penny's.

"Well, aren't you going to ask me why I came to London tonight, and could not come tomorrow?" he asked.

Penny, who had been wondering how to start her explanation about Mrs. Fane, looked startled. She should have asked that question long ago, but she had been so preoccupied with possible misunder ings, so relieved at having found hin all, that she had forgotten everythin

"Darling, I'm sorry," she said q "I've been sort of worried in a smal and that makes one slow on the upta

"What sort of worries?" he asked.

"NOTHING important. They can wa you tell me why you came to London. looked at him anxiously. "Good news asked hesitatingly. Yes, it was good, cided. She smiled suddenly, wholehea and as he watched the deep blue of h he thought of the laughing waters Inchnamurren on a sunlit day.

"Did I ever tell you how beautif are?" he asked.

"Much too often for the sake of my David, what is your news?"

"Or that I love you?" He was smili

"David, what is it?"

He was serious again. "Despe Forever?"

"Darling, what is ——" She fell and the color in her checks mounte said in a very low voice, "I love yo David."

"You don't say that often enough.

"It is ab that I do say letters."

"Still not enough. I w hear it ever not just re Every day, night. You what I want.

Then both silent, both thinking o Sunday. Hew her face, wi emotions cha following so one on the oth tightened his on her wrist.

"Don't darling," he "It is my f shouldn't hav let you see really feel. to write you it this week, is difficult to down adequa paper." And tonight, in that miserabl ing room at Baker House, he had b that he had lost her; this was the ning of the flight, he had thought. "D begin to dislike me last week?" he ask jokingly, but he was never more seri

"David," Penny said gently, and her head slowly, and there was so muc in her face that he could say nothing. my fault," she said. "It is just that I want to be—to be rushed. Or perhap a coward, and full of inhibitions. Yet sure I love you. I hurt you because love so seriously."

"Don't I?"

"Yes. I know you do. That is why so inadequate. I shouldn't need time cide, I shouldn't have any battle to with my mind. I know that I am so with you that every other happines smaller and smaller. I let you kiss m make love to me. And yet I'm afraid hesitate. What's wrong with me, Dav am not being honest, am I? I'm just as and selfish as the girl who puts her pric wedding ring. Lilian Marston has ha eral men, and she has no misgivings. know she has never loved one of th much as I love you. I don't mean to sa she doesn't know what love is like. But is a casual quality about it. She calls i dom. I think that only means she is of going into love too deeply. She feel is too dangerous, in case the man ch

(Continued on Page 83)

THE RICH WOMAN

By Anne Meredith

"Decent girls don't need telling things till they marry," Rosalie's mother snapped. But Elizabeth was there. What should be done with her? Would she keep silent in the gray house of terror?

This is the story of a little girl who discovered a secret which shocked a nation. Of a grown woman who could never put her childhood memories behind her. Of her self-renouncing love which made one man great and gave another only a brief taste of happiness. What was the mystery which altered the lives of all who knew ——

Beginning in July JOURNAL

New! Blush-cleanse your face—*for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:

—an instant clean, refreshed look

an instant softer, silkier feel

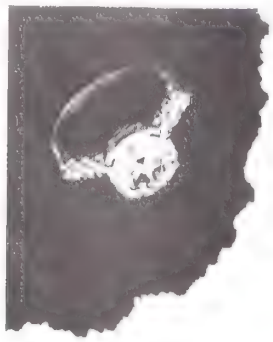
—a lovely blush of color

YOU'LL SEE RESULTS TONIGHT—with the new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It creams cleanses and cream-rinses your face to a softer, lovelier look.

YOU BLUSH-CLEANSE—Rouge your face with warm water. Dip deep into soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it on your receptively moist, warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.

YOU BLUSH-RINSE—Cream again with snowy-soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

EXTRA CLEAN, SOFT, GLOWING—that's the way your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action has softened and loosened dirt and make-up—helped *free* your skin! *Every night* this complete Pond's blush-cleansing. *Every morning* for a bright-awake look—a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!



HER RING - the large center diamond is flanked by 3 diamonds either side

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Miss Clara Malone Jones, daughter of the internationally famous golfer and Mrs. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, is engaged to William Harman Black, II. Their wedding unites two of Atlanta's most prominent families.

Graceful and poised, Miss Jones is a charming brunette. Dark eyes, dark hair are in arresting contrast to the cool, milk-china whiteness of her fine, smooth complexion. "I just love the new blush-cleanse way to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "I *especially like* the way it leaves my naturally pale skin with a faint glow, and feeling *so soft.*"

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get your Pond's Cold Cream today—a big, bountiful 6-oz. jar!

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(Continued from Page 80)

out with her somehow. One could much alone, then, if one had loved y that there was nothing left to give else."

hat what is worrying you about us, That I'll fall out of love with you?" led gently and said, "There's no to that until we reach a ripe old age say to you, 'See, we are still to- darling.' That is the only answer, se."

y said nothing. She was very near to

ling, don't!" David said. "It isn't ult, Penny; you must not think that. n't blame me either. Please. If you so pretty, if I didn't love you so t would be easier to——" He looked er then. The tears were still too near. had fallen in love with you for your sation——" he said, smiling. "Would e to be loved for your conversation?" smiled a little too. She shook her head. hatever happens," David went on, "I ng to marry you. You know it, and I t. So I'll get you one day, whether it month or next year or five years from Only don't leave me, Penny. Never. on to me. Don't——"

stopped speaking, and stared down at blecloth. He looked tired and white. d been working hard, she knew. George n-Stevens had said tonight that David orking like forty devils. And if he was orking, it was because he was driven oughts of her, by this desperate feeling ring to start a career and make some y. *I am to blame in every way*, she ht unhappily.

, darling," she said, and choked with on.

lease, Penny." David's look turned to f alarm. "Please. I'm sorry. I have no to make you miserable like this."

m not miserable," Penny said. "At I am only miserable for you. It is so r."

Don't be miserable for me. I'm the est man in London at this moment. I nly trying to make excuses for myself." t would be easier for you," Penny said stifled voice, "if you didn't concen- so hard on me, if you went out with women. But I should hate that. I'm letely illogical, you see."

No one ever was logical in love. The last I want to do is to worry you, Penny, yet it seems as if I do. You see, darling, when I talked so wildly last Sunday it wasn't just of today that I was thinking. I was instinctively reaching toward tomorrow and all the other tomorrows. You've got to believe me, Penny." He looked at her anxiously.

She nodded. "Yes."

The waiter materialized from the other world, and produced a brilliant smile with the casserole of chicken. He set the salad before them with the vinegar and oil bottles, rearranged their glasses, and stood back to survey the effect. Too serious, he thought as he left them. What had young people to worry about?

"Let's not start blaming ourselves, Penny," David said. "It isn't our fault that we are faced with more problems than we bargained for. We've been led to believe all our lives that love is quite a simple formula: you are faithful, wait peacefully for marriage and the rest is a matter of living happily ever after. But it doesn't work out like that."

Penny gave a real smile this time. "Darling, just be patient with me. Just let me argue all this out for myself in my own mind. Actually, I don't see what a mind has to do with a heart, but seemingly the two sometimes work together. It can't be that I don't want you enough. It is just that a girl—oh, I don't know, but she's so influenced by her family and her surroundings and everything. Men are so much more free in their decisions."

"If you weren't afraid of hurting your family, you would do what you felt was right for yourself? Would you?" He tried to make his voice sound casual.

"Yes," Penny admitted slowly. "Yes."

David relaxed. It was the family. A man could deal with the barriers which a family had raised. He said, "I have even thought of giving up Oxford, of looking for a job, any job, anywhere. Now."

Penny shook her head. "Later, if things did not go well for you I'd always blame myself. I'd blame myself for having ruined your life."

David began to laugh. "Men don't ruin so easily. Not if their wives keep them happy. And that reminds me that I came here to celebrate a decision. You still haven't found out why I am in London tonight."

Penny studied his smiling face. "It is good news, anyway," she said. "What is it, David? It is good, isn't it?"

"I think so." He was trying to be noncommittal. "I have been deciding about this future job of mine."

Penny stared blankly. "I thought it was all decided. You were going to sit for the

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Foreign Office examinations after you finished with Oxford."

"I've changed my mind," he said briefly. "I had the offer of two jobs this week. I wanted to hear what you thought about them. Tomorrow I have to lunch with one of the men who are offering me a job."

"David, why did you change your mind?"

David didn't answer that. "The first job," he said, "is with an oil company. Abroad, of course, in some peculiar place with the temperature around one hundred and ten degrees. But they do give you comfortable quarters, and a princely salary. One thousand a year, flat, to start with."

"A thousand *pounds?*" Penny said incredulously. "David, that's terrific. But, darling, what do you know about oil?"

"Nothing. The oil firm is picking out two or three young men from the universities, and I happened to be one they thought of. That's all. What do you think of it?"

"Well, a thousand pounds is an *awful* lot of money," Penny said slowly. "What is the other job?"

"It is with John Fairbairn."

"The economist? The man who is interested in political things?"

"Yes." This time David smiled. "He has just bought the old Economic Outlook, and he is going to turn it into a weekly magazine dealing with politics here and abroad. He is especially interested in employment and unemployment. I'd be working on material for his report on seasonal unemployment, mostly, although I'd have a permanent job. Three hundred pounds a year. Reviewing and articles on the side would probably bring in another fifty pounds, perhaps even a hundred. How does it sound?"

"And after the report was finished?"

"I should then concentrate on political articles and reporting, perhaps with a chance to travel. That might be fun, Penny. There is also a definite rise in salary if I am any good. If not, I get chucked out on my ear. I am crowded."

"But, David, I don't quite understand." Penny was really perplexed. "In the Foreign Office, you'd get almost three hundred pounds a year to start with. The difference isn't so very much in salary, is it? And you never get chucked out there. Not unless you get all tangled up in some scandal. So why give up the F. O. idea and think of Fairbairn?"

"THERE is quite a difference in salary, actually," David said. "It costs twice or even three times as much to live as a diplomat as it does to live as a journalist. A diplomat has a semipublic kind of life; he has 'obligations.' Either he must have some small income of his own or he must wait for years before he can get married."

Penny said quickly, "Darling, I could look after you wonderfully on almost three hundred pounds a year. Honestly. All we want is a very small place, two rooms even. I can learn to cook. And this year I've discovered how to save money on clothes. We don't need much if we have each other. We could manage."

"There would be something rather hothouse about us if we couldn't manage on almost four hundred a year," David agreed. "But not attached to something like the F. O., I'm afraid. We'd be up against something there—a competition which I won't join, frankly. There's a scale of living attached to jobs like that which is really crippling."

Penny laughed suddenly. "I've got your point. A man can face money worries by himself. But with a wife—well, there are other wives. What if that wouldn't worry me? What if I'd take them all on, and say, 'I don't give a herring's leg whether you have a maid, a fur coat, a Paris hat or an Alix dress'? Really, David!" She shook her head and smiled.

But he didn't smile. "It would be much more like having stewed sausages three nights in a row to make up for one evening of decent food and wine for a dinner party. No thank you, darling. I won't play that game. Now let's forget it. I've buried the

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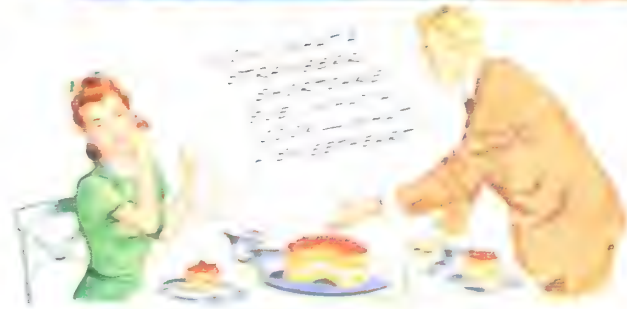

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were all a normal kind of life, as if they could go on living this way indefinitely. All pretending to be so gay, so unworried, so intelligent or so earnest.

Perhaps the main trouble, Penny thought as she undressed, *is that we try to be independent creatures, and we are not. We are dependent on others. And mostly, if we would only be honest enough to admit it, we are dependent on men. They give us the balance that we need.*

Last year she had thought of her future mainly as a career of painting, with her family and friends and some rather attractive men—perhaps even one man in particular—forming an interesting background. But now she thought about David more than she thought about herself. It was his career which now worried and excited her. "Oh, David," she suddenly said aloud, and the darkness and silence magnified the emotion in her voice.

She lay thinking about David, about all the things he had told her tonight. No wonder she had forgotten to tell him about the Fanes' party. That had been a small incident, a trivial one; she probably would never see or hear from them again. She fell asleep, thinking of much more important things.

Mrs. Pillington's Lodgings, where David had found rooms for his final year, were in a row of gray stone houses, sharp-gabled, small-windowed, in one of those deceptive Oxford lanes which slip away from the street, twist over rounded cobblestones, promise a short cut to the unsuspecting stranger, and then bring him up against high stone walls.

Today was the last day of February, complete with gray sky and a feeling of dampness hanging in the raw air. Mrs. Pillington had gone out into the small back garden to see what damage the heavy rain had done that morning. She was bending over one of the narrow flower beds, quite unconscious that her Mr. Bosworth was watching her from his high window. He was waiting for Fenton-Stevens to come round.

> Few things help an individual more than to place responsibility upon him, and to let him know that you trust him.
>
> —BOOKER T. WASHINGTON: Up from Slavery (Doubleday & Company, Inc.).

A movement from the garden below caught David's eye, and he watched Mrs. Pillington as she suddenly straightened her back and hurried down the muddy path to the house. That must have been George arriving.

David turned away from the window and opened the door. He heard George's voice mix with Mrs. Pillington's down in the narrow hall, and then the leisurely footsteps mounting the stairs. They had not seen much of each other this year. That was the difficult thing in friendship: two people who got on well enough together, however different they were, could have very different sets of acquaintances which tended to separate them. Yet George's broad grin, his easy way of strolling into David's sitting room, his casual greeting, all proved he certainly did not feel a stranger.

"SORRY I'm late, old boy," he said cheerfully, stretching his legs over the hearthrug and reaching for the pipe in his pocket.

"That's all right. I had some odds and ends of work to clear up. You look thirsty."

George's face was still a deep red in color. "I am." He looked at David more critically. "You aren't playing enough squash this term." He frowned toward the desk: too many books and papers. There was a large photograph too. His interest quickened.

"Oh, I get a game when I need it. I've been doing a lot of walking instead. I like fresh air."

"I've seen you several times in the distance, keeping up with old Chaundler." George smiled broadly. "What do you talk about when you are tearing along beside him? About his book?"

"No, not about his book. Walter doesn't talk much about himself, ever." He paused, and then as George was still waiting he added, on impulse, "We've been talking a good deal about the possibilities after June is over, and what I should do."

"I thought you had decided that lor
Chaundler is quite determined to hav
in the F. O., isn't he?"

"In a way, yes. But something
brewing at the moment."

"Is it connected with your work,
you going to branch out as a film magn
a hat designer?" George asked with a g

David smiled too. "It's connected
economics, all right. John Fairbairn
hind it."

"Oh!" George nodded in approva
was obviously impressed. Not that h
gether approved of Fairbairn—one of
brains which were always finding out
that called for reforms. Still, it was a
that made you sit up and take notice.
might work out very well for you," he

"With luck."

"WELL, here's to luck and plenty of
Chaundler with you or against you i
change of ideas?"

"He's with me—after we talked it
Chaundler had been told about F
That had been a difficult ten minutes
as it turned out, it had been an argu
that Chaundler had listened to with a
deal of unexpected sympathy. In fa
had been the winning argument. Aft
had heard about Penny, Chaundler
raised no further objections.

There was a pause. George's eye
eled to the photograph on the desk, an
time—with David's back half turne
could look at it long enough to recogn

He said, "I was at the Fanes' par
town last Saturday. Do you remembe
nelope Lorrimer? She was there. She is
ing marvelous these days. An absolute pe

David turned
smiled. "Yes, isn't s

George waited,
David's smile only b
ened. George cleare
throat. "Rotten day
said. "Winter is muc
long. I used to rathe
it, snow and all that
of thing, but now I'm
when I see some leav
the trees. Strange ho
changes." He looked up in surprise as I
began to laugh. "Well, what's wrong
that?"

"Nothing at all, George. I was onl
miring your tact."

George smiled and said, "I may as
admit that it is severely strained at the
ment." He rose and went over to the
and studied the photograph quite op
"Very nice too. But what's the idea o
ing her away from your friends?"

"Instinctive self-protection," David
swered. "I've watched you, old boy. Y
a wonderfully absorbing technique
pretty girls."

"Rot," George said, but he was pl
all the same. "It certainly didn't wor
Saturday, anyway. Asked her to di
She turned me down flat."

"Did she?" David was delighted,
couldn't even hide it.

"You are pretty far gone, aren't y
George said. "That's the trouble about
ing things too seriously. I've warned
before about that."

He kept a half-joking note in his voice
glanced sharply, worriedly at David. Ge
was accustomed to his friends' falling in
some of them made a habit of it. But fe
them were seriously in love, and those
always rather embarrassing. Either you
sorry for them because you didn't like
girls, or you envied them because you
Embarrassing, either way.

"Hello, I see you've got that new edi
of Housman." He picked up the book
the desk. Nice type and paper; that w
be something safe to talk about. And the
saw the written inscription: "To D.
all my love. P." He closed the slender
ume quickly, and put it back in its plac

David was watching him with an ur
guised smile. For George's tact had fa
him for once; his amazement was q
plain. Only for a moment, though. Whe

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

turned away from the desk he was being interested, in his charming way, in the room.

"You've made yourself comfortable here, haven't you?" George asked, and David agreed. The room might be shabby, but there were a decent-sized desk and an adequate bookcase, a fire which burned brightly without smoking, good light from a window which overlooked treetops and the peace of many gardens.

"When I came round here," George said, "I had the idea of asking you to lunch on Sunday." He looked toward the photograph and smiled. "Can that be managed?"

"I'm afraid not," David said definitely.

"That is what I expected. Fane said that was your day for wenching."

"What does he know about it?"

"Oh, he has seen you regularly at the George, I believe. He remembered that detail toward the end of his party. He knew he had seen Penelope somewhere, and kept trying to remember. Then suddenly, 'So that's who she was!' His mother seemed quite amazed. I think Eleanor was too."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"This invitation to luncheon. It is a command performance, really. Eleanor telephoned today to say that she and Carol Fane were coming up here next week end. She wanted to see you particularly."

"I'm sorry," David said with no disappointment at all, "but I'm afraid I am engaged for all this week end."

They both laughed, and George said, "If you ask me, Eleanor only had her competitive instinct aroused by seeing Penelope."

"Did they meet?"

"Not actually. But they saw each other. Penelope said she was in a frightful hurry and couldn't meet Eleanor. Didn't seem to notice her at all. Very remote, I thought. But some people are like that."

"Yes," David agreed, but he was grinning widely. *Some people are like that, but not Penelope.* He was delighted; his vanity was ridiculously flattered. For Penny knew about Eleanor Fenton-Stevens. He had told her, and she had never brought up the subject again. And that was a sign, he had thought, that Penny really practiced the peculiar belief she had—that jealousy was stupid, unnecessary and crippling. It had often given him a sense of guilt when he was going through one of his bad spasms. It did not seem natural to be so completely unpossessive as Penny seemed to be. But then women, as he was discovering, thought about love in such a different way from men.

Now, at this moment, as George's politely surprised voice still echoed in his mind, David knew that Penny had her own way of acknowledging jealousy. He was pleased out of all proportion to the size of this crumb of comfort.

George watched his friend's face thoughtfully. *He is far gone*, George thought, with a mixture of amazement and worry.

"Well," he said, and he was not referring to Eleanor's party, "I see that is that."

"Yes," David said. "That's that."

"Look, old man, I'd like to meet Penny. Properly. I hardly know her. After all——" He halted in embarrassment.

"After all, what?" David asked bluntly. He was smiling, but there was a particularly keen look in his eye which was disconcerting.

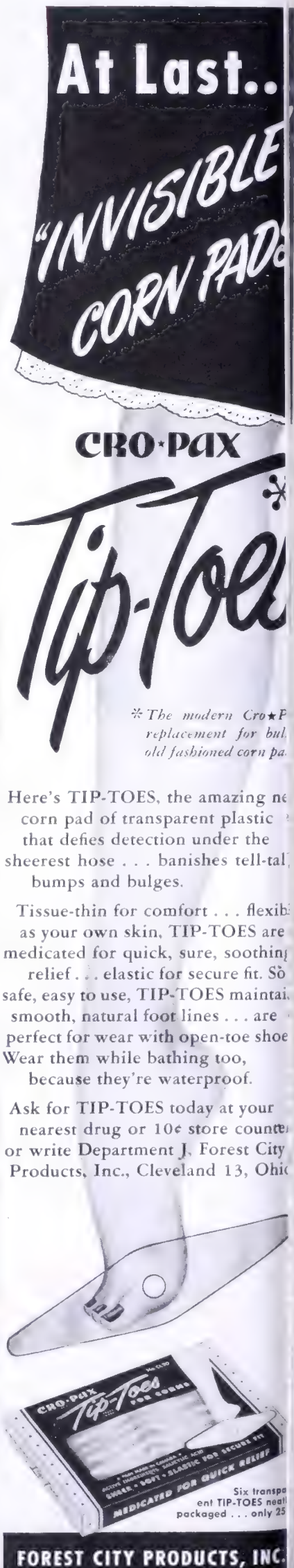
"Oh, nothing. My thoughts ran away with my tongue. Even if I did think you were taking everything a little too seriously, it wouldn't have the least effect on you, would it?"

"You are absolutely right."

George laughed. "Well, at least when I do meet her again, I'll have enough sense not to ask her out to dinner."

"You are right there too."

George hid his surprise, but it remained with him after they had begun to talk about other things: odd fellow, David, and likable. But he wasn't normal: falling heavily in love, wanting to get married, giving up all idea of the F. O. Definitely not normal.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countryside had been washed by the February rains, brushed by the brisk winds as if Nature had determined to have a thorough spring cleaning. He ignored the newspaper beside him: it would be filled with further attempts to interpret and cover up the bad news which had trickled out of Germany all last week.

I refuse to be depressed today, David thought. *Today's my holiday from work and worry. Today's the day I enjoy myself. In three hours' time I'll be seeing Penny.*

He slipped the small volume of Religio Medici back into his pocket. He had brought the book with him as a matter of habit. Probably he had never meant to read it, anyway. *How strange we are,* he thought: *we buy, out of habit, newspapers which we don't even open, and we cart along a book with us and then ignore it, as if it took a little time for us to persuade ourselves to be completely lazy.*

It was pleasant to see the green fields go wheeling past, to watch the white clouds scattering over the cold blue sky in the March wind, to catch the color of primroses under the hawthorn hedges with their sprinkling of pale green. Each mile nearer to Penny made him feel that everything he saw was enchanting. Even a gasworks and a row of smoking chimneys would be enjoyed when he was in this mood.

He went over the calculations he had made last night. Finals were in June, and the thought of them was not unpleasant—a strange realization. Last year one had thought of Finals and had felt a mixture of worry and dislike for June of 1933. Now he wished that June came in April. For after the Finals came the job with Fairbairn. Four hundred a year, with luck and some work. Thirty-three pounds, roughly, each month. He could live on almost a third of that. He'd have to. June, July, August. Sixty pounds. Could you furnish two rooms with that? He would make a good try, anyway. *A place of our own,* he thought. No more lodgings, or college rooms, or a Cory's Walk where his sister Margaret appropriated his room for her awful female friends. A place of their own—that had the right sound. Four walls to enclose your own corner of happiness. No more regulations cutting short the time that Penny and he could spend together. No more interference from anyone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Summer Song

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Wearing crisp white pinafores
Of daisies over green,
Summer's fields wait by the road,
Hoping to be seen;

Crisp white daisy pinafores
Over green grass gowns
Of a fashion never met with
On the streets of towns!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

He laughed suddenly. Marriage, as he was picturing it, sounded like freedom. Perhaps that was the way you should think of it: if it weren't freedom to be with each other, then you shouldn't even think of marriage. For a moment he imagined what witticism Fenton-Stevens or some of the other men he knew would think up if they heard him talk like this. He was thinking that he had found a very simple truth, and that many a very clever man had never found it; for you can't track down truth with words, or analyze it, or explain it. It is there, you feel it, and you accept it. It was as simple as that.

At Paddington, he jumped off the train before it came to a halt at the long platform. A porter shook his head resignedly. "That's wot we're 'ere for," he said to his mate, "to pick up the blooming pieces." But David was already halfway down the platform, heading toward the nearest telephone booth.

that fear that someday he would phone and then he would stand and listen to the explanation that Miss Lorrimer was out and had left no message. He couldn't know that she had been lounging beside the telephone in Baker House for the last ten minutes.

"I'll see you in another hour and a half," David said. "I'm on my way now to see father. Meet me for lunch at the usual place?"

"At the Brasserie? But that means you will have to come all the way into town again. David, why don't I meet you at Hammersmith? That would save a lot of time, wouldn't it? And you won't have to rush away from your father. Really, David, I shan't get lost. I'll wear a red carnation so you will know me." *And my new spring suit: how will he like it?*

There was a short pause as David considered this only sensible suggestion. Then he said, "I love you, darling." And he meant it.

"David!"

"It is all right, darling. The girl at the exchange wouldn't dream of listening in. Would you, exchange?"

A man's deep voice said, "I'm being completely ladylike."

There was a moment's silence, and then Penny's laughter.

"In that case," David went on, "I repeat I love you and send a hundred kisses. I'll add another hundred when I see you. What about Hampton Court for that? That's a good place for talking too. I've been deciding a lot of things. I hope you'll like them. Keep thinking of September."

"September?"

"Yes, a wonderful month. Best month in the year. Good-by, darling. See you in an hour and twenty-eight minutes. At Hammersmith, Piccadilly side. We'll find lunch somewhere around there. Good-by, darling."

He came out of the bright red booth, and stood for a moment watching the crowd, a mass of hurrying people in Sunday clothes struggling toward the trains that would take them out into the country for the day. He felt the movement and stir around him, but he saw and heard nothing. He was thinking, *It is ridiculous that anyone could be as happy as this at this moment.* But he was.

David's father was alone in the house. He was sitting in his wheel chair at the window, but he had been reading the Observer's editorial so attentively that he had not seen David coming along Cory's Walk.

David noticed the untidied room, the sandwiches wrapped in a napkin on a plate, and the vacuum of tea placed beside them on the small table. He greeted his father affectionately. "Where's Meg?" he asked.

"At communion. Then she is lunching with Miss Rawson, and they are going to some choral society's concert. She will be home by five o'clock."

"I see," David said, but he looked worriedly at his father. "Well, how have you been?" He had to admit that his father seemed stronger today. There was an alert, almost vigorous look on his face.

"Well enough." Mr. Bosworth held up the newspaper. "There's been enough happening since last Monday to excite a man. What do you think of it all, David?"

David glanced at the restrained columns, tucked away into the middle of the paper as if to lessen their importance. "Disturbing," he said lamely. He had been worried by the news of the Reichstag fire this week, but there

The conquest of CANCER is progressing.

Last year medical science saved the lives of thousands of cancer patients, and many more might have been saved if cancer had been discovered early.

Chances of cure are best when cancer is treated in the early stages. To detect early cases, there are 3 things every one should know!

1 What are the "Danger Signals" that may mean Cancer?

They are: 1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Any changes in the color or size of a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent changes in elimination.

2 What should you do when warnings appear?

Get medical advice at once! The "danger signals" show that something is wrong, *but they are not sure signs of cancer.* At one leading clinic nearly 9 out of every 10 women who came for examination because they recognized the warnings *did not have the disease!*

3 Why are annual physical checkups important?

Cancer often starts without any warning signals that the patient can detect. Only examination by a skilled physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. That is why annual medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

There is progress in cancer research, too!

Today, more and more people are living to older ages when cancer is most prevalent. Cancer still ranks second among the causes of death, but medical science is continually increasing its knowledge of the disease, and working to develop new and better techniques for its control.

While specialists say that the best means known for treating cancer is complete removal by surgery, or complete destruction by X-rays or radium rays, experiments with other methods are constantly going forward. Atomic research has provided valuable new materials for laboratory study of cancer cells. Clinical research and intensive studies in chemistry, biology, and

and to learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 67-J, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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Name_____

"My—what an utterly different soap!"

Only in Swan...this "super-creamed blend"

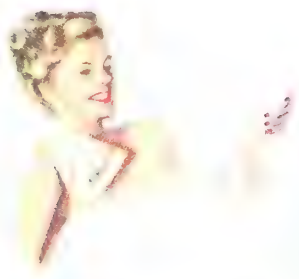
that does so many lovely things for you!

IT'S THE happy result of Swan's patented process!

Pure, floating Swan is the *only* soap that brings you this "*super-creamed blend.*" That's why it's the *only* soap that gives you the glorious bliss of a Swan bath!

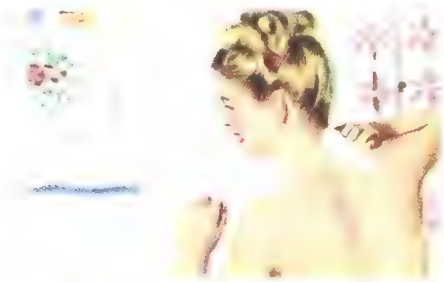
Read about it below—then grab onto Swan and dash for your tub!

No other soap gives you this wonderful Swan bath



1. Wonderful freshness!

The moment you lather up with pure, white Swan, you feel gloriously different! Swan's special "*super-creamed blend*" gives you more lather—luscious and soft as velvet. Whisks away dirt and grime so *completely*. Perks you up like a million.



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You'll love the glowing radiance a Swan bath gives you. Pure and mild as fine castiles, Swan *agrees* with your skin. Leaves it so creamy-soft and smooth—not taut and drawn. For Swan rinses away so completely—thanks to its "*super-creamed blend.*"

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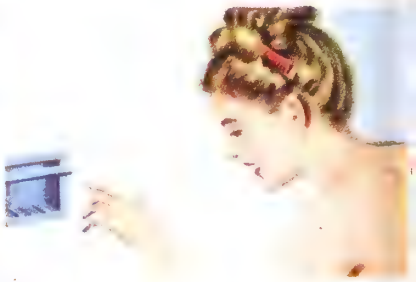
It's a gleam to do you proud—and no eternal scrubbing for you. For this pure-white soap saves you work—no more excessive, unsightly bathtub ring. Another wonder of Swan's "*super-creamed blend*"! Another wonder of a glorious Swan bath!



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Now—you can end the nuisance of constantly wiping away soft, messy soap. Swan doesn't leave wasteful, excessive "goo" in your soap dish. No other soap gives you this thrifty Swan firmness, for no other soap is made the same way.

Swan is different—Swan is better!

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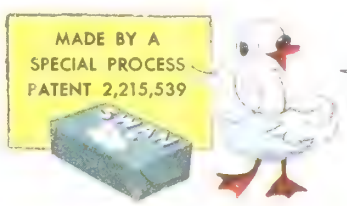
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SWAN
YOU'LL LOVE SWAN FOR BATH, COMPLEXION, DISHES —BECAUSE IT'S DIFFERENT, BECAUSE IT'S BETTER!

(Continued from Page 89)

of them. You don't like the news you are glad to forget it."

know, but —— Look, father, y friends and I have been worried rmany for the last few months, s, at least, who read foreign news. ; is wrong somewhere. But what ? What member of Parliament or is going to listen to what some un- te has to say? What magazine or r with any circulation is going to t we would like to write? And who o look after our careers for us, do pass our examinations for us, get l in jobs which can be got only our results in Finals? We've *got* to hese personal things, for no one else for us. Most of us can't vote, and expelled from the university if we ed. Funny thing, that. Remember rican friend, Burns? He tells me udent in America can get engaged nts to. And a lot of students are too. Are we any less adult than n men? Except, of course, when it a war. Then, it seems, we are dered adult enough to go out and

, David," Mr. Bosworth said slowly, s difficult for him to say the things to say when he believed so little in he universities in this country think an's work is disturbed by marriage. n't get such good results if he has a nterfere with his work."

ch is the reason," David said with arcasm, "that America is such a developed, backward country."

ather had to smile. Life wasn't a de- ociety, he was reflecting: David was

hen he implied that r excellent argu- might seem when re logically stated, ln't always produce good results when out in practice.

ides," David went one of us wants to marching, and how uld you deal with Germany? We the only ones; no man wants to start ng in America or France or any other d country. And what's more, how it look in the history books if we in- d at this moment in German affairs?"

idn't mention marching, as far as I re- his father said sharply. "All I want is eople should understand what is going e should take the warning signal, and watch. That's all."

agree," David said, and thought of way to turn the conversation. He had plenty of talk and speculation during st six days about the Reichstag fire - d done his share of speculation too— e had found no one nearer any kind of on for all the talk and argument.

AT we need is a batch of new diplo- the best brains we have. And with guts ed blood," his father was saying. He d at David pointedly.

Well, I've got red blood," David said a smile. "But I don't know about these qualifications." He thought in desper- *Here we start this all over again.* When- his father was annoyed about some- his disappointment over David's ge of career would come to the surface n. David said quickly, "I say, what t phoning Penny? We'll have lunch with you. Penny says she *can* cook. ; try her out, shall we?"

is father was smiling, too, now. "Per- ; I should be safer with sandwiches," he . "And in any case, I rather like being alone when I have so much to read." *piano today, thank heavens.* "Where are and Penny going this afternoon?"

Hampton Court." That, David had ight, would be a change from Regents' k and the zoo. The Tower wasn't too , either, if you avoided the popular ex- ts.

I do believe you've seen more of your ndon this winter than in all the other years of your life put together," his father remarked. "You weren't ever much of a sight-seer." He looked at David with open amusement.

David had flushed, and then he laughed too. Now it was a case of either walking through Sunday crowds past closed shops - and that was grim - or of "sight-seeing," as his father called it, or of visiting one restaurant after another. A limited choice.

"You had better leave soon," his father suggested.

"I'll give Penny a ring, and tell her to come over. There are plenty of days for Hampton Court." *After the Finals are over,* David added to himself; this would have to be his last visit to town this term. No time to travel to London, unless his work went miraculously well.

His father's face saddened.

"Now what was that?" David asked quickly.

"NOTHING," his father answered. How pleasant to be able to say you had plenty of days to go to Hampton Court or any other place. Plenty of days. . . . He half sighed. David started toward the door. "No, David," his father said sharply enough to halt him. "Not today. This is one of my grouchy days. I like your Penny and so I want her to like me. And I also want to read my newspapers, and compose a few speeches that I'd like to be able to make." He smiled. "Come away from that door, David," he said. "If you don't, I'll talk to you only about Germany."

David knew he meant that, too, so he came back to his chair. He said, "Well, let's have some family news. How is Margaret? She hasn't written very much recently."

"Margaret is concentrating on music at the moment," Mr. Bosworth said. He glanced half ruefully at the ceiling, toward the room upstairs. "Less scales, though, I must admit. And some new pieces too. She has been attending these afternoon classes quite regularly." His father considered for a moment. "Miss Rawson is coming to live here, once the Easter vacation is over. Margaret says you won't need your room after that. She says you are obviously going to marry Penelope Lorrimer as soon as you can."

David was silent. "Father," he said at last, "if you were me and mother had been Penny, wouldn't you?"

His father did not answer for some moments. He seemed almost as if he had forgotten the question. Then he said, "The conventional advice would be to say that you should wait. For two or three or even more years. Yet, honestly, I can't give that."

He glanced at his son. *I am sorry for all these young men,* he thought, *for these young men and women. All planning the beginning of careers, some of them planning marriage. The door of life is open before them. But how long will it be before it is closed, perhaps closed violently and forever? None of them realize that, none of them know how little time they may have.*

Mr. Bosworth said, "Frankly, I don't think you should wait any longer than is necessary. And it is for you and Penny to decide that. You know, when you are happily married, the years become shorter and shorter. Too short."

The newspapers slid off his lap, and David stooped to pick them up. He laid them on the small reading table beside his father's chair. He said nothing.

"Too short," his father repeated. "So have all the happiness you can before it is taken away from you. That was the chief lesson I learned in life." His voice was low, as if he were tiring. "And don't worry about Margaret. Someday, I hope, she will want to get married too. Then she will understand you and Penelope."

David pretended to be interested in the new books from the library which were on the reading table. "Has Margaret any men friends?"

> **In buying horses and in taking a wife, shut your eyes tight and commend yourself to God.**
>
> —TUSCAN PROVERB

I like any Color as long as it's Peach

Then here's something to sing about—

Dundee Bath Towels all dressed up in your own pet color. These happy towels are husky too, able to take wear and washing with a color-bright smile. Tuneful patterns and wonder-soft texture make each a bathtime joy.

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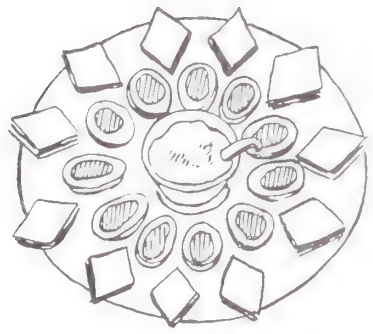

HAS EVERYTHING *

. . . even a deviled egg plate

There are certain glassware patterns which are "open stock" just like sterling silver. Duncan's Sandwich pattern is one of these open-stock patterns. It has stemware, flatware, bowls, trays, nappies, mayonnaise sets, cake salvers, cheese and cracker sets, candelabra and hurricane candelabra with cut and polished imported prisms, candy boxes, cigarette boxes, ash trays, baskets, and everything else you will ever need.

*The Deviled Egg Plate has a little nest for each egg. In the center is room for a matching mayonnaise bowl or for olives, relishes, etc. Around the rim is room for crackers, tiny sandwiches or hors d'oeuvres.

Send for the folders on Sandwich and its early history.

THE DUNCAN & MILLER GLASS COMPANY

WASHINGTON, PA.

HAND-MADE Duncan

THE LOVELIEST GLASSWARE IN AMERICA

"At the moment, she thinks us a bad lot." His father was smiling again.

"That sounds like an overdose of Rawson," David said.

"Better leave, David. Glad you came, but I'll see Penny another time," his father urged. He picked up the Sunday Times. "Now, let's see what we have here," he said.

David let himself be reassured, partly by the renewed vigor in his father's voice, partly by the determined look on his face. He apparently was not very worried about Margaret. *But I am*, David thought. Once his finals were over, he would deal with this Old-Man-of-the-Sea Rawson. Margaret would never have any chance for real happiness if she had her hanging around her neck. As he picked up his hat from the hall stand he stared at himself angrily in the mirror. Then he left the house quickly. He was angry with Margaret for worrying people like this; angry, too, that she should have left his father alone for the sake of some concert. But Meg would say, in that hurt tone which she affected so constantly nowadays, that a concert was just as important as spending a day with Penny, and why should he have all the fun anyway? By the time he reached Cory's Walk, and closed the little iron gate behind him, he was angry with himself too.

He turned to wave to his father, and then, hat in hand, strode down the Walk.

Suddenly David felt a hypocrite. Play-acting, he told himself savagely. *All right, all right*, he said under his breath. *You were relieved that father didn't want you around, that you could have Penny to yourself today.* He gave one last glance at the window. He would be late for Penny now. He set off at a steady run toward the tube station. That was one way of working off his anger.

> All our discontents spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have.
>
> —DANIEL DEFOE.

The sharp March wind had driven most of the visitors to Hampton Court inside the palace. There they could wander comfortably through the halls and rooms which lay open, with all their ancient display, to the public.

But David, although he wore no coat, and Penny, in her new spring suit, did not seem to notice the wind. All they noticed, indeed, was the fact that Hampton Court was pleasantly uncrowded here. In this quiet corner of the gardens they could even feel alone. David slipped his arm around her waist as they paced slowly up and down between the hedges of yew, cleanly trimmed into patterns of neatness. Penny was thinking only about David's plans. By the telling, they were becoming their plans. There was warmth from his body and warmth from the hope in his words.

"Oh, David," Penny said suddenly, and caught his hand and pressed it to her side, so that his arm tightened around her waist. "So soon?" No more dreary months of loneliness, no more waiting and worrying, no more of this awful feeling of time slipping away, of living only for the future.

"It could not be too soon," he said. He was smiling, but his voice was strained, as if all the emotion inside him had made simple words almost too difficult to put together in a sentence.

He halted and they came to a stop. They were no longer smiling. They faced each other, gripping hands, feeling each other's emotion so intensely that happiness and pain were no longer distinguishable. The long moment passed, their hands dropped, and they began walking once more.

"I suppose most people would say we are insane," David said. *But if this is insanity, then I never want to be sane.* "That woman certainly would."

He looked with growing annoyance toward the stranger who had chosen to invade this small corner of the gardens and who was watching them in a frightened kind of a way. *Never left alone*, David thought bitterly. *If it isn't relatives or friends it is a landlady or a strange female with a cold red nose pointed in our direction.* Why c... she stare at the flower beds?

The strange female, who wouldn't recognized herself by that description, a hesitating step and then halted. F... last two minutes she had been wonde... she might ask that nice young couple time it was. She walked over to the dressed them, and then halted in disc... she realized that they were in the midd... very private conversation.

"Not insane," the young lady was s... "Sane at last. I know now, for th... time, why I was born and why I shou... at all."

Penny stopped and turned round t... the owner of the timid voice whic... spoken and yet scarcely been heard... time, David said, was exactly ten m... past four. It was their turn to be st... She said, "Oh, dear!" in a horrified ... and rushed out of the garden.

"I probably frightened her," Penny ... smiling now, but with the deep color ... barrassment still clinging to her cheek...

David said nothing. He was won... why on earth elderly females who want... know the time just had to come over a... moment. And now Penny was pretend... laugh at herself and her serious phrase... when she spoke again it would be about... ordinary thing, but not what they had... felt so intensely. He thought sudd... *There isn't an expression on her face ... cannot read now, there isn't one movem... her body that I don't know by heart, and ... cannot be sure of her.* Knowing, ye... knowing. You trusted, yet you were je... you were amazed that you had fou... much and yet you wanted more. Per... he thought, love liv... constant effort, ho... effortless and natu... seemed.

Penny was speakin... had a letter from m... yesterday," she told ... "She is coming to ... don, and she will ... ably be here next week end. So, n... ford next Sunday, David!"

"Are the family coming too?" D... asked. *I'll have to meet Penny's father*, ... he was thinking. But it would have been ... ter to wait until he had gone down from ... ford with a job all nicely landed. *Yes, th... young, sir, but* —— After all, David ... mitted to himself at this moment, ... weren't so very many young men in Br... who earned four hundred a year to ... with.

Penny had been saying that her mo... was coming alone, which was strange, ... so very suddenly, which was even stra...

"Probably she has become exhauste... exasperated by those Bonnier Bairns ... Restored Ruins and wants to get away ... them all. If she is in London during ... week end, why not bring her up to Oxfo...

Penny's frown disappeared. "That ... *wonderful* idea. We could give her a ... velous day, and she could get to know ... properly, and ——" She broke off, her ... excited, her whole face alive with her del... in such a chance to show David as host.

"Yes," David said, reading her thoug... "We could use an ally in your family ca... How much have you written to th... About us, I mean?"

"Only sideways, darling. You see, i... sort of difficult in my family to mention ... word 'love.' Everyone would get em... rassed. But my letters weren't very ... cessful. I thought that if I mentioned y... name here and there, sort of slipped it in ... it were, that would be their cue. They wo... start asking questions about you. But t... didn't." Penny wrinkled her brow thou... fully.

David smiled. "Never mind. Y... mother will know as soon as she sees us ... gether. What's that thing women are ... posed to have? Intuition?"

"Grandfather MacIntyre has it, t... Penny said. "I am quite sure he has gue... about us from my letters. He doesn't

(Continued on Page 94)

It warmed their hearts in the world's ice-box

hat would you take along to feed four thou-
nd men on a mission to Antarctica?
Would you think of ice cream?
Someone thought of it for the recent Byrd
pedition and provided the ingredients for
n thousand gallons. That's a lot of ice cream.
There are two very good reasons why ice
eam was allotted precious cargo space. First
all, five months away from family and
iends is a long time and ice cream is a
elcome tie with home. But more important,
ealth is vital to the success of a pioneering
urney and ice cream carries a wealth of
rotective food elements.

But the really big story on ice cream is not its trip to the South Pole. Rather, it's the story of how it has changed from a warm-weather treat to a substantial food, enjoyed by everyone any day in the year. Part of its popularity is due to efforts of people who work at National Dairy. They've worked in the laboratory to improve the flavor and quality of ice cream and make it more useful, more welcome wherever food is served.

It takes imagination to create new products from basic foods like milk. Our research staff helps supply that imagination — and the knowledge to put it to practical use.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms

These brands assure you of highest quality

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION

HONEY, HOW COME MY SHIRTS LOOK SO SWELL LATELY?
OOOOO- THAT OXYDOL SPARKLE!
IT'S GREAT TO USE A TOWEL SO SPARKLING WHITE!
YES- OXYDOL GIVES ME THE WHITEST WASH I EVER GOT WITH ANY SOAP!
SAY, I LIKE YOUR BRIGHT NEW DRESS!
THAT'S OXYDOL SPARKLE DARLING- I'VE HAD THIS WASH-DRESS FOR AGES, BUT THE COLORS ST... SPARKLING BRIGHT!
HONEY YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
YOU MEAN OXYDOL IS? SEE IT WASHES CLEANER THAN THOSE LADY SOAPS EVER DID- SPARKLING CLEAN!
OXYDOL WASHES SPARKLING WHITE! SPARKLING BRIGHT! SPARKLING CLEAN!
HOORAY!
OXYDOL
Give your next wash THAT OXYDOL SPARKLE!

much, of course. He just slips in a little sentence like "Give my regards to David when [illegible]. I [illegible] that mean he approves, or not?"

"Of course he does. He wouldn't mention you otherwise." Then she stared at him as her lighthearted remark led to a less pleasant idea.

David was following her train of thought. "Perhaps your mother doesn't approve," he said gently. "That would make things rather [illegible]."

Penny didn't answer.

"Impossible?" David asked.

"No," she said quickly, and tightened her hand in his. Then she seemed surprised at her own intensity. "No, David," she said with a warm smile, and the worry had left her eyes. "You see, I *am* in love."

David said, "I don't hear that often enough." He had kept his voice light, and his reward was a laugh from Penny. "Anyone looking at you, Penny, could tell why I love you. But why you love me is something hard to understand. So keep telling me, Penny, that you do. I need a lot of convincing about that. And why do you love me anyway? Why, Penny?" He put his arms around her and kissed her violently. He felt her body relax against his, and then heard the rush and scramble of many pairs of flat-heeled sensible shoes as a cohort of schoolgirls swept into the garden. A high-voiced, round-faced, undistinguishable little mob in navy coats, black stockings, and black hats with green-and-white bands. One of the [illegible] smirked patronizingly as she looked at Penny.

[illegible] little garden, now a mass of green-and-white hatbands, all volunteering different advice in their high-pitched voices to a thoroughly bewildered schoolmistress. "All we want," he said savagely, "is to be left alone. Perhaps that is why people have to marry: to be al-

PENNY was laughing. "Their faces! Really, what funny little faces. At that moment anyway. Do them good, I think. One of them reminded me of my sister Moira."

"Then I'll never be an affectionate brother-in-law," David said. His good humor was beginning to be restored. "Which will keep you from having guilt about your feeling for Margaret."

"I wish she did find something to like in me," Penny said. "And I wish I could like her. It would make everything so much easier."

David didn't reply.

Outside the maze, a park keeper looked at them gloomily from under his peaked cap, and reminded them in the voice of doom it would soon be closed. Everyone, he pointedly, was leaving now.

"Oh, that's all right," David said c fully. "If we get lost we'll wait until come to fetch us." He grinned as the k did not seem at all cheered by such operation. "Don't worry about him," he Penny, as he took her arm and led her narrow lane of grass bordered by tall cl hedges. "All he wants is to get home t tea, or to have a pint of bitters. An couldn't leave here, in any case, until time to knock off duty. In any case, t the best time of the day. And it is wa here too. Even the wind finds it difficu reach the center of the maze."

YES, it is warmer," Penny agreed some surprise. Somehow, she hadn't ticed how cold it had been in the more gardens until she had felt the contra here. When she was with David, she r seemed to notice anything very much, ex what he said or how he looked.

"Temperature rising steadily." He h as they came to a block of hedge. "I this couldn't have been the right path all. Now, either we can start all over a or we can stay here. Or we could quite sibly walk a couple of miles and find selves back here. What do you think?

"I think we ought to save ourselves trouble," Penny said, smiling too. "Afte I suppose one path looks exactly like other."

"Or we could be very coy, and you c run away and we'd both get lost—you ning away, and I giving chase. That use be one of the chief sports here in earlier da Then David, watching her face, put all pretense of joking. His voice be serious. "Penny, darling." He took h his arms, and kissed her as he had wa to kiss her since the first minute they met that day.

The long kiss was over, and he drew just for a moment to see her face again. met his eyes, her arms tightened around shoulders.

She said, in a low voice, intense in its esty, "Oh, David, I am *so* happy."

"I love you forever." He kissed her ag At this moment, holding her, knowing she loved him, he was happy too: the moment, he thought, that one is comple really, truly, safely happy. "I love you, repeated. He pretended to smile, but Pe looking up at him quickly as she heard strained note in his voice, saw the above his mouth deepen, not with laugh but with some emotion nearer pain.

"I *do* love you, David," she said. "I

"I know." He smiled now, and ruffled hair—any piece of foolishness to chase

"Read me page seventy-two, beginning with 'simmer.'"

worry out of her eyes. He cursed himself for having let the disguise slip from his face, so she had seen too deeply into his real feelings. He thought: *I'll not blackmail her with pity. I cannot go on like this. I cannot bear to leave you and yet not return. You, loving you and yet not daring—proof of your love.*" That was the easy way to win a girl: blackmail with pity, playing on her desire to have you happy as you want to be happy. *And I'll not force her into anything, before she makes up her own mind.* That was another easy way to win, and then, ultimately, to lose her. *When she comes to me*, he thought, *she will come because she wants me. As I want her. And then I'll have her forever, not just for a year or two years.*

"Forever," he said aloud.

Then the bell sounded the closing of the maze, breaking the moment with its harsh voice.

"A sense of humor," David said, as they retraced their steps, "is obviously a necessity in love. Otherwise, you'd become a solid chunk of frustration."

Penny nodded, busy with the technique of combing her hair, powdering her nose and looking into the small mirror of her handbag. She was thinking that the short distance to the entrance was considerably longer than they had imagined. By turning to the right, then to the right, and finally to the left, they discovered themselves in another blind alley of hedge.

"We ought to have brought a logarithm table with us," Penny said, trying not to laugh this time. "We could have worked it out by sine and cos. If one can find nonexistent lightships by sine and cos well enough to satisfy one's trigonometry teachers, one surely could find a gate which *does* exist."

In the end, the keeper had to come and fetch them. He was quite philosophic about it, as if he had expected any young man with good sense and a pretty girl to lose his way. And that little practical extra, slipped into his hand as the young man thanked him, would buy him an extra pint or two this evening; that was always a help to being philosophical.

They walked slowly back from the long dinner at Marinelli's to the green door in Gower Street.

"It won't be so long, now," David was saying. "Not so long before we do not need to say good-by any more." *Or worry whether you will see her again*, he thought, *next week, or the week after, or ever.*

"Do you really think I should bring mother to Oxford next Sunday? She could come some other time, when you are less busy."

"I think it would be a good idea. And quite apart from that, I want to see you. I can work like a stoat all week if I think I can see you on Sundays. I'll invite Chaundler to lunch that day too. He will assure your mother that I am perfectly respectable."

Penny smiled, and pressed his arm. She knew, as he had guessed, her mother's weakness for respectability. Someday, she thought, she was going to ask her mother what it was about people that she called "nice." As a standard, it did seem to vary. Take the Fanes, for instance. Mrs. Lorrimer called them a nice family. They had nice accents, nice clothes, a nice house and a nice income. Yet, as a family, they were a mockery, and as individuals they were selfish and cheap. Mr. Fane was the only one who had any claim to reality for himself.

"I'm sorry for Mr. Fane," Penny said suddenly.

"Because he is the only one of the family whom you don't know? Perhaps if you met him, you'd feel less sorry."

"Well, if I were a man, and did the providing and got very little in return for my trouble—well ——"

"Well, what?" David was watching her with amusement.

"I don't know." She shook her head in bewilderment. "You see, I never thought of that aspect before. Frankly, David, I don't believe many women have thought about it; it just never enters their heads, somehow.

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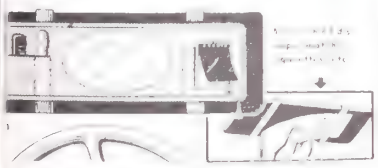

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LOOK! YOU'D THINK THIS WASH DRESS JUST CAME FROM THE CLEANER'S!

NO SCRATCHY COLLARS ON JIM'S SHIRTS - NOT WHEN I USE CAMEO. IT'S SMOOTH-SMOOTH-SMOOTH!

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Either they learn it instinctively, and their husbands are happy and they find themselves with thoroughly successful homes, or they don't learn and no one ever told them, and they just don't think about it, do they?"

"I think you chose a pretty good example to generalize over," David said, his grin widening. "But how did the conversation take this turn? Have we just passed the Fanes' house?"

Penny looked in surprise at the number over the fanlight of the nearest house. "Why, yes, we must have passed it. And I could swear that I never noticed it. How short it seems when I'm walking with you, David. Last night, Marston and I went to see the Rene Clair film; and coming back, we walked up this street and we both agreed it was far too long. No street should be this length and look so much the same all the way. Yet, to-[illegible]"

"Go on, Penny, I like to hear this."

"Tonight," Penny said, "it is a short street, and interesting and gay and a wonderful place to walk in."

"But too short. Just as the hours are too short when we are together." He glanced at his watch. "We've been eight solid hours together, today. They seem less than two. Look; when we get married I'll have the days arranged into thirty-six hours, so that we'll have enough time to do all the things we want to do together. That would be pleasant."

"Wonderful."

"Wonderful too."

They both smiled, and holding each other's arm more tightly, with hands clasped and fingers interlocked, they walked toward the green door. David watched her walk up the steps which bridged the basement area, waved back to her, waited until the door had closed.

He imagined her, now, turning back to look at her room so carefully shut in from the world. Did she smile as she thought of him? Would she turn to her mirror and look, with amazement and pity, at the tears in the eyes and the smile on the lips which faced her there? Once she had written him about that. He could quote that passage of her letter by heart. It seemed as if she found the courage to say in letters what she wanted to say when she was with him.

The dark street was silent and desolate. The wind was colder. It came from the east, a hard sharp wind that needed the Atlantic to soften its bite.

Always walking away from her, he thought, *always leaving her*. Would there ever be an end to this? Ever an end to the loneliness that was more searching than any east wind?

MRS. LORRIMER sat in Penelope's bedroom watched her daughter arranging two teacups on an improvised tea table, and felt still more unhappy.

In Edinburgh it had been simple to work up a mood of righteous indignation: her daughter was living in luxury in London, taking a frivolous life for granted; her daughter, as return for such pampering, behaving with a ridiculous lack of common sense, perhaps even ruining her whole future. But now a good deal of Mrs. Lorrimer's indignation was turned against the room. It was not worth a third of the money spent on it. Penelope, accustomed to the Crescent and its comfort, must have been miserable here.

Yet she did not look unhapp[y] Lorrimer's annoyance increased. *her every opportunity, and yet she is a place like this*, Mrs. Lorrimer tho[ught] terly. *We might just as well have b[een] up in a three-room-and-kitchen flat.* of values whatever, if Mattie Fan[e] carried any truth.

IT was the letter that had brough[t] London. At first, when she had re[ad] she had been angry, and then she [was] inclined to ignore it, and eventually worried enough to postpone her enga[ge] for three days of this week. As she ha[d] Mr. Lorrimer, she simply had to s[ee] ope to set her mind at ease. Mr. [Lo] agreed with his usual keen legal pe[r] that smoke usually implied fire. [But] he thought much of that Fane w[as] silly, lightheaded flibbertigibbet, b[ut] was this Bosworth like anyway? Lorrimer had set out for London, fe[el] whole thing somehow was her respo[n] and she had a worrying journey which she mentally prepared seve[ral] speeches.

But now, as she sat here in House and looked round the little was difficult to get started on any

"I see you ha[ve] doing *some* wo[rk]" said, noting th[at] desk. *If painti[ng] be called wo[rk]* thought. Still, t[hat] a good sign. T[he] of the room w[as] enough, but th[e] was an eyesore

Penny, wh[o] spent a tiresor[ne] hour at lunchtim[e] ing the desk ne[at] "Of course." mother really e[x] her to be doing [it] at all?

"How is th[e] here?" Mrs. L[or] asked.

Penny look[ed] her surprise incr[ease] as she finished [eat]ing some biscuit plate. Conver[sa]had indeed be[en] culiar ever sin[ce] restrained meet[ing] the station. Bri[ef] ments, unimp[or]tant little questio[ns] made and asked atmosphere of cold gloom which had both worrying and irritating.

"Not particularly interesting," Pen[ny] swered with determined cheerfulness. no one has yet died of hunger." She as she spoke.

Mrs. Lorrimer, watching the smile daughter's face, had to admit in spite determination to be critical that Pe[nny] was really becoming a most attractive woman.

"Why didn't you write and tell me this?" Mrs. Lorrimer gestured with temptuous arm as she looked aroun[d the] room.

"It would only have sounded like plaining," Penny said. "Besides, you w[ere] me to stay here. It was one of the cond[itions] attached to coming to London."

Mrs. Lorrimer had forgotten that, how, when she had first entered the Now her criticism of Penelope's la[ck of] money sense seemed leveled at h[er]. She said sharply, "I see you have been ing clothes. You shouldn't wear black, ope. It isn't becoming; makes you muc[h] old."

Penny looked down with disappoint[ment] at her black crepe dress. "I saved money," she said defensively. And "I thought we might have dinner some nice, and go to a theater afterward. all, this visit to London does call for sort of celebration."

(Continued on Page 98)

Some of China's most beautiful women live in the houseboats that swarm on the famous Yellow River. When a boatman has selected the girl he wishes to marry, he sends her a needle. If it comes back threaded, her answer is "Yes"!

Ukrainian peasants actually never propose at all! But if a fellow hangs around a girl's house for four weeks without receiving from her a cap knit with her own hands, he knows she isn't interested.

In Northern Italy, a youth who wishes to marry sends a pot of flowers to his sweetheart. If the match is agreeable with her, she waters the flowers daily. But if she has her eye on another man, she lets the flowers die!

When Edwin C. Hill, the commentator, first arrived in New York, he took a sight-seeing trip on the elevated. Across the aisle was a girl who caught his fancy. He moved over and began talking. At the city hall, they got off and bought the license.

A simple way to keep floors gleaming all year long

Homemakers by the thousands use Johnson's Wax in liquid form for cleaning and polishing all wood surfaces

Floor care needn't be a tiresome chore. If you follow this simple program, your wood floors will glow with mellow wax beauty the year around . . .

Just wax your wood floors two or three times a year. That's all you need do for most of your floor surfaces. Much-walked-on areas, such as doorways, may be protected with an extra coat of wax when necessary, without rewaxing the entire room. Then an occasional dusting with a dry mop keeps *all* your floors gleaming bright.

And the easy way to wax floors (furniture, too) is with Johnson's Liquid Wax . . . *genuine wax in fluid form.* You'll find it's wonderfully convenient to apply.

It's easy also to control the amount of liquid wax you use . . . easy to spread a thin, even film over floors, furniture or woodwork. And that makes for quicker buffing. Yes, it takes only a few minutes to polish to a sparkling, protective luster.

There's another special advantage in Johnson's Liquid Wax: It contains an active cleaning ingredient that loosens surface dirt. Stubborn grime wipes off as you apply the wax.

Johnson's Liquid Wax is actually a method of *protective housekeeping.* Its hard, glistening finish protects surfaces from spotting and marring. Dust doesn't stick to its smooth, dry film . . . dusting time is cut in half. Order Johnson's Liquid Wax TODAY.

Here's how to "dry clean" your floors

1. SPREAD a little Johnson's Liquid Wax over a small floor area. Rub in with cloth or applicator. A powerful cleaning agent mixed with the wax loosens dirt and grime. Let wax dry for 30 minutes.

2. BUFF with dry cloth or Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher. Floor shines with a rich, waxed beauty . . . spotlessly clean . . . fully protected against dirt, wear, spilled things.

FOR VERY DIRTY FLOORS *and heavy traffic areas around doors, do this: First apply Johnson's Liquid Wax to loosen dirt. Remove dirt with cloth. Apply more Liquid Wax and let dry. Then buff to a bright, shining beauty.*

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New, Revolutionary BLU-WHITE Is a Combination of Special Bluing and Pure, Mild Soap Flakes!

FOR FAMILY WASHES!

Sensational Blu-White does what no ordinary bluing can do—what even soap alone cannot do! It blues and washes at the same time! Gives you mountains of cleansing white suds with beautiful blue water. There's no extra bluing rinse! No bluing streaks or spots! In tub or machine, Blu-White works wonderfully with your regular soap into full, rich suds. For *dazzling* white, *sparkling* bright washes, without the drudgery of old-fashioned ways, get Blu-White!

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It's thrilling to see how Blu-White makes handkerchiefs and other white things *dazzling* white—tinted lingerie as dainty as new. And amazing Blu-White is safe for everything you wash, even nylons and washable colors. Try it! See how kind it is to your hands. No wonder 9 out of 10 women who try it *prefer* Blu-White Flakes to anything else they have ever used.

● *Tune in* ROSE OF MY DREAMS *and* EVELYN WINTERS"... *Two shows, Coast to Coast, Mon. thru Fri. See your paper for times and stations.*

Get BLU-WHITE Today

(Continued from Page 96)

"We shall have dinner at my hotel," Mrs. Lorrimer told her. "I have a lot to talk to you about."

Penny looked worriedly at her mother. *What on earth is wrong?* she wondered for the fifth time that afternoon. Mrs. Lorrimer returned the look just as worriedly. Even the expert way in which Penelope poured tea and took charge of that ridiculous tea tray annoyed her.

"Is something wrong at home?" Penny was asking. "Is father ill again?"

"Don't be silly, Penelope. You talk as if your father were an invalid. We are all well and happy, a very happy family indeed. Except where you are concerned. You are the one we have been worrying about a good deal." There, it was said. Mrs. Lorrimer took a deep breath. This was not the approach she had intended. But the opening had suddenly come, and there it was—a beginning.

But Penelope seemed to be determined neither to understand nor to be helpful. She laughed. "Why, mother, look at me! Don't I look well? And I've never been so happy. Mother, I have the most *wonderful* news for you!" Penny halted her enthusiasm for a moment.

At the moment, her mother looked almost on the point of tears. *Never been so happy* . . . perhaps that had been a tactless remark. Penny hastened to explain it. "It is about David, mother; David Bosworth."

Mrs. Lorrimer almost dropped her teacup. She put it carefully down on the broad arm of her chair.

Penny was saying excitedly, "He wants to marry me. He will soon be going down from Oxford, and he has a job, a wonderful job, and we could get married this summer."

The teacup and saucer fell. Mrs. Lorrimer did not even notice it. It was Penny who picked up the pieces, noted the saucer was intact, but the cup's handle had snapped off, and wondered where she would find some rag to mop up the mess.

"Why did you hide this from us? What have you to hide?" Mrs. Lorrimer asked in sudden anger.

"Why, nothing." Penny was taken aback. Her delight in her news faded. Her voice became defensive again. "And we didn't hide anything purposely. I tried to tell you at Christmas that we were in love. I tried to tell you in my letters that I saw David. But you never seemed interested in anything I said about him."

"Isn't it customary for a young man to make himself known to the girl's family before he even mentions marriage?"

"David was going to write, and he was going to go up to Edinburgh to see father as soon as his finals were over. Don't you see, mother, he had to wait until things were more definite, until he could say to you and father ——"

"And I take it," Mrs. Lorrimer interrupted with withering scorn, "that you now count yourself engaged *without* the permission of your parents, without an engagement ring, without any announcement?"

"Well, you can't become formally engaged while you are still an undergraduate. At least, it isn't much approved. And you can't marry until you have finished your university career."

"I should think not," Mrs. Lorrimer said in an outraged voice. She paused for a moment to try to restrain her rising anger. She smoothed the skirt of her brown tweed suit, pulled at her beige chamois gloves, all with small broken gestures.

"But," Penny went on firmly, taking advantage of her mother's inability to speak, "that doesn't prevent men at Oxford from falling in love, or making up their minds to marry the first moment that is possible."

WITH THE CHILDREN

Please, mommy, treat me like company. I just broke one of your best glasses, but it was the same kind of a mistake a grown guest makes.

He is my very best uncle because he talks to me the same way he talks to father.

I'm glad I am a girl and not a boy, but I don't want to act like a lady until I have to.

—KATHRYN COFFEY GLENNON

There was no answer. Mrs. Lorrimer searching for her crisp linen handkerch her brown leather handbag. Her lips pinched and thin.

"Really, mother," Penny said indigna "this can't be so much of a shock. Fo thing, you knew that he wrote to me. A did mention him in my letters home a did ——"

"I never imagined for one moment things had gone so far. You are only a c Penelope, and you don't know how fool you are behaving. As for this David worth, we don't know his family, we know one thing about him. He might Catholic or a Communist or anything.'

"They don't often mix," Penny said smiled in spite of herself. "Actually, if feel any happier about it, he is Protes and Labour. And as for his family, he h sister who studies music and a father wh invalided out of the war. There's no insa no drunkenness, no divorces, no pr terms; nothing, in fact, that one migh ashamed of."

"There's no need to be facetious."

Penny took a deep breath. "Look, mot David and I had thought up a surpris you."

Mrs. Lorrimer looked at her daug almost wildly, as if to say that one surpr day of such proportions was enough.

"David would like to have us for lu next Sunday, at Oxford. Mr. Chaundler be there; you know h don't you? Grandfath friend. And once you re meet ——"

"Have you been g to Oxford to visit man?"

Penny's patience en suddenly. "You will on Sunday that there a lot of people trave to Oxford to spend day. A lot of girls What's wrong with tha

"And he has b coming to London in o to see you?"

"Of course. When p ple fall in love they w to see each other, don't they? Our bad l is that we get so little time together, w with geography and David's work and classes."

"It has got to be stopped." Mrs. Lo mer's voice was staccato.

Penny, who knew that tone and wha meant, half rose from her seat and then down again. She knew what was coming, a yet she couldn't believe it. *It is now,* thought; *whatever and whoever I am to be, to be decided now.* Her anger left her. had never felt so emotionless, so cal a strange feeling, as if she were stand apart from this scene watching everyth with critical coldness.

"You must give me your word," M Lorrimer was saying, "that you will see more of this David Bosworth. You are bo too young, the whole thing is folly, and if has any decency he will wait for four or fi years until you are old enough to know wh you are doing."

"I know what I am doing. Age isn't matter of years, mother. Some women forty are sixteen, mentally. My gran mother was married at eighteen. You we married when you were twenty. D that ——"

"You are to see no more of him, Penelope Mrs. Lorrimer told her. "He is not the kin of man we want you to marry. You w understand that for yourself in a few year I am only saying this for your own goo Penelope."

"And just what is my 'good'? What goo is there in anything if you are not happy? am the one, surely, to judge what I want, what I do not want out of life. It may not what you would want, if you were me. We all different ideas about happiness, so ho can we judge for each other? Moira's idea being happy would bore me to tears, but

(Continued on Page 101)

It's a good thing I overslept!"

1. **Bed felt so-o-o nice this morning!** Must have been nine o'clock when I opened my eyes and saw Fran, my best friend, perched on the foot. "Your husband let me in," she grinned. "He's ready to take us shopping—anytime *you're* set!"

2. **The wretch snatched my covers.** "I've no sympathy for plutocrats," Fran giggled. "Sleeping on *percale sheets,* no less. Wish *I* were wealthy!" "Me too," I said. "But nobody *needs* to be, to own these smooth beauties—they're *Cannon* Percale Sheets!"

3. **"Come back!" yelped Fran,** as I escaped to the shower. "Tell more!" "Silly," I said, "those dreamy Cannon Percales that have you green-eyed cost just a *tiny* bit more than best-grade muslins. All the gals are getting 'em—and swooning with luxury!"

4. **While I dressed,** I completed Fran's education. "Feel how lightweight Cannon Percale Sheets are," I purred. "Easier for bedmaking and washing. Wonderful for wear, too!" Fran twinkled. "Thanks for oversleeping," she said. "You gave me a preview of *myself*—on *my* new Cannon Percales!

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"Penelope!"

Penny's voice calmed, but as she turned to

"I'll anyway. I'd rather feel I was learning to

It was Penny who broke the

THIS is really silly," she said and forced a smile. She came forward toward the door.

and I'll talk about what I feel and

Mrs. Lummer said, her voice low but stac-

"If David Bosworth

that I am too

you refuse his invita-

food?"

they both ate, as

from her eyes, before

ress charm to prove her

logically. It had been a long time since Mrs.

By the end of the journey to her hotel she acted only for Penelope's good, that she had

she entered the hotel, even if the idea of a

The way I deal with any revolt was with a firm hand. She had arrived in London just in time. Perhaps it would be wiser if

I should have

March would want

a treat than that. There would be other

Mrs. Lummer stared at the driver, but

she had turned away and had walked

Penelope was safely

"I don't

what to tell you when I

I decided that you

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Golden Mist

By Fern Mary Munsell

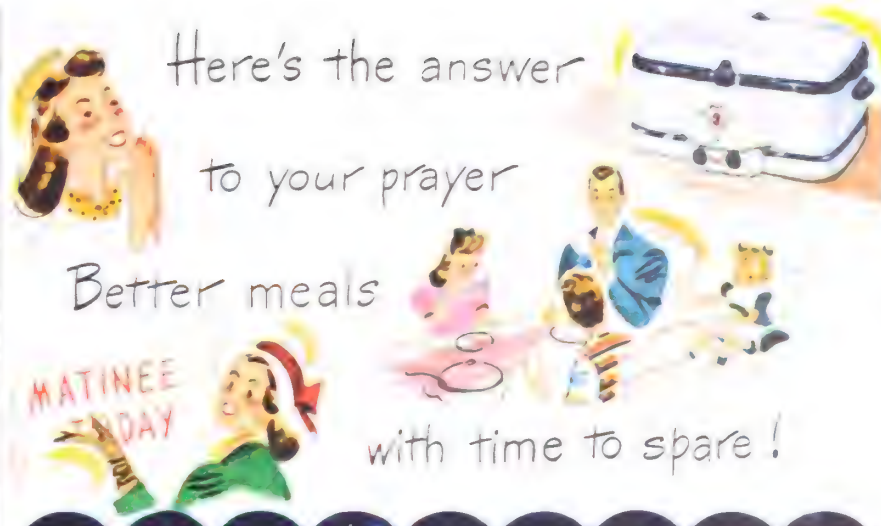
I climbed the hills to meet you
In the dawn of the year
I went through the valleys
To find you there

We met, then we parted
And the years rolled by—
The days were deep shadow
But bright marks have not

The leaves golden leaves
From heathways have

No longer can I meet you—
The days are too deep
But bright marks have not
Their golden

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



New NESCO
America's Most-Wanted Roaster
cooks whole meals easier, better, automatically!

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fection . . . roasts, bakes, steams or stews . . . with simple adjustments of

work, you're miles away, enjoying

fuel costs are remarkably low.

ONLY NESCO HAS THE BUILT-IN TIME CLOCK!

Place your evening meal in the Nesco, set the clock and thermostat, and go out for the afternoon. Come home to a hot dinner perfectly cooked.

AUTOMATIC THERMOSTAT WITH SIGNAL LIGHT!

Maintains whatever temperature the recipe calls for. Signal light indicates when current is on. When light is out, food cooks on stored heat.

A TWIST OF THE WRIST OPENS THE NESCO COVER!

Just turn the knob on the lower right of the Nesco and the cover opens smoothly and quietly . . . no need to lift the cover with your hand. Positive latch keeps cover snugly closed when food is cooking.

NESCO

NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Waterless Cookers

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Don't let yourself slip!
LIN-X
SELF-POLISHING
WAX
is ANTI-SLIP!
Made by the Makers of Kem-Tone
the Miracle Wall Finish
More than half of home accidents are caused by falls. Good reason why you should use LIN-X, the Anti-Slip Wax. It bears the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., as an anti-slip floor treatment. Just wipe it on.
LIN-X is easy to apply—quick to dry! It beautifies and protects your linoleum and wood floors—a wonderful wax that's anti-slip!
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You'll also like LIN-X CREAM POLISH for fine furniture, LIN-X CLEAR-GLOSS for linoleum and all interior and exterior wood surfaces! Ask for them today.
LIN-X HOME BRIGHTENERS SOLD BY STORES EVERYWHERE
59c PINT
Also in economical quart and gallon sizes
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Lin-x
SELF-POLISHING
WAX
ANTI-SLIP
PRODUCTS OF
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
RESEARCH

THE UNWED MOTHER

(Continued from Page 45)

and just get married tomorrow, that after all we couldn't wish the baby away. He looked at me just as cold then and said:

"'Okay, we'll get married tomorrow. But I want you to know one thing; I'll hate that little bastard when he grows up.'

"It hit me right in the heart. I hated him in that moment. I told him to get out and stay out, that I didn't want to marry him, that I'd take care of our child if he felt like that and a lot of other things. That's what pride and selfishness does to you. All I could think of was myself, not him, and how he felt, nor even the baby. He got up and walked out. Three days later I called him and asked him to come and see me. I asked him to marry me and he refused. He said that I'd shown him what a mean, spiteful girl I was and that our marriage would never work. Well, I just didn't believe him. I acted very meek, and I felt so sure he'd come back. I couldn't see how he could possibly go on without understanding that we'd started something we had a responsibility toward no matter how we might feel.

"He never did, of course. He was shipped out three months before little Johnny was born. Sometimes I think he would still have married me if he hadn't had to go overseas, but that's probably foolishness. After all, he came home and married another girl and he's never even tried to see me. Even now when I know in all reason that it would never have worked as a marriage, I get a sort of heartache. It doesn't help much, either, to have little Johnny look so much like him. That same curly hair, that cute grin. I suppose that's what they mean when they say that the woman pays. I wish I'd known enough to know that, no matter what, when you make love to a man you're putting your whole life into a few moments.

"Well, after John left I changed jobs and went to work on the night shift in a factory where nobody knew me and where I could wear a smock. Nobody knew at the factory and I worked until the night I went to the hospital. I worked so hard and refused to think so hard that I didn't really know what I was doing. Johnny's mother sent me $200—Johnny got pangs of conscience or something and told her about it just before he left. She was very kind, but she said she didn't want to interfere in John's life. I guess she was the weak type, too, but nice.

"I USED the money to get a good doctor and a good hospital room. I couldn't see any farther than the nose beyond my face then. When Johnny was born I felt so happy. I felt all my troubles were behind me. Nobody there knew I wasn't married: I told them my husband was overseas. And when I said it I smiled to myself because I was in that kind of mood where I was pretending he really was my husband.

"It smashed up on the third day. It was just like putting your elbow into a lemon-meringue pie. Plump, and the dream was over. A Nurse's Aide came into the room—I even had a semiprivate room—and said to me, 'My, you nearly caused a scandal when you came here. You were rushed in so fast and right up to the delivery room and we didn't have any records on you and we didn't locate them until the next morning, and so—we all decided you weren't really married, you'd been living in sin.'

"She laughed and I laughed and it was all very gay. Very gay. Except that inside me the bewilderment and pain was rising, and when she left the old, awesome nightmare question began working on me again: 'What am I going to do, what am I going to do, what am I going to do?' . . ."

Remember that there is nothing stable in human affairs: therefore avoid undue elation in prosperity, or undue depression in adversity.
—SOCRATES.

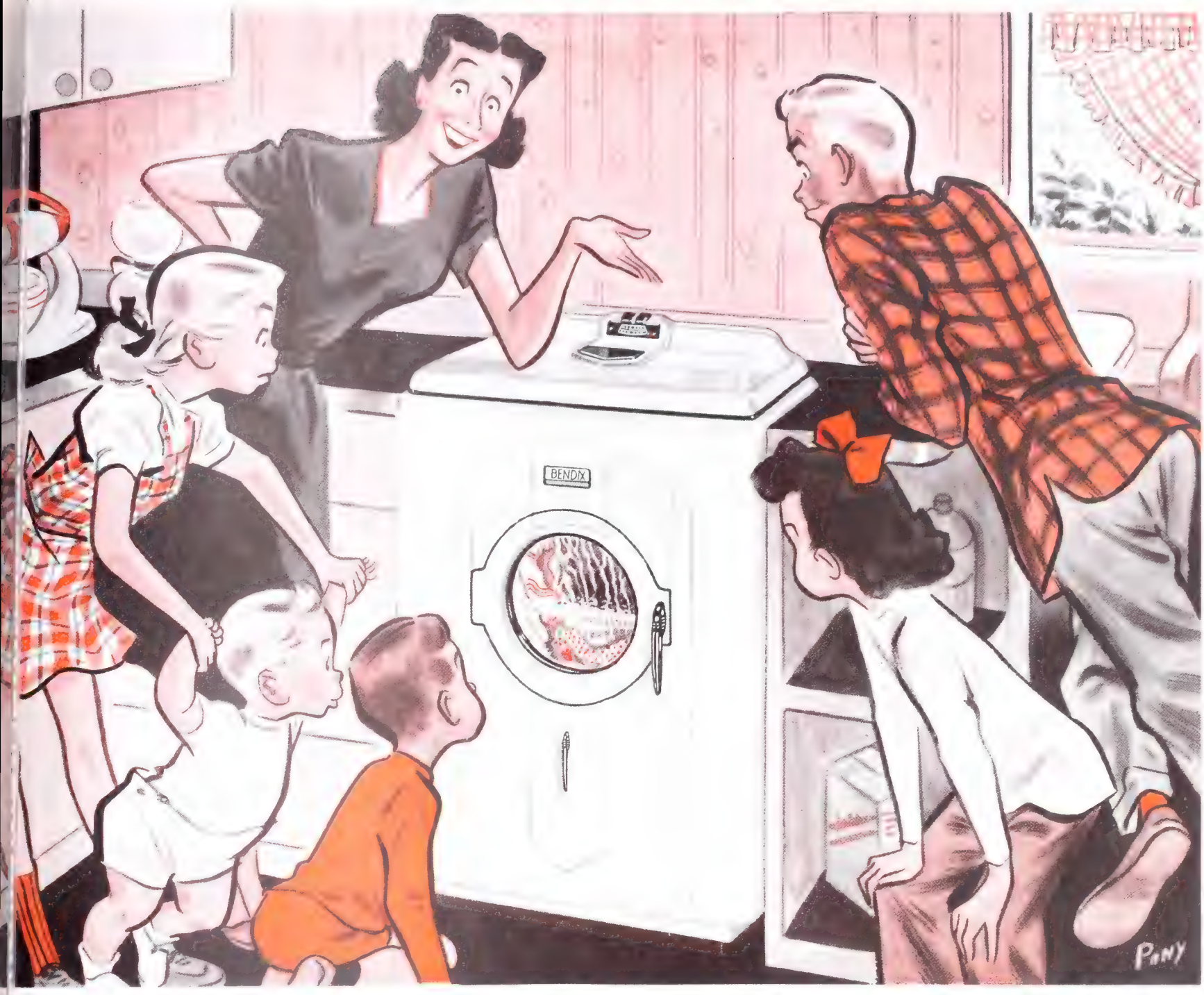
Katie was luckier than many unwed mothers. Few have a dream, or a friend, or money. True, some have their families with them, but psychiatrists say t girl who has a baby without marri likely to be a girl in search of a lov security she has never received fro parents. As for those girls who d their parents and friends about the ation, thousands doubtless mana protect their reputations, but it is nigh impossible for them to pu themselves, without help, from the of a pyschological nature. To a girl are sadly in need of sympathetic, h guidance. Their chances of gettin however, are a tossup, varying from munity to community. The first que they face is where and how to hav baby. In the main, maternity h provide the answer. There are som throughout the country; all are ru private agencies: some on modern work lines, some still in the days o Scarlet Letter, some on religious cies. Some began as foundling h others as refuges: two major chain Florence Crittenton homes and the vation Army homes; their homes the outgrowths of nineteenth-cen mission work with "lost" women. only recently that the birth of a ba an unmarried woman has been sidered as an economic, social emotional problem as well as a one, and the problem of the b future life as a separate individual sidered independently of his mot "mistake." And despite this change moralistic atmosphere of most mate homes is accentu by—as is true in so institutions curren a lack of skilled pe nel; and by the ancient quality of of the buildings th selves, set in iso areas, walled off, cloistered in confi tial secrecy. While homes recognize these handicaps are struggling to make their progr more flexible, their surroundings cheerful, their recreation more stim ting, many—however willing to give newest and best in medical care not accept modern social thought.

Katie bore her baby in the chil dream of a secure future. How inse it was she discovered the minute she to live in it—the minute she brough child "home" into it. Her days in a ternity home were ahead of her, a h that was not bad, not good, not typ nor, on the other hand, unusual; to however, to her bewildered but p spirit, it seemed a veritable prison.

"I TOLD the doctor about my situ after I saw I was helpless. He was kind he was sensible. He told the hos authorities—and the nurses got together gave me a layette. I hadn't a thing fo baby. Janie had been living with me she left Roger and she thought I was a She wouldn't let me bring any baby t home; she kept repeating flatly that I *couldn't* have a baby, and if I wanted t such an idiot not to come near her. couldn't help the way she felt. Her baby born dead; and when she lost it she lost husband too. She said the only thing ir was to get drunk and have a wonderful t The doctor talked to her and she let me c back to the apartment, but I knew I coul stay there. I had to have some help. took the doctor's advice and went to a s agency.

"It's hard for people who haven't through a social agency to realize how t seem to the people dependent on them know they have to make the decisi mostly, and that people like me haven't right to question them because they are h ful, but oh, it was so hard to learn that I

(Continued on Page 105)



I had 5 good reasons for buying a BENDIX

can count them for yourself. And if you have
igsters you'll know what I mean.
ore wash to do and less time to do it. That
e the Bendix washer a must in our family.
what a blessing it is! I just put in the clothes,
the dial, add soap, and I'm through. The
dix washes, triple rinses, damp drys. Then
ns itself, drains itself, and shuts itself off. I
't even have to be there. I'm free to take care
he children or do other housework.

KIDS GET CLOTHES DIRTY. And my Bendix
them clean! That tumble-action washing
ly does a job on ground-in dirt. And yet it's so
tle I can wash even delicate things in the
ndix.

BABY SKINS ARE TENDER. Their diapers
st be super-washed and super-rinsed or baby gets a rash. The Bendix triple-rinse is made to order. It rinses out soil and soap and whisks away bacteria with three changes of rinse water.

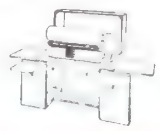
3. OUR FAMILY USES A LOT OF HOT WATER. But the Bendix doesn't. Thank Heaven! How that machine can wash and triple-rinse and do it with so little hot water simply amazes me.

4. I DON'T LIKE TO LIFT WET CLOTHES. Hoisting heavy, wet clothes up and over to get them out of a washer is my idea of a backache. I guess those Bendix engineers knew that too, so they put the porthole where it belongs—at basket level. I just push clothes in—and pull them out right into the basket.

5. I WAS "FROM MISSOURI" TOO. But when my Bendix dealer told me that 700,000 women have a Bendix and that the Bendix had been doing its job superbly for 9 years—that settled it. Wouldn't I have been silly to experiment with anything else!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC., SOUTH BEND 24, INDIANA



See the new
Bendix automatic Ironer
Bendix automatic Dryer

BENDIX
automatic
Home Laundry

AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND MEXICO

BE A GOOD EGG, POP, BRING US SOME OF THOSE MUFFETS THEY'RE ALL CHIRPING ABOUT!
JUNIOR! PUT THIS ON -- YOU'LL BE TOASTED ALL OVER!
MUFFETS WITH FRUIT FOR BREAKFAST! I FEEL LIKE CUTTING A SWATH TODAY!
I'M GOING TO ASI MY MOM TO SWING OVER TO TOASTY, TASTY MUFFETS!
TOASTED ALL OVER! .... THAT REMINDS ME, I FORGOT TO ORDER MUFFETS!
YOU SHOULD SEE ME DIG INTO A DISH OF MUFFETS!
YOU MEAN THAT SWELL SHREDDED WHEA THAT'S ROUN LIKE THIS?
Stina

If you *Like* shredded wheat . . . you'll *Love* Muffets the Round Shredded Wheat

THE most eye-lightin', taste-invitin' shredded wheat that ever snuggled in your cereal bowl. Snuggles . . . because it's round. That's Muffets!

All-over toasted a rich golden brown . . . bringing you the full flavor of healthful whole wheat. That's Muffets!

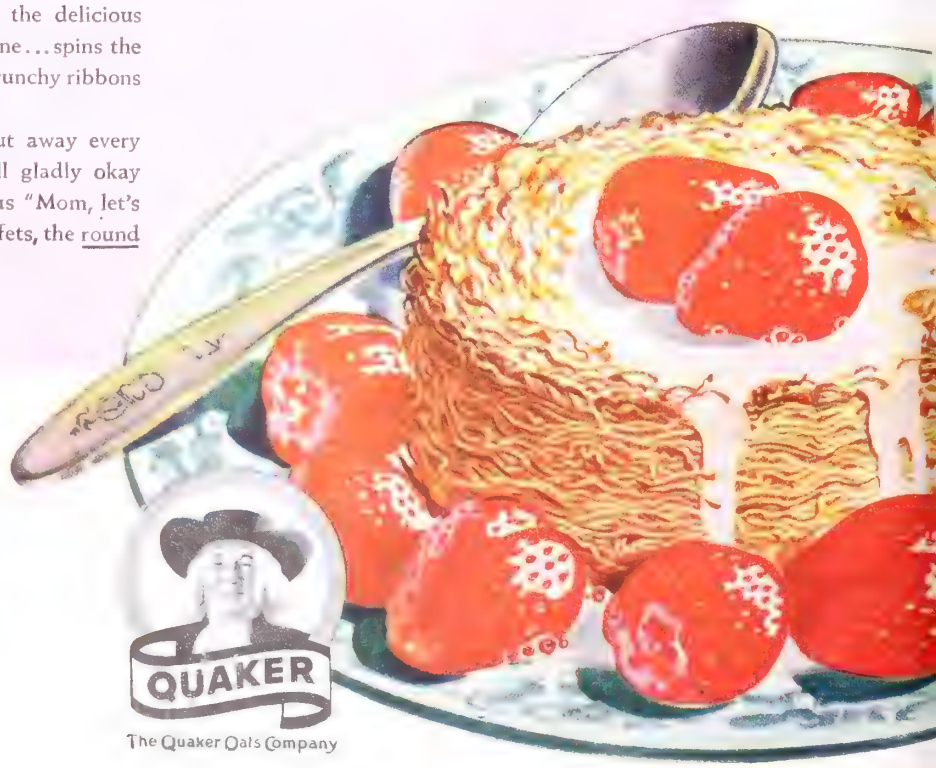
You needn't be a detective to learn why Muffets taste more tender. Muffets exclusive process shreds the delicious whole wheat especially fine . . . spins the golden grain into crisp, crunchy ribbons of tasty goodness!

Watch your family put away every tantalizing morsel. You'll gladly okay the idea when they chorus "Mom, let's have Muffets often . . . Muffets, the round shredded wheat!"

DON'T MISS

Muffets

THE *ROUND* SHREDDED WHEAT



The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from Page 103)

just caught, and that the life you al- t take for granted you'll have some- gone, all washed up. Anyhow, the suggested I go to a maternity home some rest, and meanwhile they'd find ster home. A foster home is where a board herself and her baby, while she work.

ought I'd only be in the home a few had on a black dress and black suède when I arrived. The last thing I about bringing was working clothes. ency said rest, and I thought that's was going to do. I was so very tired. all of us had jobs. It was my job to he ward floor and the bathrooms. were about twenty-five girls there first went there; all of us sleeping in room. About ten of the girls were s. Some of the girls were nice, some amps, some were sick, some were very and there were four or five who were rty. One of them was a lovely woman, sterical. She used to say, 'Can you it? I'm a Sunday-school teacher. en to church all my life. How did this appen to me?' and then she'd cry.

first I didn't understand what all the ia was about out there. But I stayed about six weeks, and I got temper- al myself. The only word I ever heard getting out was now and again when I ggressive, the matron would say, , they are investigating your case. an't expect people to do everything for vernight.' It made me feel like a al. And a prisoner.

know now that anyone of us could have out of that place any time we wanted ut I didn't know it. We were all beaten. -even if we did get where would we go? ng out meant some- vanted you, and who ed us?

ne of the girls ran . She left her baby d—she couldn't have it with her even if she'd wanted to: the ry was guarded against us except at ng and bathing time. She walked about niles, I guess, in the snow, without a coat, use our coats were all in the storage room e we couldn't get at them. Finally she psed and some people picked her up and was brought back. The next day the ndant said to us, 'You girls must realize fortunate you are to have babies. You very low girls or you never would have e this thing. God has brought your ies to you to keep you from going any er.'

HEN I got into trouble. It was over se shoes. I wouldn't wear any good ones crub the floors in, and so they gave me a of old ones. They were a size and a half small, so I wore my bedroom slippers. e matron caught me and I got very stub- n about it. She called the agency, and the e worker came out and asked me why I uldn't wear the shoes. I said because they re too small. She said:

"Katie, you must learn once and for all u are not in a position to choose.'

'That hit me. I learned then that from re on in, if I wanted to take care of hnny, I was no longer free. If you learn it, u grow up. If you don't, you're lost. There is one kid there—she couldn't have been more than fifteen—and she simply couldn't rn to love her baby. The attendants were ways saying to her, 'Now, every mother ves her child. That's just nature.' But e'd say, 'It cries so much,' and push at the or with her toe and look like she ought to e out playing hopscotch or something in- ead of caught in those cold, stone walls.

"There was another girl who just adored er baby and who cried because she couldn't e its mother. Her family was going to adopt im and her mother said the baby was never know—the girl was going to be sent to live ith an aunt. And then, there was Betty. he told her father about the baby coming nd said she and Paul—that was the boy she was in love with—were going to be married right away. Her father was furious. He refused to let her see Paul again, ever; he called him a seducer and a rapist and heaven knows what all and packed her off to the home. She'd been there five months when I got there. She worked in the laundry. Twice she'd tried to call Paul up, but they stopped her, on orders from her father. Once they'd told her she had a letter from him and scolded her for receiving it, but they wouldn't let her read it. And one night he came to the home. He made a lot of noise down in the front hall, but he didn't get up to the sitting room where we all had to sit every evening until ten. Betty sat there and just sobbed and sobbed, but she didn't dare do anything. She'd learned by then what all of us had to learn sooner or later: you can't call your soul your own once you've had a baby without a marriage certificate.

"NOT that people aren't kind, mind you. They are. Where would I be today if it hadn't been for the kindness of other people?

"Like Elsie, my 'foster mother.' Finally the agency took me out of the home and sent me to Elsie's to live. She had her own four children there, another baby, and me and Johnny. She was a nurse whose husband didn't make much money and she'd chosen this way to add to the family income. It seemed like heaven when I first moved in there. Elsie was so kind, so generous, so helpful—and she understood about me and how I felt about the agency. I had my last quarrel with the agency one day; my last because I broke away from them and Elsie did too. I paid them the rent each week and then they gave it to Elsie. They had to okay every clothes purchase she made—and I wasn't supposed to make any. And I was supposed to take Johnny to the clinic. Now I don't mind clinics. But I do hate people who take out cards and where it says 'Name of father' they write 'None.' Why should my Johnny have to suffer illegitimate parents? I can't see it. I'll tell my friends about myself because I trust them—but does Johnny have to go through life earmarked? He can know the truth later without having to pay for it now.

"I stayed with Elsie for a year and nine months. The trouble in the long run was—you might know—money. Nobody but a woman who's supporting a baby and working, too, knows what a thin squeeze it is all the time. I made $35 a week when I was at Elsie's (that's about $120 to take home a month) and I paid her $90 a month board and room for us both. That left me $30 over for doctor's bills—and you know how it is the first year—and for lunches, for carfare, for clothes. I had one pair of shoes, and when the heels ran down I sat in the cobbler's until he put new heels on. I had one suit, two years old. Johnny got a few hand-me-downs from Elsie's kids. I was broke and running into debt. When I came home from work I fed Johnny, bathed him and put him to bed, and then I worried and wept, and wept and worried. . . ."

We should take care to lay in a stock of provisions, but not of pleasures: these should be gathered day by day. —NINON DE LENCLOS.

Katie's complaint against the clinic was an understandable one from her viewpoint. It was not, however, the agency's fault. In only twelve states are children protected against the stigma of illegitimacy by simple birth cards bearing only the child's name and date and place of birth. In many states, the word "illegitimate" is stamped on the birth certificate. In others the names of the two parents are included—and the information is clear between the lines that they were not married. A few states issue new cards when a child born out of wedlock is adopted; many do not, and many a man or woman has discovered his true background only upon applying for his first birth certificate. The Children's Bureau in Washington is campaigning for simple birth cards in all states.

(Continued on Page 107)

CORN RING with BUTTERED BROCCOLI
1 pkg. Honor Brand Frozen Cut Corn
1 pkg. Honor Brand Frozen Broccoli
3 tbsps. flour • 1 tsp. salt
3 tbsps. butter
3 eggs (separated) • 1 cup hot milk
Cook frozen corn in ½ cup boiling water 5 minutes. Melt butter, stir in flour and salt. Add hot milk, cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Pour hot sauce slowly into egg yolks, stirring constantly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased ring mold. Place mold in pan of hot water. Bake in 325° F. oven 1 hour. Turn out on platter and fill center with cooked broccoli. Serves 6.
Adventures IN EATING!
It's summertime forever with Honor Brand Finest Frozen Foods. Year 'round menus featuring the delightful freshness of Honor Brand frozen fruits and vegetables will thrill your family and guests. Honor Brand Frozen Foods are one of Stokely's Finest Products, backed by years of experience in the art of packing quality foods.
HONOR BRAND
Finest FROZEN FOODS
DIVISION OF STOKELY VAN CAMP
one of Stokely's FINEST FOODS
APRICOT UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE
Topping
1 pkg. Honor Brand Frozen Apricots
3 tbsps. melted butter • ¼ cup brown sugar • ¼ cup maraschino cherries
Cake
⅓ cup butter or shortening • ⅔ cup sugar
2 beaten eggs • ¾ tsp. almond extract
2 cups sifted cake flour • 2 tsps. baking powder • ½ tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk
Cover bottom 8" square cake pan with greased waxed paper. Mix butter with brown sugar, spread evenly over waxed paper. Arrange apricots, halved cherries on top of sugar mixture. Beat shortening, sugar. Add beaten eggs, extract. Beat till light. Add flour, baking powder, salt, alternately with milk, until blended. Pour batter on apricots, bake at 365° F. app. 40 minutes. Turn over to partly cool, lift off pan. Serves 12.

HERE'S WHAT I CALL A CUP OF COFFEE!

Want to enjoy the best-tasting cup of coffee you ever had? Coffee with *all* its delicious flavor, *all* its satisfying goodness—yet made right in the cup in an instant? Then try Nescafé* today! You get perfect coffee *every* time—exactly *as* you like it, *when* you want it—coffee with a rich, full-bodied flavor that can't be matched!

Here's the secret: Only Nescafé has a secret, patented way to brew *extra-flavored* coffee from the choicest coffee beans and to *seal in* the flavor! Yes, in making Nescafé we brew fine, *pure* coffee, add carbohydrates to seal in the flavor, then powder it for your convenience. The flavor *stays* true and fresh until the instant *you* release it in the cup!

An instant success with coffee lovers every time that's Nescafé! You just put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup and add hot water. That's all! Instantly you have a cup of coffee brimful of delicious flavor. There's no waste, no wait, no messy grounds to dispose of or coffee pots to clean. And Nescafé costs you only about 1¢ a cup to make!

That's why more people drink NESCAFÉ than any other instant coffee

THE FLAVOR CAN'T BE MATCHED BECAUSE ONLY NESCAFÉ HAS THE SECRET

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of Nestlé's Milk Products, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

(Continued from Page 105)

ie, Johnny's fatherless position nsult. It was, of course, a fact. d not faced facts; like so many ed mothers, she had had no ng whatsoever on the life she was ng, the life which even for the not easy. She had never faced, con, whether she was capable of are of a child, what she would ace, what he would have to face; 20 when she bore him and she counseling, nor even any adult on of what she was going to do. friend suggested abortion, but she nor the friend knew what to y find out. Katie, however, had and took him home with her to simply because it seemed the l" thing to do.

who believe that the unwed 's problem basically is a moral believe that she *should* keep her gardless of circumstances. Those k upon the birth of any baby as a event—like many Southern —may pass the child along as -child" to whoever wants it. social workers and psychiatrists at many unmarried mothers ely to be too unstable and un- to make a good home for their n, the mother should be per- to make the decision herself with lp of a wise and thetic guidance, y then will she give her baby to fide adoption a- orcareful placing, care of it prop- ithout any guid- however, she may tempt to care for hild, and later sell the child on lack market, or on it, simply be- she does not know else to do. The home is an in- en measure; and are not enough em to satisfy the nd. It is small wonder that Katie ed and wept. . . . But she wasn't n yet. . . .

nally I made up my mind to do the that everyone said you had to do if you keep your baby. No, not put him out doption. I try to think sometimes er it would have been better for y if I had, but I can't think straight on bject. I usually decide, yes, and then art gives a great big lurch and throws logic out. That Sunday-school teacher telling you about tried to take a com- ise. She boards the baby out. Once a she sneaks in to see him. He doesn't she's his mother and probably never Meanwhile he hasn't even got a sub- e mother. Just nothing. And she's ext to nothing. Another girl from the let a lawyer take her baby to be ted and, of course, she doesn't know e, and every time she sees a baby car- she acts like she's afraid of it. gine—all your life knowing you had a somewhere, and never seeing him.

NYHOW, what I decided to do was to be id. Maybe that doesn't seem like much decision, but it's a kind of hard one to e when you hit rock bottom. When you low it's extra hard to do things which are in other people's opinions. But I decided as the only thing I could do and keep nny with me, and keep my health, and e ends meet.

I'm awfully glad I did it now. Of course as lucky. I got a job taking care of two er kids, and they don't mind having nny underfoot too. I can't do it forever. know what's the worst thing about it? nny hears the other kids calling their ther, 'mommy,' and he hears me being ed 'Katie'—and so what happens? He calls my boss 'mommy,' and me 'Katie.' Oh, sure, I think what the heck, but how would you like it—and how about when he gets old enough to know I'm a maid and starts wondering about it? I can't do it forever. But I've got it planned.

"The next step will come when he's old enough to go to a nursery school and I can go back to office work, and maybe work part time helping some other mother out after school. That's the next step—and then, more education. You see, I figure that when your baby's future is all up to you, you have to be twice as good as when he has a father, too, to help. I've got to make something out of myself in order to make something out of Johnny.

"WELL, that's about all there is to it. Get married? Yes, I'd like to get married someday. When someone loves Johnny nearly as much as he does me, someone truly loving, whom I can trust. I've had three proposals—even if John thought I was a bad girl, there are some men who don't. Like the one who told me that I should tell people that John was killed overseas. I said that made him sound like a hero. He said, 'Well, then, say he was shot by court-martial. He should have been.'

"I can't quite feel that way about it, but I must learn how to tell some sort of a fib. I told the people I work for now the truth, and when their friends come in they say, 'Oh, so you're *Mrs.* Herrick. We've heard so much about you. And could we see Johnny?' And one of these days Johnny's going to be called names. I couldn't stand that. I've every intention of telling him the truth, but as we go along, not slam-bang. He's happy here; it's hard, long work, but we're together all day long and that's heavenly. I've cleared up all my debts and bought some clothes, and even if I do make only $20 a week, I don't have to worry about a roof over our heads or three square meals. I've told father about Johnny, and he's accepted the truth.

"What's the answer to the whole problem? I don't know. I know that having a baby without a husband is the most horrible, awful experience in the world, but I wish that the baby could get a better break than he does. And I wish it never had to happen to anyone anywhere—that all girls would somehow know, from the time they're old enough to have babies, just what a sacred, lifelong thing having a baby is, and how once you've had a baby you've taken on a responsibility for another person's life whether you take care of him or whether you don't. And then maybe, if all girls knew all these things and could talk about having babies, and making love, and what marriage is and what sex is, then maybe there wouldn't need to be any more babies without fathers, and more and more mothers without husbands."

Only time can finish Katie's story. Psychiatrists agree with her that adequate education for adult life would have an important effect on the rising rate of illegitimacy in this country. Philosophers add that our period in history is endangered by a lack of self-responsibility that is an inevitable outgrowth of a lack of spiritual values.

Practical workers in our social field are endeavoring to insure that the child born out of wedlock gets a healthy start in life, and that the mother be re-educated to her position in society. Because of the unresolved and conflicting moral attitudes on the situation, their job is a peculiarly difficult one. Katie has many more rounds in her battle to fight. She is better equipped psychologically than many unmarried mothers; she has still a lot to learn. Through her hardship, however, she may also have something to teach others.

THE END

When the Titanic plunged to the bottom of the cold Atlantic, thirty-five years ago, only a few women went down.

One of them, Mrs. Isadore Strauss, had been placed by her husband in one of the last lifeboats to leave the doomed vessel. But she slipped out and was back on deck before he could stop her. Throwing her arms about him, she cried, "We are old now, and we have been together a great many years. Where you go, I will go!"

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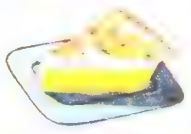

PIES AND CAKES

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PURE *California* LEMON JUICE

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NEVER A DULL MEAL

By Clementine Paddleford

Clementine Paddleford, well-known food reporter, plays a return engagement in our Never a Dull Meal series; and, strange as it may seem, her pet peeve is those well-meaning souls who talk recipes interminably.

THE earth smells spicy as a pomander. Breathe it in deep. The young south wind comes ruffling the grasses and curling the fleece of the baby lambs. Butterball ducks search lunch, tail ends up, waving paddle-wheel feet at the sun.

Garden paths grow narrow as the green aisles thicken. Peas plump the pod. Green beans blossom. June with a swish of her brush flames the cheek of the radish; wild strawberries crimson. Orchards fatten. Robins shake the cherry tree as they peck at the fruit. The year's harvest begins. Now a procession of summer's bounty to gladden the menu.

★ ★ ★ **SUNDAY** ★ ★ ★

Breakfast is Luncheon

Peach Nectar and Pineapple Juice
Mushroom Omelet
*Bacon-Bit Drop Biscuits—Apple Jelly
Cocoa—Coffee

Lamb's Gambol

*Leg of Lamb with Buttermilk Gravy
Whipped Potatoes—Buttered New Peas
Crusty Rolls—Water Cress Salad
Sugared Fresh Apricot Halves
Tea—Coffee—Milk

Bacon-Bit Biscuits: Made in a hurry with prepared biscuit mix. Crumble in 6 strips crisp bacon; drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet.

Lamb with Buttermilk Gravy: Wipe lamb leg well with a damp cloth and place in large bowl or enamel pan. Pour over 1 quart buttermilk and let soak 3 days while stored in the refrigerator. Certainly it's a nuisance; that leg must be turned every so often, and it's a space-taking thing. But the bother is forgotten when you taste the results. When ready to bake, remove buttermilk, rub leg with salt and pepper and stick with 5 whole cloves. Place in roasting pan and brown in a hot oven, 450° F., for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., add 1 onion, sliced, and 1 cup of the buttermilk and continue roasting until the internal temperature is 180° F., or a total of 20 minutes to the pound. Baste frequently with the buttermilk in pan, adding more if needed. Make gravy by adding 1 cup of water to pan liquid and thickening as desired.

★ ★ ★ **MONDAY** ★ ★ ★

Short-Order Lunch

Hot Tomato Juice
Cooked Vegetable Salad
(made of anything handy)
French Bread
Cookies
Tea—Milk

Feast of Curry

*Curried Leftover Lamb with Rice,
Chutney, Chopped Peanuts
Fried Banana Halves
Frizzled Little Whole Onions,
Chopped Green Pepper with
Chopped Tomatoes
Melba Toast
Fresh Pineapple
Coffee—Milk

Curried Lamb: Sunday leftovers make Monday's feast meal. Innumerable the curry recipes, each with a fancy little twist all its own, but for everyday use and meals in a hurry we use this basic sauce, which can be made in quantity, stored in the refrigerator, and put to work whenever a leftover happens along: Sauté 2 small onions in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine until lightly browned. Add 3 tablespoons flour and 2 tablespoons curry powder and stir until blended. Add 2 tomatoes, sliced, and gradually stir in 4 cups soup stock, adding salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil. Simmer gently 20 minutes, or until the sauce is reduced to the thickness of heavy cream. Serve the curry with rice, tender and flaky, each grain separate. Mold the rice in ring form and turn onto a large heated platter; fill the center with the sauce, combined and heated with the meat. Pass with your choice of the many curry accompaniments. Chutney is traditional. If you can't get that in your grocery, take apple butter and mix with beefsteak sauce or Worcestershire to taste, and make it quite hot. Other accompaniments might be shredded orange mixed with finely chopped raisins; chopped peanuts; chopped green pepper combined with tomato; grated coconut; chopped cooked egg; chopped raw onions;

ginger and fruit

a curry, center a big dip

er. Place small dips of the

quarter of lemon should be

plate, a final zest to the

TUESDAY ★ ★ ★

Going Dutch

*Cheese Cutlets
ted English Muffins
lad with Sliced Radishes
ked Orange Sections
Tea—Milk

inner is Planked

oiled Ground Meat
Onions—Creamed Potatoes
ed Beets with Beet Tops
with Raisins—Sponge Cake
Coffee—Milk

Cutlets: W
ef on a Holland-bound chan-
r, who called the dish a
Pare red crusts from a small
Gouda and cut into ½-inch
ge in four dippers
l in fine bread crumbs. Sauté
r margarine in heavy skillet.
wn. Cook cheese but a few
ments, first one side, then the
t 5 minutes in all. It must be
ne outside but running soft
ve will

Orange Sections

nto sections, removing white
ange sections close together in
aking dish. Beat 2 egg whites
ting after each addition until
rinkle with sugar. Bake in a
450° F., about 5 minutes, or
chilled orange juice.

Planked Dinner is a de luxe
in course is served direct from
ate: Mix 1 pound lean ground
2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1
salt, ½ teaspoon turmeric, ½
thyme and
ick and broil just enough to
sides. Transfer to heated and
lank. Dot steak with butter
ime and season with salt and
Border edge of plank with
potatoes, brushed with 1 egg
ed with 1 tablespoon milk.
a hot oven, 450° F., and bake
tatoes are brown. Arrange see-
ot vegetables around meat.

WEDNESDAY ★ ★ ★

Sandwich and —

*Egg Broth
Cut Sandwiches on Rye Bread
*Turnip Slaw
Canned Peaches
Coffee—Milk

Pie on Wheels

Pie with Parsley Pin Wheels
New Potatoes
resh or Frozen Lima Beans
Rye Bread
ucumber-and-Onion Salad
Fresh Strawberry Custard
Coffee—Tea—Milk

Broth for luncheon, and what
tunket? Make the stock of real

bones or from a meat-seasoned paste or

Turnip Slaw

½ teaspoons vinegar, a few grains pepper
and ½ teaspoon sugar. Add 3 cups grated

Mix well and serve on lettuce or
other greens. It's swell on the fancy side—

Veal Pie with Parsley Pin Wheels:

and pepper to taste. Sauté in 2 table-

the meat. Cover pan closely and simmer
tender. Cut meat in small bone, add ½ cup
onions, and cook 10 minutes more. Melt
2 tablespoons fat, blend with 2 table-

Add to meat and stir until mixed. Pour

Pin Wheels:

parsley. Toss lightly on a floured board.
Roll to ¼-inch thickness. Roll as a jelly
roll, cut into 1-inch pieces, place on top

Strawberry Custard:

egg yolks. Cook with 1 cup water, stirring
constantly until mixture thickens, add
½ teaspoon lemon juice. Beat 4 egg

★ ★ ★ THURSDAY ★ ★ ★

The Vegetable Pancake

*Carrot
Cabbage Scramble
Sweet Tomatoes
Whole-Wheat Bread
Pineapple-Mint Parfait
Cookies—Small Brown
Milk

Company is Coming

Hot Consommé
*Veal Pie with Parsley Pin Wheels
Hot Corn Pudding—Apple Jelly
Green Beans Sauté
with *Herb French Dressing
*Black Sweet Cherries in Sour Cream
Coffee—Milk

Carrot Pancakes: Combine 2 table-
spoons flour, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ tea-
spoon salt in 1 cup milk and 2 eggs, well
beat in. Add 1 cup cooked carrots,
mashed, and ½ cup melted butter or

ch. Serves 6.

Breakfast is sometimes dinner
sigh! For women who are both cook and
—and not maid, these days? The

Broth for luncheon, and what
tunket? Make the stock of real

Your children, too,

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then assemble noodles and chicken in the casserole to store in the refrigerator ready for the oven. The salad dressing is made and chilled well in advance, ready for a last-minute shake-up. In early morning, wash and separate the salad greens, dry and place in the refrigerator to be ready for the bowl. Serve the salad with the casserole; it takes the place of a vegetable. The corn-bread batter can be mixed several hours before dinner, poured into its baking pan and kept in the refrigerator. When the doorbell rings, the casserole main dish should be finished, golden and tempting, to wait in the warming oven while the corn bread bakes.

Chicken-and-Noodle Casserole: Have a 5-pound fowl cut for stewing; wipe chicken pieces with damp cloth and put in heavy saucepan. Add boiling water to half cover, add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 small onions and 2 bay leaves; cover and let simmer 1½ to 2 hours, or until tender. Let cool, remove meat from bones and cut into 1-inch dice. Melt ⅓ cup fat, add ⅓ cup flour and stir to smooth paste. Add 3 cups chicken stock, ½ cup milk or cream, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Stir over low heat until smooth and thickened and the mixture boils. Let simmer 3 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water 10 minutes, or in chicken stock if there is enough. Arrange noodles and chicken in alternate layers in greased casserole, add sauce and cover with a layer of buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Herb French Dressing: Peel 1 clove garlic and cut in half crosswise and place in jar with a tight-fitted cover. Add 6 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, 4 drops Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon dry mustard and a big pinch of any favorite salad-herb mix. Store in a cool place at least 24 hours. Remove garlic, shake well, pour over greens and toss lightly a few times just before serving. It's a dressing replete with fragrant and nose-titillating aromas.

Black Sweet Cherries should be seeded and sweetened and let ripen with sugar a few hours in the refrigerator. Serve topped with sour cream. Very French! Very good!

★ ★ ★ **FRIDAY** ★ ★ ★

Eggs Afloat

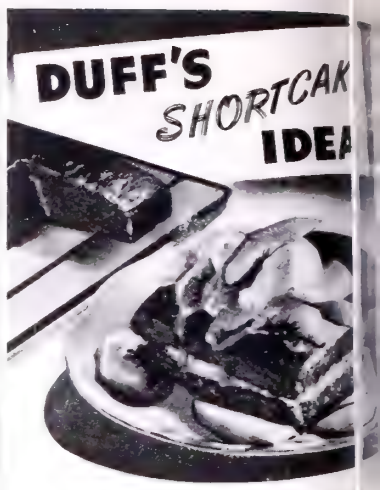
*Poached Eggs on Tomatoes
Brown Bread
Scallions
Carrot Sticks Rubbed with Garlic
*Honey-Nut Cake
Tea—Milk

Fish Flips a Tail

*Creamed Fish with Herb Sauce
in *Cheese Hominy Ring
Green Beans
French Bread
Tomato Aspic with Celery Curls
Fresh Pears with Blue Cheese
Coffee—Milk

Poached Eggs on Tomatoes: Cook ¾ cup rice in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Drain and keep hot. Pour 2 cups boiling water into a saucepan and add 1 cup diced celery, 2 small slices onion, 1 diced green pepper, 2 cups canned tomatoes and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer for 15 minutes. Remove from heat. Break 4 eggs carefully into hot soup. Cover and let stand 5 minutes. Serve over a mound of rice, 1 egg to a person. Serves 4.

Honey-Nut Cake: Spread plain bakery sponge layers with honey and sprinkle over the following mixture: ½ cup crushed corn flakes, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, dash of salt and ¼ cup nut meats, finely chopped. Press mixture into honey



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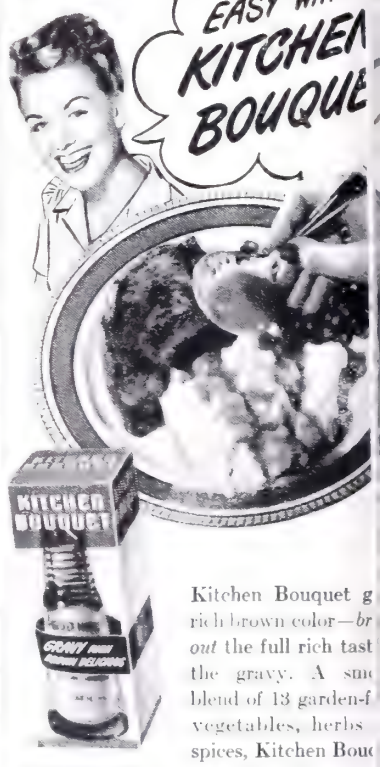

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agitation did not help matters. Luckily, Mary loved Miss Lucy, and had reason to, for under her fierce exterior she was a devoted mistress and after so many years of their living side by side had become a friend. If there hadn't been real love between them, Mary would have given notice four times during the huge effort they were making together. Once Miss Lucy fell, but with a violent effort of will pulled herself up again. It was really a pitiful sight, the whale of the flesh weighing down and intercepting all that fire. Mary could have wept herself, for pity.

But at long last Miss Lucinda was sitting very straight in her chair, panting audibly and wiping the beads of perspiration from her forehead, fully dressed. The garnet brooch fastened her best dark red satin blouse; the garnet earrings decorated her still pretty ears. Fashions had come and gone for fifty years, so that now her upswept pompadour with a tight knot at the back was in fashion again. She looked what she was, a lady—and a formidable one.

"There, Mary," she panted. "You have been a great help. I'm sorry I was cross," she added meekly.

Mary, who was already at the door, turned at the last sentence: when Miss Lucy apologized it was a sure sign she was feeling poorly, and no wonder, poor soul. She was gone only a moment, but when she came back, she found a different person.

Miss Lucy was weeping; great hopeless tears rolled down her cheeks and she sobbed, "I can't, Mary. I just can't make it. Oh, dear," she sobbed like a child.

"Why, Miss Lucy, don't you cry," Mary said with tears in her own eyes, and, with that delicate instinct Negroes have, came and put an arm around her mistress and pulled out a handkerchief from the suit pocket as if she were an old nurse and this enormous old woman were a weeping child. "Don't you cry," she crooned. "That Nat Sumter isn't worth your tears."

"I'm not crying for Nathanael Sumter," Lucy sobbed angrily. "I'm crying for myself."

After all that valiant struggle, she had had to give up for the first time in her life. She refused to get undressed again, but insisted she would sleep in her clothes—"and probably die in them," she added grimly.

While all this was going on at Miss Lucinda's, Nat Sumter lay comfortably in bed. After his measly lunch he had gone to sleep and he woke up with a start, just as the church bell rang four. At first he couldn't think where he was and wondered if it were four in the morning, and then he realized the full extent of his humiliation; there was nothing to look forward to at all. If he got up and dressed he would have to endure his sister's cooing, for she was one of those women who always addressed men as if they were feeble-minded infants. She would say, "Did you have a nice day in bed, dear?" or, "Are you enjoying that lovely book, dear?"

"LUCINDA!" he said aloud, and it was a cry from the heart. But as soon as he had said it, it came over him in a flash that Lucinda would be worried to death. *She'll be sitting there fretting and sending Mary to look out the window every five minutes to see if I'm on my way—she'll make herself ill, poor old dear,* he said to himself with a new stabbing awareness that he was failing her miserably.

He got up then very stealthily and opened his door a crack. There was no sound in the house, not even the whiffling of that awful dog. It was perfectly still. Amy had evidently gone out for her drive. Would he be quick enough? He had about fifteen minutes—would he ever be able to dress in that time?

His hands were stiff with age and every movement cost him an effort. The only thing he noticed about growing old was this; emotionally, intellectually he felt as bright as a button, but his body was way
However, he managed to close the fr
behind him with a sigh of triumph a
quite briskly down the street. Whe
turned the corner and was out of s
felt wildly elated, like a schoolboy
hooky.

He tipped his hat to an acquainta
jauntily, and as he put it back on h
he had a sudden inspiration. So
riously do the springs of action and o
their work: generals invent their st
poets write their poems, a man deci
his career will be in a flash of decisi
lifts his hat in the street, or puts a d
till or washes his hands. And Nat
at over eighty, felt the power of suc
stant and flushed pink.

"You're looking very fit this m
the postman said as they pass
other: "Heard you were a little u
weather."

"OLD wives' tales," Nat Sumter sn
a fair imitation of Lucinda. "Don't
lieve it." And inwardly he smiled a s
the smile on the face of the tiger. W
town have something to talk ab
morrow!

Lucinda was over her tears and h
cup of tea by the fire when he came
"Hi!" he said gleefully as he w
and put his cane in the crook of the
the bear in the hall.

"Well, Nat Sumter, it's about tim
was so glad to see him that she co
cover her emotion with crossness.
hoped devoutly, as she poured his t
he wouldn't notice she had been cry
"All dressed up, Lucinda, and no
go?" he asked ta
"I was on m
over to you, Na
ter," she said w
ful dignity. "I he
were ill."
"Well," he cl
"I went to be
know, but it w
to have a little pea
then this afternoo
I'd had a nap, I
I'd come over
how you were
along. I heard you'd been feeling
"Nonsense, I've never felt bette
life."

At this point neither of them was
admit that he missed the other. T
there, prickly with pride, like two
pines. "And how is Amy?" she ask
frigid politeness.

But Nat couldn't contain his sec
longer. It had been bubbling inside
five minutes and he thought he
burst if he didn't ask her now—bes
felt his courage ebbing before th
stare of Lucy's and he knew it was
never.

"Lucy, will you marry me?" he a
suddenly as lightning strikes, and be
had time to answer he went on, "It
me just now. *That's* the solution.
what'll save us both from that woma
please say yes, Lucy, you've *got* to,"
plored with an unabashed twinkle in

She caught the twinkle. It had
been the best thing about Nat, that h
take himself too seriously, and F
Howarth felt her heart beating like
Maybe I don't love him, she admonish
self severely, for she was not goin
sentimental at her age, *but I can't live
him, the dear old fool.* All she said

"You can have the whole upstair
and she can live over there if she w
but she'll have to pass *me* to get to

"So, dear Lucy," he said, for now
suddenly very tired from all the exc
and emotion. "It's yes?" he aske
kissed her hand very tenderly.

"Yes," she said, drawing it away,
monkey business, Nat. We're old
We're not going to spoil our quar
turning them into lovers' quarrels, I
she said sharply to hide her tears.

"You'll wear my mother's ring,"
he said.

Contradiction is only irritating because it troubles our peaceful possession of some opinion or some pre-eminence. That is why it vexes the weak more than the strong, and the invalid more than the robust.

—JOSEPH JOUBERT.

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Household PAPERS

THE INNOCENT FAREWELL

[illegible]

Then they would begin one of those interminable contests with which they occupied themselves every afternoon. Sometimes it was throwing stones, sometimes it was wagon races down the hill which went by our house, sometimes it was climbing trees. My brother excelled in all these strenuous activities and he always won all the contests. But Pill didn't seem to mind. Because he was so thin and pale, so very small for his age, he was made to "play out" for three hours every day, and his mother, who was the kind of woman who went to the PTA meetings every month attired in a navy-blue silk dress with white ruffles at the throat, was pleased, because Pill had never liked to play out before my brother came, and she said that my brother was a "good influence" on Pill.

Actually, my brother was rude and dictatorial. He always made Pill do the unpleasant things. Pill was never the hero in their games; he always died ignominiously. My brother shot him triumphantly through the heart at least four times a day. Pill was the footman, the vassal, the general's aide, the side-kick, the stool pigeon. My brother shouted at him, called him names, ordered him about, hid from him, jumped out at him from behind bushes. Yet Pill continued to smile his crooked smile, to persist in trying to throw stones farther, to run faster, to trail wistfully in my brother's pugnacious wake. I think that my brother aroused some primitive ecstatic element of fear in him. Sometimes when I was walking up the hill from the town I would see Pill coming down in the wagon with my brother running and shouting lustily beside him, and there would be a kind of transfixed horror in Pill's eyes. His soft mouth would hang open and he would look as if he were being rapidly conveyed to his death, as if he were about to be consumed by fire. Sometimes he raised his voice in a wild, shrill shriek as the wagon careened unsteadily toward the bottom of the hill. He never flinched; he never refused to go through what was obviously a terrible ordeal to him. I suppose he had the kind of courage which does not depend upon strength for sustenance and which is not even destroyed by fear.

But still he must have been grateful for the quieter intervals later on when the heavy, languid opulence of midsummer somewhat reduced my brother's unwearying energy. He and Pill spent whole afternoons going down to the drugstore for ice-cream cones, and they both had small vegetable gardens. By the middle of July Pill had managed to produce magnificent lettuce and string beans, but the radishes which my brother had confidently planted refused to grow any larger than small dry peas. He could not understand this bewildering phenomenon at all, although Pill timidly suggested that perhaps it was due to the fact that my brother had watered the radishes before the sun had gone down, which was usually a bad thing. My brother said anyway he didn't like radishes.

When it was very hot they just sat out on the porch talking about things, and wherever we were in the house we could hear the soft, absorbed murmur of their voices. They talked in the evenings, too, standing irresolutely together in the yard, mere shadows in the swiftly shifting, ghostly dusk, trying to decide what to do until nine o'clock, when they both had to go to bed.

One night we all got in the car and mother drove us out to the lake for a swim. Mother and I sat on the edge of the dock while my brother dived crookedly into the water and Pill held his nose and jumped in. Their almost naked figures, tense with excitement, looked thin, active and grotesque in the steady, pure light of the moon, and every time Pill's head slipped beneath the dark water mother and I stiffened a little, waiting for it to come up again; it seemed that the

(Continued on Page 115)

"The man who gets me will be lucky!"

"Mother says some women spend so much time on a house they don't have time to *live* in it.

"So she's teaching me a few easy housekeeping tricks—early!

"Like this quick shine-up stunt with O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish.

"Did you know that just *a few drops* on a cloth will clean and polish and *protect* your furniture against drying out? All at the same time?

"And you don't have to keep at it, either. One good O-Cedar polishing lasts for weeks and weeks.

"Between times, I use mother's *speed dusting* trick. A few drops of O-Cedar Polish on a clean cloth will pick up dust, and shine up a table top—quicker than you can say O-Cedar!

"Yep! The man who gets me will be lucky! But no luckier than lots of husbands are now. Because Mother says more wives use O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish than any other brand!"

Genuine O-Cedar
ALL-PURPOSE POLISH
CLEANS — POLISHES — PROTECTS

IF YOU PREFER A CREAM POLISH, say O-Cedar, too! Quick—easy—no rubbing—to make refrigerators, ranges, woodwork, all enamel, porcelain, and wood surfaces gleam! O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Can.

O-CEDAR—"THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

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Plenty of Room? This new Two-Temp certainly has it! The whopping big Freeze Chest easily holds 56 pounds of frozen foods and ice cubes . . . and freezes foods besides, if you wish! The well planned shelves store huge quantities of milk, staples and leftovers. Two giant Humidrawers keep vegetables superbly moist and crisp. At one time you can safely tuck away more than 170 pounds of typical foods in this new 7 cu. ft. TWO-TEMP Refrigerator. Enough to feed a family of four . . . more than 6 whole days. **This Sparkling New Two-Temp Refrigerator** is trimmed with the exciting new color . . . Apricream. It is one of a wonderful array of Westinghouse appliances now on their way to you. See them at your Westinghouse retailer's.

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(Continued from Page 113)

ght nd the water could so easily ex-
ngu him, and no one would ever know the
ffer ce, or ever discover his frail bones.
Af ward we stopped at a road stand and
he le boys enthusiastically consumed
vo t dogs and a bottle of orange pop
pie Pill looked up at my mother ra-
an and said, "I wish my mother would
y t sometimes." And then he looked
th sad because we were so different from
f ily.

W , it was like this; our life was like this.
e l been wandering all over the world,
e E never stayed, we had never settled.
re all of us restless and discontented
ad y brother was going to Russia before
v through, and to Alaska and Borneo,
eca e my father had said those things. My
ut had no home. Sometimes it was hard;
e d among phantoms for a year or two
nd en we broke away and the people
urn into dreams and we forgot to remem-
ar at their names were and where they
ve On summer nights, like this night,
ne we took my brother and Pill to the
ake sometimes recalled fragments of con-
er ions spoken softly against a summer
ar jutting out sharply from the faint,
bs e recesses of memory, and a feeling of
os gia would come over me, hearing
au er or the phrase of a song (the little
y sang "Off we go into the wild blue
or r" while they pulled heavy sweat shirts
we their sleek, wet heads) and realizing
oo oon the alive, vibrant quality of some-
m voice could become a ghost.

ere was always a restaurant where
ren e gave a farewell party for us, and we
ai e were sorry to leave,
an eft the next morning
eir a sorrow in our hearts
h never lasted. It was
ha of going away, like
pa ng the chinaware
al ully and wrapping the
pc s in newspapers. Sev-
er months later my
m er would say at break-
a "I must write Anne";
or really must let Susan
kn what our address
s but then she went out
d lay bridge with three women she had
ju met and she never wrote anybody.

y brother was the same way although
tl e was no telling what he thought. He
w inscrutable. Behind the charming, en-
ig atic mask of his indifference his mind
w dwelling upon something quite beyond
o comprehension. He was brilliant, every-
o said. He was inattentive at school, he
v ld not study, his marks were poor, but
h was brilliant. With great intensity his
r d continued to dwell upon something ex-
t ordinarily complicated and impassioned.
I on't think it was a great bridge he was
c ined to build, or an epic poem; I think it
v the world, its size, its shape, the rivers
r ning through it, and the great spaces of
t sea. He would break the frail barriers of
childhood methodically, one by one, until
was free and alone in the world.

the meanwhile, he devoted himself to
er triumphs. He was always generous; if
was not polite to Pill, he at least shared
erything he had with him. He never once
andoned Pill for the society of boys who
re in the fifth grade instead of the third.
was loyal, as far as he went. All the rest
the summer and through the fall and the
nter Pill and my brother remained fast
ends. They were scarcely ever apart, and
this time my brother kept on telling Pill
out all the places we were going to in a
tle while.

It got to be a sort of game with them.
ey would be sitting in the kitchen having
pper and suddenly Pill would say:
"Will you go to S-South America?"
"Sure," my brother would reply. "We'll
to South America all right."

Pill would contemplate this seriously for
few moments and presently he would think
another country to ask my brother about.
hey would play the game for hours until
y mother would grow impatient with them
and ask them why didn't they listen to the radio or something.

We had been living in the town almost a year when the telegram finally came one rainy Saturday in April. Pill was staying at home because he had a little cough, and my brother had been standing by the window all morning, looking out at the desolate sweep of the hill. Finally he said, "There's a man coming up the walk," and my mother went to the door. The telegram was there. We were going away again because my father was coming in a week. He was going to fly, and my brother spent the rest of the day wondering what kind of airplane he would fly in. He knew a great deal about planes; his room was cluttered with mechanical magazines.

THE next morning Pill appeared at the kitchen door, having been equipped with a heavy coat, galoshes, a thick muffler and an oilskin cap for his brief trip across the yard in the rain. He knocked on the door and came in saying reproachfully, "Your milk is on the back porch. Your yesterday's milk." He was troubled by our negligent ways and he was very glad to help me carry in the four bottles of milk.

Then my brother came in with his hands in his pockets, whistling a little tune. "Hello," he said to Pill. "We're going away next week."

"Away?" inquired Pill with interest. "For how long?"

"Forever," replied my brother calmly.

Pill was stunned. It was very plain that, after all, he had not believed my brother's stories. He was accustomed to people who lived in one place all their lives. For a moment he stood in silence and then he repeated his usual question hopefully:

"But aren't you ever coming back *h-here?*"

"I guess not," said my brother.

Pill was so astonished that he was incapable of comment. He pondered a little and then he stammered, "Well, good-by."

"Good-by!" exclaimed my brother. "I'm not going this minute!"

"Aren't you?" said Pill desperately. He looked at us as if he expected us to disappear immediately. He was curiously disconcerted. "Well, that's too bad," he remarked, and blushed furiously. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and glanced at me. "I'll put those milk bottles into the icebox," he said finally.

We rolled up the Oriental rugs again right away, and put back the lace doilies and the awful pictures, and soon afterward we left. The night before we were to go my brother went over to Pill's for supper and returned carrying a long flat box. In the box were a blue necktie and a matching handkerchief.

"I'll wear them tomorrow, I guess," said my brother, looking very pleased, and he put the box carefully on his dresser.

We left early in the morning when everyone was asleep, but Pill came running out just as we were getting into the car. He shouted at us and ran so fast that he almost fell. But when he reached the car his urgency left him. His face was pained and distressed because his speech was so inadequate. He twisted his hands and blushed and finally managed to say:

"M-maybe I'll see you again s-someday."

"Maybe," said my brother carelessly.

"I'll write you a letter if you'll tell me where to send it when you g-get there."

"All right," said my brother.

We drove away. Through the window we could see Pill going toward his house. He turned and waved and we all waved in return and mother said:

"He's a nice little boy."

"We take Highway Number One as far as Washington," said my brother, industriously consulting the map, "and then ——"

We went down the hill and turned the corner and after that we couldn't see Pill any more.

THE END

Never neglect your fireplace. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon it. What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room.

—SIDNEY SMITH: From Table Talk From Ben Jonson to Leigh Hunt. Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

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that protects and beautifies....

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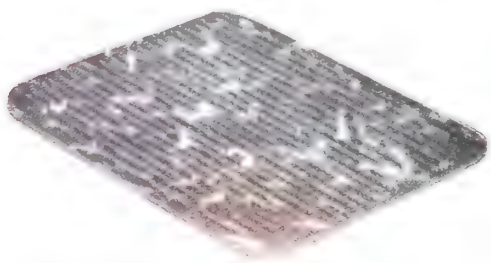
I am the RUBBERMAID [illegible] I'm permanently sanitary. Bumps, knocks and boiling water can't damage me



I am the RUBBERMAID [illegible] I protect your dishes and sink top, too, and reduce kitchen clatter. My ribbed edges guide drainage down to the drain. I am also made as a Sink Mat to fit the bottom of the bowl.

I am the RUBBERMAID DUST PAN —My slip-proof feet keep me at the correct angle so there is no need to stoop and hold me while sweeping. I protect floors and do my work quietly.

I am the RUBBERMAID Vacuum-Cup BATH MAT—I reduce bath tub accidents and am bright and sanitary. My companion, the Rubbermaid Floor Mat, lies flat and secure—brings foot comfort to hard floors. She is thrifty—preventing worn spots at busy floor areas.

I am the RUBBERMAID PROTECTOR PAD Used between the clamps of meat grinders and other attachments, I save table tops. I never slip, twist or turn.

I am the RUBBERMAID TOILET [illegible] I provide a neat, safe place for toiletries. I'm colorful, and colorfast. I fit on any size or style of toilet tank.

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Kitchen in a Closet

BY GLADYS TABER

PHOTOS BY STUART STEPHENSON

Once a dimly lit closet with little in it but a shelf, this efficient little 3′ x 5′ kitchen makes getting their own and company meals possible and pleasurable for the busy bride with a 9-to-5 job.

I SOMETIMES think the happiest June bride is the girl who makes home out of an ordinary little walk-up apartment or a cold-water flat or a remodeled attic in a small town. For this is the time for adventure, the time when economizing is painless and gay, for you are not poor at all, you are richer than anyone else in the world.

The lucky bride these days settles for a studio apartment in a remodeled house. There might be a living room and a bedroom, and a bathroom with a high narrow tub. Then there would be a hole in the wall—a closet for a kitchen—lavishly equipped with a one-burner plate and a too small and leaky icebox. The only water, of course, is in the bathroom. And there is no place to set anything except on the floor.

For the June bride in such an apartment, the JOURNAL undertook to see just what could be done to make a space 39″ wide, 60″ from front to back, with a door to the hall into the bathroom on the right wall, into a really adequate kitchen.

After considerable study of ways and means, it was decided that since both members of this household were working, some investment in temporary improvement would pay dividends in money saved by eating at

Treated as a window, the whole kitchen is screened when not in use—or when the dishes aren't done.

"Excuse me...may I borrow your 'Scotch' Tape?"

SLICK TRICKS
with "SCOTCH" TAPE

SEAL BIRTHDAY GIFTS and party prizes with "Scotch" Tape. It's quicker, easier and it makes a neater package.

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home, as well as conserving the young housekeeper's time and energy. Since the closet was next to the bathroom, it was neither too difficult nor too expensive to bring in hot and cold water and drain connections for a sink. That decision having been made, the bliss of having a sink instead of carrying dishes into the bathroom to be washed on a board over the bathtub, as well as not having to run into the bathroom to wash vegetables or to get water to cook with, made life seem full of promise.

The next question was what kind of sink, and was there any way they could have a real refrigerator? When you have to keep a chunk of ice in the tub for cool things in the summer, it means you really struggle. You and that fifty pounds of ice cannot use the tub at the same time, and every time you lift it out, it leaks all over the floor and melts at an alarming rate. No refrigerator small enough to fit the space was yet being made, but a cabinet combination of sink and refrigerator was in production for new apartment-house construction. A friendly manufacturer was persuaded to sell one of these to this young couple. Again the purchase seemed justified, as the prospects of their finding a place for some time where such equipment wouldn't be needed seemed slim. Undoubtedly other young couples would eventually be glad to buy it, and the price, for the convenience provided, seemed reasonable.

A wedding check that was to buy a very special radio-phonograph was used for the sink-refrigerator cabinet instead. Records are now played with great zest on a windup job, and the same small radio which went to college with the bride still serves them well.

A SMALL range was found, with a grill, broiler and small portable oven, which would fit at the end of the drainboard of the sink. This range is easy to move around and performs wonders. It operates on 115 volts and has interlocking switches so you cannot overload the circuit even if you try to. If you try to turn both switches on high, one automatically turns to a lower heat. And for quick cooking, all the heat can be thrown into one unit. The little white oven is large enough for baking small pies and casseroles, or popovers for Sunday breakfast. Or it can be lifted off and the heat used for surface cooking. I fell so in love with the range that I could hardly resist running out for chops to grill or a tender young chicken to broil. The broiler pulls out with a handle like a drawer.

Carefully planned storage shelves were placed on all three walls—narrow ones for storage of spices and canned goods, and wide ones for pots, pans, plates and the electric toaster and other doubly welcome wedding presents. A file was built on the top shelf for cake and pie pans, cutting boards, muffin tins, and so on. It is a real luxury not to have these stacked down under something and have to stand on your head and unnest them all the time. The can opener, paper-towel rack and wax-paper holders were conveniently established by the sink. On the back of the bathroom door are plywood box shelves for cereals, cutlery and lightweight equipment such as pastry blender, egg beater and rolling pin. Room for a towel rack too. Not to waste a half inch of space, a linoleum-cove shelf was provided on the left wall l the refrigerator. This is big enough t mixing bowl for beating up scrambled to slice bacon on or spread sandwich not big enough to get in the way of frigerator door.

The use of gay clear color added touch to make this kitchen a charmin for the bride. Blue and coral pai shelf paper and edging seemed to a and spaciousness. Heavy dramatic would make the room cramped an overpowering. Light singing colors these enlarge the area and give gai freshness to it. With clean-cut stripe able cotton draperies and a Venetia the door to the kitchen is treated as window. The Venetian blind may be c to close the kitchen cupboard off th room or to conceal the space where th dishes are stacked.

A double pop-up toaster, a good waffle iron, a pressure saucepan and maker are extras from the bride's w presents. I like the idea of a coffee with its own stove so coffee can be m the living room.

All but delicate cakes and large ro turkeys, or meals for large numbers of are within the reach of this pir kitchen. And after all, when you l party you don't need a large roast or a at all. You have real Italian spaghett green salad and garlic French brea Jerry brings in those delicate little things from the baker's.

When dusk drops slowly over th in June, you can stand at your windo look down the narrow canyon of the now filled with violet light. A pushca goes by with cool dark lilacs, glossy leaves, bunches of delphinium. C skate precariously over the cracks walk. Slim girls in slacks walk thei up and down, and a thin eager boy canvas under his arm goes by.

Everything is ready in the blue-an kitchen in a closet. Bouillabaisse i mering gently on the little range. Hal says this was invented in Avignon it smells delicious in Greenwich V The salad, in a wooden bowl from th cent store, is crisp and cool. The blue with white soft Italian cheese and t crackers is ready. And here he comes, the street, walking fast, leaning forw little against the wind from the river.

"Hello, darling, supper is ready."

THE

"I don't think so, dear—he's probably got a head shaped like anyone else."

Never before utensils like these_with TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOMS!

THIS RIDGE MEANS TRIPLE-THICK BOTTOM

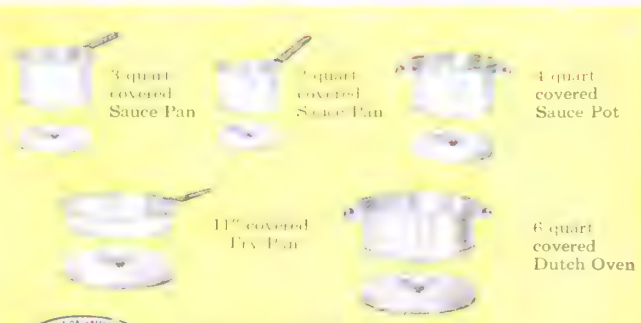
Only Reynolds Lifetime Aluminum Utensils give you this important improvement! Triple-thick bottoms cook better because they spread heat evenly. They last longer—are better balanced because the weight is where it should be.

NO HOT SPOTS TO CAUSE SCORCHING PERFECT FOR "WATERLESS" COOKING

. . . and a . . . finish.

RECESSED COVER KNOBS FOR EASY STACKING ON STOVE OR IN PANTRY

You can stack them with their covers on to keep foods warm—or to save pantry space. Never before have there been utensils with so many features good cooks want!


3 quart covered Sauce Pan
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4 quart covered Sauce Pot
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6 quart covered Dutch Oven

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LIFETIME GUARANTEE! If you are *in any way* dissatisfied with your Reynolds Lifetime Triple-Thick Bottom Utensils, send them back and they will be returned like new, or replaced—*without charge*. Reynolds Metals Company, Housewares Division, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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Easy to adjust to direction you want.

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Buy No. 100 for small packages, kites, crochet, general use. At leading

HOME-TIES

MR. ELY AND THE UNICORN

(Continued from Page 34)

He opened the screen door and took the envelope marked "Johnny" that was fastened to the screen with a hairpin. He stood there on the stones before the kitchen door and read the note in the waning light:

Darling Johnny: Do forgive, but Aunt Posy's broken her leg and succor from the heirs was indicated. Come in just the same and sleep it off. Icebox is full. Take in the milk Sun. A.M. Fire laid in east room. Make yourself at home. Thermostat set O.K. Wood in shed. Give the cat milk and pink salmon. Help self to anything in fruit cellar. Door is open—all honest up here. . . . Not sure you know you're coming. Tried to phone—no luck.

Love,
AGGIE AND SID.

It did not seem strange to him. It was all part and parcel of the dead day and his weariness.

He opened the kitchen door and it was pleasantly warm inside. Warm and almost dark. He reached up and pulled a cord with a little white horse off a whisky bottle tied to one end and the center light went on, revealing the big country kitchen with the blue-and-white linoleum tiles of the floor, the shelves with bright peasant dishes and the open cupboard where aluminum pots and frying pans hung. In the middle of the floor was a round deal table.

"I filled an inside straight," Mr. Ely said aloud. The last time here he and Cass had played poker with the Emersons and Ferdie Blythe around this table. The chairs were painted bright colors—turquoise, pink, yellow—old wooden chairs with rounded, worn arms and good stout underneath spindles to catch your heels over.

Something brushed against Mr. Ely's leg and he felt a shudder go over him, sending all his flesh into little hills. He looked down. He walked to the icebox, his hat and coat still on, took out a bottle of milk, lifted down one of the best saucers and filled it with milk. He didn't look for any pink salmon; it seemed to entail too much effort. The cat lapped up the milk in nothing flat. *You let them out after meals, I suppose,* Mr. Ely said and opened the kitchen door onto thick gray wet twilight. The cat streaked out with alacrity. *Ah-ha!* said Mr. Ely sardonically, as if he were foreseeing wild nocturnal adventures which a tame kitchen cat should have long since eschewed.

I think I'll go to bed, said Mr. Ely.

He went through the dining room with its corner cupboard displaying the blue-and-white spodeware, its sideboard covered with books and the manuscript of Sid's new play, then through the living room to the stairs.

East, Mr. Ely said. *How do I know which is east when the sun isn't coming up? Nor even going down?*

He opened a door and saw the big double bed in which he and Cass had once slept. Under a down puff that leaked feathers. They had sneezed and giggled all night through. No fireplace. Not east. *No sun shall e'er rise in thee, my pretty room,* said Mr. Ely. Oh-ho, the bathroom. Very clean and sanitary-looking—*and* a plug for the razor. No pioneering stuff about Aggie and Sid after all.

"But I don't think I brought a razor," he said aloud. "They shall wrap me round in my beard for a shroud."

He walked toward an open door at the end of the nall, and, *This must be east, for the fire is laid,* he thought. He went straight to the hearth and lit the crumpled paper beneath the logs. At once the flame shot up and made shadows and streaks of light in the big beamed room. *Let us have light,* said Mr. Ely, turning on a switch, standing there by one of *Aggie—very feudal,* he said. The beds were low and heavy with squat knobs of posts and covers of some hand-woven stuff, rust and white. There was a beamed ceiling, a framed coat of arms on parchment over the mantel and an ancient unticking clock at one end of the mantelshelf. *And time stood still,* said Mr. Ely. The walls were plastered and painted white. Between two windows—there were six in all—hung a tapestry reaching almost from ceiling to floor. Mr. Ely took off his hat, hung it on a bedpost, eyed it belligerently a moment as if the knob were a head that was about to talk back to him. It was after that moment that he looked up at the tapestry and at once a sudden despairing, wild gleam shone in his eyes.

"The old so-and-so has followed me here!" said Mr. Ely.

He reached for a little love of a rosewood chair that Aggie had put protectively in a corner, planted it without tenderness in front of the tapestry, sat down straddling the chair and facing its delicately carved back, and stared upward with the wild look still in his eyes. Sure enough, there was his mother-in-law to the life standing on the terrace of the castle, all dressed for her part in elegant, lady-of-the-manor clothes: square neck, tight bodice, black flowing sleeves and a long skirt of the same figured stuff as the bodice, only split down the front and banded with some embroidery to reveal an underskirt of black. And beside her there was Cass herself, only with her head turned away from her mother, as never, never was it in real life. She wasn't so elegant as mamma. She wore only a jeweled band across her page-boy bob instead of an ornate headdress. Her dress was black with a quite Dali-ish effect of pattern, and for some unknown reason she was wearing black mittens of the same cloth as her dress. *She's a-gathering holly while she may!* said Mr. Ely, entranced. For before her, planted smack over the things on the tapestry, was a henna pot containing a little holly tree, with berries as big as grapes but leaves only life-size.

If the ladies stepped off the terrace, as they seemed about to do, they would immediately be surrounded by all the flora and fauna of Ruritania congregated on a henna ground. Daffodils, iris, bluebells, cowslips, anemones, dandelions, foxgloves and violets—and, sporting among them, two white rabbits and a long-tailed, big-footed, extraordinarily lean dog.

All trained down for the dog races, said Mr. Ely.

Below the henna ground a curved band of white enclosed the domain of the feudal ladies, and under this band there were eight or ten inches where more flowers grew on ground of faded gray, while in the corner at the left stood a stork with one foot lifted. No, not a stork—too long a bill for that—perhaps a heron. At the right, a bird as big, but that looked like a starling.

Amazing! Mr. Ely said.

Above the castle were more flowers or the green stuff of trees, and planted among them another white rabbit and three dogs in varying degrees of emaciation. Heraldic banners swirled among the trees. Then, as if his eyes had willed themselves not to take in the gems of the whole piece till the very last, Mr. Ely's gaze fastened upon the lion and the unicorn. The lion, not very fierce, sat upright on the greensward, or hennasward, behind Cass' mother. He wore a black-and-white collar, his mane was very tidy and his tongue was out. Around his feet, his tail with its ornate tuft made a decorative swirl. *There's a claw in*

A homeowner, wearing his oldest clothes, was mowing his lawn when a woman in a ritzy car stopped and asked him, "What do you get for mowing lawns?"

"The lady who lives here lets me live with her," replied the homeowner, and the lady in the car, without comment, drove away.

—GORDON GAMMACK:
In Des Moines Tribune.

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"Speaking generally," the unicorn said indulgently. "Mr. Ely is a publisher of books and I am sure he understands me."

"The whole duty of man," the lion said in a rather tired British accent, "is to devour or be devoured."

"Good heavens, you're an Oxford man!"

"Certainly!" the lion said languidly.

"Ah, yes the wisdom of the old school tie!" the unicorn said and one lid drooped in an unmistakable wink at Mr. Ely. "But we were speaking of the imperialism of the mind."

"You seem quite happy in an English meadow," the lion answered truculently.

"Happy? One who has known the asphodel, the myrtle and the rose, cannot be happy with the cowslip and the daffodil. One who has known the snow in the Persian hills cannot be happy with the fog. One who has known the shepherd's flute in the mountains above Fars cannot be happy with the yapping of starlings. But we were not speaking of happiness. To see—to see into—not as in a mirror, but through, into the great secret, that is all."

"Excuse me," the rabbit said timidly. "Aren't the asphodel and the daffodil the same thing? Of course, I might be mistaken." No one answered her.

"Generalize—generalize," said the starling. "As if Mr. Ely cared about such things! He is talking about a certain *look* that his mother-in-law gives him—a look we know very well and which ought to be forbidden by law. It is demoralizing and it is quite plain that it has demoralized Mr. Ely. He looks as if he had been flying all day on one wing. It takes a strong character to give look for look, and Mr. Ely is not a strong character. If he were he would have poisoned the old harridan years ago."

"There is no clarity of vision gained by violence," the unicorn said.

"Demned satisfying, all the same, what?" the lion put in.

"Indeed, yes," Mr. Ely said. "I would like to take her to the top turret and drop her off!"

"It is plain," the unicorn said, "that you are more childish than when you were young, Mr. Ely."

"He's young enough for all practical purposes," the starling interrupted. "The thing to do is to put this young thing with a mother out of his mind and find an orphan somewhere to give his attention to. It is always well to check on relatives before embarking on a marriage. There are plenty of women, and I am sure you are not a one-woman man, Mr. Ely. You have the look of one who has often strayed far afield. And do not mistake me, I am not criticizing. Do not put all your eggs in one nest, I have always said. One female is much like another. It is when they have grown to middle age that they develop unpleasant tendencies, nagging and pushing and all that."

"Unfortunately, I am a one-woman man," Mr. Ely said.

Yes, you're right, Mr. Ely said despairingly to himself. *It would have been better if I had not been. If I could have had some feeling for that pretty little thing in the publicity section. She was willing enough. Or Laura Demming. Whose poetry is as good as we've got now. But who isn't Cass. Nobody is Cass but Cass. Ever since that day on the boat* ——

"You ought to have known better," said the starling irritatedly. "Ship romances never pan out."

"It was the Staten Island ferryboat," Mr. Ely said coldly.

"The smaller the boat, the smaller the romance," the starling said.

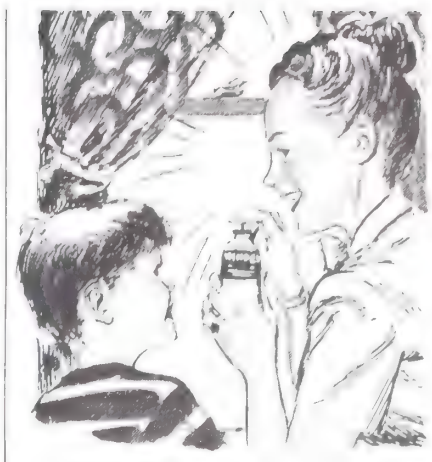
It was big enough for me, Mr. Ely said to himself. *All alone she stood there in the fog and I bumped into her and she looked up at me and laughed. And she never told me she had a leech of a mother who thought I ought to make a good deal of money and never have time to laugh or think or love. She never told me that at all.*

"And you wouldn't have heard her if she had," the starling said angrily.

"No, probably not," Mr. Ely admitted. Then, startled: "Hey, I didn't say anything."

(Continued on Page 125)

Jimmy's pictures on the window
Showed artistic leaning.



Mom admired his art, and WINDEX
Quickly did the cleaning!

Dad, while shaving, couldn't see,
And so he nicked his chin.

WINDEX on the bathroom mirror
Really saved his skin!

Sally's very careful of
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Spray it on, and wipe it off—
WINDEX is a dream!

Cleans your glass so easily,
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WINDEX is a must for house cleaning. No dust with WINDEX! No streaking, no film. Insist on WINDEX every time. Don't trust cheap substitutes.

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Goes on without water . . . and stays!

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No wonder Angel Face has been such an instant success! It's easier to apply—goes on without water! Just smooth it on with its own soft puffet. You'll love its glamour-toned mat finish, softer than cake make-up—and *not drying!*

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You've never known anything quite like Angel Face. There's a smoothing "cling" ingredient pressure-blended right into it! It's this pressure-fused "cling" that makes your Angel Face go on so evenly and *stay on* so angelically!

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Special extra reason why everyone loves Angel Face—it's a marvelous traveler! Doesn't spill in your handbag. Won't "snow" over your dark clothes. Carry your handsome Angel Face case with you wherever you go. Be ready *always* to give yourself a fresh make-up . . . smooth, flattering, lasting!

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"I *adore* this new make-up of Pond's! It gives such a smooth lovely look to the skin and *clings* beautifully without being drying or masky. And no fussing about with water and a damp sponge. My handbag always has an Angel Face in it!"

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"Pond's new Angel Face seems to combine the best features of all the make-ups I've tried. It gives a smooth, mat finish in a heavenly color . . . requires no water . . . and *stays on!*"

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Angel Face has its own downy-soft puffet.

5 angel-sweet shades.

At better beauty counters everywhere—
89¢, plus tax

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ontinued from Page 124

transparent," the starling said

radox of the clearer vision when
ded by love," the unicorn said.
outside had thinned, and beyond
w Mr. Ely could see the branches
ig-willow tree whipped by a wind.
ted more authentically a lion's
the tidy golden mane of the lion
estry. "Eight years ago last spring
that tree with my own hands," Ag-
He couldn't see the top of it from
w. *I've never planted so much as a*
plant, said Mr. Ely. *All I ever*
as my love, and it's shriveled away
It was going to grow to the mountains
n and it died. And I died. And if it
ed the mountains of the moon they
e been dead too. "The clearer vi-
did seem clearer then, true. Every-
possible. Gold was pure and the
ght forth fruit and a publisher was
able man who added something to
. And what it had come to was that
a strange bed and talked to a uni-
couldn't even think in a straight
more. All had blurred to a fantasy,
ost fantastic fantasy. *Redundant,*
Ely.

etting cold," Mr. Ely said. What
it made when he was snug in bed,
t know. He
from under
ets and went
the brass
ook two logs
them on the
akes three logs
a fire, Cass
wo's enough,
ered coldly.
. . . *Two.*
rned around
Something
whispered,
"behind him,
eadingly. The
bbit was look-
at him be-
dly.
," the heron

aid," the rab-
timidly. "A
nice when
afraid."
erican," the
aid. "Central
and a fire. No
a."

at stamina?" Mr. Ely said crossly.
kind that endures letting a slavey
a bucket of coal up three flights of
"

awled back into bed. The fire caught,
up. Outside the wind was making a
ng sound like November. *Well, it is*
ber, said Mr. Ely. In November they
a this country house in Kent. "Go over
ck up a few English books," Mr. Knoll
id to him. "Cass is too thin. It will do
od." The shadow of Bertha had fallen
em way back then. He had thought
ould run away to England and escape
My teeth sound like castanets." Cass
"If I pulled that ribbon thing do you
a fire would materialize? Or would that
hem off you as a virile publisher?" He
the ribbon and out of thin air came a
little maid with a frill of white across
air. "Would it be too much trouble for
have a little fire?" Mr. Ely said. "Not
, sir. At once, sir," the frill said. And
ne called Algie brought sticks and a
t of coal and built a fire, and fanned it
ife, and went away saying, "Will that
, sir? 'K you, sir." "What's he thanking
for? Letting him wait on you in the
le of the night?" Cass said. "That de-
es me, darling. It really does, you know...
't think I want you to publish Lady So-
so's memoirs." "I've more or less com-
ed myself." "Well, uncommit," said
. She was wearing her hair in pigtails over
shoulders. She had on a gray satin bed
et. "I wish I'd brought my winter under-

wear to sleep in," she said. "I'll keep you warm," said Mr. Ely.

"I published the thing," Mr. Ely said.

"Well, why not?" the starling said. "Tosh, but everybody liked it. Very racy bits about the *haute monde.* After all, that's what people like to read. How the other half lives—only nobody wants to know what's going on in the slums; it's the *other* half that gives you a lift. Books are meant to give you a cozy half hour when there isn't anybody to talk to, and what's more cozy than hearing how Lady Thingumbob said so-and-so to Lord Thingamajig? If people think they're giving anybody comfort by writing about Capital and Labor or Politics or any of that stuff, they're mistaken. Look at your friend, Aggie Emerson—thinks she's so tough and all that—likes a lady on her bedroom wall as well as the next one. We're all snobs at heart, every last one of us, and what's so shameful about that? Your Cass is a fool with ideals—she *liked* the fire all right, didn't she?"

"She's not a fool. She wouldn't have published it. She said, 'Johnny, let's go home,' and we went home."

"A woman's vapors," the lion said.

"The rains fall and the sun comes up a thousand times, and the snows keep warm through winter fallowness before the branches reach the mountains of the moon," the unicorn said in his voice like the wind.

"The roots must have got winter-killed," Mr. Ely said.

"'For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.'"

"Stealing from the Bible, just about what I'd expect from a pagan like you," the starling said impudently.

Get yourself in hand, Mr. Ely said to himself. *This sort of thing is dangerous. You've gone completely off your nut. You've let your subconscious run away with you, and that is insanity. And don't fool yourself because everything seems so clear. You've just gone clean over the border, that's what you've done, and when Aggie and Sid get back they'll lock you in here and put bars on the windows and send for somebody who can certify you. They'll send for Cass and she will say, "Yes, he's been queer for a long time now." And she won't look at you, she'll look at Bertha and Bertha will be right there at her elbow and Bertha will say, "That's putting it mildly, my dear." "All right, take him away," they'll say. But suppose then you go amuck and get your hands on Bertha's long proud neck and squeeze and squeeze and squeeze? Then what price bars and baths and shocks? Cheap at half the price. You're dead right, Leo, nothing but violence will satisfy sometimes. This is the time. . . . I'm balmy, completely balmy.*

"Dig deeper than that," the unicorn said. "Blood on the hands is only the symbol of a deeper guilt."

"Just so you don't go talking about the 'blood of the lamb,'" the starling said.

"Ancient as time is the sacrifice of the lamb," said the unicorn. "Out of eternity you Christians took that symbol."

"I am not guilty," Mr. Ely said.

"Oh?" said the unicorn.

"It was justifiable homicide," said Mr. Ely. "Besides, it only took place in my mind."

"Where else should it take place?" the unicorn said. "Let us get to the top of the mountain and see the valley whole."

"You said to dig deeper. You can't have it both ways," Mr. Ely said.

"One must dig through the whole mountain," the unicorn said with dignity.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Desolation

BY BETTE RICHART

Not for this was the bough
blooming,
The fruit ripened, the tree shaken.

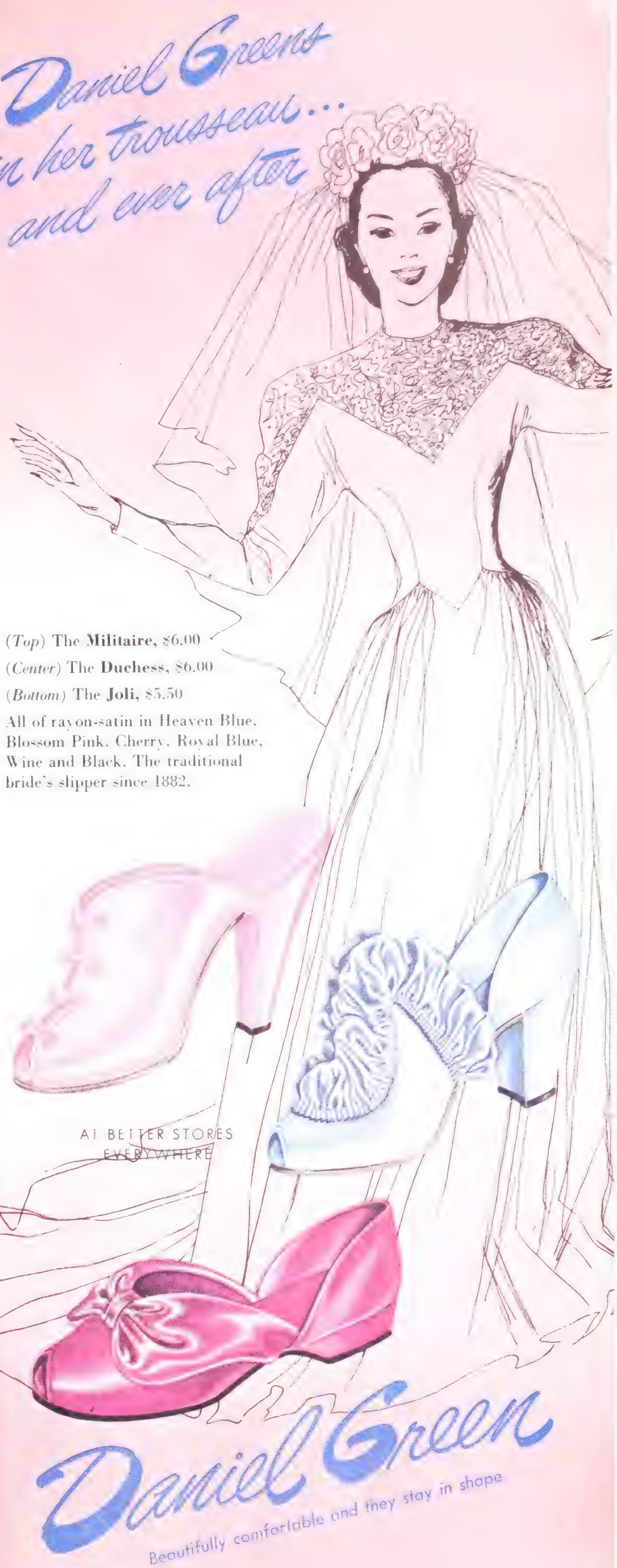
Not for this, from the dream
looming,
Did I start and awaken.

Not for this was the body bared,
And the song given—

Not for this was the wild thing
snared,
And the heart riven.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Daniel Green in her trousseau... and ever after



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this woman whose years are hidden behind a smooth, softly glowing complexion? You...if you have discovered how DuBarry Special Skin Cream—with its soothing, smoothing richness—helps maintain the fine texture of dewy young skin...gently eases out dry-skin tautness, the crepy throat lines. *Prove it to yourself,* as have thousands of DuBarry Success School* pupils...use DuBarry Special Skin Cream every day, and let its luxurious emollients give your skin that supple freshness that makes men whisper, "Who Is She?"

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"I'm too tired," Mr. Ely said. "I couldn't hold a shovel. Besides, I plead 'Not guilty.' . . . There's nothing Freudian to dig for. I loved a woman and she stopped loving me and that's all there is to it. That's the beginning and the end."

"What did you do—two-time her?" asked the starling interestedly. "You *said* you'd been faithful, but I suppose that was just one of those things men say."

"No, I never two-timed Cass," Mr. Ely said, and as he said it such hopelessness went through him as to make his very bones weak.

"I don't mind Freud," the starling said. "Silly, but you get into some interesting sex stuff. We used to have a cook in the castle before the war and she was as good as Freud any day. Couldn't dream about anything she didn't come right up with the meaning. . . . The trouble with Freud is that he thinks you haven't anything to do but tell dreams from the time you're in the nest. Or that you don't do anything *but* dream from the time you're a fledgling. How does he think you get any nests built or raise a family or get any worms? It's silly. Still, when you haven't anything better to do, it's fun to have a cozy chat about when you were in pinfeathers—or in diapers, I suppose you would say. Tell us about when you were a little boy, Mr. Ely."

"The moon is coming up," the unicorn said.

And there the moon was, pure and cold on the autumn horizon, and there were the branches of the weeping-willow tree whipping, whipping in the November wind. And the lean, lean dog rose up at his mistress' feet and bayed at the moon, bayed with a long, melancholy persistence. It was like the sound of a train in the lonely countryside and made homesickness sweep through you in a tide, made you know that man is all alone, all alone, all alone forever and ever and ever. And boyhood was near because you had known that once when you were a boy. You came down from the barn with old Miles after milking and you carried the lantern and old Miles carried a pail in either hand. And it was cold and there was snow on the grass because you had come for Christmas. And far off down the valley whistled the night train. Your grandmother opened the kitchen door and there was light all around her. She was warm and the kitchen would be warm, but you were a long way from the door and the warmth and the lantern made only a little path through the darkness of the barn road and the sound of the train went through you and through all your world, lonely as dying.

The baying died away and the dog lay down again at his mistress' feet and was still.

"When I was a boy ——" Mr. Ely began.

III

The house on 64th Street was four stories high. On the ground floor were the kitchen, the pantries and the washroom. The boy almost never saw the kitchen. On the next floor were the dining room, a small serving room into which the dumb-waiter came, and what was known as "the sewing room," though no sewing was ever done in it. On the third floor was the drawing room, a room of great elegance. Above that were the bedrooms. An up-and-down house.

Miss Sophronia and Miss Maria Ely fitted their house. They were rather tall, thin, elderly women, handsome, but with no blood under their tight-drawn skins. They both had thin, elegant noses, made for looking down toward a less sensitive world. They both wore glasses with gold chains. For the most part they wore finely tailored suits and good unornamented blouses. They leaned toward the theosophists, were worldly without ever being of the world, proud, inbred. They owned the house and had an infinitesimal income after the taxes were paid. On this income they lived like ladies, hiding their economies even from each other, but neither would have ever touched a penny of the sum left in their hands for the education of their grandnephew, John Thackeray Ely.

They were the last people in the world who should have been given charge of a child. In

Blue Swan
Give three cheers and three cheers more
For the Blue Swan undies we all adore.
So tailored, so stylish—real comfort to wear...
They cling to your figure as though they're not there.

, they should never have been in a boy like John Thackeray Ely. d like an Ely all right. He had the face, the delicate bones. He was and imaginative to a degree, how- l, unfortunately—or so it seemed to spinsters—he had had a mother as father. His mother had had blood r brown skin. She had been a well h and laughter. She had been raised n and she knew that life was not a of teacups and transcendentalism. he'd first seen that tiny midget Ely s her son, she had laughed and The nurse had been alarmed. Such nirth was not seemly or sane.

, what is it, Mrs. Ely?" she'd "He's a fine baby—very small, but What is the trouble?"

funny—don't you see it's funny?" y said. "The triumph of mind over "

nurse didn't see and she continued to Mrs. Ely a very queer one indeed. ll Ely had always thought it very that she should produced any- o little, so very an Ely, for she ever considered e wouldn't have m, bouncing boy he hearty warm oys from whom ad sprung. She t known she t her own line or and dominant saw it wasn't.

she had suckled a frail little Ely. ad warmed him er laughter. She ade him laugh. oved him with me bigness with she loved his . and that was all the love she He never knew he oint-size, delicate, e was six, so big is mother make so big and excit- lid she make his 1. His thin and dy father was won- l to him, a special on for whom he ed at night and nd whom the house lved. It wasn't the e on 64th Street, a little brick house e Village. A great y people came to that house, people who hed and made music and ate heartily of Ely's baked beans and apple pie. But e were often nights when nobody came, on those nights it was best of all, for his er would tell him stories, stories of the t fantastic delight that he made up as he t along, or his mother would sing to him of the funny old yellow book that she had ught, she said, "from the farm." Every e he came on anything special in the se his mother would laugh and say, "Oh, rought that from the farm!" There were ny of these "special" things. There was apple stuck full of cloves. There was a set iron gem pans that made gems different m all others. There was a little emery bag aped like a strawberry into which you ck needles to make them shiny and sharp. ere was a set of jackstraws in a cylindri- box with fascinating carvings all over "I got that on the Christmas tree at e church when I was eight years old," his other said. "'Nell Barnaby!' they called t, and I couldn't imagine what it was. It as the best present I ever had, better than doll, better than an orange, better even an the necklace with the locket that Bessie eters got!"

AND then when John Thackeray Ely was x it was all over, the laughter, the songs, he picking up jackstraws from the kitchen table, the eating of crusty graham gems. He woke up one morning and there was no sound in the kitchen, no sound anywhere, though it was full day and the sun was shining. He lay there a long time, but there was no sound at all and he began to be afraid, though he was not often fearful, having no need for fear.

At last he crept out of bed and down the hall toward the bathroom, walking very lightly for what reason he did not know. Then he heard his mother whisper "Johnny!" from her bedroom and the fear thickened in his throat. He went to the bedroom door and saw his father and mother lying in the big double bed, and both of them looked queer.

"DON'T come in, Johnny," his mother whispered. "Get your clothes on, darling. Go next door and ask them to call the doctor. Stay over there—don't come in, Johnny."

He seemed to have trouble with buttons. But he got himself dressed and went downstairs. He went out and everything outside was sunny and cold and there was snow along the top of the iron railing and he went next door and said, "Will you call a doctor? My mother says will you, please?"

And that was all. All. He stayed in that house for five days and then he went to live with the old aunts on 64th Street. He never knew the steel wills that had accomplished this, nor that it was against every wish his mother could have had for him; that his mother had died thinking that at least Johnny would be safe and happy on the farm. But the Ely girls had enormous pride of family and they had been shocked by the marriage of their nephew to that noisy, lusty creature Nell Barnaby. It loomed as their duty to keep the last of the Elys pure Ely, and they took that little boy who had been loved and took him away to that tall stone house and did their duty by him. They were, if the truth were told—which it was not—glad that Nell Barnaby had had sense enough to die with her husband. It simplified things.

"He's very delicate," the sisters were wont to say to all and sundry.

He'd never known he was delicate when he'd lived in the brick house. He'd had beef broth and eggs and all the things to make him sturdy, and they had been good and just part of the days and the games he played with his mother. Now that he knew he was delicate, his stomach turned upside down at the thought of eggs and he could hardly ever finish a meal. He'd worn what he was supposed to wear at home, never questioning scarfs and overshoes. Now, when there were interminable discussions about the state of the weather, about whether or not a sweater was necessary, he grew not to want to go out at all. He went to an old-fashioned private school run by a Miss Haddock, a kindly enough old snob who had come down in the world but who pretended she hadn't. She also was a theosophist and came once a month or so to have tea with the Ely sisters in the drawing room.

If anyone said, "But what charming manners he has!"—and people often did say it—Sophronia would frown slightly, as if to say, "But naturally! He is an Ely!" She and Maria set out at once to eradicate every trace of Nell's heartiness from the boy. He was not what you'd call hearty, anyway, but he had a little streak of gaiety, a sense of humor that had more Barnaby than Ely in it,

THE "MOTHER LOVE" INSTINCT IN WILD MICE

In studying wild creatures, one often marvels at the fierce display of attachment for its young ones that prompts even the tiniest creature to rush to their defense.

One summer day I picked up a cinder building block, lying in the tall grass of a long-abandoned farmyard in upstate New York, and discovered the home of a field mouse. There were six tiny, hairless young ones in the rounded grass nest, their eyes not yet opened. As I picked up three of the short-tailed, velvety creatures and held them cupped in my hand near the ground, one of them gave a scarcely audible squeaking cry. At the young one's call, one of the parent mice, probably the mother, suddenly appeared from a thick clump of grass. Without hesitating, she rushed fearlessly to my hand, seized one of the baby mice, and ran off with it. A few moments later she returned, grasped the second one and disappeared. I held my hand motionless, expecting her to return, which she soon did, making off with the third one. Then she carried the remaining three youngsters away from the nest one by one. After the last trip, I saw her no more, nor did I follow her for fear of further frightening the tiny creature which I had already disturbed so rudely by disrupting her home.—JOHN K. TERRES.

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and this the sisters felt unseemly and did their best to dampen. Every day he joined in the rites of tea. In his own cup was only warm milk with a teaspoonful or so of tea to lend illusion, but he learned to pass cups, he learned to hold the fragile, transparent porcelain gracefully. He learned to stand up when a lady entered. He learned to say "No sir," and "Yes, Miss Haddock." And since he was about a size four when he was six, this was all considered charming and precocious. And he fitted the Ely girls' drawing room to perfection. They went in for miniature objects. Frail little Dresden vases and figures, spindly, beautifully carved furniture covered with light and easily smudged fabrics. The room might be looked at approvingly over a precious teacup, but it was not meant to be lived in.

And there were no jolly meals on the kitchen table in the basement. All meals were served formally in the dining room, though the Ely sisters prepared them themselves. They went in for casserole dishes because they kept hot best on the journey up in the dumb-waiter, and there were always salads, because they used up things and made a showing on the table. Dishes were more important than food, and the dishes were always of the best. The everyday set was Limoges and the glassware was long-stemmed crystal, the silver heavy with an ornate straight *E* on the handles. For dessert there always had a scanty serving of fruit or two sardines and cheese. Occasionally there was a dish of junket pudding for Johnny.

That it took an enormous effort to maintain this dignity was not realized by the little boy of course. That all the fine dishes had to be washed with great care, that all the fussy figurines had to be dusted, that the many silver pieces had to be polished, that the linens had to be washed and ironed—these

The sisters considered "help" when Johnny came to them, but they decided against it. Without ever saying so, they agreed that it was up to them to be elegant by themselves, without getting any domestic in on their little economies. No, they decided, they could manage by themselves. But they were not young and the effort they had to make was considerable. Nevertheless, they were sustained by the consciousness of doing their duty and by the reward of having such a satisfactory little boy to exhibit to their friends. Even his frailty was a source of satisfaction to them. It seemed to them somehow a matter of fine breeding that he should be so small and so hard to feed.

He was so lonely those first months with his great-aunts that it is a wonder he did not die of it. He wondered constantly about his mother and father. That they had gone to join "the great Oneness" was no comfort to him at all. He thought for a long time that they would come back from the great Oneness and get him and he was all waiting for a period of months. There was never a walk home from school, always beside one of the tall aunts, that he did not have a hope that when he got up the two flights of stairs his mother would be sitting in one of the carved chairs in the drawing room. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and Johnny's heart was truly sick that year. In the spring he was so white that the sisters, after much consultation as to whether a doctor was necessary, gave him a tonic, very bitter.

During the summer they sometimes took him to the park to play. They took turns taking him, sitting stiffly on a bench, feeling somewhat annoyed that he did not occupy himself more childishly. But there was no one to play with and he took to dragging a book along and curling up somewhere under a tree and reading the afternoons away. Once a boy did say to him, "Want to sail my boat?" and he went with the boy, suddenly excited and happy, but Aunt Maria called to him at once "John!" and that was the end of that. "You never know who these children are," she explained. "He might have measles or whooping cough—you never know."

Of course there were other children in Miss Haddock's school, but they didn't like

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uch. He was so little, for one thing; ch good manners, for another. He nart for his size and Miss Haddock n her pet. But perhaps what held s off more than anything was that l like an Ely. He had a certain periority that came from the shape nes, from the line of his small nose, rtain knowledgeableness in his eyes. he's smart!" would be their ver- t. He didn't think that. He was at he was terribly lonely.

when it came around Christmastime mething happened. The aunts had rom Grandma Barnaby. She asked let Johnny spend Christmas with

ut of the question!" Sophronia said. etely out of the question! You know l those places are—John could never And you know what kind of people —we've taken a good deal of pains n and I don't propose to see all our oing for nothing."

Maria was not so firm. "Perhaps we o let him go," she said. "It would for a few days and they will come him. I don't know how you feel, but s if I'd like a quiet Christmas. I can't rrying about where we'll put the tree. a child ought to tree, but the g-room carpet is cate and might otted and there sn't room in the room. We're go- have to get ings—and you how expensive re. I do think t Christmas by ves might be a f relief."

vas the thought re to put a tree vas the deciding , that and the the same, though eir friends they t as a matter of e justice.

ey packed all the clothes he had, ped two books and ducational puzzle n Christmas wrap- and tucked them r his underwear in uitcase, gave him admonitions on vior and then Grandpa Barnaby came im in an old car. The sisters had ex- ed the journey to be made by train, and were immediately apprehensive.

Now don't fuss," Mr. Barnaby said rfully. "I've got a good warm blanket we're not going to the North Pole. The 's not made of china. We'll get on fine, 't we, young man?"

Yes, sir," Johnny said.

Ir. Barnaby's bushy brows went up norously at that politeness, but he just ned and said, "This the luggage? Then s get going, shall we? Your grandma's king great plans for supper!"

E hope he won't be allowed too much avy food," Sophronia said stiffly. "He's used to it and it upsets him. Just simple ngs, please."

'Well, Miss Ely, we've all got along all ht on my wife's cooking so far. I don't nk it's going to hurt the boy."

After they had gone Sophronia fussed ound the room nervously for some time. en said, "We shouldn't have let him go. e's not made of the same stuff they are. ney'll give him all sorts of indigestible food d he'll come back sick."

They were both feeling a little guilty be- use of the real reason they had had for lowing the trip, but they never said so.

They needn't have felt guilty. For the rst time in almost a year young John Thack- ay Ely was happy. Though it was a cold and ustery day, he felt flowing into him again e warmth he had known in the little brick house. There was something about the big man with mittened hands on the wheel of the old car that was all warmth. The red big face, the bushy brows, the friendly grin—all were warm. Johnny wanted to cry for happiness -he hadn't known how cold he had been all these months.

"Sir, will we have a tree?" he managed to say at last.

"'Gramp' will do, son," Mr. Barnaby said. "And we certainly will have a tree. There's one up on the hill I've been saving, and I thought we could go up there tomorrow and cut it. Ever cut a tree?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, we'll see what kind of a woodsman you are. All the Barnabys have had a knack with trees."

"Am I a Barnaby?"

"Sure are-- half one."

Then they didn't talk much, just drove through the wintry countryside, getting farther and farther from New York. It was dark when they got to the farm, drove up to the back door and got out.

"Well, here we are, son," Grandpa Barnaby said.

Then the door opened and, with the warm light of the kitchen all around her, there stood grandma, plump, merry-faced, with a big apron on over a blue dress. If her eyes on him were for an instant sad, there was nothing sad about the way she hugged and kissed him, drew him into the big kitchen, urged him out of his things and said, "Now hurry up, Will—we're going to have dumplings and I'm putting them in right this minute!"

They ate in the kitchen. The Ely sisters would have been shocked if they had seen the number of dumplings Johnny stowed away.

"I feel full," he said at last.

Grandma Barnaby laughed heartily. "Now that's funny!" she said. "I'll tell you—suppose you put the scraps on that plate in the corner for the dog, will you? I've got a few things to do around here and that would be a help."

After a while he was in a big bed in a room with a register that was nice to stand over.

Grandma came in and said, "Everything all comfy?" She bent over and kissed him.

He slept almost at once, not waiting for anything.

Pancakes and sausage and eggs and a tall glass of milk, maple sirup from a jug with roses on the side. A tramp up across a hilly field through the snow and into the woods pulling the sled. Gramp saying, "Right the first time! Yes, sir! Got the Barnaby knack all right. Now I'll take a swing and then you." Gramp's ax was bigger, but the hatchet was big enough, just right for him. They cut the tree down, roped it onto the sled.

They set it up in the living room, where there was a big stove that you could see the fire in through the isinglass doors. Grandma Barnaby brought down from the attic some big pasteboard boxes filled with ornaments, the most beautiful things Johnny had ever seen. An angel with glittering wings, a swan, two birds of paradise, a balloon, stars and bells and balls, ropes of tinsel.

"I guess your gramp better fix the angel on top," grandma said, "but maybe you can manage the rest. That brown stool's good and sturdy you can stand on that for the high things. Your mamma always wanted the angel on the very top."

Johnny stood there very still by the tree, looking down at the rag carpet. Then he said, "Will my mother come for Christmas?"

When they are scarcely more than infants, our children begin to judge us. They judge us by the very principles that we inculcate. We must be serious without being tiresome: both firm and yielding: gentle, yet armed with authority: indulgent as well as just. We must be virtuous, which is not easy, or at any rate appear so, which is not easy either. Above all, we must be sure of ourselves: when our children ask advice on some point, we must give them a prompt answer, and it must be the right one! They must never be able to say: "Daddy was mistaken." It is essential that we should appear to them as at once exemplary and infallible. Everybody is not equal to the task. Yet paternity is a career that is imposed upon you one fine morning without any inquiry as to your fitness for it. That is why there are many fathers who have children, but very few children who have fathers.

—FRANCIS DE CROISSET:
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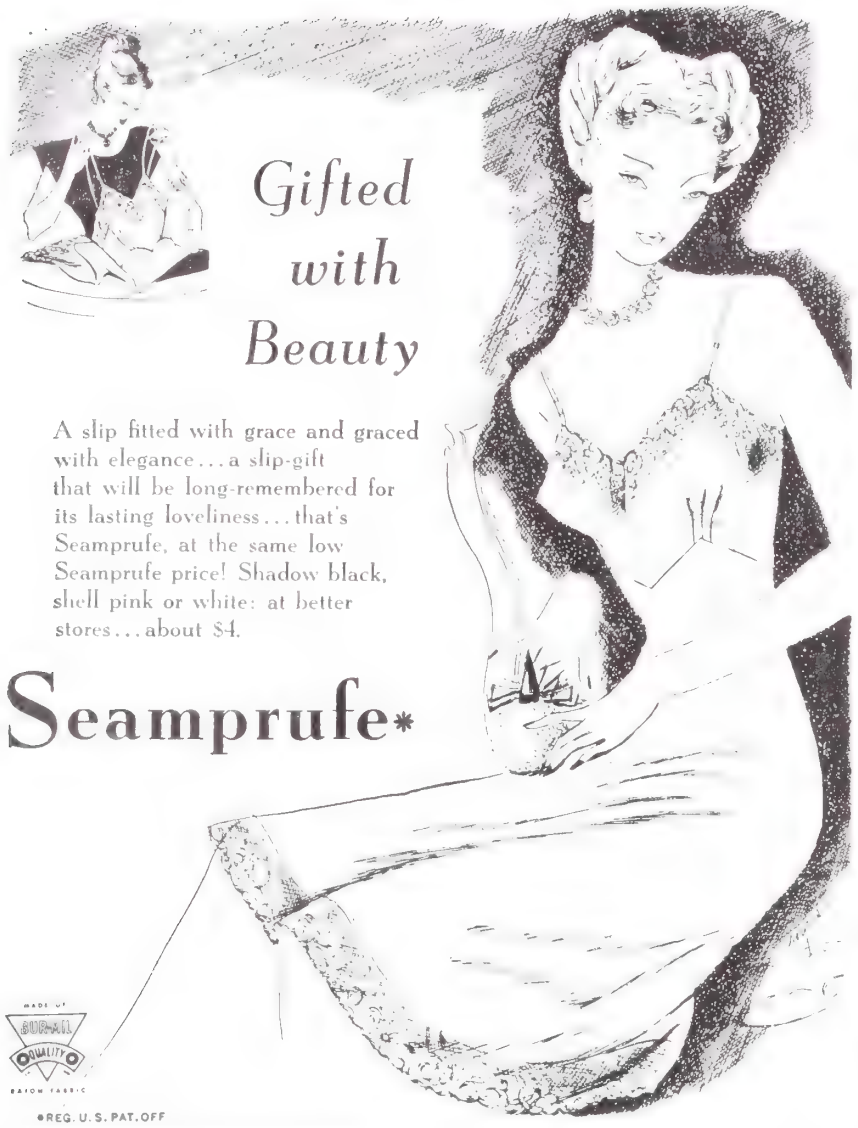

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There was a long moment while grandma was still, too, folding the apron over her hands, her brown eyes taking on depths of sorrow. Then she went over to the old green rocker, took Johnny in her arms, held him close and rocked a little. There were tears running down her round face and she did not wipe them away.

"No, she won't be here for Christmas," grandma said. "It don't seem possible, but she won't be here. She liked Christmas best of all the children, your mamma did. Almost as quick as school opened in the fall she began to get ready for Christmas. I don't know why she had to go. I don't know, Johnny. But she's gone and she won't come back. She'd want us to have a merry Christmas, though. There's all your cousins coming—she'd want them to have fun. You too—she'd certainly want you to have fun."

And then grandma began to tell him about things his mother used to do in this house. About funny things she said. About the garden she made one year that turned out so queer. About how she learned to ski and broke her leg jumping. About how she spent her last penny for presents one year and had to walk ten miles home loaded with packages. And Johnny's heart stopped its too fast thumping and he lay there quietly in grandma's arms and even gave soft little chuckles now and again and grandma laughed, too, though there were still tears on her face. He knew now that his mother wouldn't ever come back. That hope was gone, but he was comforted all the same. He was greatly comforted.

After a while he finished the tree; for the cousins, he told himself, but it was partly for himself, too, as if his mother were there helping make the magic for him. Instead of the vast, waiting emptiness, he seemed somehow to have his mother again, even though he couldn't see her.

When it came dusk, Miles, the hired man, came for the milk pails. "You want to go help Miles with the milking?" grandma said. Miles lived in a little house beyond the barn. Sometimes his wife Sairy came and helped grandma when she was "in a pinch."

It was coming back from the barn, carrying the lantern ahead of Miles in the path, that the train whistled down the valley, that mournful, lonely sound that made him small: an orphan, that made the world too big and loneliness one's lot.

"Hold that lantern a little higher, Jack!" Miles said good-naturedly.

Jack—he grew big again, strong, proud. No one had ever called him "Jack" before.

And no one ever called him "Jack" again. He never spent another Christmas with the Barnabys. That was all he had of those warm, hearty relatives, for grandpa had pneumonia that next spring and died and grandma went away from the farm, went out to South Dakota to live with Uncle Charlie. She wrote him letters sometimes and sent him little packages, but he never saw her again. He went back to the house of his aunts, strained his young heart on all those stairs in the tall house, passed teacups, ate his finicky, insufficient meals, read till he had to have glasses at twelve.

At thirteen the doctor called in for bronchitis discovered a slight heart murmur. "He'll outgrow it, probably," the doctor said. "Better not do too much going up and down stairs; no sports for a while, no bicycling."

But what did you do in a house like a ladder? You never had gone in for sports nor ever had a bicycle. But you had to go up and down stairs.

"The Elys have always been delicate," Aunt Sophronia said, making his heart murmur something like a badge of honor.

He lay there in the prim room that looked not like a boy's room at all, but the room of an immaculate spinster. He didn't mind being sick. It was a kind of relief. But there was something he wanted. He wanted to be warm, he wanted to be loved. But years had gone by now in the tall house, years since he had experienced what it was to be really warm. He knew no life but this unnatural one of elegance and scrimping combined, of books and

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hod nd more books, of hours alone up in
is d, impersonal room. His mind had
ow all right. There was nothing wrong
ith mind, but his heart had suffered from
air rition. It hardly knew any more what
w searching for. Just as the starving
an nnot eat, so could his heart no longer
om h the sight of warmth. And yet the
ay g hunger was there, unnamed, un-
co ized, but there. It was like a dream
he you are forever searching, frantically
ar ng, never finding.
I knew now and despised the pretenses,
ne onomies, the pride of Aunt Sophronia
nd unt Maria. He knew them for what
se were. But they were his world, all the
ar They were the boundaries of his exist-
nc

I was after the bronchitis that Aunt
op onia said, "I think it is time you
ta d your schooling, John. At Booking."
ey outfitted him with good clothes. He
we to have a guilty feeling, as if he had
mi dged the aunts. Perhaps they had been
ay g all these years toward this moment.
le ied to show his gratitude, to do little
ri s to please them. Then Aunt Sophronia
ha talk with him, told him directly how
m money there was, how they had al-
od ed so much per year for his education.
Th guilt died, the feeling of gratitude. But
ne as glad he was going away. The gnawing
se p more steadily, as if—as if, soon now,
as nick as he got away from here, he could
ea again, eat heartily of life as he had once
ea n of his Grandma Barnaby's dumplings.

IV

M. ELY put his hand out in front of him
fo no reason at all and his hand was trem-
bl g. He kept staring at his hand.
The waves of fear that swelled the sea of
at." . . . *Young, Edgar Jones—1936.*
y linen.
Dead now. Knowing the sea of night to
be ultimate wave. "No, thanks," Young,
E., had said. "I don't care to appear at any
ok fair. I haven't time—and besides, I'm
not the type, do you think?"
Oh, yes, you're the type all right, Mr. Ely
had thought. *You have a face that'll be your*
fortune if you let it be seen by the old ladies and
romantic girls. But it's quite all right with
me, my boy, whether you appear or hide. No,
hide, nurse your gift in secret, in darkness.
You're very, very young. Too young to be
found in gray linen. But you are one of the
"promising" ones, and on the promising ones
we feed. If you force the bloom you weaken the
plant. . . . But then, was it not better that
you had had that one thin book in gray linen
than nothing? Did it not comfort you a little
when the waves of fear swept toward you, over
you, Young, E. J.?

"The thing accomplished never comforts," the unicorn said. "When the poem is written it is dead and gone. The you that wrote it is dead and gone. Brief moment of rapture while the words flow—and then it is behind you. You reach toward the next one in the reaching lies the growth."

"There was no poem ever written that equaled dying for one's country," the lion said.

"He'll start reciting Gunga Din or Recessional in a minute if you don't stop him," the starling said.

The lion began in a deep rumbling voice:

"God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line ——"

THE unicorn said with scorn, "Let us have gods of the wind and the stars, the sun, the moon, the night, if you must have gods! But of battle lines? How barbaric! . . . He thought of sand sores and flies, Mr. Ely, not of poems or God. He lay in the sun a long time dying, Mr. Ely. He gave one thought to Cass, because she had lunch with him before he sailed, and wore the red hat, and talked about his next book, because she knew so well that it was the next one that was all-important."

"She never told me she had lunch with him," Mr. Ely said.

"This is getting interesting!" the starling said.

"How narrow is our vision of the faithful heart!" the unicorn said. "To die in battle—one has kept the faith. To refrain from lunch with young poets—one is faithful. How stupid! How small the mind that so conceives faithfulness!"

I must sleep, Mr. Ely said. *I must sleep or I shall die.*

He got out of the bed, very cautiously, keeping his head turned so that he could not look at the tapestry. He crept in his bare feet toward the door, slipped through it, closed the door gently but firmly behind him, drew a deep sigh of relief and went toward the stairs, down them, came into the huge living room and walked over to one of the great brown velvet sofas flanking the hearth. He dropped down into the softness, pulled a striped afghan that lay along the back of the sofa down over him.

I wish I had some slippers, he said.

As if conjured by his thoughts, a pair of furry scuffs stuck their noses out from under the edge of the sofa. He reached for them, put them on. They must be Aggie's, not Sid's, but the fact did not for the moment disturb him—that he should have feet small enough to wear a woman's slippers. Aggie was a big woman, anyway, taller, heavier than he. He wrapped himself again in the afghan, sank into the softness of the long sofa.

"Wait! I have one more!"

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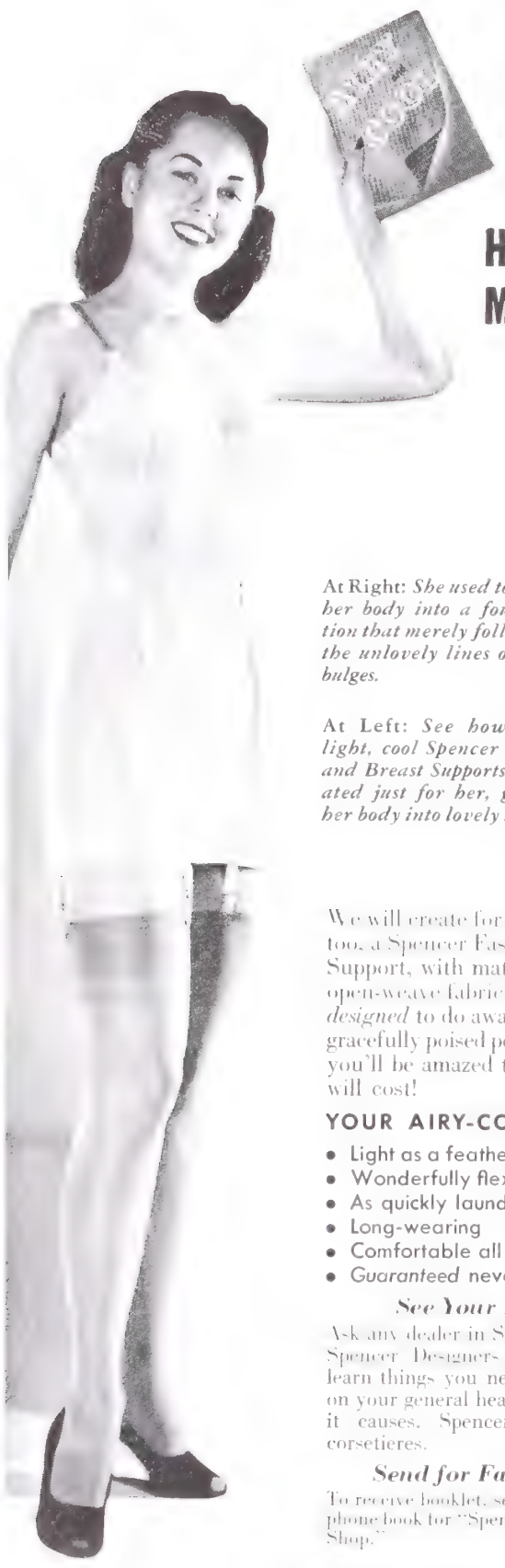

SHOWED ME HOW TO LOSE MY BULGES!"

At Right: *She used to stuff her body into a foundation that merely followed the unlovely lines of her bulges.*

At Left: *See how her light, cool Spencer Body and Breast Supports, created just for her, guide her body into lovely lines.*

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June 1947

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141 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.

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SPENCER *INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED* SUPPORTS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

But he did not sleep. He was away from all of *them*. He was warm and comfortable. But he did not sleep. He was wide-awake, aware of the room, sharply aware of everything. He had been in the room before, but he had not really seen it.

It's a good room, he said. *A very good room.*

There was nothing gay or surprising about it as there was about his own living room. There were no knickknacks, nothing that could not be used by children, though Aggie and Sid had no children. But the furniture was sturdy and a little battered. The velvet on the arms and edges of the sofas was a little frayed. The rug was a huge red Oriental with gray-blue design. There was a large carved table back of the sofa where Mr. Ely lay and it was covered with books and magazines. One end of a great roll-top desk with many drawers came up to the back of the opposite sofa and extended to the window. At one far corner stood the grand piano, over its wide shelf an interesting cover of some sort of fine, nearly brittle leather. Indian, perhaps. To the ceilings everywhere were books. On the leather cover of the piano stood the sculptured head of a child, and beyond it, on the wall by the front door which was never used, a large portrait of Sid, done by Aggie. Aggie was not a professional, but the picture looked like Sid, bold, big, sensitive—though not so sensitive as was the painter.

Aggie and Sid had lived here ten years, but the house looked as if they had lived in it forever.

He thought of their own drawing room. It, too, was a big room, but there the likeness to this ended. It was a gay room with bright linen hangings and a linen cover on the sofa facing the fire. Over the mantel was the picture of the Spanish house, white walls and red-tiled roofs and little iron balcony, blue sky, and the priest walking past. The priest had a sinister, a Moorish look, but the picture was full of sun and warmth. There were always flowers in the room, generally something you did not expect, some color you might have thought would clash with everything else, but which never did. Cass had a genius for flowers. By the hearth stood a small eight-sided table with a kettle and alcohol burner, teacups; on the undershelf a lacquered box of Chinese tea. The alcohol burner was always filled; it always worked, he thought with sudden wonder. But worked for what? For whom?

"I wanted to ask you to tea, but John had the place cluttered up with some of his authors. Authors are not amusing people, darling, popular opinion notwithstanding. John really uses the house for an office. If I were Cass I'd put a stop to it. She's bored, but she lets him do it. It seems that a contract can't be signed without a certain number of highballs."

A muscle twitched along the side of Mr. Ely's face. She had known he heard her. She had known it very well. Why didn't he go in and say, "Get out of here. This is my house and I will have authors or anybody I please in it. And Cass is not bored. She has never been bored in her life"?

Why didn't I say it to her? Mr. Ely said.

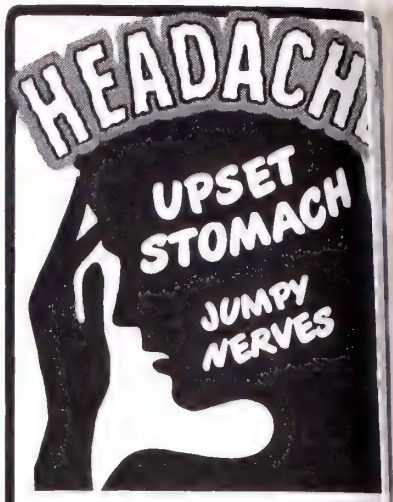
Why didn't he? Why didn't he? He could see her slender, almost scrawny hands, see the bright-red nails.

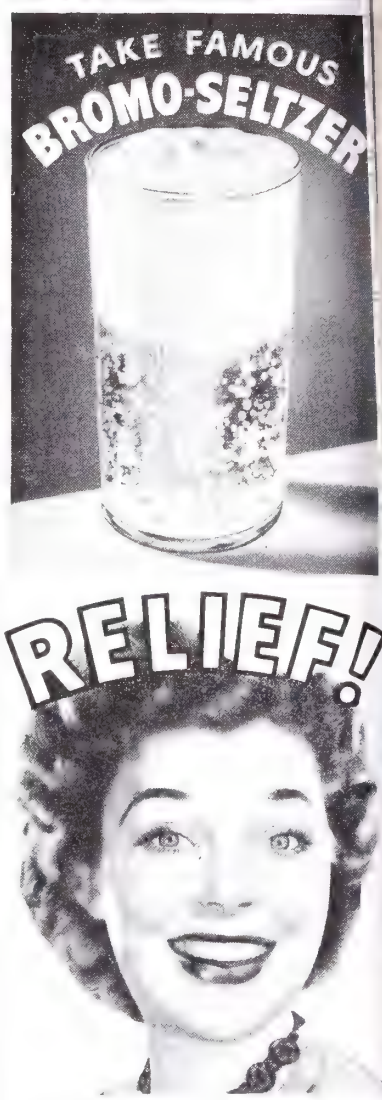
"Look, Cass, what did you think of Holden? Like him?"

"Not much," Cass said. "Did you?"

It was true then. The rock on which he could build up indignation against Bertha was hollow. Cass had been bored. Well, Holden was a conceited jackanapes. But that didn't mean all authors were. She'd had lunch with Young, Edgar J. . . . How did he know she had? Who'd said so? *They'd* said so.

He burrowed into the softness of the sofa, willing sleep, blessed oblivion, but sleep did not come. He could not get his mind to work in a straight line, however. It kept working on a tangent. All this day had been like that, and the night was getting progressively worse. But then, all the year had been working toward it, had been a sort of nightmare. All the year? It went back farther than that.





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vent back to Cass sitting at the break-
ible looking at a letter, looking up and
almost fearfully, "Mother's coming."
had felt, God forgive him, hospitable
most pleased. "That's nice," he'd said.
ss picked up a piece of roll, began to
ole it untidily on the table. "You won't
nother," she said then in a small voice.
won't? Well, I can bear up for a visit,"
said largely.
don't want her to come," she said al-
childishly.
had been sweet, feeling that closeness
comes of one member of a marriage
ssing dislike of a relative to the other
ber. Yes, there is always something very
ing about such a confession. Why hadn't
aid, "Well, why don't we just tell her
's no room for her? Why don't we put
up at a hotel for a few days, make her
unwanted and then she'll go away?"
he hadn't. He'd
. "Do we tell her

nd she'd looked at
very soberly and
. "You think I'm
ig unfilial, darling.
just that I'm—
aid. She—she does
gs to me, to my
d, to my heart."
'Nobody can do
thing to your heart
me," he'd said
ndly. "And she can't
too bad, having pro-
ced you."
'Johnny——" she'd
gun, then waited a
g time. "Johnny,"
e said again then, "if
er you see that I'm
e her, that I'm get-
g like her, promise
e you'll beat me, that
ou'll take me out and
own me."
He'd *laughed*.

"Your father was a
lented man," Aunt
ophronia said once.
He was deflected
om the way meant
or him. It was a pity."
"How was he de-
lected?"
"By marriage. By
ttempting to live a
ife alien to his breed-
ng. I am not criticiz-
ng your mother,
Johnny. I dare say she
was an estimable per-
son in her way. But
she was not your father's kind. When you
marry, Johnny, as I suppose you will one of
these days, choose someone of your own
kind or you will never know happiness."

She had given him the picture of his father,
in a little deep-set frame beaded with gold.
A little younger than the father he remem-
bered, but still like him. A boyish, thin,
nervous, sensitive face, eyes intelligent and
lonely, nose thin and straight like all the Ely
noses. He was grateful for the picture, but
he was angry too. He felt that Aunt So-
phronia was giving him the picture not out of
love, but as a warning. A warning not to
follow in his father's footsteps.

Deflected. Aunt Sophronia's cold, thin,
proud voice seemed to sound in Aggie's big
comfortable room. Well, had he been de-
flected? Would his talent ever have flowered in
the tall house? There wasn't much to show
for his father's years of painting. Woman
Paring Apples. There was that, of course. He
had gone many times to the gallery where it
hung. It was very fine, bold, warm, earthy.
What else?

"DIDN'T my father leave any other pictures
than the one in the gallery?" he asked once.
"Nothing of any value," Aunt Sophronia
said. "There was a pile of rather crude
things—I gave them to a friend of his."
"Who was the friend?"
"I have no idea. An unpleasant man who
needed a shave. They should have been de-
stroyed. They were not worthy of his talent.
But this man begged for them and I was
weak enough to give them to him."

*I was only fourteen or so, but I should some-
how have found out,* Mr. Ely said. *I ought to
have found out somehow. I thought of it, but I
didn't know how to start. I didn't know whom
to ask, where to begin. And now they are gone,
the years are gone. I will never see them. Per-
haps they were crude—Aunt Sophronia had
taste, one can't deny her that—but I should like
to see them all the same.*

HE opened his eyes and looked at the
picture of Sid Emerson.

I don't like you very much, he said coldly.
*There are too many of you. You don't do the
theater any good. It is too easy to be ironic and
amused. You learned the patter early and you
never deviate. Only
Aggie believes in you—
there must be something.
I do not think you
could fool Aggie. She
says you are writing a
really good play. I won-
der. I wonder if you
could. Aggie has lived
up here in the woods
with you for ten years
and it hasn't broken her.
She loves you. Nothing
has deflected her from
loving you. There must
be something there I
don't see. You're not
her kind. You pose—she
never does. Or maybe
you can never say off-
hand who's what kind.
She has never thought
I was Cass' kind. But I
was. Once I was.*

"So you had to fol-
low suit?" Cass said.
"It's the 'slut in cos-
tume' period in the
publishing business, so
you had to follow suit."
She put the book down
and stood looking down
at it in its bright
jacket. The advance
orders had been stag-
gering.

"It might as well be
a slut in costume who
pays the rent as any-
one," he said.

She just stood there,
looking down at the
book, saying nothing.
The light was on her
fair hair, done with a part in the middle in
back and swept up to some soft pile on top.

"Hadn't it?" he insisted.

She said, still looking down, still standing
so the light fell on her hair, "That won't do,
Johnny. It just won't do any more. You
want this apartment for yourself."

He wanted to strike her, strike Cass, his
Cass. He was shocked at the rage that
swept through him. . . .

He was walking down Fifth Avenue with
Aggie Emerson. She had on a camel's-hair
coat and a brown beret and her lively brown
hair flew out around the edges. She wore
heavy walking shoes and her handbag was
worn. She looked what she was, a woman in
from the country for the day. It was March
and there were forsythia and pussy willows
and daffodils and pots of crocuses in the
windows.

"I've just driven the most unholy bargain
in bulbs," Aggie said. "I'm going to have a
whole bank of daffodils. . . . Cass told me
about the man."

"Cass? Have you seen her?"

"Had lunch with her. I hope you know
how lucky you are, Johnny."

"What d'you mean?"

"Nicest woman I've ever known, bar
none."

"Yes," he said.

(Continued on Page 135)

On Mark Twain's trip to the Holy Land, he met a young fellow named Langdon. Visiting the boy's cabin one night, Twain saw a picture of Olivia Langdon. It was a case of love at first look.

Back in America, Mark made it his business to get an invitation to the Elmira, New York, mansion of the wealthy Langdon family. Here he spent a week end. The lovely Olivia was even more charming than he had imagined her to be. He knew that she was the one girl he wanted to marry, but he was only a strug-gling reporter. So he didn't have the nerve to propose.

Came the day for his visit to end. Mark slipped out to the stables and bribed the coachman to fix the car-riage seat so that it would upset and dump him out. Then he packed his bag, told everybody good-by, and climbed to his seat. The servant cracked his whip, the horses jumped forward, and the back seat turned over. In an instant, there was Twain on the ground—with his eyes closed, and groaning.

Naturally, Mr. Langdon insisted that he be carried back into the house and put to bed. The hastily summoned doctor could discover no injuries. But that didn't keep Mark from spending two weeks in bed—with Olivia as nurse!

After the pretense could be kept up no longer, he announced one day that he would get dressed and walk about a bit. He called Olivia to help him get on his shoes. As she tied the second knot, he whispered, "Livy, will you marry me?"

And the answer was "Yes!"

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Make that sleepy skin beautiful even on warm, wearing days. Realize that with perfect creams you will honestly enjoy night and morning skin care. See how waked-up and alive your face looks after its brief encounter with cool, fresh Orange Flower Skin Lotion or more stimulating Texture Lotion
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Swimsuits, left to right, Catalina and Jantzen. Trunks by Gantner

Swimsuits and Trunks . . . for women, men and children . . . woven, knitted, shirred . . . play clothes . . . active and spectator sports dresses . . . riding togs . . . lingerie . . . slips . . . foundations . . . hosiery . . . shoes . . . gloves . . . hats . . . bags

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Serving Through Science

(Continued from Page 133)

never I get low about the state of
on or anything, I come in and have
ith Cass. She makes everything all
ain. I don't know how, either—but
. . . . It's not all looking at the
ving in the country, you know.
There are the chickens to feed and
eway to keep shoveled and Sid to
an even keel. The chickens have got
g; we broke a spring on the Chevvy
k when that blizzard hit; I was really
ng if it was worth the effort—and
m all ecstatic about a bank of daffo-
e'll sell the chickens and have some
s, that's all there is to it! That's what
."

now," he said.

u're lucky," Aggie said.

Ely closed his eyes. *That's what I . . . That's what I mean. . . . I . . . I know.* He heard a small, light and opened his eyes. Coming bound- most soundlessly down the stairs was icorn, glowing against the darkness.

," Mr. Ely said aloud.

the unicorn stepped lightly, daintily the red rug, took up a position at the the sofa, with his hoofs up on the sofa He looked amused, lofty.

," Mr. Ely said again.

re was one lamp the table back . Ely's sofa. It quite a pool of however, and it in the arrogant the one high horn unicorn.

ride," said the rn. "How fearful, vonderful is pride. ood? Is it evil? Is h? Is it a matter ride that one has aight nose and a that can enjoy etus? Is it a mat- or pride that one ffordanapartment e the din of cities? men are strange ures, fearful and , clinging to pride use you do not to cling to freedom integrity!"

Freedom," Mr. Ely said, with some faint n. "It is a mirage."

Indeed?" said the unicorn.

Indeed," Mr. Ely stated flatly.

That is a remark I should have expected a slave," the unicorn said. "Bars always e for cynicism about the rest of the world, ve found."

There are bars for everyone."

RIDE makes for silliness," said the uni- n. "Pride, which grows out of fear. Man lds the bars in his own mind. It is the s that are the mirage, Mr. Ely. . . . They e silly, true, the spinsters in the tall house, y and vain, but they were all of a piece. at is something. There were no chinks the armor of their silliness and vanity. ey had integrity in their vanity. It takes ne manipulation of the mind, some irage, to build your pride around a olish small name like 'Ely.' Pitiful—but ere is something there to admire, you must mit."

"No, I do not admit it. It was cold and eary there. I was always hungry in that use."

"Ah, but pride is fed on different things, r. Ely! One can be proud of despising other's pride. Let us say, for argument's ke, that your hunger was your pride. Not be satisfied with junket pudding and small, iserly economies for the sake of outward ow. The artist in his attic is proud of his nger too."

"And should he not be?"

"You see? You do not know the first letter the alphabet of freedom, Mr. Ely!"

"I suppose you are not proud to be unique mong creatures?" Mr. Ely said a little pitefully.

There came a soft, breezelike laugh from the unicorn. "That was clever of you, Mr. Ely. But let us keep to the general. Yours is a searching soul and so worth saving. Your bars are thin."

"That's what you think!" Mr. Ely said with tired impudence.

"They are made of mist," the unicorn insisted.

"It may be that I scorned their pride," Mr. Ely admitted. "But the hunger was real."

Again came the soft laugh, like wind, softer than wind, hardly a sound at all.

V

THERE was nothing wrong with Booking. It was a good school, not especially snobbish, sound in scholastics. It did not ignore sports, but it placed them below a thorough grounding in Latin in importance. But John Thackeray Ely was not happy there. No one was unkind to him. Such talents as he had were recognized, and in his senior year he was editor of the school magazine. He won honors in both English and Latin, and he was respected and not persecuted in any way whatsoever. He was voted "the best-dressed boy in the school."

Still, he was not happy, though he seldom said definitely to himself that he was unhappy. He worked hard and his scholastic triumphs were taken for granted by the great-aunts. But somewhere beyond his accomplishments, somewhere beyond the borders of his small, intelligent world, lay a country whose green grass lured him with a persistence that never died. This world was represented in his heart by a boy known as "Buzz"—Buzz Beebe. It would have amazed even Johnny himself to realize how much of his thinking time was given upto Buzz Beebe.

Buzz was a big, red-headed boy with dancing brown eyes. He was no student and spent five years getting through Booking. He had a crooked nose and no good looks at all. But he was so full of life that he could not contain it all and let the surplus pour out on everyone he met. He was earthy, inclined to be bawdy, though without giving offense, and he had a rollicking, infectious laugh that made strangers grin at him in the street. No project was too small for his exuberant energies. He played football, not as if to bring honor to Booking, but just because he found it exciting enough, rough enough for his nature. His jackets and trousers never matched and were never pressed. He wore dirty old sweaters and sneakers or scruffy shoes. In spite of his clothes he always gave the impression of a clean, vital body. There wasn't a girl who didn't like him, and he liked all the girls.

The first time Johnny saw Buzz was one day when Buzz came out of the drugstore on a hot fall afternoon at the opening of school carrying two ice-cream cones. Double deckers. Buzz stood there an instant, grinning at the cones, his red hair standing up in a frowzled crest. Then he saw Johnny and reached out a cone to him.

"Here—take one!" he said. "They're going to melt on me before I can get to 'em."

And they had walked down the street together eating the cones. Johnny hated ice-cream cones. They always dribbled and he didn't like the end of the cone and never knew what to do with it, being of the tidy nature that disliked throwing things in the street. He was dressed immaculately, as always. The ice cream dripped to his suit and he stopped in the street and tried to wipe the spot off.

Buzz gave his hearty laugh and said, "Fussy!" but not as if he were making fun of Johnny, just in a friendly mockery.

A Yorkshireman was so confident of the result of a general-knowledge competition between himself and a Scotsman that he offered to pay a pound note for any question he could not answer, on condition that the Scotsman paid up a shilling for each question that he in turn could not answer.

The Scotsman thought hard for a while, and then asked, "What is it that has a hundred legs, can fly backward, and can be folded and put into your waistcoat pocket?"

After a while the Yorkshireman gave in. "All right, you've won," he said good-naturedly, and handed the Scotsman a pound note. Then he asked, "Well, what's the answer?"

"I dinna ken," replied the Scotsman, and handed him a shilling.

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Welcome her when she calls...

be a hostess to loveliness.

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Avon cosmetics

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

But Johnny was fussy. He had been trained in the 64th Street house to be fussy. He couldn't wipe it out of his nature.

Then Buzz had stopped at the corner of Vine, wiping his hands along his grimy trousers, and said with a grin, "Guess I'll see what Polly's up to. Want to come?" He was always perfectly willing to share his girls, his life, his ice-cream cones with anyone, as if he knew that all were inexhaustible.

Johnny longed to go. He knew who Polly was—the young girl who helped out in the candy store after school hours. But he said, "Sorry—got to study."

Buzz laughed again. "Well, so long!"

Not an important encounter, one would say, but it proved important to Johnny. It was the pattern for all their encounters at Booking. Buzz was always being generous, always off on little adventures with the fair sex, and Johnny was always wiping spots off, being about to study. Johnny certainly didn't admire Buzz's mind. Buzz didn't really think at all, and Johnny had a good deal of discrimination as far as intellect went. But Buzz had something Johnny didn't have, a hearty appetite for action, a whole-souled willingness to gobble life whole without analysis. That was what Johnny wanted, and wanted desperately.

It wasn't that other boys never talked with him. There was a small group he might have designated as friends, boys with good heads and not too much physical strength, boys who fancied themselves as poets or potential novelists, boys interested in the school magazine or the glee club. These boys respected Johnny's taste and ability, and matters of policy on the magazine or arguments about religion or literature were often referred to him.

And he busied himself with these boys, pretended that their companionship was something special. All the time he wanted something else. Wanted it and wanted it and wanted it, though he, when he was with his usual companions, professed himself as so far beyond the world of the Buzz Beebes that that world was hardly worth commenting on.

Once Buzz came up to him when a group was standing talking in the path by the library, flung his arm across Johnny's slender shoulders and said, "Hi, there, old crease-in-the-pants!" It shows how meager was Johnny Ely's life that years afterward he still remembered Buzz Beebe's voice saying that, felt the exact sensation when Buzz had put his arm on his shoulders. But at the time he drew away almost at once.

Buzz was at the back of nearly all the rowdyism that went on in school. He it was who superintended the building of celebration bonfires, who made a snow man that was a wonderful caricature of old Bony, the president of Booking, who incited the strike in Cicero class one spring, who broke all rules as if they were made for that particular purpose. He had no fear of anyone, and if anything had to be asked of an instructor, if any complaint was to be lodged against the cook, Buzz it was who did the asking, the cajoling. He had no particular friends but was a friend to all, without discrimination.

Juniors and seniors were allowed permission to go to occasional parties in town, provided they came at the week end, and provided their destinations were approved and they got in by midnight. During Buzz Beebe's time at Booking, this privilege was used more than at any time before or after. Any kind of party was meat to Buzz. I the kind he especially liked was a good fashioned country square dance, full bounce and swing and squeaky violin lusty calls. He somehow got acquaint probably by just lifting his brows at her o country road sometime, with a girl cal Matey Bean, a big, jolly country girl, v like Buzz himself. This girl went to coun dances at the rate of one a week through winter, and these were mostly held in an deserted cheese factory at a crossroads kno as Watt's Corners.

THESE dances at the cheese factory w Buzz's special joy. He generally sig out to go to town to some respecta house known to the authorities, but most every week he and probably two three cohorts attended these dances, pulli all sorts of subterfuges to cover up the h they returned. They were harmless-enou affairs, but the boys who did not accompa Buzz looked on them as some perversion, nice, something much wickeder and wil than they were, though there was pr ably not a boy at Booking who would r have gone with Buzz if invited.

At Christma time of Johnn last year, he said Aunt Sophroni "Would you mi if I used my Chri mas money for so dancing lessons?"

"Why, I thi that would be a ve good idea, Johr Aunt Sophron said. "I have ways thought th nothing gave a p son better presen than the ability dance well."

She even went the trouble of fin ing who was consi ered the best teach and of making appointment f him. He spent mo of that vacation those lessons. H was good enough it, too, for he w slender and gracef and had a natur rhythm. He had reached his full height no and was, though not tall, no longer a runt.

Then, filled with a new excitement, h went back to school. The very first day h managed to walk from class back to the do mitory with Buzz.

"Anything doing at Watt's Corners Satu day night?" he asked carelessly though h felt the palms of his hands going moist.

"Sure! Sure! Want to get in on it?"

"Don't mind," Johnny said, soundin more superior than he felt.

"Okay, keed! Matey's going to pick us u in town at half past eight—out by the Bap tist church." Then he gave his loud heart laugh and said, "It's not Mrs. God's, yo know—they'll muss you up!" He found i funny, the thought of Johnny at Watt's Cor ners, but he was perfectly willing to take him

The reference to Mrs. God had to do wit a very refined little dancing club in town ru by a Mrs. Gottlieb. This club gave a sprin dance that was approved by the authorities and many of the boys attended it. But it wa not for boys like Buzz.

So Johnny Ely went to the cheese factory and found out what sort of orgies were held there. He had put on his best suit, though al his clothes always looked like his best. He put on his favorite tie, though it was a littl bright for most times. He looked exactly what he was, a clever, studious young intro vert, the editor of the Booking Scholastic dressed to a nicety a little strange in a prep school boy, his hair carefully combed, his glasses polished glitteringly. He looked more sophisticated than his companions. He had to put it briefly, the Ely air.

(Continued on Page 138)

NEXT MONTH

CHARLES was coming home! For as long as Starr could remember, Charles had been the one to whom she had turned. He was the leader of all his family, and now, in the end, the only son who had returned from the war. What Starr didn't know was that he had changed—was bitter, driven within himself. Nor had she expected that he would bring with him Mary and Pep, one of whom hoped soon to become his wife.

FLUTE NOTE

By Kate Thompson

A novelette

Complete in the July JOURNAL

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(Continued from Page 136)

The dance was all Johnny had expected of it, and more. At least more in itself. The crowd was mostly country people, strapping, tough-fibered boys and girls. The factory had a big, barren hall with a battered old piano in it, and at one end a long rough table with benches along it. Benches along the sides. A big pot-bellied stove. That was all the furniture. The people furnished it. The fiddles furnished it. Buzz was welcomed with greetings from all sides, and his companions felt excited as if the greetings were for them, too, and they took on a jauntiness that they did not always show at Booking, a boldness, a freedom of speech and movement. Or all but Johnny, though he felt at first this sudden relaxing as if it were a physical thing.

Buzz at once seized a fat woman, the wife of one of the fiddlers, shouted, "Come on now, Mrs. Garry—no shirking!" and swung her into the dance. People laughed and everything became a little more fun because Buzz was there.

Then it was one reel after another, the shaking of the old floor, the clapping of hands, the stamp of feet, the rush down the middle, the crazy, swift, joyous rhythm of the fiddles, the shouts from the lusty old man with the mustaches who did the calling: "*All* join hands and swing down the middle! . . . *Swing* your partner for a do-si-do! . . . *Advance* from your corners—now back to back!" And then Bingo, with Buzz's voice ringing out more joyously, more heartily than all the rest: "There was a farmer had a dog, had a dog, had a dog. There was a farmer had a dog and a Bingo was his name. . . . B-i-n-g-o, go, B-i-n-g-o, go, B-i-n-g-o, go, and a Bingo was his name, sir!" Buzz at the end of a line advancing to meet the girls from across the hall, swinging his girl with a rough abandon that she seemed to like, his red head seeming a symbol of the fire of energy that burned within him.

John Thackeray Ely at first felt only a crazy joy at being part of the fun. This was *it*. This was what he had hungered after year after year. He didn't say that to himself, but he felt it. Though he was unfamiliar with the dances, it was not hard for him to follow the steps. He did everything the rest did and was happy—at first—and tremendously excited.

Then as he linked arms with a red-faced jolly woman, she said to him with a comfortable grin, "Unbend, sonny! Have to limber up for this stuff, you know." After that he went to the corner to get a drink from the tin pail. The dance started up without him and he stood there holding the dipper and was suddenly conscious of a distaste for drinking from the dipper that had been used by all the rest. He put the dipper back into the pail, and as he did so some of his joy died out of him. He stood watching the dancers, and for a moment they were far away, the noise, the stamping and clapping, the fiddles were all far off and had nothing to do with him. Buzz was still going full steam, none of his life abated. At that moment he advanced from a corner and swung Matey Bean around so that her feet left the floor. It seemed as if he hadn't tried to lift her, that he had strength to spare, though Matey was a big girl. And Johnny knew in that moment that he couldn't have done that, not if he had practiced for years. He might be a precise and graceful dancer, but this kind of dancing required life, not grace, and he didn't have that kind of life to give it. He couldn't "unbend."

He slipped outside and felt the cold air on his hot face. It was a still night, there was snow on the ground, and the sky was thick with stars. That he knew the names of many of the stars did not comfort him, nor that he might have written an admirable sonnet to them. He was lonely, lonely and confused.

Love is a strange thing. It is a flower so delicate that a touch will bruise it, and so strong that nothing will stop its growth. Think how often we miss love in a lifetime—by a wrong gesture, by an unspoken word, by not keeping silent at the right time. We lose it by the interference of other people, by a lack of money; by a quarrel over a trifle; and yet we cannot live without it. —DION CLAYTON CALTHROP: Hyacinth (Williams & Norgate, Ltd.).

He was too young to say, "It's all right I am a critic of life—*that* must constitute joy." He could only stand there in the c feeling himself an outsider, all the danc lessons gone for nought. He was conscious his slight body, his too good clothes, his ca ful enunciation. It seemed to him t he hated what he was, that he was sl out by fate from life itself, that being precocious little twig of the Ely tree v less than nothing beside the hearty anim vigor of the dancers in the old cheese f tory.

At last he began to shiver and he we back into the hot hall, joined in the dan again, but all the rest of the evening he f awkward and out of place, and he was gl when the dance was over and they were pili into Matey Bean's creaky old flivver a headed toward town again.

The rest sang noisily, but Johnny Ely w quiet in his corner. They were let out a blo away from the school and made their wa stealthily across the snowy yard to a cell door that they had arranged to be left u locked.

They all had to attend chapel Sunda mornings, and when they were in chapel ne morning Buzz winked at him from across th aisle and he tried to grin a conspiratorial gr back at him, but his face felt stiff and to haughty. When one of the boys who ha never been to Watt's Corners asked hi eagerly about it, he said, "Oh, it wasn't s much. Just a lot of horseplay!"

And when Buzz aske him the next week h he wanted to go again he said, "Oh, I gues not. I've got to ge started on my them paper before mid years!"

"You can rattle tha off in a tick!" Buzz said. "Or aren't w high-brow enough fo you?" He spoke lazily good-naturedly, not with malice at all.

"Don't be silly!" Johnny said uncomfortably. "It was fun. But I've got a couple guardians who don't think it's funny if I don't get good marks!"

Buzz said, "Gee, I'm glad my dad is pleased if I just squeak through. He knows I'm a moron and he makes the best of it."

Johnny never went to Watt's Corners again. Sometimes he went to Mrs. Gottlieb's dances and danced with precise circumspection with the nicest girls in town. But it was a thin pleasure compared with the lusty romping of the factory dances and he never enjoyed it much. He knew what it was now to have fun, to let yourself go, to use the whole body without stint. The polite little giggles and sly smiles of the "nicest girls" were meager fare to one who had heard Matey Bean's hearty laughter when Buzz swung her off her feet and whirled her about as feet stamped and hands clapped and fiddles screeched.

Buzz Beebe's most ambitious escapade that winter had to do with Johnny's own pet project, the Booking Scholastic. This paper came out once a week and every student and the professors, too, read it. Buzz and some of his satellites knew a girl in town—well, they knew many, but this girl was the daughter of a printer. Buzz evolved this scheme of printing an edition of the Scholastic that should be a take-off of the pseudoliterary contents of the usual edition. There were quite a few in on the scheme before he got through, for he had to have cartoons, jokes, someone who knew how to put the stuff together—all that. There was a subdued excitement for weeks ahead.

And Buzz pulled it off. It involved a seizure of the regular edition as it left the printer and a substitution of the new papers, but that was just the sort of thing Buzz enjoyed and presented no difficulties to the bold. It involved paying the printer, but with the aid of the town girl who was the printer's daugh-

(Continued on Page 140)

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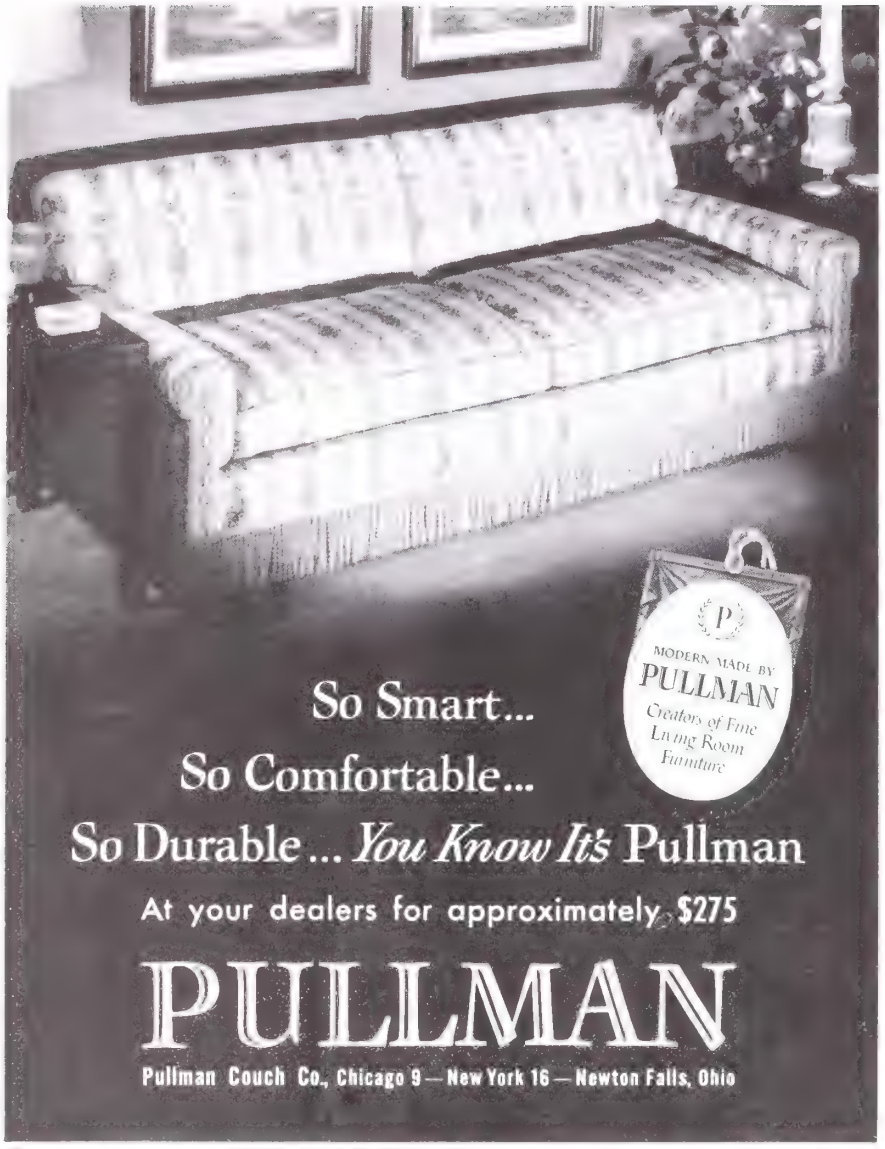
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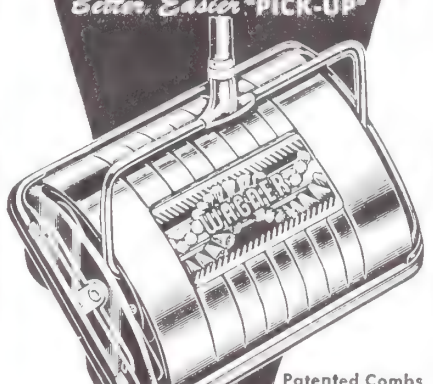

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(Continued from Page 138)

ter, and a little pressure on allowances, that was accomplished too. Or at least the residue of the debt was finally paid off by Buzz's father in June.

The paper burst on the school one Friday morning in early March and made a noise that echoed down the years and is still remembered at Booking. It spared no one. It wasn't really malicious, just funny—that is, if you didn't have too thin a skin. Some did, of course. There was one picture of a professor whose false teeth had won him the name of "Old Click-Click" and he seemed to feel too great prominence had been given his teeth in this picture. And there was one of Johnny Ely, notebook in hand, his glasses too big, his nose too sharp, saying, "I must make a note of that for my next sonnet!" Those edged on the cruel, but for the most part it was just hearty laughter, a nose thumbed at snobbery and pretension.

Fuzz Beebe thoroughly enjoyed being called on the carpet for this bit of effrontery. Now and then in the interview with the president, his joyous laugh pealed out as if he couldn't help being amused even when he was in danger of being expelled. As a matter of fact, the president could not restrain an occasional indulgent smile himself.

Buzz never objected to taking full responsibility for the affair. "Booking's getting too snooty," he explained to the president. "Gee, sir—you've got to have a little fun once in a while!"

He wasn't expelled. Booking needed Buzz Beebe, and the authorities were smart enough to realize the fact. They let him get away with it, taking away his off-campus privilege for two months, demanding an apology to the thin-skinned ones. But Buzz Beebe's apologies amounted to little more than, "Gee, can't you take a joke?" And he got off the campus when he wanted to by one means or another. He really got off scot-free.

Johnny Ely, though he had not demanded it, was one to whom an apology was forced. Buzz dropped in at his room one night, grinning his usual friendly grin.

"Been crying on prexy's shoulder, have you?" he said. "Thought you were a good egg and could take it, Johnny."

Johnny flushed. He had never uttered one word of complaint and he was bitterly hurt to think Buzz thought he had. "Don't be silly!" he said more sharply than he had meant to speak. He knew that laughter was the answer, but the truth was that he had been pricked by the cartoon deeper than Buzz or even he realized, and he couldn't laugh. "Nobody's been crying on anybody's shoulder so far as I know."

"Well, prexy's sent me over to apologize, but heck, I wasn't trying to hurt anybody's feelings."

"Nobody said you were. You haven't hurt mine, anyway."

Buzz slapped him on the shoulder. "Knew you were a good egg! Well, so long!"

But it hadn't been quite right, because Johnny had spoken with just the air of the boy in the cartoon, as one too absorbed in his own legitimate business to be even touched by the slapstick humor of morons. And he knew he had so spoken.

The truth was that he envied Buzz the conception of that bit of slapstick nonsense beyond measure. All his careful writing and editing for the Scholastic faded into futile nothingness beside this one shouting number of tomfoolery. It was just another piece in the puzzle of his loneliness and hunger.

When it came June and graduation time and the aunts were there staying in the village for the event, Buzz went around with a leather notebook that had been intended for notes in class and obviously never used for that or anything and got all his classmates to write something in it. Everyone was feeling sentimental at the thought of parting and excited, and each put something special the book. Some pasted snapshots. Bu book became quite a volume before he done with it.

"Hey, Ely—stick your moniker in will you?" he demanded one morning, thr ing the book at Johnny. "I'll pick it up I see Horny."

JOHNNY stood there with the book in hands, while Buzz ran down the stairs wi great noise, sounding as if he had slid the flight. Then Johnny took the book into room and sat on the bed turning the pa It was young humor, crude and somet downright silly, but it was done with g and sentiment. Johnny thought at once drawing he could make. It came, comp to his mind and would, he knew, have m everything all right between him and I forever. He thought of a pen drawing o aunts, very elongated and severe, hol out their glasses in exact unison, their o hands holding a string that was attached hind them to a tiny picture of Johnny self, like a little toy being dragged along would show Buzz that he could laugh himself. He even went over to his desk made a little preliminary drawing and it funny. But then he thought of Aunt phronia and Aunt Maria, of their proud gance, their insistence on good manners. didn't love them much, he thought th pride ridiculous and he resented that he been brought up to their standards, bu pulled the book toward him and wrote simply, "Yours since John Thackeray Ely.'

> **One of the things that irritate me extremely is the insulting disregard of natural beauty. Piles of old tin cans and rubbish dumped in a beautiful roadside brook—motorcars left to rust in open meadows—these things are evidences of our lack of civilization.**
>
> —From THE COUNTRYMAN'S YEAR: By David Grayson, copyright 1936 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

VI

"THE stars have go the unicorn said.

"It is morning," Mr. Ely dully.

"No. Only a de night. A storm is brood There is food for all, Ely. Plenty of food for Man wills not to eat it, is it. He prefers to k the figure of his pride s der rather than to be But there is food."

"A starved man cannot eat," Mr. murmured.

"Ah, but man starves himself! And t is a strange thing, that man starves him is it not? But I have seen it a thousand th sand times. The man who sits on spikes fasts for his soul's sake—his brothers legion. Not to fear the dangers and disc forts of the world, that is one thing—to them to the bosom and let them eat heart, that is another. That wise man Je gave a commandment: 'Be not afraid.' who listens? Fear of damnation is the b rock of so many faiths. What but fear damnation makes a man sit on spikes and chew food? What but fear makes a man gry that his wife has had lunch with a yo poet about to die?"

"I'm not angry. I just didn't know."

"And you fear that because you did know, there is significance in the happeni You fear your marriage is damned. Oh, are not alone, Mr. Ely. You do not fear hereafter—you are too civilized for that—l you transfer your fears elsewhere. And your civilization is built on fear. What fear builds houses bigger and bigger? D fortunes out of earth and other men's swe Lets loose bomb and gas on other natio Makes a man fight and claw and bite his w to the top of his profession? *Be not afra* Three words of great strength and beau Mr. Ely. Three small words that wo change the shape of the universe, that wo cut through all prison bars, that would ma man free and full of glory. . . . You h a time, a little time, when there was fear in you. You know what I say is tr But man feels naked without his fears. cannot live without their covering. He mal new ones, as you did."

"That's not true. They were there. I not make them."

(Continued on Page 143)

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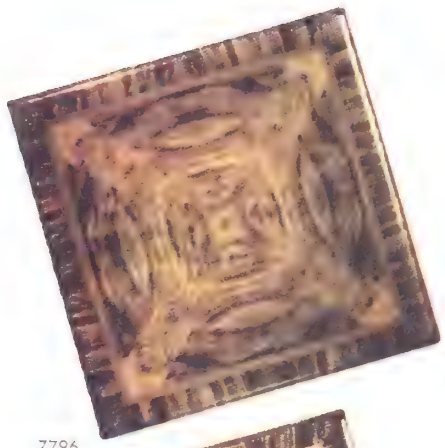

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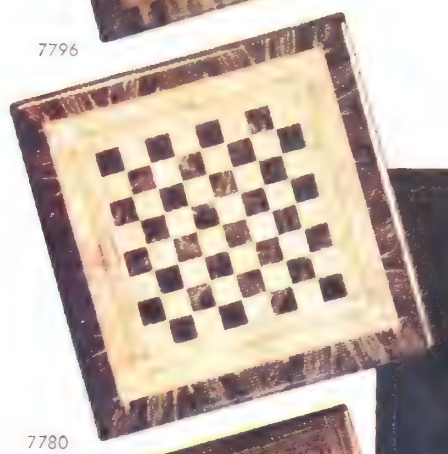

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(Continued from Page 140)

!" the unicorn said softly and sar-

, yourself!" Mr. Ely said with espect.

brings you to this pass in which you elf? Why do you lie here thinking rs? Are you not trying to justify nt position? Laying the blame on omen who did the best they could, ir temperaments, their circum- But you had other heritage, did You let the aunts win. You knew way—you were afraid to take it." d not take it," Mr. Ely said.

hy could you not?"

couldn't. I was bound already."

d! I expected better of you. You r mind above your body, that was uld not give up your mind to your asures. But why should you? You great wall between them when no wall at all. You said one was other a devil. Oh, foolish little

was Death, the other Life—that is id."

you let Death be your God? Oh, tle boy!" The last words came like

I let Death be my God."

you never consider that the mind of Life also? That all life is one?" re talking just like Aunt Sophronia."

ut Aunt Sophronia read it from a e never knew the truth of what she t your mother came back from that did she not? Your mind got her was true, wasn't it, Mr. Ely?"

eart got her back."

mind—forgive me, Mr. Ely."

's just not true. Emotionally, she e again—that is all. The mind fails very turn."

use you shut it in a cage."

hush," said Mr. Ely, and shut his inst the too knowing little eyes of the

r a little space there was a hush. clear voice stilled. The room stilled. came and jumped to Mr. Ely's back, p there on the afghan, began to purr. purring did not disturb the hush. thought sleep was coming. He felt g round him, warmly, comfortingly, zzles falling into place, everything g soft and pleasant and all right. it blurred.

ight, so you don't like cats. I don't feel nity for frogs, either—or spiders, when s to that. We're even, darling. Let's skip now on.

was awake again. He didn't open his owever, feeling he was winning some triumph over the unicorn by feigning It was the voice of his mind saying g" that woke him. He had said it so lovingly, with none of that caustic edge that makes "darling" so common a word of hate between intimate enemies. And Cass, his darling Cass, his lovely, warm, laughing Cass, came real beside him, cuddling under the afghan with him, not hating him any more, just loving him in the old way, in the way that it had been before *she* came. There were no sharp edges between them, no walls, no anything. It was such a blessed sensation.

"They didn't happen, darling—these horrible years, did they?" he whispered. "It was all a dream. We couldn't have let them happen, being us, could we? Could we?"

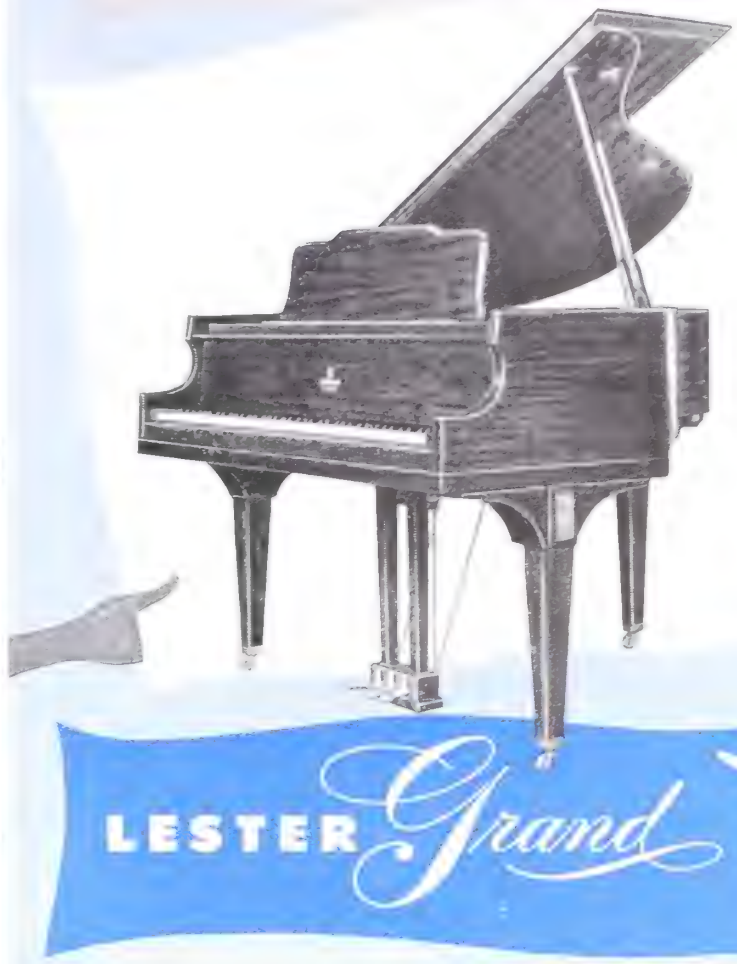
THE cat went on purring and that was the only answer, and after a little the sensation of Cass' nearness faded, and there was a breath of cold in the room, creeping all around Mr. Ely, under the afghan, between his shoulder blades, at his feet, down his neck. He changed the name of the cold to Fear, as addicts of bridge shift to the other side of the bed in the night and call it a "finesse."

I'm five feet five inches—that's not very little, he said. *That's big enough. There have been lots of great men shorter than that. My proportions are all right. I've never got fat. With Cass I'm just right. But she's so very little. . . .* She *always seems tall. I don't. I don't feel tall. . . . What does it matter? Why should I care?* She *is forever saying, "He's a remarkably fine-looking man, isn't he?" about some six-footer.* She *said about Larry Hilyer, "But he's so insignificant, darling. So undersize all through!"*

She it was who had seen to it that he noticed that remark on him in the gossip column which called him "our elegantly wispy Mr. Ely." It wasn't that, though—it was that she made Cass feel him small and insignificant too. . . . Or was he only afraid that she did?

"Don't be *too* tidy, Johnny! I can't match you," Cass said. She came into their place on Beekman Street and threw her hat to the table, her jacket to a chair. He didn't mind, not then he didn't mind. He liked it. It was like life sweeping in, like the wind of life blowing through the house. "Why do I get every dish in the house dirty when I get a meal?" she asked ruefully. But then she flew at the dishes and cleaned everything up as neat as a pin. "This is the day I clean my bureau drawers!" she'd say. "Oh, not *today!*" he'd protested then. "This is the day when we drive up the Hudson and get some dogwood!" And the dogwood sprayed out over their dining-room table and they sat there drinking coffee, drinking the sweetness and the wildness of the dogwood, loving each other, the day, everything. Not thinking about the bureau drawers. And then—and then—"Oh, he'll be down soon, I dare say. There's probably a hair out of place—or he can't decide on a tie!" Making him fussy, making him an old maid.

"Why should men's styles change? Men are all alike."

INSPIRATIONAL . . .

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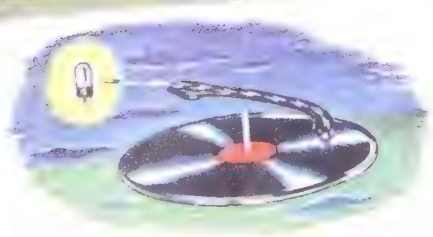

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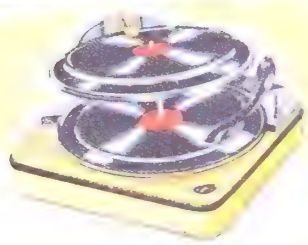

New Silent-Speed Record Changer!

. . . Gently, quietly changes 10 inch records, 12 inch, or both sizes mixed . . . so fast you enjoy a practically *continuous* flow of music!

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(Continued from Page 143)

y, Mr. Ely said. But I was brought
y. I can't help it. I can't change
Elys are born fussy. They have an
or and an eye for order. That's the
re. . . . But that's not the point, is
ed mind asked itself. *The point is*
it didn't matter and now it does.
t cranky about things—you get an-
n things are out of order—you feel as
der were only a laughing scorn at you
so fastidious. That's how you feel.
ened so gradually; it sneaked in—it
ough the years like a snake. *You had*
en there was no fear in you.
God help me, I did," Mr. Ely said

s all men did. All men in love and
eturn. Then the complexities of life
close in again and you couldn't es-
n.
e told you she was afraid to have her
me. You ought to have listened. If
listened then—if you had heard her
her despair—but no, you must be the
in-law. You must be hospitable. She
en need your money. No, she had
ough. She just found it convenient to
house for her headquarters. No, it was
t that. She had to have someone to feed
me to devour. People liked her. I did
d too. There was something about her
something about her brittleness and
sness I found intriguing. "She's quite
said to Cass.

ened one eye and the unicorn was
at him with that penetrating, amused
There are two great sins," the uni-
d. "Possessiveness
fference. The only
t matter. In half-
ss lies the danger.
areness leads to
iveness. In that
ne calls possession

needn't say that
Mr. Ely said. "I
what love is—and
veness too. But
know and still get
ght up by another
s not knowing."
ou fear," said the unicorn.
t's a sin, why shouldn't you fear it?"
ause it breeds a like sin in yourself.
ht the sin because you think it has a
of winning. If you love enough, you
here is no need to fight."
ope you aren't implying that I ought
her," Mr. Ely said.
ou love life, you will know how much
ght to love her. Has she life in her?
e enough to warrant all your hate?"
e has life, of sorts."
hink she is on the side of Death," the
n said gently.
s all one, you said. You can't have it
ays."

, I can have it both ways. Death is
f Life. Not to be feared. But it has its
place in life—one place and only one.
it gets out of its place, when it tries to
w all the rest, then it is to be hated.
ut. It has no right to walk about in the
f Life, fooling people. To eat the life
ther, that is evil."
ut what is love but that?"
o not be stupid, Mr. Ely. Love has a
on root, but it is not parasitic."
you hate it, how can you not fight it?
leech?" Mr. Ely asked.
is a matter of proportion. Of seeing
. Of complete awareness. You put it
proper place."
eeches don't let go that easily."
hey don't cling unless they have some-
to cling to. To take the sap of the tree
e blood of a man presupposes a begin-
"
ou don't see the beginning, that's the
Then it's too late."
h, but if one loves enough one does see
eginning! You were there when it began.
you loved your Cass enough, you would
seen the beginning. She saw it. She
ed you. But you let it begin. Now,

> An unlearned carpenter of my acquaintance once said in my hearing: "There is very little difference between one man and another; but what little there is, is very important." This distinction seems to me to go to the heart of the matter. —WILLIAM JAMES: The Will to Believe (Longmans Green & Company).

naturally, it is harder to tear the leech away. But I wouldn't blame my aunts, if I were you, nor your wife, nor even the leech."

"I saw the lifeblood ebbing away—but I am not a man of action," Mr. Ely said.

"You mean you didn't play football when you were young?" the unicorn said with a sardonic waggle of his beard. "Being a man of intellect does not preclude decisions, does it? Though actually it is not a matter of decision, is it, but of a sense of proportion? Do you not think your wife has seen the lifeblood ebbing away also? Do you think her despair is less than yours? Greater, no doubt, because she is kin to the leech. You want all the strength to be hers? But you are aware of the despair; that is something. That is why you lie here, ill and alone. But you must see farther than that, much, much farther."

"It is too late. It is all gone—like smoke."

"Gone?" said the unicorn. "Gone? It is just beginning, Mr. Ely."

VII

He did quite well in college, John Thackeray Ely. There was more room for his kind of person. Oh, there were some of the Buzz Beebe kind there, too, but there were more of Johnny's kind. He wasn't alone and he gained a kind of strength by having so many of his own ilk about—or, if not strength, confidence. There were boys who could talk well about poetry and philosophy. Johnny's fastidious habits of dress were laughed at a little, but copied some too. They made him a legend of elegance in his own time.

Yes, he was part of the pattern and didn't fit in too badly. But all the time the hunger was there, allayed, but there. Now and again would come over him the most intense sensation of waiting. Waiting for what? For everything, it seemed to him. For this dream of life to cease and his real life to begin. And there were moments of despair as well—moments when it seemed to him that this dream was all there was, that he was a fool to expect anything more.

In his senior year he fell in love, wildly, unreasonably, foolishly in love. With the wife of an English professor. She was a thin, pale woman, with black hair parted in the middle and combed back like lacquer to show the shape of her beautiful head. She had dark serious eyes and a wide mouth and a smile that was all sadness, all mystery. She never talked much, but sat knitting when students were there, but sometimes she would look up and her eyes would seem to say, *You talk too much. I knew that all so long, long ago.* She bore the incongruous name of "Lil." It was probably from Lilian, but Johnny called her "Lilith" in his mind. Her husband was an uninspired, stocky man who would break into the mystery by saying, "How about some sandwiches, Lil? And coffee?"

Johnny wasn't the only one who fell under her spell. More than one poem was written to her. There were always flowers, brought by some adoring student, on the desk or the wide sill above the window seat. She seemed immune, but she wasn't. In her still, remote way, she accepted the adoration of boys.

There was one day that Johnny could never look back on without embarrassment. It was March and windy and there was still snow on the ground. He had been walking up and down the street where she lived for an hour, his blood at fever pitch, his infatuation making him not quite sane. He had been at a dinner party the night before, and Lil and Professor Sanderson had been there too. It had seemed to him that Lil's white face was a mask of tragedy, that such unhappiness dwelt there he could not bear it. Professor Sanderson had talked and laughed in his dull way and seemed utterly unaware that he had a wife whose heart was broken. From looks Lil had given him, sad, revealing looks, Johnny thought Lil cared for him.

He saw her through the lighted windows. She walked across the room, walked slowly

(Continued on Page 147)

Make somebody happy with . . .

THE FINEST NAME IN CLOCKS

SHARON . . .

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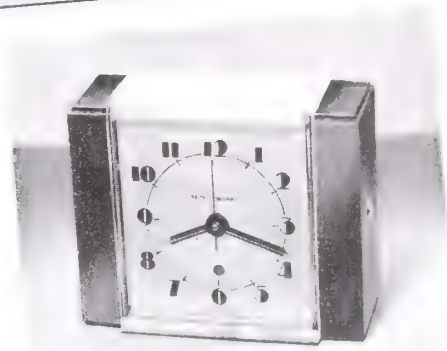
MEDBURY . . .

Give it to yourself or the whole family—it's a mantel clock to live by. Distinctive mahogany cabinet—raised front panel in richly grained rare wood. Westminster chime movement. Electric or spring-wound. $49.50.*



CARLISLE . . .

Give it to a busy executive or his wife. It's a clock that goes to the office or stays at home. Black and crystal-clear plastic case, brushed brass dial. *It's an electric!* $8.95.* Seth Thomas Clocks, Thomaston, Conn.

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"The finest name in clocks"

ELECTRIC OR SPRING-WOUND

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Styled by KROEHLER

It's An Inspiration...So Refreshingly New!

CHEERING ADDITION to any home is this new Kroehler furniture. Its beauty is breath-taking . . . its comfort superb,

KROEHLER

(Continued from Page 145)

in a dazed sort of way. He went up the snowy steps, opened the door and went in, without ringing or knocking or anything.

She was standing by the piano and she had on a black dress and a close gold necklet, twisted like snakes. She turned and said, "Why, Johnny—what is it?" Her voice was low and calm.

"I can't bear it any more," Johnny said. "I can't bear to see you dying of starvation—with him. He doesn't know you're alive. You're dying—and I'm going to take you away from here. You can't stand it any more and I can't stand it either."

She didn't deny her starvation. She said, "Sit down, Johnny. You're in a state! . . . You boys all think there's only one way out, don't you?"

"Well, what other way is there? Anybody can see you're unhappy—and why wouldn't you be? You needn't love me if you can't—but I'd let you be free. I'd love you enough for two. . . . I'll do something horrible, Lil; I'll kill him—something violent. I can't stand it any more."

"Dear Johnny ——" she began gently.

And then Professor Sanderson came from somewhere into the room. He wore baggy old slacks and his thick hair was disheveled as if perhaps he had fallen asleep in his chair. He looked as stolid as ever.

"Here, here—what's all this?" he asked in his rumbling voice. "Another young pup trying to save you from the dragon, Lil? . . . Better clear out, Ely—she doesn't want to be saved. . . . If Lil wanted to go with you, I wouldn't stop her, you know. I don't keep her in chains. She just wouldn't think of going—or perhaps I ought to say she might toy with the thought, but she'd never act on it, would you, Lil?"

And Lil laughed, the first and last time Johnny ever heard her laugh aloud. "You see, Johnny—he's quite perspicacious," she said. "Sandy, you didn't need to come in so soon—I was going to do a very nice renunciation scene!"

"You'll no doubt have other chances to use it," Sanderson said dryly. "How about a bottle of beer, Ely?"

"No, thanks," Johnny said, and went out of the house, feeling a stinging of the face that did not come from the March wind, a stinging that was not limited to his face but seemed to go all over his body.

It is the one thing youth cannot bear, to be laughed at. He was cured of Lil, but it made him very cynical and doubtful about his own discrimination. He would have liked to think, indeed tried to make himself think, that Lil was just covering up, that she really loved him, really was sad but dared not show it. But his common sense told him that that was no good. She had let him love her because she liked the sensation of being adored so blindly, but she would never have gone away with him or anyone. She liked it, as Sanderson had said, the way it was. He was off women forever, he told himself. He looked on marriage with suspicion and he had forgotten for the time being his father and mother who had loved so gaily, so tenderly that his loneliness had fed on that love ever since.

And that affair, if it could be called that, with Lil Sanderson was the only flare of passion throughout his college life. It was a long time before he could remember it with equanimity, and it was after he knew Cass before he could really laugh about it the way the Andersons had laughed. As a matter of fact, the call for help in Lil's sad eyes had no doubt been real enough. But it was only a call to bolster up her own illusion of her seductiveness. It deeply shamed him that he had not seen this at once.

lifework. "I've invited Mr. Knoll to dinner, Johnny. I hope you'll get on with him," she said. "He's a very reputable publisher, I believe, and he might have a place for you in his establishment."

Johnny revolted at the thought. He had no feeling against the publishing business. Indeed, he had thought of it himself. But he did not want Aunt Sophronia responsible for a job for him, he did not want her running him.

He could not have behaved worse with Mr. Knoll. He was arrogant, contradictory, really insufferably rude, and Mr. Knoll raised his fine brows at him more than once in surprise. Aunt Sophronia, who had worked hard to prepare a good dinner (though it seemed insufficient when it was prepared), was hurt and annoyed and her straight mouth grew thinner as the meal progressed.

Mr. Knoll made no suggestions about the publishing business as a career for Johnny, and Aunt Sophronia made none either, evidently realizing her case lost even before presentation. Mr. Knoll departed and Aunt Sophronia began at once clearing up ash trays, piling the dishes for their descent on the dumb-waiter. She was stiff and silent and Aunt Maria seemed on the point of tears. Johnny had to break the silence, a sure sign of his own guilty embarrassment.

"Well?" he said. "I imagine that finishes me with Mr. Knoll, don't you?"

"Yes," Aunt Sophronia said succinctly.

"Sorry," Johnny said, ashamed but still angry. "I just didn't feel up to licking his boots for a job. I'll get myself a job."

"Very well," Aunt Sophronia said. Then she turned and looked at him sternly. "You will of course do as you wish about a position," she told him, "though the publishing business seems eminently suitable for you, but rudeness to guests in my house I will not tolerate. I was ashamed for you, and for my house."

Johnny flushed. "All right. I'm chastised. I was pretty bad. But I don't like being shoved down anyone's throat."

"You might have said that before he came. I was only thinking of your interests."

"Yes, I know," Johnny said. Suddenly Aunt Sophronia looked very pitiful to him. He gave her his rather rare smile and said, "Perhaps I ought to apologize to him."

"It would be suitable," Aunt Sophronia said stiffly.

He hated apologies. He rarely made them, feeling them a weakness. "Never complain, never explain," he had heard his mother say once, and it stuck in his mind like one of those maxims of childhood that seem inviolable rules.

Nevertheless, the next day he walked down to the offices of the Knoll-Conley Publishing Company and asked to see Mr. Knoll. Knoll was a thin, irascible man and he was having a bad day. He had not enjoyed last night's dinner, nor the performance of young Ely.

When Ely's name was given to him he said, "Busy. Can't see him today." Then as the secretary turned to go, he changed his mind, feeling a compulsion to take out his ill-humor on someone, and said, "Tell him to come in—give him ten minutes."

Johnny came into the somewhat cluttered office, feeling a desire to straighten its papers and books. He saw at once that Mr. Knoll had no desire to see him and that his temper was thin. Johnny had an ingratiating sweetness when he wanted to use it. He began with a smile, then sobered.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Knoll," he said briefly. "But I don't like such obvious hospitality as was accorded you last night. I didn't want any part of it—a job for a dinner, that's what it amounted to, didn't it? But I

We do not need more material development, we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power, we need more moral power. We do not need more knowledge, we need more character. We do not need more government, we need more culture. We do not need more law, we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are unseen.

—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

That *silky-smooth* feel of a Nashua Combed Percale Sheet or Pillow Case comes from "combing" the raw cotton with a delicate toothed machine. This *extra* step "combs out" the short, bumpy fibers that make ordinary percales so rough and fuzzy after washing. Since only fine, straight, long-staple fibers go into Nashua Combed Percale Sheets, you get a long-wearing *luxury* sheet for very little more.

Nashua Combed Percale Sheets are woven with a tape selvage for added strength. They launder wonderfully and retain their smoothness washing after washing. Here's sleeping luxury you can afford!

STUBBORN DIRT COMES OUT FAST WITH RINSO'S TRIPLE-ACTION SUDS!

says Mrs. Charles Zimmerman, St. Louis, Missouri.

RINSO'S FORMULA GIVES YOU ALL 3

1. SOAPY-RICH BASE — makes suds that drive deep down — gets out stubborn dirt fast, with no hard rubbing.

2. SUDS-BOOSTER — even in hard water you get heaps of hard-working suds—and FAST!

3. GREASE-CHASER — goes after grease and grime, but it's easy on the hands — helps prevent yellowing of clothes, too!

Who's afraid [illegible] whiter, brighter with Rinso than with less efficient soaps. That's because Rinso bursts into heaps of rich active, deep cleansing suds that actually *float* out dirt.

Less work – *faster* action — no hard scrubbing or rubbing. That's why Rinso's results leave you smiling on wash day. And all your things stay new looking *lots longer*. No wonder women all over America are saying, "It's Rinso for me everytime." Ask for Rinso in the big familiar green package and whistle while you wash.

ANYONE CAN GET A WASH THAT'S RINSO WHITE—RINSO BRIGHT

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RINSO IS A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

"Why don't you want to work for me?" Mr. Knoll said irritably.

"I want to choose my own job," Johnny said, not quite so certainly.

"Well, why wouldn't you want to choose one with me?"

"I don't know that I wouldn't. But *I* want to be the one to get it. I don't want it tied up to family obligations."

"I don't hand jobs out because of family obligations. This is a business house. I knew your father and thought highly of him, and I thought if you had the guts he had, you might be someone I could use. We generally take on a boy or two just out of school every year, and now and then one shapes up. I had a little curiosity about Ely's boy—but, good grief, what an awful dinner!"

"Aunt Sophronia does the cooking," Johnny said. "But she keeps her mind on a higher plane." He spoke quite soberly, but Mr. Knoll gave a quick little bark of a laugh.

"Your father took me there to tea long ago," he said.

"Sometime I wish you'd tell me about my father," Johnny said humbly. "I've always wished someone would."

"Well, come on out to lunch with me right now and I'll tell you," Mr. Knoll said, getting up.

Johnny went down in the elevator with him, silently, followed him into a commonplace eating house and to a corner at the back by a window. Mr. Knoll, however, was not one to talk expansively about anything.

"Had some good times with your father," Mr. Knoll said abruptly, picking up the menu. "We were both young, which probably made them seem brighter than they were. Nothing seems quite so jolly now. . . . Never ate such roast-beef sandwiches as your mother used to make."

The waitress came and they ordered.

"I can just remember them," Johnny said. "I was six when they died."

"Remember," Mr. Knoll said. "Both in one week, of typhoid. Bad. Shock to me. I'd been there a couple nights before—drank a lot of beer and talked a lot of nonsense about art. Your mother got to playing Gilbert and Sullivan and your father made up parodies on the spot—very funny; at least they seemed so then. He could have been a good actor."

"Do you think he was a good artist?"

"Yes. Makings of one anyway. Didn't get much of a start. Pity. Didn't go in for any of the new isms, though he'd defend them at the drop of a hat. Trying for something though. Never could quite make out what. More like Van Gogh than anyone else I can think of, though not definitely like him. Had something of his own. Often wondered what became of his things."

So have I. Aunt Sophronia said there was nothing of any value and she gave a stack of canvases to someone who asked for them. I never found out who it was. I didn't know where to ask."

"Wonder who it was? I'll ask around. Never seen any anywhere—think I'd recognize them if I did. Real pity. Completely happy man—knew where he was going and was on his way. . . . Literary ambitions?" His brows shot up in that quick way.

"I don't know," Johnny confessed. "I'm afraid I don't know where I'm going." Then he gave a shamefaced grin and said, "The truth is that I'd thought about the publ... business. I doubt if I have any writin... ent. At least not enough to last me a lif... But books have been my life so far ... can't see myself selling stocks and bo... working in a factory."

"Give you a job as a reader," Mr. ... said in his clipped, almost exasperated ... "Not much money. Might work into ... thing. Can't dress like that on what I' ... you, though."

Johnny laughed. He found himself ... Mr. Knoll very much, better than he'd ... anybody in a long time. "I'll take it," ... said. "And thank you. . . . And I'm ... adept at pressing my own trousers—it's ... crease that does it, Mr. Knoll!"

MR. KNOLL gave that small bark that ... for laughter with him, got up abruptly. ... afternoon," he said. "Start tomorrow ... like. Ask for Purdy—he'll start you ... And without waiting for Johnny, he p... up the bill and walked swiftly acros... floor toward the cashier's cage.

And that wa... rather ignomi... beginning of Jo... start with K... Conley. He hat... tell the aunts th... had taken the ... and didn't till h... spent two full d... the office. To d... aunts justice, ... didn't rub his h... ation in.

It had always ... Johnny's plan t... soon as he coul... port himself he ... get an apartmen... room somewher... of the deadenin... fluence of the ... Street house. Ar... first thought or ... ing the job was ... now he could ... away, be free. ... perhaps he was ... of that freedom ... haps his rebuf... searching for ... larger life had ... too much dama... his will. It was ... weeks before he ... broached the sub...

The sisters ... really old now, th... they actually se... little older than ... old maids of his first memories of them. ... just grew thinner, drying up till there ... something a little mummylike about t... But they dressed the same, they still ... trived a kind of stiff elegance. If the s... tired them, if the chores of dishwashing ... cooking and silk-blouse and undergarm... laundering took more effort than form... they never said so.

In their latter years they became i... ested in Bahaism, a creed that could ... possibly have had other than intellectua... peal for them. Actually they achieved a ... of belief that all men were their brot... without ever once even imagining th... selves as sisters to all men. A tricky ... formance of the mind, but they manage ...

One Saturday afternoon Johnny cam... at teatime and was startled to find a mag... cently tall Hindu in the drawing room. ... was dressed in western clothes, but he wo... turban. He spoke with a pleasant Oxfor... cent. Johnny felt a hysterical desire to la... so incongruous did the man's presence s... in the fussy room. But he was polite for ... few minutes the Hindu remained, and ... man took his departure with dignity.

Then Johnny laughed, though laug... was heard seldom in that room. "I won't ... simply won't have you taking up yoga," ... said. "Wherever did you find him? In ... Astor ballroom?"

(Continued on Page 150)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It Does Not Matter

By Marsh Campbell

It does not matter that it is a day
And not a year, that we must be
apart;
It does not matter the short time
my heart
Must ache in this intolerable way.
It does not matter that the smallest
space,
Not widest, on this globe must
separate
Your voice from me; my pain does
not abate
Because I am not *far* from your
embrace.

No time is longer than eternities
Of seconds spent from love's
infinities.
No space is wider than one iron
mile
Dividing me from your magnetic
smile.
No brevity of absence can subdue
My soul-felt need to be again with
you.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EVE: # But I thought a fast cleanser had to be gritty!

Heavens no! Gritty cleansers leave scratches that slow you down...

Well, for Pete's sake! How can *scratches* slow you down?

Because they're *dirt-catchers!* They catch and hold grease and grime and make your cleaning twice as hard. That's why I use Bon Ami—it "hasn't scratched yet!"

EVE: But I still don't see how a cleanser can do a thorough job without scratching *some.*

KAY: You would if you'd try Bon Ami! It simply *slides* the dirt away, easy as pie.

EVE: H'mm . . . I must say you made this bathroom sparkle fast enough.

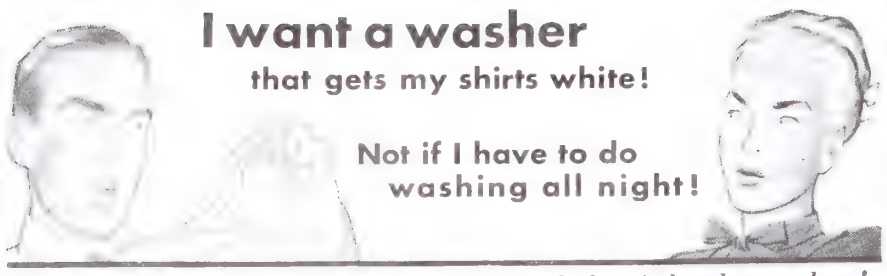
KAY: Not me, hon! Bon Ami's polishing action leaves everything satin-smooth.

EVE: Hands, too, if I can judge by yours! O. K., Kay—you've sold me. Tomorrow I switch to Bon Ami . . . for *keeps!*

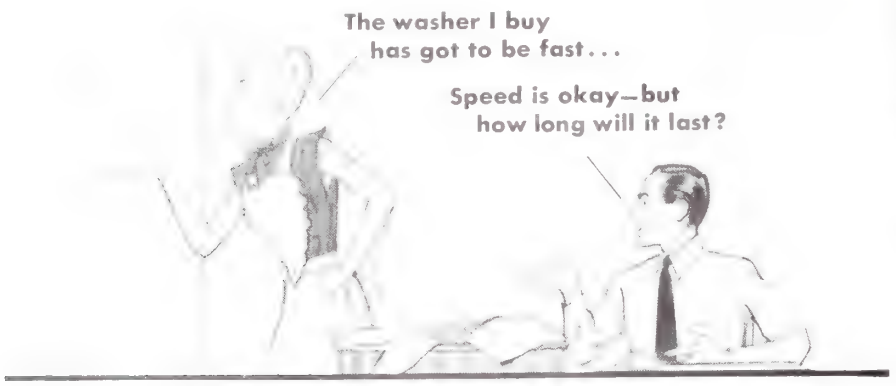
US: Remember Bon Ami comes in two different forms. There's the sifter-top can of *Powder* for sinks and bathtubs. And the handy *Cake* for making windows and mirrors sparkle.

Bon Ami

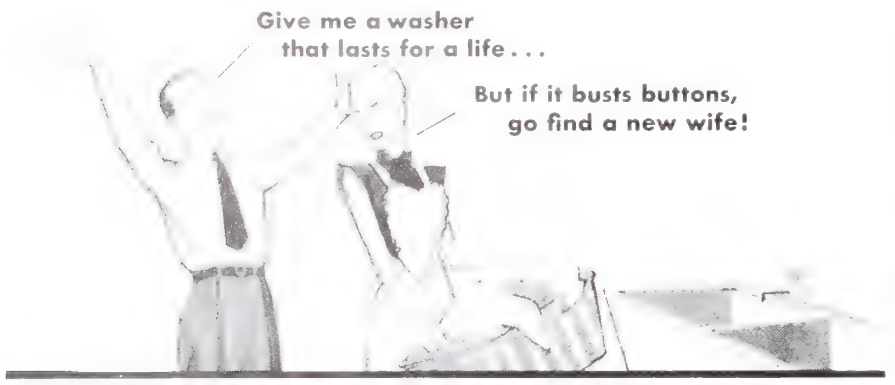
THE SPEEDY CLEANSER *that "hasn't scratched yet!"*



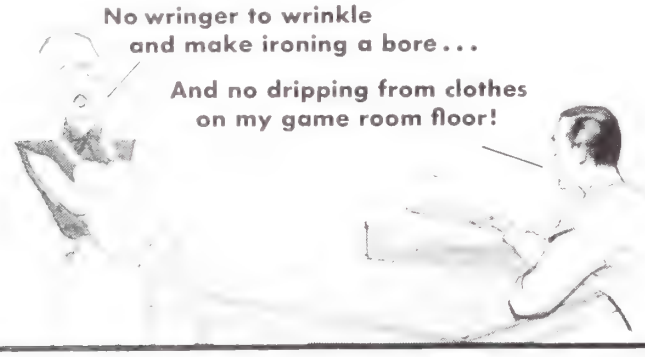
The new Easy Spindrier gets an average week's wash clean in less than one hour!



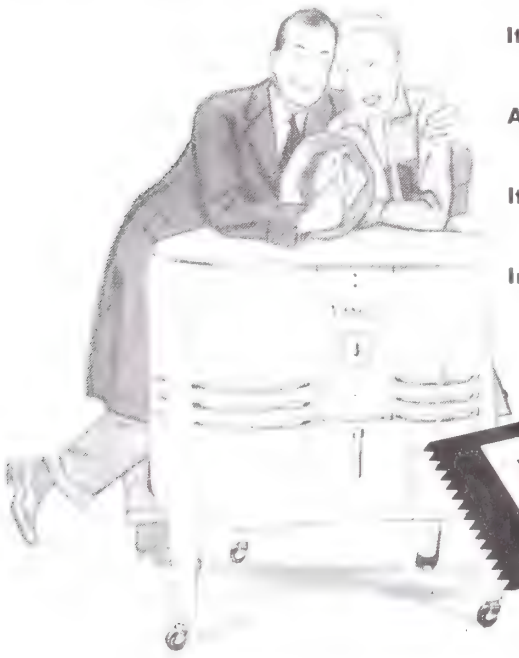
Easy's silent gear case is sealed in oil, built to last a lifetime.



She'll love Easy. It can't break buttons because it has no wringer!



Easy spins out up to 25% more water. Clothes are lighter to handle, dry faster.



It's easy to see
that the things we desire

Are all wrapped up
in this EASY Spindrier!

Its two tubs'll get
our week's wash on the line

In less than an hour...
come rain or come shine!

EASY
WASHES MORE CLOTHES FASTER

MORAL: SEE EASY IN ACTION!

Easy Washing Machine Corporation
Syracuse 1, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 148)

"Exactly," Aunt Sophronia said stiffly. "Does that preclude his having knowledge of Truth?"

"I should think it might, somewhat," Johnny said.

"He speaks where he can find a place to speak," Aunt Sophronia said. "His appeal is to thinking people."

"So?" Johnny said, laughter almost choking him again. "Don't tell me you're off the Bahai brotherhood."

"Certainly not. But it takes thinkers to lead. . . . You are being facetious, Johnny."

"Does a brotherhood have to have leaders? Seriously—does it?" Johnny demanded.

"Jesus was a leader, was He not?"

"Was He? I wouldn't know, Aunt Sophronia. I really wouldn't know. I've often wondered if He meant to be."

"Certainly, He meant to be. His brotherhood coalesced about Him."

"I wonder. Or was He just *being* a brother and mankind found it so strange it had to make a God out of Him?"

"He stated his leadership over and over. Did He not say, 'Follow me'?"

"And are you thinking of taking a position of leadership in matters of the soul?"

"It is a matter of *being*," Aunt Sophronia said. "That does, I suppose, constitute a sort of leadership."

"Just what I've been saying," Johnny murmured.

Their talk seemed to have a curious circular movement to it. But Aunt Sophronia, who did most of the talking for the sisters, brought a practical note into it.

"You could be of service, Johnny, if you would," she said.

"How?" Johnny asked warily.

"Your house could be instrumental in bringing Jehrunanda's message to a larger public," she told him. "We have just been telling Jehrunanda that his talks should be published."

"I'm afraid it's hardly the sort of thing Knoll-Conley would care to sponsor," Johnny said. "They're a bit fussy and their department on religion is small."

"You might ask Mr. Knoll."

Johnny had meant to speak of leaving the 64th Street house that day, but somehow the Hindu's visit had thrown him off his stride a little and he could not seem to bring the matter up.

On Monday he chanced to have lunch with Mr. Knoll, who took an irascible but somewhat fatherly interest in Johnny.

"How would you like to bring a Spiritual Message to the People?" Johnny demanded over coffee.

Mr. Knoll gave a small skeptical snort. "I wouldn't," he said.

"I HAVE a wonderful opportunity for you," Johnny said. "There's a gentleman holding forth at the Astor on the Soul. Name of Jehrunanda. You know the kind of thing. Draws the crowds—sex appeal, I should say. Head that ought to be on a coin. Marvelous looking man—I met him at tea with the aunts. He wants to break into print—or I don't know that actually. The aunts think it would be a service to the world if he should. I haven't discussed it with him."

"You needn't," Mr. Knoll said. "I make it a rule never to publish anything that turns my own stomach, and nothing is so apt to do so as one of these pseudoreligious tracts."

Johnny laughed and they talked of other things. Luncheon was always a quick, hurried affair with Mr. Knoll. You didn't have time for much conversation, though Mr. Knoll always managed in those few minutes to give Johnny something to think about.

It was a week later that one morning Aunt Sophronia stopped Johnny as he was leaving for the office. She had a large Manila envelope in her hands.

"I have persuaded Mr. Jehrunanda to allow me to show these to Mr. Knoll," she said. "I should prefer that you give them to him personally. They are too precious to be passed indiscriminately around an office."

"Oh, I say, Aunt Sophronia—I don't think it will be any use," Johnny said embarrassedly. "As a matter of fact, I spoke of the matter to Knoll. He didn't seem interested."

"He hasn't read them," Aunt Sophronia said.

Johnny took the envelope. Really out of a kind of maliciousness. It was a kind of thing Mr. Knoll would chuckle at.

HE chanced to meet Knoll in the elevator and thrust the envelope at him. "Find one century," he said. "I haven't read it—I'll give you the opportunity of discovery." And with a grin he went down the corridor to his own cubbyhole of an office.

It was not till he was about to leave that afternoon that Knoll came into his office and put it on the desk.

"Not so pseudo as you might think," he said suddenly. "Got something—that Indeed. Might publish it."

"Good heavens!" Johnny protested.

"Serious," Knoll said half angrily. "Don't think he's a quack. Bring him in."

There was a moment when Johnny stood beside Jehrunanda in Knoll's office while Johnny felt his own smallness beside the giant dignified stature of Jehrunanda. He was intensely aware of his own insignificance. For that moment he had a belief in the message, never knowing what it was.

Margaret, aged five, had been very rude to a little guest, and after the child had gone home Margaret's mother told her very feelingly how grieved she was at her rudeness. "I've tried hard to make you a good child, to teach you to be polite and kind to others; and yet, in spite of all my efforts, you are so rude and naughty."

Margaret, deeply moved, looked sadly at her mother and said, "What a failure you are, mother!"

And the book was published under the vague, disarming title of Serenity. The company never got over the sales that book had. They gave it a rather mild build-up, embarrassed at having it on their list—and it sold and sold and sold. After a space of years it was put into a cheap reprint edition and kept on selling. Johnny Boyd never read the book though he was curious. But he was convinced it was quackery and he was ashamed that they had published it and he was embarrassed by a few obvious efforts on the part of the peppery Mr. Knoll to acquire serenity by means only imagined by Johnny via Mr. Jehrunanda. Mr. Knoll, he was relieved to note, never became fully serene and after a few months gave off trying, but apparently there was a great hunger in the American people to achieve serenity, a hunger that never died and made them go on trying and trying. And Mr. Knoll gave Johnny the credit for bringing them the book and he was from then on the white-haired boy of the force.

But before the book's saga was hardly begun, Johnny began his attempt to break loose from the aunts. He began one night when he was late for dinner.

"Sorry to hold you up," he said. "I met Standish. He wants me to share his apartment with him. It might be a good idea mightn't it? I make a lot of work for you two." The small silence that followed his words had shock in it and Johnny felt the shock.

"You're not contented here?" Aunt Sophronia said at last, speaking with her usual cold calm.

"Oh, of course," Johnny said too quickly. "But I know I am something of a nuisance—and one has to start out on his own sometime."

"But, Johnny, of course you're not a nuisance!" Aunt Maria put in somewhat reproachfully.

"I eat," Johnny said, "and my bed gets made and my room dusted and my clothes sent to the laundry and the cleaner. It's considerable work, I know, though it's nice of you to pretend it isn't."

"We always thought you considered this your home," Aunt Sophronia said, starting

(Continued on Page 152)

Two on the aisle – in three acts

There was a young woman named Dwight
Who washed dishes yet kept her hands white
But mild bar soap was slow
So she missed half the show
Which didn't seem bright of Miss Dwight!

TOO BAD Miss Dwight didn't know about Ivory-mild Ivory Snow. It's tops in safety for hands—but so much faster sudsing than slowpoke bar soaps!

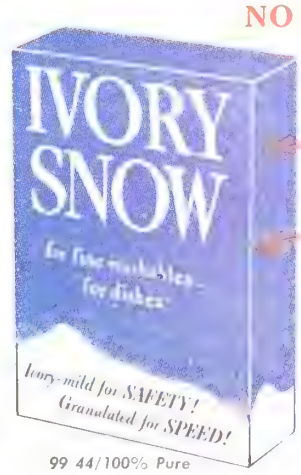
There was a young housewife named Stout
Whose washday soap was fast no doubt
But for dishes 'twas strong
And her hands, before long,
Were so red she refused to go out!

TOO BAD Mrs. Stout didn't use Ivory Snow for dishwashing speed! It's in granulated "snowdrops" so it's as fast as her regular granulated soap, but so much kinder to hands!

There was a young lady named Doe
Who was wise and used Ivory Snow
She'd go out at night
With her hands soft and white
And she never was late for a show!

REASON: Wonderful Ivory Snow is one soap both safe for nice hands and fast in the dishpan. Here's why! There's no other soap that's both granulated for speed and Ivory-mild-and-pure for protection to hands! No finer soap made! Wonderful Ivory Snow!

NO OTHER SOAP LIKE IT!



for Mildness!

for Speed!

Here's one soap that gives

both { **Kindness to Hands!** / **Speed in the Dishpan!**

HEAR KENNY BAKER on Glamour Manor! New high in daytime radio! All star cast! Fun! Music! Monday through Friday—12 noon E.S.T.

YOUR CLOSET'S A Shoplate ...

WITH Vinylite PLASTICS!

TRADE-MARK

A closet pretty enough to show proudly ... with closet accessories that show you their contents at first glance ... these are yours when you choose garment bags and blanket holders made of VINYLITE Brand Plastics! These gleaming, transparent materials *make quick clothes identification easy ... turn in astonishing wear performances ... and they neither crack, craze nor weather.*

For dramatic beauty plus lasting wear, always look for the "made of VINYLITE Plastics" signature on the things you buy for yourself, your family and your home. Pronounce it "Vine-na-lite."

Available at better stores everywhere.

There is only one VINYLITE Brand Plastics. Backed by careful scientific formulation and rigid wear testing, these plastics perform with matchless efficiency. Look for the trademark when you buy.

You know it's right if it's... Vinylite PLASTICS

BAKELITE CORPORATION

United States ... Canada and Carbon Corporation UCC 30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 150)

to pour herself tea when her cup was already full. Johnny noticed this and began to feel a tightness, whether of resentment or pity or resentment at having to pity, he hardly knew.

"Why, I do," he said. "But I can't let myself be coddled forever. I'm making a living and ought to stand on my own feet, hadn't I?"

"I didn't think we had prevented that," Aunt Sophronia said. "Nor did I think we had coddled you. We have never believed in coddling. You were a delicate child and had to have some special attention, but we have never tried to keep you from independent action. However, it is something you will have to decide for yourself. We've hoped you were happy here."

Johnny managed to smile and say, "Oh, well, I haven't gone yet!" and escaped to his room on the next floor.

He felt shaken, as if the brief conversation had been a long and wearying battle. He stood there looking around the little room that had been his so long. It seemed singularly empty, little changed from the room he had come into so long ago after his father and mother died. He disliked the cold little room very much. But he knew that the aunts were deeply hurt. He had hardly ever even considered the possibility that they were fond of him. A coldly conventional sense of duty toward him was all they had ever made him feel. That he not disgrace the name of Ely was all they had ever seemed to expect of him.

But now he knew they expected more. They wanted him there to wait on. They were *fond* of him. It touched him in spite of himself, even though it angered him at the same time.

They were old, but he had no sense that their lives were almost over. They would live to be as old as Methuselah, getting drier, more set, but they would not die. And he felt his own life going the same way, caught in the tide of their desiccation. He would become another Ely mummy. He was caught. He would never be free.

THEN he asked himself, *Free for what?* And he got no answer. He didn't imagine that his life with Standish would be good. Standish was a young high-brow poet and egoistic to an annoying degree. He gathered about him people who flattered him and listened to his poetry, which was surprisingly good in spite of his nature. His apartment was an unholy mess of symbolic murals and curtain patterns, and he had to have flowers that fitted his mood. But when Standish had suggested that they join forces, it had seemed for a moment that life with him would be infinitely preferable to this sterile one. He began to wonder why he had ever thought it would be any better than this. But the real source of that wonder was the fact that he felt this affection of the poor old women reaching out to him, clinging to him, holding him here. It was, in fact, his old hunger being fed ever so little. And yet he felt his whole future hanging in the balance and he was frightened. He had again that sensation of waiting for life to begin, of feeling it slip past him in great pieces—his childhood gone—his youth gone—his manhood beginning to go. And when was he going to live? Ever?

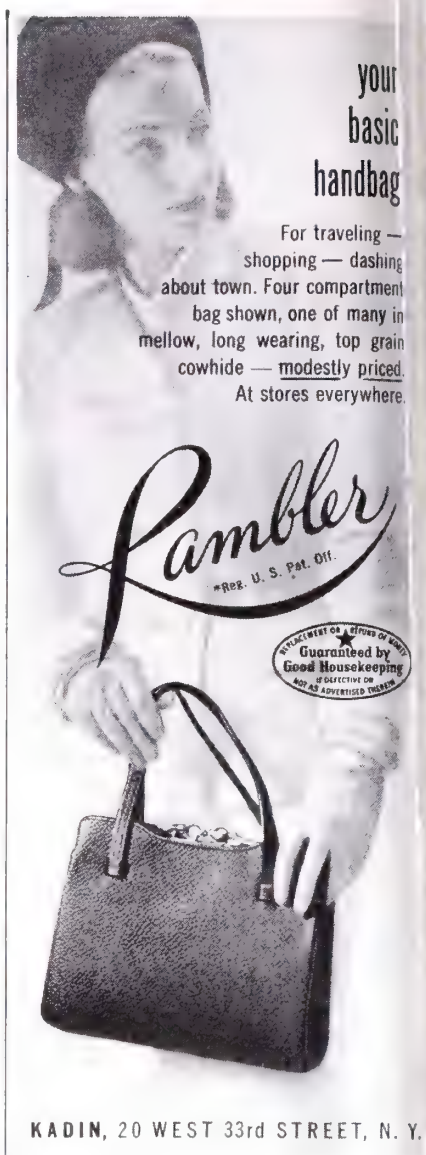
The next day he said to Aunt Sophronia, "We ought to discuss finances a little, hadn't we? Here I am, a moneyed man—I want to chip in on the groceries at least."

"If you feel you can," Aunt Sophronia said. "Though it isn't necessary. You will be more able when you are more firmly established—and you have your clothes and your entertainment to pay for."

He received at that time thirty-five dollars a week.

"Oh, I have enough suits and other things to last me for a while, and my desires are simple," Johnny said. "Suppose I give you eighteen dollars a week? Would that be any help?"

He was a little startled at the relief that came for an instant into Aunt Sophronia's eyes and then was quickly vanquished. "If it



KADIN, 20 WEST 33rd STREET, N. Y.

Oh! my aching hip!
Help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!
● When hip muscles seem to shout with pain after unaccustomed exercise, get busy! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see *tired* muscles are often *famished* muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for your work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed, ready to go. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.
W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.
-ah! my Absorbine Jr.

ill nake you feel more independent, lohn y," she acquiesced graciously.
H never mentioned leaving them again.

VIII

I cold," said Mr. Ely.
here will be snow," the unicorn said.
ow? In November?"
here will be snow," the unicorn re- l softly.
hen you'd better get back to your gar- Mr. Ely said. "I wish I had another et. You wouldn't want to get me an- blanket, would you?"
nost at once the cold went and he felt Hot and lightheaded. He had the illu- hat someone had put another blanket him, though he could still see the gray- hite stripes of the afghan and the cat ot moved from his back.
Ve are so often disarmed by beauty," nicorn said. "The snow covers the world ve do not see the ugly dark earth be- ."
h, let me sleep," Mr. Ely murmured. ive not slept in a thousand years. I am of thinking, tired of you."
raculously there was stillness. A great ess. Mr. Ely opened his eyes and the rn was gone and the world beyond the ows was growing gray with morning. it was snowing—thick snow that had rayness of dawn on it. Mr. Ely kept his open watching the incredible fact of the in November, remembering vaguely ong steep driveway and the fact of no ns for his car, feeling vaguely a sense of pe, of relief at not see- he wise little eyes and fantastic horn.

must be ill. I have had most frightful night- es, he thought. But he not sleep. He lay there e quietly thinking of early days with Knoll- ley. That Jehrunanda g, a fluke, no credit to at all. But Tansy and me. No fluke that. o plot. Fair character- ion. Some promise, but our dish," some reader written on a memo. But it had seemed im pure magic and he had gone to Knoll h it and fought for it. The first book of ry Gordon, now considered the foremost man writer in the country. A star forever the crown of Knoll-Conley, now Ely, nley and Pierce. And Laura Demming. money-maker, but a credit to the firm. had found her too.

No—let's not think of Laura Demming, his nd said. *Let's not.* Had he, he wondered, en to blame about Laura? Had his enthu- sm for her verse been equivocal? Had encouraged her? But how could he have, hen there was nothing of him that did not long to Cass? Or had he, like Lil Sander- n, liked the adoration without wanting to ore? And in the end he had had to say utally and baldly, "But I don't love you, aura."

He could see her intriguing, lovable, child- n little face, the dark eyes staring at him the strangest, most tragic way, and he lt again that cold sensation in the pit of his omach that he had had when they told him e had tried to commit suicide. She hadn't ed. She had gone on writing poetry and he w her now and then and she laughed with im and never mentioned that bad time, but e guilt remained in him. And yet what had e done? Praised her poetry. Sent her flow- rs when a new book came out—just a gesture om the firm. Asked her to tea now and then. ook her to lunch to talk over contracts. He id as much for other authors and they didn't all in love with him.

Cass had never blamed him. "Cass never lamed me," he whispered. At the time he adn't thought it more than natural that Cass should have never doubted his love for er, his undivided love. Now it seemed sud- denly wonderful and strange.

"It's so awful to love like that," she'd said. "So awful to have it one-sided, Johnny. I feel so sorry for her I could die of it. But I can't shame her by telling her so."

And then—then what was it she had said? What *was* it?

"I used to love my brother like that, almost like that. He couldn't move without me at his heels. I would, as the saying goes, have gone through fire for him. But he had no heart."

"I didn't know you had a brother," he'd said, and he felt anew that startled sense of having great areas of Cass yet to discover. "You've never even mentioned a brother."

"I never talk about him. He's dead," she said. "He's dead. He was a scientist and he experimented with women and one of his experiments killed him."

"He couldn't have been more than a boy," he said.

"No, he was just nineteen."

She was putting bulbs in some little pots for the sill and she stopped and sat there, her fingers around the little blue bowl, as if hanging on to it. There was light on the braids above her forehead, but her face was in shadow. He had felt a great compulsion to have her face turned toward the light. He had felt, too, such a tenderness for her that it choked him, and at the same time a sadness, as if he were shut out from part of her.

"Do you ever have a sense of *doom*, Johnny?" she'd said.

"I used to," he said.

"You think that you're hardheaded, that you've got your life in order—and then—and then ——" Cass searched for words.

"And then, darling?"

"It all comes back," she told him. "As if it had been waiting."

"I know," he said. "I used to know. But I don't any more—I've got the upper hand of my doom."

And he remembered the night he'd gone to his room and given up the plan to room with Standish. He remembered standing outside the cheese factory at Watt's Corners and he remembered certain nights at college after an evening with the literati.

"I wonder if you ever do," she said. "All my life I've loved so hard and hoped so high—and then there always comes a moment when everything I've loved and hoped for falls to pieces in my hands. When there's nothing. I start again—it happens again. As if it had to be that way. Like a pattern. My brother—my mother—my father—Louis Duane in Baltimore—my job. . . . Somehow, sometime, I ought to learn to put a curb on my heart—I never learn. It seems like *doom* that I never, never learn."

His heart had begun to pound and he had been frightened, as if their love were threatened, as if a shadow had passed over his heart. "Come here," he said.

But she sat still, too still, looking at her hands on the bowl. He got up and drew her into his arms in the old green chair that he had brought from his room on 64th Street. There had seemed to be some confession that this, this too, would end, in the way they clung together in silence. But at last she relaxed against him and put her hand up against his face in a way she had and whispered, "*Oh, Johnny!*"

I ought to get up, he said now. *It's morning, I ought to get up.*

He didn't feel now any fear of Them, but his body felt weak and strange. The cat jumped down and began to miaow softly but querulously. He must feed the cat. First he must go up and get dressed and then he must feed the cat and get out of here. He pushed back the afghan, then pulled it over him again, resisting movement. It was getting lighter, but it wasn't going to be a bright day. It was a gray day. Thick and soft the snow fell steadily.

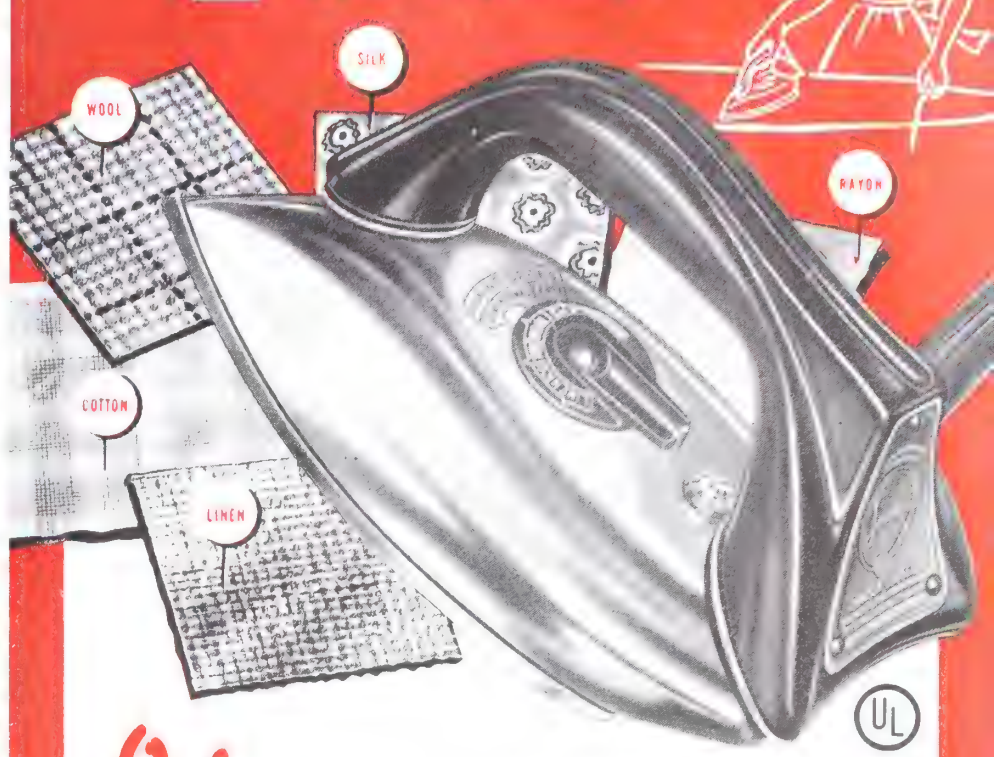
At last he stood up, looked down through a haze at the gaudy pajamas as if he had

(Continued on Page 155)

A man on a visit to a friend overstayed his welcome. It was getting toward Christmas and his host thought a kindly hint would have the desired result. "Don't you think," he said, "that your wife and the rest of your family will want you to be with them at Christmas?" "Man," replied the guest, "I believe you're right. It's thoughtful of you—I'll send for them." THE KABLEGRAM.

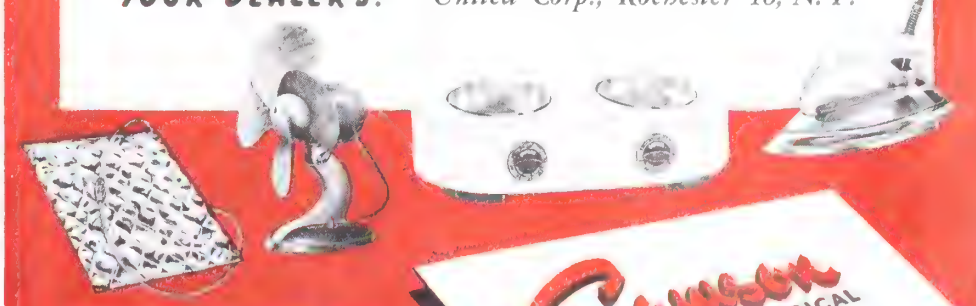
WHATEVER YOUR SPEED, DIAL THE HEAT YOU NEED

...for the fabric you are ironing!



Only THE SAMSON SELECTIVE SPEED AUTOMATIC IRON has the Duo-Dial Heat Control that measures the heat to suit both your *fabric* and your ironing *speed.* No guesswork . . . no danger of scorching. Magic Eye shows how often you iron on stored-up heat, thanks to the efficiency of the Samson Steel-Rock Heating Unit. Perfect balance and light weight (4 lbs.), plus air-cooled, comfort-grip plastic handle assure faster, easier ironing. Tapered point and bevel edge make it simple to iron into pleats and around buttons. Effortless "rock-to-rest" motion stands iron on handle without lifting . . . keeps *all* hot metal off board. Streamlined design, chromium plate, built-in cord. On display at leading home appliance dealers, together with other popular-priced, quality-built Samson appliances. *Samson United Corp., Rochester 10, N. Y.*

LOOK FOR THIS Showbox AT YOUR DEALER'S!



SAFE-T CIRCUIT HEATING PADS
SAFE-FLEX RUBBER BLADED FANS
TEMPO-FLEX TABLE RANGES
FOLD-AWAY TRAVEL IRONS

Samson ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Like Ice-Cream 'n' Cake at Your House

HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL
NEW WAY TO SERVE IT!

Believe it or not, you can make this ingenious, taste-tempting dessert in a cool, quick hurry with the *faster* Pillsbury's Best for modern baking! Happily, this new-day flour is perfectly suited to Ann Pillsbury's time-saving, quick-mix method. It is specially milled from choicest wheats only. And to *all* your baking it imparts new lightness – delicacy – flavor. No wonder it's gaining popularity *faster* than ever. Try it. Soon!

Ann Pillsbury's 'CREAM-LINED CAKE

It's easy with the faster Pillsbury's Best for modern baking . . . and Ann Pillsbury's streamlined recipe!

Bake at 350° F. for 35 to 40 minutes. All ingredients must be at room temperature. Makes one 9-inch ring mold.*

Sift together . . 1¾ cups sifted PILLSBURY'S BEST ENRICHED FLOUR
3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder (or 4½ teaspoons single-acting)
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar

Add . . . . . ½ cup vegetable shortening
½ cup milk

Beat . . . . . for 2 minutes until batter is well-blended and glossy. (With electric mixer, use medium speed for same period of time.)

Add . . . ¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, unbeaten

Beat . . . . . for 2 minutes.

Pour . . . . . into lightly greased, floured, 9-inch ring mold

Bake . . . . . in moderate oven (350° F.) for 35 to 4 minutes.

*If desired, this cake may be baked in two, 8-inch layers at 350° F for 30 minutes.

Creamy Butter Frosting Cream 2 tablespoons butter and ⅛ teaspoo salt. Add alternately to creamed mixture 2½ cups sifted confe tioners' sugar, 1 egg white and 4 to 5 teaspoons cream. Blend w after each addition. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 drops green coloring. Beat until light and creamy. Frost cooled cake. Fill ring with scoops of a variety of ice creams or ice cream molds.

You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Bes

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(Continued from Page 153)

r seen them before. He saw the furry
s and they were puzzling too. But he
t across the red rug, up the stairs and into
east room. There his clothes hung, neatly
ed. He dressed quickly, feeling all the
that curious bodily weakness. He went
nstairs, fed the cat, took in the three
les of milk on the back step, hooded with
ll cap of snow, put them in the refrigera-

e saw last night's cup on the table. He
ied it to the sink, rinsed out the perco-
r, made more coffee.

ought to eat something, he said, but he
n't hungry. He sat down and drank two
s of coffee, but when he lit a cigarette it
a hideous taste and he put it out against
saucer, something he never did.

must go now, he said. *I must get out of
while I still can.* But his words had no
aning, for there was no destination in his
nd, nothing to make him go out and
ep off the shrouded car, get his keys
, try to negotiate that long, curving,
wy driveway.

He rose and went to the window and could
t see across the valley, could not even see
oss the yard to the
nk where the daffo-
s bloomed in the
ring, so thickly the
rly snow fell. This
as all there was, this
range house on a
range hill in the
iddle of the snow.
ime seemed to have
opped in his heart
it had in the old
ock on the mantel
the east room.

He walked into the
ining room, switched
n the light, for the
rayness was like twi-
ght in the room. Two
easant dolls sat on
op of the corner cup-
oard. They were
aded and a little
lusty, as if they had
at there forever and
here were no more
ime for them either.
Beneath them in the
upboard were the
blue-and-white spode
dishes. He remem-
bered the dishes of
yellow-and-white
Italian pottery they
had bought, he and Cass, in their first house. "Of *course* they'll chip," Cass said, to the assurances of the salesman. "But they'll be such fun to eat from while they last!" They had certainly chipped—but they had as certainly been cheerful while they lasted.

He turned aimlessly from the cupboard, and there was Sid's play on the old oak sideboard. Something out of the night in the cocktail lounge at the Sheraton came back to him. "I'll read you my play," Sid said.

He left it there for me, he thought, but he did not want to read it. He seemed to have escaped forever from the world of books. Plays were utterly unimportant. Books were futile indeed, and he felt a faint wonder that he had given his life to making them seem important.

BUT he walked over to the sideboard and picked up the bulky manuscript and sat down at the round oak table in the middle of the room. The silence closed round him and he began to read. He was aware that there was a veil between him and the pages, that he was somehow cut off from books, from the written word as reality. Nevertheless, he read carefully: settings, cast of characters, every stage direction.

Then, quite abruptly, there was no veil there, and the words came at him without interference, powerful, sledge-hammer words with a kind of terrible beauty.

"My word, it's *good!*" Mr. Ely said.

It was a story of greed, greed that ate the soul. An American story, yet Greek in its simplicity, in its inexorable march toward doom. *Doom—doom—doom* . . . the word in his thoughts tied suddenly to words he had thought of at dawn out of the long ago.

He looked up from the manuscript and the world was a little lighter, but the snow still fell, and there was a wind now that swept the snow against the panes and sounded in the chimneys. *All right, Aggie*, he said. *All right, old girl. You knew.*

HE got up and went into the living room, walked across the red rug and stood looking at the portrait of Sid. Sid Emerson, with his malicious critic's tongue, his swagger, his bigger-than-life gestures. There he was in the portrait, just as he was in life. And yet—and yet—this he had done, this sound play, this play the Theatre Guild would grab at, this wonderful, awful play. "If you are in need of a good soporific, I can't do more than urge you to see Bay Leaves at the Empire." That was the kind of thing Sid said, and said, and said. But it might be that his boredom was real, that he had had a hunger, too, a hunger for something brutally dramatic and it had eaten at him over the years till he had done this. And—and this was the important part of it—Aggie had known he would. Aggie had hung on and taken care of him and now he had done it.

He had a sense of waiting for the moral in that to be explained to him. Somehow he had to make an analogy between Sid's life and his. But he did not. He let it remain Sid's story and left his own apart in its dark empty place.

He heard a clock ticking suddenly. It was not in this room. He walked through the dining room, found it on a shelf in the kitchen. Threeten.

That's queer, he said. *It didn't take me all that time to read the play. I wonder what I was doing the rest of the time. I'll have some coffee.*

He had just had coffee a few minutes ago, it seemed. But he had it again. It didn't satisfy him, but he didn't want food. Things were growing hazy again. The play that had jerked him into consciousness for a time faded—became part of a dream, a disturbing, powerful dream, but a dream. His cup shook in his hand, he saw, and he watched his hand with a faint, scientific interest.

I'll write to her, he said suddenly. *I'll tell her it's all right. She can be free of me, free forever and ever.*

But he washed the cups, the coffeepot, put them away neatly.

I don't think there's any ink, he evaded. *They write on the typewriter. I couldn't write it on a typewriter.*

He went into the living room and on the desk was one of those inkwells of some red plastic, with a pen jutting out from it. The inkwell jeered at his evasion. He sat down and took out the pen and began to write. He wrote quickly, the pen moving of itself the way the car had moved under its own power on the way up here.

Cass, my darling—or Cass, who used to be my darling—or were you ever? Or was it all a dream from the beginning? No, it wasn't all a dream, was it? The worms ate in, that was all. They have eaten in and devoured us and our love and there is nothing left but a little dust. I am willing enough to say it was my fault, but that's immaterial when you're dead, isn't it? The unicorn said I chose death and I did. I didn't have the courage for life. I never have had it. I have always thought a miracle would happen, but miracles don't happen to people who choose death. I thought you were my mir-

BLUESTOCKING

In the late eighteenth century it was the fashion to hold soirees at which women were permitted to participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men. These societies came to be known as Blue Stocking Clubs because one of the most eminent members of these clubs, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, wore blue worsted stockings rather than the more common black silk stockings of that day.

Such was the excellence of his conversation and so great a loss was his absence felt to be that it became the fashion to say when he was not present, "We can do nothing without the bluestockings." The term has come into common and popular use to denote women who show a taste for learning and an inclination toward intellectual pastimes. —DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

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O'clock

acle, but I might have known the resurrection takes place in yourself—no one resurrects you. I can't do it, Cass. I'm fading out. I'm giving up. I'm being swallowed by a snowstorm and it doesn't matter any more. . . . That's a lie. I don't want to lie now. It does matter, but I can't or won't do anything about it. I hate your mother. Having given up devils, I have made her into My Devil. The unicorn said men do, and they do. I have made her into such a Big Devil, so All-Powerful, that she is too great for me. She has poisoned me and now I am all poison. I thought I loved you very much—I thought I did—but I couldn't have, could I? When I let it all turn into poison? . . . Cass, go away—go away from me—go away from her. I'm no good for you. It takes too much out of you to make me anything. And she's no good for you, either. She eats you up, my darling. You said she does. She does. You said to take you out and drown you—you said so, do you remember? But I didn't. How could I? Even when you began to go away from me, how could I? . . . All I've known of life has come through you. And yet it would have been more merciful, wouldn't it? . . . But my chance is gone. It does no good to talk of it now. Only the sin of indifference, that is not mine. I have never been indifferent, Cass. Never, never. My will may be like water, but I have always been aware of you. I have even been aware of what was happening to our love, and why. How can a man let such a thing happen? If I had been worth your loving I would have managed your mother. Somehow I would have managed her. Instead of that I let her make it all little, I let her diminish our love, eat at it, eat it all away. You see me small now and small I am. I can't ever puff myself up again to any real size. . . . Could it be that I loved you because you made me feel big? No, no, that's not so, no matter what the unicorn says. I *was* big once—for a little while. I was big enough. But no more, Cass. No more. I've shrunk. . . . Only—you hate her, too, don't you? Then why—*why?* Why did you have to give her loyalty if you hate her? Was it pity? If you were here, Cass, it seems to me we could say things not yet said. I could ask you things I have been too proud to ask. But you are not here. Go away, Cass—go far away. Try again. Put on your red hat and lunch with poets and laugh again—laugh in the old way with someone, *anyone*—only don't give in to your doom, darling. Don't be afraid. *Be not afraid. . . . Be not afraid. . . .* I am afraid, but don't you be. . . . There's a cat here—with yellow stripes—I think of you—you would laugh, Cass, if you could hear the lion's Oxford accent—you would laugh—and laugh—the mountains of the moon—it does take three logs—three—three—three—gather ye holly while ye may—the holly will prick you, darling—your hands will drip with blood—the blood of the lamb—washed in the blood of the lamb . . . three—three—three ——

His head dropped forward over the page, rubbing ink. The pen fell, rolled a little, came up against the little drawers, stopped.

IX

THE years of his beginnings at Knoll-Conley were strange years. Years of making armor, years of illusion building. They made it easy for him at the office. They helped immeasurably. He gained his reputation for discrimination and perspicacity so soon. Mr. Knoll talked about him. He had invitations to go elsewhere. His salary was raised—and raised again. He paid the aunts twenty-five a week—thirty. They got a little maid, not very efficient. The maid was not worth what they paid her, but she gave John Ely some relief of mind.

He met writers and critics and publishers and his life, such as it was, was bound to the literary world and he had a kind of sense of belonging to a strong fraternity. He also met musicians and a playwright or two and he was accepted by these people—he could talk their language, really he could talk it better than they did. He even got to the point where he took people home for tea. He knew that he did it more or less maliciously, but he did it. He had so armored himself th could be indulgent to the aunts, and he that these stiff little tea parties with th ladies were amusing to sophisticates.

But sometimes at a concert he would denly find sweeping over him a sense of ure. A sense of not being in his right w It wasn't that the music bored him—he a genuine love for it. It was more the feeling: *Is this all?* He thought sometim marrying, but the thought left him cold. saw women enough and they liked him enough, too, but he didn't want to marry least, no one that he knew.

PERHAPS it was, he thought, the house. always went back to the tall, dull, c house. Sometimes through a whole eve of talk he could maintain the illusion tha was having a good time, that he was a us citizen, a man of taste, a man liked and spected. But then he would go home. aunts would be up. They had always sat till twelve, he could not imagine why, now they sat up till one or two if he sho chance to come home that late. They insis that he had nothing to do with it, that t were not waiting up for him. "Why, I hac idea it was so late!" Aunt Sophronia wo say. "Maria and I were so engrossed with book!" But he knew they sat up for h They would go briskly up to bed as if he nothing to do with their affairs, as if t filled their days a nights very well wi out him, but he kn And then the illusi of the evening wo fade and he would only a somewhat fus young man living wi fussy old maids a frustration would e gulf him. Then would know the ca tic, witty young m he had a reputation f being was only a shell this lonely, inadequa boy in this cold roo was the real John El

Then Aunt Mar died. She had had stroke. Sophronia an Sadie got her upstai to bed, and as they wer both slight of body, it must have been some thing of an effort. Aunt Sophronia for th very first time phoned Johnny at the offic and asked him to come home. Aunt Mari rallied a little, but on the third day she ha another stroke and died.

After that life was different, or that whic passed as life. Aunt Sophronia did not weep She hardly seemed to mourn. *Perhaps* Johnny thought with some surprise, *she really believes about the Oneness.* Johnny missed Aunt Maria more than he would have thought possible. She was a little gentler than Aunt Sophronia; she never talked much, and when she did it was more or less as an echo of Aunt Sophronia. It was partly that Maria's going put an added burden of responsibility on Johnny. He could not help thinking of Aunt Sophronia sitting there all day long alone. He took to spending more evenings at home, because he couldn't help himself. He resented the necessity, but he went home. He brought his phonograph down to the drawing room, and many an evening played records for Aunt Sophronia. He was surprised to find that she was not unfamiliar with good music.

One day she told him about a week she had spent in Stuttgart with Maria in 1912.

"They said we should not be able to find a room," she said. "There was some sort of balloon contest and the city was crowded. But of course if one has the will, one can find a room anywhere. We had no trouble."

Johnny could just see her, looking down her long nose at hotel managers, taking it for granted that a room would be found for an Ely, even an impecunious one.

"They were having a week of Richard Strauss," Aunt Sophronia went on. "I must confess it was a disappointment. A money-grabbing man who smoked cigars. But I

(Continued on Page 158)

China has not been called the Land of Ancient Wisdom for nothing. Two neighboring restaurants were in constant competition with each other. After a while the two proprietors met over a cup of tea to resolve the situation. Either the competition must stop or the businesses must merge. They decided on the former. Mr. Wong took over the management of Mr. Tong's restaurant, and Mr. Tong took over the management of Mr. Wong's restaurant. But each retained his original ownership.

Now Mr. Tong rejoices when he sees a customer going into the restaurant next door. The same with Mr. Wong. —DR. WALTER DAWISON.

Grand Opening!

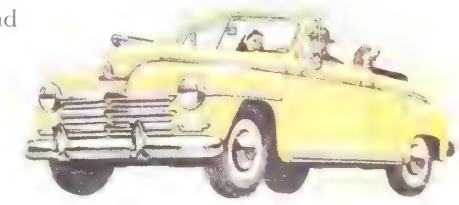
Skipper's already guessed: cold fried chicken, potato salad, and yes, a special bone. So if you'll keep your back turned, Plymouth, the mistress of ceremonies will now get out the basket!

—That's a business I can handle by myself . . . because the trunk-lid swings up as lightly as a compact top. The weight's *counterbalanced*—no work for the biceps, all the "lift" is built in!

—And once up, the trunk-lid *stays* up, too! I can stick my head right in, without that familiar "lion's mouth" feeling . . . confident, as I rummage, it won't come snapping down!

—I really *needn't* rummage, though. Everything's easy to reach in this rear compartment. The floor's bumper-level, so luggage slides in smoothly—and thanks to the smart way the spare tire's stored, there's room enough for a month's vacation bags—

But fine points like these are only part of it! You're the family pride for plenty of other reasons. Smooth good looks—a cushioned-in-luxury ride. Put 'em all together, and who wouldn't agree—Plymouth, you're for *me!*



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Rome Manufacturing Company Division, Rome, New York

(Continued from Page 156)

remember the voice of a certain Anna von Mildenburg in Elektra. Over all much virtuosity, but not the greatness I was led to expect—and much derivation."

To Johnny's surprise, Debussy was Aunt Sophronia's favorite and she often asked for his records.

"Why Debussy?" he asked. "I'd have hardly thought him your cup of tea."

"Must you use such phrases, Johnny?" she'd asked disapprovingly. "Debussy is of the spirit."

"Is he?"

"I find him so," Aunt Sophronia stated with definiteness.

Once he took her to a Zimbalist concert at Carnegie Hall. She got out of some long-hidden store a black lace dress and a black fur cape that smelled of moth balls. He was touched as well as amused by the effort she made to do the thing right. And somehow she managed to look the lady, even in clothes that must have been twenty years old.

"Thank you for a very pleasant evening, Johnny," she said afterward. "It was most rewarding."

But he saw that some of her had died with Maria, that she seemed to have shrunk a little, dried a little more.

One day he said to her, "Aunt Sophronia, why don't you sell this house? We could find a small apartment on one floor that would simplify life a good deal." He was walking about the room restlessly. He was nervous these days and smoked a good deal, which he knew annoyed Aunt Sophronia.

"No, I wouldn't care to sell this house," Aunt Sophronia said calmly.

"But why not? You work so hard to keep it going. Why should you?"

"It's the Ely house," she answered, as if that were all there was to it. "Elys have lived here for a great many years. It is to be your home when I am no longer here."

God forbid! Johnny wanted to cry, but he did not. "You could rent it, then," Johnny said. "I would like to see you take things easier."

"I do not care for the modern apartments," Aunt Sophronia said. "They lack character. And I like my own things about me. There would scarcely be room for them in a smaller place. However, you know you are quite free to take an apartment for yourself if you like, Johnny. You are not bound to stay here."

"I was thinking of you," Johnny said, not altogether truthfully.

"I am quite content," Aunt Sophronia answered.

He had stopped in front of the old cabinet with its shelves of knickknacks. He opened the door—he had never in all his years there opened the door before—took out a small Dresden figure and stood there holding it in his hands. It was an exquisite bit of nothingness. A tree, with branches not stylized, but sweeping and full of the natural irregularities of branches. And on a branch was the most perfectly formed brown bird not more than half an inch over-all, while at the foot of the tree sat a white cat, tail a big circle about its feet, head uplifted, blue eyes on the bird. *She will get you!* Johnny's heart said to the bird. He put it back carefully, closed the door.

"Well, at any rate, let's have someone here more competent than Sadie."

He took it upon himself to dismiss Sadie. It was more difficult than he had imagined it would be. He went down to the kitchen where Sadie was doing the dinner dishes.

"Sadie," he began, "we are thinking of making some changes here." He had a little speech all ready, about his desire that Aunt Sophronia should have a sort of companion and so on, but Sadie didn't give him time to say it. She turned, but left her red hands dripping above the dishpan.

"You giving me the sack?" she demanded.

"I should think you might be pleased," Johnny said, abruptly on the defensive. "You could certainly get easier places than this. The stairs here are enough to kill anybody."

"I'm used to 'em," Sadie said. "Oh, I know I don't suit *her*, Mr. Ely! But couldn't

A·1 *Reg. U. S. Pat.

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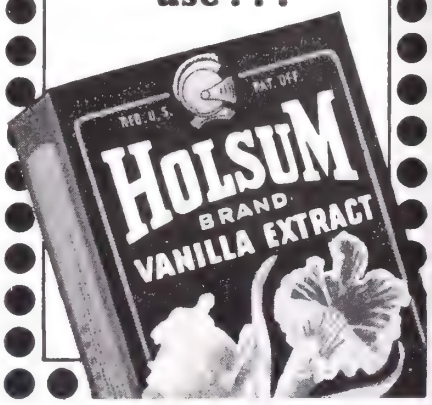

ody suit *her!* I could of done a lot better
d been given my head, so to speak."
I don't doubt you could have," Johnny
l, troubled. "But you see, Sadie, nobody
ever be 'given her head,' so to speak -
e. Nobody. I'll find you a place you'll
better. I promise you that. I -I think
ss Ely needs some one who is a com-
nion. She's old Sadie."
'She'll live to be a hundred," Sadie mum-
d. Since this was exactly Johnny's feeling,
found little to answer to it. "And 'twould
e no less'n the queen to suit her for com-
nion!"
'If that's the way you feel, I don't see why
u want to stay," Johnny said.
"I don't, if I'm not wanted," Sadie said
th some spirit. "I've put up with a lot,
r. Ely, and don't think I haven't, but
e had some advantages on this job and
at's made up for other things."
"What advantages do you have?" Johnny
und himself asking curiously.
"Well, I've got my
om down here where
ople aren't butting
on me every few
inutes, I can go out
night without ques-
ons being asked. I
on't have to set with
ildren; and when I
ave a day off, I have
. *off*—not from after
he lunch dishes are
one like it is in lots of
laces." She turned
nd went on with her
ask. "When was you
hinking of making a
hange?" she asked.

He didn't like Sadie. He was weary of her uninspired cooking, her slapdash cleaning, her flat face. But she seemed in that moment unbearably pathetic.

"Perhaps the first of the month," he said gently.

He made his departure, for she did not answer. He could not bear to know that perhaps she was crying into the dishwater.

He found her a place as he had promised. A professor he knew at Columbia was glad to get her for the small wages she expected. He had three children and his wife was a harassed, inefficient housekeeper, but somehow Johnny knew, in spite of the children, that Sadie would be happier there. Or would she? How did he know?

He took great pains in choosing her successor. He was somewhat oppressed by the consciousness that he was trying to find someone who would really be a companion for Aunt Sophronia, someone who would lessen his own sense of responsibility. At last he found Mrs. Beaseley, an impoverished gentlewoman, who seemed exactly right. She impressed upon him the fact that she was an omnivorous reader and spent all her spare time with books, that she had run, in her better years, a fine household with economy and taste. So he hired Mrs. Beaseley.

MRS. BEASELEY was not an unqualified success. In the first place, she was curious insatiably curious. This was a quality that Aunt Sophronia despised. Aunt Sophronia never pried, nor did she expect others to pry into her affairs. That Mrs. Beaseley had ever been a lady, Aunt Sophronia doubted. And it may have been true that Aunt Sophronia had made friends with loneliness, or had the habit of loneliness, and was irritated by this encroachment on her silences.

"I must say you have courage to upholster a chair with that peach damask," Johnny once overheard Mrs. Beaseley say. "That material used to run as high as fifteen a yard did you pay that much for it?"

"I don't recall," Aunt Sophronia answered.

WELL, you must have. Because that's the best. And for all I have little now, I *do* know what the best is, Miss Ely. We had two drawing rooms as well as a music room and library and there was little I didn't know about imported fabrics in those days. I liked delicate things, too, though of course I expected some wear from them. I don't know whether I would ever have considered damask. Of course I had my children, and that makes a difference. . . . It's odd your nephew has never married, isn't it? He's such a charming person. But no doubt he contemplates it soon and then you'll have the joy of watching his children. . . . I can't tell you how wonderful it is to have the devotion of your children, Miss Ely. My boys can't forgive me for not making my home with them. But I have a great deal of pride and I don't think it is ever satisfactory to have two generations in one house, do you? Oh, I don't mean *your* situation, Miss Ely! That's *very* different. *Quite* different. If he had a wife, you would understand. And children!"

"I am afraid children bore me," Aunt Sophronia said coldly.

"Oh, how can you say that! Of course they have their problems and are often trying. My son Rob's little boy has been, I'm afraid, badly trained. Sometimes his mother's management of him seems quite intolerable to me, but I never interfere. *Never*. . . . I do think blood tells, don't you, Miss Ely? Rob's wife has little background. Of course, before he married her, I told him my opinion. But you know what young men are. Often stubborn and rebellious. Though Rob had *everything*, Miss Ely. . . . Mr. Ely's parents are dead?"

"Yes."

"And you've had all his bringing up?"

"Yes."

"I must say he has the most exquisite manners. I can't understand why some girl hasn't snapped him up."

"He's fastidious," Aunt Sophronia said. "He would never choose a wife who was the kind to 'snap him up.'" Her scorn of Mrs. Beaseley's language was implicit in her quotation.

"He seems to be doing awfully well in his business. He must make a really fine salary."

"I'm sure I don't know. We don't discuss money matters," Aunt Sophronia said.

"You know, Miss Ely, I think, if you'll pardon me for saying so, that's most unwise. My husband was one to be very discreet, and I must say we suffered for it. Of course I don't know anything about your affairs and I don't want to pry, but I do think it's wise to know where one stands. And I do know whereof I speak. If I had known a little more where I stood, I shouldn't be supporting myself today—though I do feel very happy here and feel God led me to this haven. Of course I *could* be with my sons nothing would please them more—but as I've told you, I do have pride and, I hope, common sense. . . . I'm not saying you're dependent on Mr. Ely—I can't know that, of course—but *if* you are, I should think it would be very wise to know exactly what you can count on. I should imagine he

Dr. Heinrich Schliemann didn't decide that he needed a wife until fairly late in life. He had made a large fortune in business. Then, at the age of forty-six, he sold out and became an archaeologist—and a very fine one too.

Because he had a great admiration for Homer, Doctor Schliemann specialized in the study of cities mentioned by the blind poet. He gained world-wide fame from his discovery of the ruins of ancient Troy.

Basking in this glory, the German scientist one day presented himself at the Young Ladies' Academy, in Athens, Greece. The principal was overwhelmed at a visit from so distinguished a figure, and reverently inquired what service could be rendered.

"I want to marry one of your girls!" replied the archaeologist. And to the astonishment of the student body, he announced that he would marry the girl who first memorized the whole of Homer's Odyssey!

Never before or since has there been such frantic study of the great poet! Undaunted by the length of the epic, half the girls in the school entered the competition. In just four days, one candidate announced her readiness to be tested. Without a pause, she recited the famous lines for a full two hours. Convinced that she was letter-perfect, the rich old scholar permitted her to stop.

"Now that you have accepted my proposal, we will be married," he chuckled.

They were—and lived "happily ever after"!

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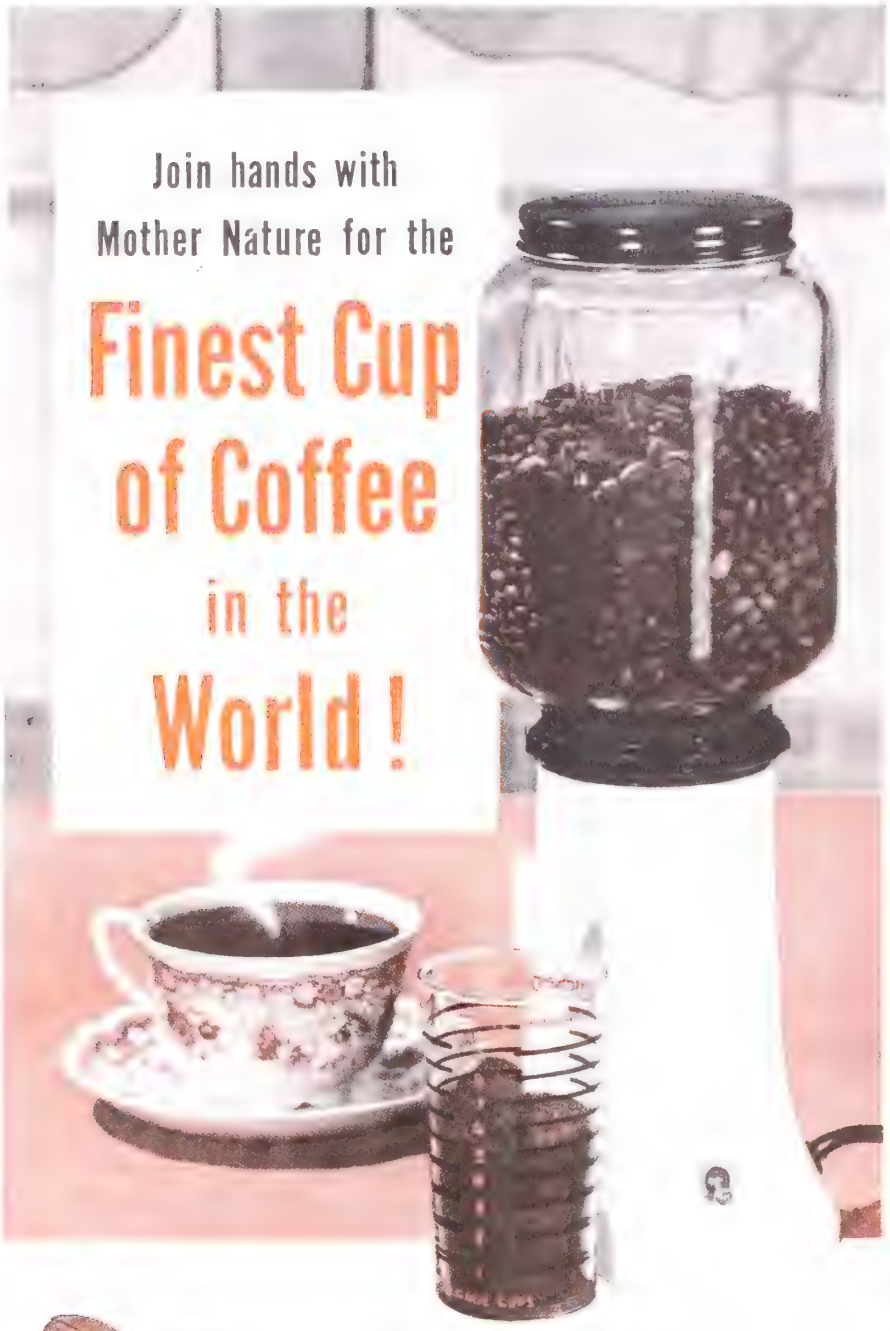
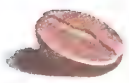
Make it a top of the morning drink . . . a tall thirst-quencher for a hot afternoon . . . a short, pre-dinner appetizer. Whenever, however you serve it Libby's is a real refresher!
And here's a drink that's rich in vitamins! Not only rich in the Vitamin C you expect from your breakfast juice but rich in Vitamin A, too! A single 6-ounce glass of Libby's supplies, on the average, a grownup's minimum need for Vitamin C for the whole day. Three such glasses take care of Vitamin A requirements the same way! Moreover, Libby's is a ready source of Vitamins B1 and B2!
Keep plenty of this *twice-rich* tomato juice chilling in the refrigerator ready for refreshing drinks.
LIBBY, M'NEILL & LIBBY, Chicago
HEAR "MY TRUE STORY" Mornings — Mon. thru Fri. ABC Network
Libby's
TOMATO JUICE
IN ALL CANNED FOODS
LOOK TO Libby's FOR PERFECTION
Libby's PEAS
Libby's DEVILED HAM
Libby's
Libby's CORNED BEEF HASH





HERE'S the best "coffee package" ever made — the coffee bean itself, designed to guard rich coffee flavor until the bean is broken. Ground *moments* before use, you get *all* the full, fine flavor undiminished—in the cup, where it belongs. There is no chance nor time for precious flavor to escape.

That's what the KitchenAid Electric Coffee Mill does for you — just a flick of the switch tumbles fragrant-fresh coffee into the measuring glass in a matter of seconds. No bother with containers and measuring spoons. Just keep whole bean coffee — always more economical — in the transparent hopper, ready for use. Whatever your brewing method, the grind selector gives you the proper grade of grind quickly and accurately.

The KitchenAid Coffee Mill is compact, sturdy, finished in bright white baked-on Dulux, and built to serve for years. See it — try it — and serve coffee so flavorful, so fragrant, that your whole household will declare it the finest in the world!

KitchenAid Mixers are outstanding too. Ask to see both models.

KitchenAid

THE HOBART MFG. COMPANY, KITCHENAID DIVISION • TROY, OHIO

KitchenAid Mixers and Coffee Mills are available now at leading department stores and electrical appliance dealers all over the country. All KitchenAid products have AC-DC Universal, self-lubricating motors.

earns three or four thousand a year, judging by what I hear. He seems to be very well thought of in the firm, and judging by what a Mr. Traven I know of gets, I should think he might earn that."

"I am not dependent on my nephew," Aunt Sophronia said stiffly.

"Oh, how fortunate for you! You have done better than I, then, in conserving your fortune. But tell me how you did it. Do you depend on bonds and such things, or do you believe in real estate?"

And that was a sample of the conversations that went on between the two old women. Nor was Mrs. Beaseley a great help around the house. She had moments when she went at things with great energy, but the day-by-day routine bored her. The books she liked were the more racy autobiographies and the popular novels. She pretended to know a great deal about music, but in reality she could not recognize more than a Strauss waltz.

Even so, at first Johnny felt relieved at having her there. He went out a little more and saw some of his acquaintances, but gradually even he could see that Aunt Sophronia loathed Mrs. Beaseley and could scarcely be civil to her. And Mrs. Beaseley was always there. About once a month one of the boys so "devoted" to her would come of a Sunday and take her for a ride, or, more commonly, home to stay with the children while he and his wife went off for a little pleasure of their own. But the rest of the time she was there, talking, talking, talking.

One day Johnny came home and found Aunt Sophronia alone. "Where's Mrs. Beaseley?" he asked. The table was laid for two.

"I've dismissed her," Aunt Sophronia said. "She became intolerable."

Johnny felt a sinking sensation. "Oh, I say, should you have done that?" he asked.

"She became intolerable," Aunt Sophronia said again. Then: "You mean well, Johnny, but I'd rather be alone. I can manage the little work there is here and I am quite self-sufficient. A few days more of Mrs. Beaseley's chatter would have driven me insane."

"Yes, she was a fool," Johnny agreed. "It's all right, only I just can't have you staying alone. For my own peace of mind, I mean. I can't have it. It's ridiculous to have you cooking for me when I have means to hire someone to do it. I apologize for Mrs. Beaseley—and for thinking you might want a companion. But someone to do the work there must be."

"It's a relief to be alone in the house," Aunt Sophronia said. "I don't mind the work."

"I'll find someone who will leave you alone," Johnny said, though he felt inadequate for choosing the someone

He found Ruby, a colored girl, and she a jewel beyond price.

"She's a very superior maid," the age woman told him. "She won't work for than twenty-five a week, but she's worth

He found himself trying to explain A Sophronia to the woman, finding it diffic "You see, my aunt is old and a little pecul and set in her ways. She has a lot of exp sive, if useless, bric-a-brac and she treasu it. She's fussy. I—I can't afford to make other mistake."

"I'm sure you'll find Ruby isn't a m take," the woman said.

So Ruby came to them. She was not a m take. She had unbounded energy, thou she was quiet enough. She had warmth a intelligence and Aunt Sophronia liked h She took over the household as if she h known it forever. She cooked superbly a she knew exactly how a table should set. She had admirers and she entertain them in the kitchen and sometimes the would come up from the depths the sound their warm laughter. She called Johnn "Mr. Johnny." Into the staid household s brought the first feeling of life Johnny ha ever known there.

At teatime she dared bring Aunt Sophroni an eggnog. "Come now, Miss Ely! There no nourishing in tea!" she'd say with he wide smile. And Aunt Sophronia would obe diently drink the eggnog.

One day she said, "Mr. Johnny, you nee a little furbishing up in here—you do for fact!"

He looked about the plain little room tha he had never had the courage to change, be cause all in this house seemed completely un alterable, and he said, "Furbish it all yo want to, Ruby."

She grinned and said, "You mean that, sure enough, Mr. Johnny?"

"Sure enough," he answered, and it seemed queer to him that he had never done any thing about it before. That was the great strength of Ruby: she had the courage for change.

It wasn't more than a week after that that Johnny came home and found his room fur bished. New curtains of chintz, very gay and cheerful, with a red background. The dull paper had been painted over with a very light yellow, the Parthenon had been taken down and a shelf put up under the window, with little pots of ivy along it. Instead of the plain little bookcase with the glass doors that he never felt inclined to open, there were some cheap painted open shelves, painted yellow outside and the red of the curtains inside On the bed was a white spread tufted with yellow. It was Ruby's taste that had done it, and certainly Johnny would never

(Continued on Page 162)

"Notice how cleverly he's carried out the pattern throughout the nursery?"

SWIFT'S
BROOKFIELD
American
PASTEURIZED CHEESE FOOD

The cheese taste Most people like Most...

. . . choice cheddar ripened to its topmost flavor, combined with the gentleness of mellow-mild cheese. *That's* Swift's Brookfield American.

MARTHA LOGAN'S GAY CHEESE AND SALAD TRAY

Base of Swift's Brookfield Cream Cheese topped with pecans and maraschino cherries. Individual fruit salad "hemispheres" of grapefruit, apple and orange segments arranged on fresh, crisp watercress . . . grated Swift's Brookfield American on curled thin slices of rye bread and crisp crackers, toasted under broiler . . . *And* generous slices of both Swift's Brookfield American and Pimento Cheese Foods complete this gay cheese tray.

Swift's Brookfield

BUTTER EGGS CHEESE

Cool off Feet with an Ice-Mint treat

Every day, people who suffer from tired, burning feet are enjoying quick, thrilling comfort by using Ice-Mint. Under the touch of this frosty-white medicinal cream, you actually feel tired muscles relax, as your feet respond almost instantly to its refreshing coolness.

Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get foot-happy today the easy Ice-Mint way. At drug and department stores.

Canadian Distributor: Maltby Bros., Ltd., Toronto 10

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A SIMPLE TEST—Rinse mouth and throat thoroughly with Lavoris diluted half with water, and expel into basin of clear water. Note the amount of stringy matter expelled.

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DOUBLY PREFERRED!

Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

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APPROVED SAFE FOR FABRICS—Better Fabrics Bureau

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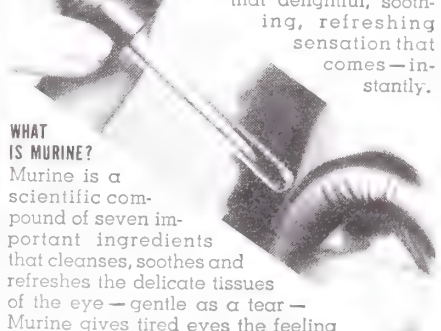
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Into each tired eye, put two drops of safe, gentle Murine. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that delightful, soothing, refreshing sensation that comes—instantly.



WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific compound of seven important ingredients that cleanses, soothes and refreshes the delicate tissues of the eye—gentle as a tear—Murine gives tired eyes the feeling of "hours of rest" in seconds.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

(Continued from Page 160)

have so furnished it, even had he felt he had a free hand in the doing, but it was warm and cheerful.

"Bless you, Ruby," he said. "I like it."

"I like a room cozy," Ruby said. "Now you put your girl's picture on the wall or something, Mr. Johnny. Who wants to look at an old building?" She laughed her warm laughter at that notion.

"I'm afraid I haven't got any girl."

"A nice-looking boy like you!" Ruby said with disbelief.

He found some bright prints that didn't dull the curtains, and he grew almost fond of the room and didn't mind coming back to it at night.

One day he came into the drawing room and found the little china tree standing on a table, all alone, unprotected by the glass doors of the cabinet. It made a gay note in the old room. Johnny didn't know whether to mention it or not, but he found himself saying, "That's nice there. I always liked that piece."

"Ruby is very careful. I think it will be safe," Aunt Sophronia said. "She is like a child—she wanted it there where she could see it, and I have humored her."

"Do you think she *is* like a child?" Johnny asked slowly. "Sometimes I feel she is extraordinarily wise."

"She comes of a childlike race," Aunt Sophronia said.

"Oh?" Johnny said only. He was tempted to make some remark about Bahaism, but he refrained.

It was during Ruby's time that Johnny most often brought people to the house for tea. Ruby loved company. She loved the excitement of people in the house. She loved making surprises: tiny cakes covered with tinted icing, angel food, cinnamon toast or little cheese biscuits. She loved carrying in the silver tray, and the ceremony of passing cups. She loved comments on her baking. And her love seemed to reach out to all the guests who were, she felt, honored by being served here. She had a special reverence for authors, and when she knew one was coming she made a special effort.

"Ruby is very extravagant," Aunt Sophronia said after one occasion when Ruby had outdone herself in the culinary line. Perhaps she thought of the days when she and Maria had skimped on the spongecake to make it last another teatime.

"Well, we can afford a little extravagance," Johnny said.

"I don't believe in waste," Aunt Sophronia said.

"Waste? It's all gone, down to the last crumb," Johnny said.

"I have always considered tea as a social occasion, not a time to satisfy greed," Aunt Sophronia said.

But she succumbed to Ruby too. It was impossible not to. There was no stopping the expectation of warmth received for warmth given in Ruby.

THEN it was all over. There was a year of Ruby, a year that was curiously satisfying, a year when Johnny felt happier than he had felt since he was a small boy in the Barnaby kitchen. Then it was all over.

He came out to breakfast and Aunt Sophronia wasn't sitting there waiting for him as she always was.

"Where's Aunt Sophronia?" he asked.

"She's not down," Ruby said. "You better call her, Mr. Johnny. I hope she's not took sick."

"She's never sick. But I'll see."

He went up the stairs and knocked at the door. There was no answer.

"Aunt Sophronia—are you all right?" he asked. There was no answer.

He opened the door. He rarely went into her room and he felt an intruder, but he suddenly had to go in. She looked very small in the prim bed, very small and still.

"Aunt Sophronia," Johnny said.

But she was gone. No illness, no complaint of any pain. Just gone quietly away in her sleep.

"Poor little body," Ruby said.

All her affairs were in order. She left the house and all its contents to Johnny. The trust fund ceased at her death.

JOHNNY did not want the house, nor could he afford it. He had always longed to get away from it, but at the last he found himself reluctant to part with it. It seemed a sort of betrayal of Aunt Sophronia. If it hadn't been for Ruby he might not have done this. But in any case, he could not keep it. Nor Ruby either.

"Don't you worry about me, Mr. Johnny," Ruby said. "There's plenty of places I can step into."

"I know. I just hate to have you go," Johnny said. "Are there any of Aunt Sophronia's things you would like, Ruby? I won't be able to keep them all, they'll just be sold.

All Ruby fancied, it seemed, was the little china tree and a rocking chair that Johnny had once bought Aunt Sophronia in a moment when his discrimination slipped or his optimism was high, and which she had never worn. He gave her these and a little silver creamer and sugar bowl and a small table. He was ashamed that he was reluctant to part with the china tree but he could not refuse it to her.

"What you do, Mr. Johnny," she said, "if you get married. Then I can come keep house for you!"

"Well, it's an inducement," he said. "And if I should get married, I'll hold you to it!"

The house brought more than he expected. He went to Mr. Knoll and said, "Is there any chance I could buy in on the firm, Mr. Knoll? I've come into a little money, but whether it would be enough, I don't know."

"Why not? Do with some new blood," Mr. Knoll said in his jerky manner.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and to try and look behind their faces and their hearts, hungry for joy; and to admit that probably the only good reason for your existence is not of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day?

Then you can keep Christmas.

—HENRY VAN DYKE: Six Days of the Week (Charles Scribner's Sons).

X

MR. ELY lifted his head. The pages of his letter to Cass were strewed out across the desk, blurred where his head had fallen against them. He looked at them from far off, not able to read a word.

I am ill, he said. He was dizzy and let his head rest again on his arms. *I must get into bed*, he said.

But for a long time he sat there, unable to move. Something kept insisting to him that he should stay there, that he shouldn't go up stairs, that some danger awaited him there but he couldn't for the moment think what the danger was.

At last he pulled himself to his feet. The room was in darkness except for the one light by the desk. His head ached excruciatingly and his body seemed to have no bones. Something was unfinished and he dimly knew it but could not identify the something.

He moved toward the stairs. He floated there, rather. It was like one of those dreams in which disaster waits at the end of a road but in which you have to take that road and move toward catastrophe as if you wished to. He could name neither his unfinished business nor the disaster awaiting him, but his

(Continued on Page 164)

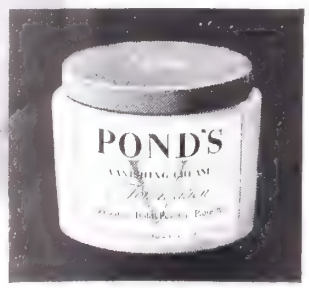
The Lady Iris Mountbatten—great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Smooth on a cool, lavish Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave one minute.

"Keratolytic" action dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin particles! Tissue off.

Right away, your skin looks brighter and clearer! Feels *smoother*. Have a 1-Minute Mask every time you want to look your best!



One of the most beautiful of Britain's peeresses is The Lady Iris Mountbatten, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. A nurse in the V.A.D. during the war, Lady Iris has recently been visiting in New York and Palm Beach. "Almost as soon as I arrived here, I borrowed a most delightful beauty trick from my American friends," Lady Iris says. "To refresh and smooth my skin before dressing to go out, I now *always* have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream! I've never known a facial treatment to show results so promptly! It makes my skin look clearer and finer-textured right away!"

It's a lovely foundation cream, too!

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AVAILABLE IN CANADA

(Continued from Page 162)

action was the same. In the east room he undressed and got into the red pajamas, crawled into bed. There seemed too many blankets and he thrust one back.

"Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," a familiar voice said. "Into the burning fiery furnace goes the soul. There is always the fire and then the phoenix rising."

"For a pagan you do a lot of quoting from the Bible," the starling said.

"Symbols, symbols all," the unicorn said.

"Please," the rabbit said timidly, "please don't talk of fire."

"I was talking to Mr. Ely," said the unicorn.

"But he's afraid of fire too," the rabbit protested in a small voice.

"Mr. Ely is afraid of many things."

Mr. Ely felt suddenly that his head was clear. The blankets still seemed too many, however, and he pushed another back. "Words—I am afraid of words," he said.

'Let them go," the unicorn said.

"I make my living from them."

"Your living? Your money, you mean. But is not this journey into the fiery furnace the proof that your living lies elsewhere, Mr. Ely?"

"I am not alive," Mr. Ely said.

"Look here," the starling put in. "Let's not have any more talk like this. It doesn't get anywhere. You've got a fever, and that's no burning fiery furnace. Your girl's got you down. That's silly and nothing to give anybody a fever. You've been married to her ten years. What more do you want? You've published too many books where love is eternal—you've got so you believe 'em yourself. When it comes spring you get a sort of itch—you feel as if some little fluff would ease the itch. She does. But it's spring, and that's all there is to it. The next spring you get the feeling again and do something about it. I remember down in Capri once there was a bunch of feathers—but that's neither here nor there; you seem to think it ought to be spring all the year around! What's so special about that chick?"

"What's so special?" Mr. Ely said. *Oh, what's so special?* his mind asked wonderingly. *What's so special about Cass?*

For a moment she was there, warm and real, as she had been downstairs for a little breath of time. In a happy plaid suit. The plaid suit she had worn that night on the ferry. Queer, she never seemed to think of clothes at all. "That yellow blouse—that'll be all right," she'd say, not looking any others over at all. And it was always the exactly right thing. . . . *That's special,* Mr. Ely said. . . . "Let's be thrifty and use up this jar of caviar!" she said with a grin. Never save anything, not best dishes or best clothes or special foods or conversation—be thrifty, use them up. There'll be more. . . . *That's special,* Mr. Ely said. . . . She put her hand up flat against his cheek and her fingers said, every one of them, *I love you.* . . . She stood holding a new book in her hands and she said, "Oh, Johnny, I shall make a red banner and hang it out the window and on it I shall sew big letters saying, 'Johnny Ely lives here. He printed Tent City!' It's so good I could eat it!" . . . She put the review down on the sink and she said, "Don't they know—don't they *know,* Johnny, that they're not reviewing books, they're writing their autobiographies?" . . . She stood on the sidewalk and waved good-by to Ruby in the taxi, Ruby going off to see her sick sister. "I *love* Ruby," she said.

I love . . . I love . . . I love . . .

"I *love* Steppie."

Murray Steppington. *I haven't seen Steppie in a long, long time,* Mr. Ely said. He was always there then. . . . Little Steppie—little blue eyes—sharp nose—a passion for James Joyce. Not young. Like a gnome. . . . books on music that went on selling . . . year after year. He got along on a . . . Steppie did. . . . It had always be . . . when Steppie was there. The game—was the game? It began with the hat, . . . brown hat. Steppie pressed it down . . . dreary flatness, became, just by the . . . kindly, fussy little vicar concerned wi . . . state of Cass' soul. There was a whole v . . . ful of characters they talked of familiar . . . interminably. Mrs. Bump. Eleven . . . dren—she wanted to make it a round . . . Her husband 'Arry, fond of the bottle, . . . ing all his time at the Red Lion—Mrs. . . . insisting, "'As to 'ave 'is darts, 'Arry . . . Devon, at the school, thin and underpa . . . full of all sorts of foolish philosophy . . . Devon! They worked so hard and pa . . . on Devon, Cass and Steppie, showin . . . the error of his ways! And Doctor Th . . . profane unbeliever, and Eveline, his w . . . good at church bazaars, so erring in p . . . life. . . . *I could walk through that* . . . Mr. Ely said. *Even yet I could. Snore . . . that was Snorecombe. . . . I love Step* . . .

A frog was caught in a deep rut in a road, and in spite of the help of his friends, he could not get out. They finally left him there in despair. The next day, one of his friends saw him, chipper as you please, and no longer in the rut.

"What are you doing here?" the friend asked. "I thought you couldn't get out."

"I couldn't," the frog replied. "But a truck came along and I had to."

"Oh, I do love Aggie!" she said. "Sh . . . strong as a lion! When I'm with her I . . . lion too. I can do anything."

"She's too much of a lion for Sid," he . . . "She deserves better."

"It doesn't matter what Sid is. T . . . he's all right," Cass said. "But it d . . . matter, does it? They love each oth . . . the right way—in . . . everlasting way. . . . what matters."

"You see," sa . . . starling, "that's . . . I'm trying to tel . . . Anybody as fre . . . easy with her lo . . . well, give and t . . . what I say. Sau . . . the goose, sauc . . . the gander, an . . . that."

"It wasn't tha . . . of love—it was . . . *love,*" Mr. Ely sa . . .

"Shockin'," the lion mumbled. "Sh . . . precedent! No sense of race, Ame . . . How'd you think we'd have maintaine . . . tus in the Transvaal if we'd gone abou . . . ing Kaffirs good-by? Shockin'!"

"Do you mean Ruby?"

"Black, wasn't she?"

Black? Ruby? She was just . . . Warmth and laughter and bright silve . . . food that fed, tenderness and warm bla . . . love without intrusion.

"Thought I'd never find you, Ruby, . . . done it. I've got married and you kno . . . promised me ——"

"Sure enough, Mr. Johnny. Well, . . . time! I'll have to give notice, Mr. Joh . . ."

"Miss Cass, she makes me feel like it's . . . day every day, Mr. Johnny! . . . The . . . lamb! There, there! Just you sleep . . . You'll have babies by the dozen, Miss . . . Don't you fret! Just a little misstep—it . . . count, Miss Cass—we'll have babies all o . . . place climbin' into the cupboards and m . . . washing for Ruby. You was made for a . . . babies, Miss Cass—Ruby don't ever ma . . . mistakes about such things. Just you slee . . . lamb. We'll get a better start next time, yo . . . Keep you down more, Ruby will—fill y . . . with eggnogs—we'll get us a full-size bab . . . time, so don't you fret!"

"Cass, she's impertinent. You encoura . . . to take liberties." . . . "Mother, let's n . . . about Ruby. She's the bedrock of this . . . She couldn't be impertinent. She couldn' . . . liberties." . . . "I asked her to unpa . . . things and she said she couldn't noways s . . . way to do it right now till she got Miss . . . cake frosted! Do you call that knowin . . . place?" . . . "Yes, mother, I do. I'll pu . . . things away." . . . "Nonsense! She . . . finally. But I hope you were brought up to . . . that a guest's comfort comes first in a n . . . eyes." . . . "Mother, I won't quarre . . . Ruby. She's my candle in the dark—she . . .

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water in a scary land . . . you must leave her alone." . . . "*Let's not wax poetical about Ruby.*"

"But, Ruby, she couldn't have told you to go! You misunderstood."

"No, Mr. Johnny, I understood. I said I wouldn't ever leave Miss Cass, not till I got carried out in a box, and that I wouldn't, only she don't want me to stay."

"Wait. I'll talk to her. You misunderstood, I tell you."

"You is the one what don't understand, Mr. Johnny. I'd stay if it was so as she wanted me."

Cass was in the bedroom, just standing there by the window, looking down into the street below.

"Cass, what have you done to Ruby?"

"I've dismissed her." Her voice was almost cold, very flat and expressionless.

"You can't do that!"

"I've done it." Was it *coldness?* Was it *loneliness?* Was it *despair?*

"After all she's done for us? Just because she isn't the automaton your mother thinks she ought to be?"

"Put it any way you like," she said.

"I put it that you've broken her heart."

"You can't break Ruby's heart. Would you mind going away and not talking about it any more? Has she gone?"

He'd stood and stared at her. "You mean you'd let her go without saying good-by to her?"

"I've said good-by to her."

It was dark in the east room, but the unicorn spoke softly through the darkness. "Ah, faithfulness that lets go, that cuts the bars before the bird dies, that hands the candle on before the enemy snuffs it out!"

"But there should have been no bars! There should have been no enemy!" Mr Ely cried. "She *chose* the enemy!"

"Fiddlesticks!" the starling said. "What did *you* do about the old witch, when it comes right down to it?"

"Was that the way it was?" Mr. Ely demanded of the unicorn, ignoring the starling. "*Was* it? Was it her heart broken, not Ruby's? Was she saving Ruby? Did she see her light going out and save her? *Was* that it?"

"Why do you think you're here?" the unicorn said.

"You mean me, too—you mean she'd thrust me out, too, to save *me?* You're mad!"

"To have courage to save others does not mean you have the courage to save yourself," the unicorn said.

"Did she ever have any more babies?" the starling asked.

"No. No, she never did," Mr. Ely said.

"Oh, dear," the rabbit said, as if she were going to cry.

Somewhere a door shut. It seemed like the door of his heart to Mr. Ely. Or was it the door to this room? Was he shut in here, alone with *Them?* Fear crept over him in little hot waves.

There were steps on the stairs.

"No, she never did," Mr. Ely said again.

"Cass? Are you here, Cass?" Aggie Emerson said.

"She didn't seem to want any more," Mr. Ely said.

"Cass?" Aggie said again. "Johnny? Are you here? Who's talking?"

The voice was sane. It was a thread of hope. It was help coming. It was the end of these voices, this furnace, these voices, voices, voices, that went on and on. He got out of bed and started toward the door. Everything began to swim about him. It seemed to him something large and shining gave a bound past him and went right through the wall.

"*Johnny!*" Aggie said.

He felt himself falling, but not heavily, lightly, lightly as a leaf, as snow, as a feather.

XI

THE day of the sale was gray and foggy. He had thought he would keep a few things, some few things out of his life on 64th Street. He ended by keeping the silver and the bright curtains and the bookcase and green chair out of his little room and that was all. All the

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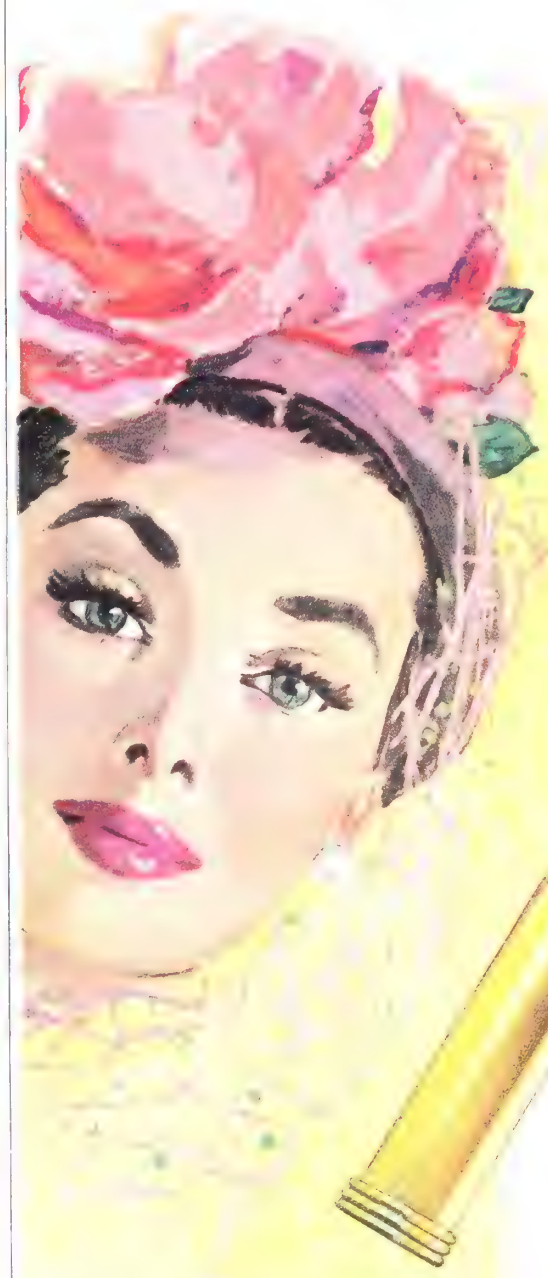

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Toilet Water, $2.00, 1.25
Dusting Powder, $1.00; Talcum Powder, 50¢
Prices plus tax

rest went. All the little ornaments, all the damask-covered chairs and the fine rugs and the little tables and the spodeware and the set of Limoges and the books and the beds that the two old aunts had died in, the quite good pictures, the fine linens that Aunt Sophronia and Aunt Maria would not trust to the hands of any but themselves. All gone, gone under the auctioneer's hammer.

And at night he went out and could not talk to anyone, could not go to Streeter's house, or to any bar where he might meet the talkative critics and musicians and those of their ilk that he knew. He did not know why he chose the ferry. It was just somewhere where he might be alone in the fog and get his life started again. Back and forth, back and forth. The fog was very thick and there was the constant sound of fog whistles, lonely and deep. A boy and girl were giggling and the girl said, "If we ever get home, Joe Kozyk, I'll show you!" He moved away from the voices toward the end of the ferry and he bumped bang into someone.

"Whoops!" said a rueful voice.

"Sorry," he said.

He leaned against the rail. He could see nothing, yet there seemed to be life out there in the fog. The whistles seemed very close.

"Do ferries ever bang into anything?" the young, rueful voice said, and he turned and just made her out, a young thing in a plaid suit with a plaid cap like a jockey's cap.

"I don't think so. If one has to give up believing ferries are invulnerable, what has one left to believe in?" he said.

She gave a soft chuckle, delighted, warm. "Then I'll just float in the fog and stop worrying," she said, and was silent, there beside him against the rail.

"Is that all you've got to worry about?" he heard himself saying, though he was the last person in the world to talk to strangers on a ferry or anywhere else.

"Quite all," said the voice. Then that soft laugh came again. "You sound very nice, coming out of nothingness like that."

"You do too," he said.

She moved her head and for an instant he saw her face, dimly, but he saw it, that small, irregular face under the brim of the silly cap. Then someone passed and the face was shadowed, lost in the dim night again.

THEN came the bump of the ferry against the pier, the sound of ghosts moving off. But Johnny stayed there by the rail and the girl in the plaid suit stayed there too. And presently more ghost cars took the place of those that had vanished and the ferry moved out into the river again. Just their both staying on the boat made a sort of intimacy.

"I wonder if they had fogs on the Styx?" he said. "D'you think Charon had fogs to contend with?" He waited for the slow chuckle and it didn't come.

"Oh," she said at last, "are you going from one life to another too?"

"Exactly," he said. "The furniture's sold and the house is gone. You know, I thought I'd feel something when strangers took the furniture. I didn't."

"Then why are you here?" she asked. She sounded serious now, serious and a little sad.

"I don't just know. I didn't want to talk to anybody. . . . There was a misty little Monet—I ought to have kept that. I can't think why I didn't."

"Oh, I don't think Monets would do on the other side," she said. "They'll have Van Gogh's at the very least—something soaked in sun. Nothing misty!"

"Do you think so? Do you really think so? 'Something soaked in sun'—that's nice, you know. But I'm afraid my imagination doesn't stretch past the fog."

"Sometimes I wish mine didn't," she said more slowly. "I can always see my next life very clearly—oh, and such a life! I have a heart like a tiger in it—I can make myself over, make changes, bear anything I have to. All easy as pie!"

"Have you lived so many lives?" he asked.

"Yes, a good many. Well, four or five."

"That's a good many. I've just lived one."

"Only *one?*" she said with soft mock dismay. "In the same *house*—with a Monet on the wall?"

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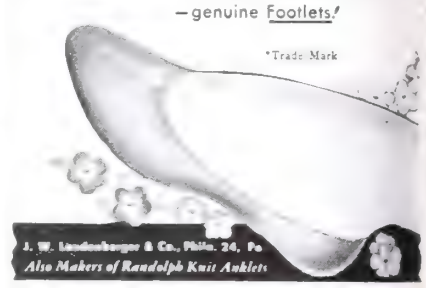

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l, one little one till I was six—and
e other ever since. Odd, but even yet
e one seems more important than all
"

ow. That's the way it often is. Even
e can be one of the lives. I've found
t."

came up against the Manhattan pier

doesn't look any different," he said.
et's get off and see, shall we?"
she came with him. Off the ferry. A
if ever there was one. Over the Styx
o Paradise by taxi. She never apolo-
or it. It just happened and she let it
and he let it happen. They sat in
's place and drank coffee and laughed
ughed. He didn't even need to look at
the light, because he had had a clear
e of her through the fog and he knew
ime what she looked like. And perhaps
n't need to look at him either. He had
ice "coming out of nothingness" and
eness was fixed
heart forever.
vasn't like Lil
erson—no,
g like that at
ot a sickness of
n, not jealousy
violence and
lity all mixed
gether in a poi-
s brew. It was
den entry into
grandmother's
en on the farm,
warmth and
g arms about
it was hunger
l and fog dis-
l and no more
ng for life. Some-
heady and won-
l and yet as real
s mother's laugh-

Oh, it was just a
she said. She'd
him she'd lost
ob, that that was
she'd gone on
ferry. "It wasn't
much, only it
ied so much. Be-
e it was my first
one, I suppose.
le, but I thought
d it terribly well.
the firm couldn't
without me. I
to thinking every
is so awfully im-
tant, you see.
l then ——"
And then?"
Then, poof, it
s all gone. Just a
in of interoffice pettiness—but I didn't see
chain and I got tangled up in it. I ought
have seen it—and then it wouldn't have
n a shock."
"You'll get another. That's simple."
"I know. Of course I will. It isn't that,
see. It's—it's being so happy about it
d then having it all gone, like smoke."
"That's better than having it all seem like
oke as you go along," he said.
"Is it? I wonder if it is."
He found himself telling her about the
nts, about Jehrunanda, about Mrs. Bease-
and Ruby, about the office, about every-
ing. He had never talked so much about
mself to anyone in all his life. And he waited
r her slow chuckle and it never failed him.
He took her home and at the door of the
ouse she turned and put out her hand and
inned at him. "This new life's not so bad—
ot bad at all," she said.
There was mist all about them and the
ight was dull and heavy, but he said, "It's
onderful—soaked in sun!" And they stood
here, her hand in his, and smiled at each
ther. Three weeks later they were married.

XII

And I thought you were tight Friday
ight!" Aggie said. "Johnny! Johnny,
come—into bed with you. You'll have to make it on your own—you can't lie here."

He felt the soft camel's hair of her coat—and then the bed again. "Take me out of here," he whispered. "Don't leave me here with them!"

But she went away and then she was giving him a pill and a glass of water.

"Just aspirin, old man—it won't hurt you. Down it!" Then she laughed. "You look very fetching in Sid's pajamas."

"See, they're all alike—trying to make you the first five minutes!" the starling said.

"She's got Sid," he said.

"Eh?" Aggie said. "Who's got Sid? I *hope* the New Haven and Hartford's got him. I dropped him off in Waterbury. . . . Steady now, Johnny. Lie still and I'll be back in a jiffy."

He lay very still, as if by stillness the fires would die down in the fiery furnace.

She came in without the camel's-hair coat. Her brown face looked far off, but clear. Her eyes were troubled. "Sissy!" she said. "Afraid of a little snow! Couldn't make the hill myself, but it wouldn't have hurt him to walk up. He'll be here in the morning, though. What's the world come to when a doctor has to get a full night's sleep? . . . Want me to call Cass, Johnny?"

"No. No," Johnny said.

She sat down by the bed.

Suddenly he was going to sleep—he felt himself going, blessedly going away from the awful night, the awful day, into nothingness. Really going this time. No false promise. He knew Aggie was there. Everything seemed controlled, all right, with big brown Aggie Emerson sitting there beside the bed.

He woke and Aggie sat there in the chair by the bed, but it was still night. Sweat stood out on his thin body and he didn't feel hot now. Little chills crept over his back. Aggie's head was back against the high back of the chair and her eyes were shut. He wanted to wake her, reach out and take her hand, but he didn't. He lay still and shivered, wanting to pull another blanket over him, not having the strength.

She looks so tired, he thought. *She's got Sid's book born and now she's got to lay me out. She's a lion, but she looks so tired. I ought not to die here and give her all the trouble.*

She moved, opened her eyes.

"Go to sleep, I'm all right," he said.

"Thank God!" she said. "But don't talk, Johnny. Go to sleep yourself. You've talked enough for one night."

"I have?"

She gave a grim little laugh. "I'm sorry I couldn't take it down," she said. "You'd have been surprised!"

"Something hit me," he said. "What did I talk about?"

"We'll save it for some Freudian novelist and it'll be a best seller," she said. "Go to sleep, Johnny."

"They won't leave me alone in the dark," he said.

She stood up, went over to the bureau, came back with a thermometer, thrust it under his tongue.

(Continued on Page 169)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Studies in Frustration

By Ethel Jacobson

She loves to run her fingers
  Lightly through his hair.
There's nothing he hates worse.
  You take it from there.

Little mannerisms,
  Each once considered cute,
Day by day by day by day
  Bring out the snarling brute.

He went to take a shower,
  He went to take a bath,
But intimate apparel,
  Dripping, barred his path.
So he married a Bali maid last fall
Who never bothered with clothes at all.

He wants the window up.
  She wants it down.
Everything's settled:
  He's rooming in town.

Their home life has
  More downs than ups.
He puts out butts
  In coffee cups.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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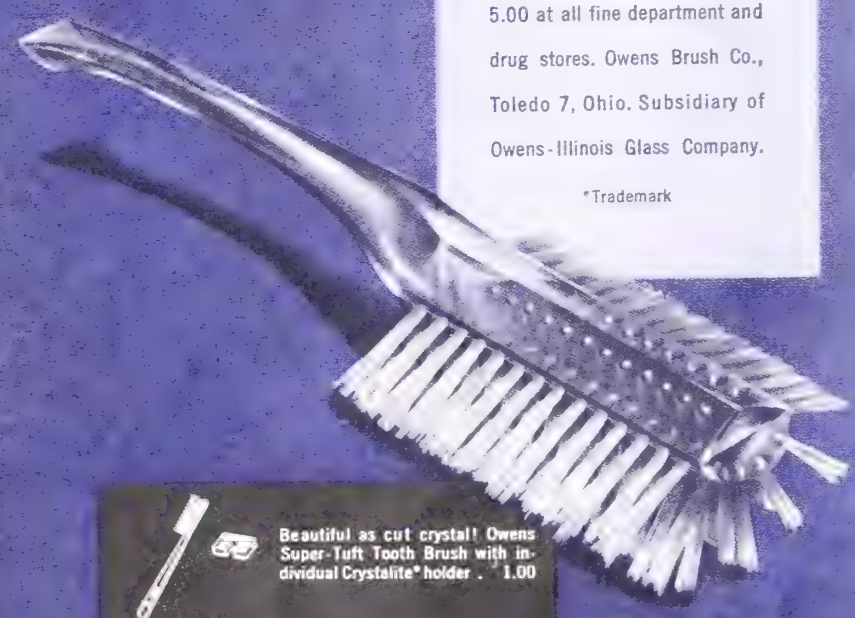

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NEW "2-0-8" process—it's exclusive!

Choose your own shade through this clear-base box ...exclusive with Bourjois.

NEW *Evening in Paris* Face Powder by BOURJOIS

(Continued from Page 167)

to the window and stood there, couldn't see anything, surely, in he came back and took the ther- d held it to the light, turning it,

you had anything to eat?" she

know."
you like some tea?"
go away, Aggie."
down. She did look tired and he ed of the tiredness, guilty because he couldn't let her go away.
olay's good," he said.
ıean Sid's play?"
olay," he said.
ht, Johnny."
e the lion," he said. "A lion wrote it."
ı I were a lion, Johnny. I wish I t Sid's the lion. . . . I don't know read it."
norning?"
st."

at was drying away now and he el cold any more. A haze came be- m and Aggie. He reached out his nd her. He couldn't reach her. The ce of clarity vanished and fear took im again.

ct love casteth out fear," the uni- spered.

ly sat up in bed and cried out, "No! Aggie! Aggie! Make him stop! *m stop!*"

's hand was on his head. Aggie's ok hold of his. He slept again.

re's a lot of flu go- nd," a man's voice But I think he's hock of some sort. o be in a hospital— ast have a nurse. et a nurse for love ney. Don't think he o be moved either." take care of him if ell me what to do."

ere's his family? Why is he here?" New York. He was coming for the end, but we had to go away and 't get word to him. I found him here is last night."

ell, get hold of his family. You can't he responsibility for him, Mrs. Emer-

mebody has to. He's an old friend. ody has to since doctors don't go out ht any more."

ook here, Mrs. Emerson. I work twenty a day. I've got two operations to do as as I get to the hospital. I didn't have nains on and I know this drive. I didn't you were here all alone. Even a doctor mits. I'm not apologizing - I just have ıortal limits."

o does he," Aggie said. She sounded an- implacable and angry. "He's terribly He had a temperature of a hundred and and a half last night and he's been de- ıs for hours and hours."

ıeir voices went down the hall, down the s.

was light outside now. The sky was ly blue and there was no snow falling, he could see it on the pine trees, thick heavy. It would be all right now in the t. Nothing happened in the light. There a small fire burning on the hearth.

hat was nice of you, Aggie, he thought. *I haven't got any family. You're a nice ut it. I'm all the family there is. The last on the Ely tree. A fine little twig, but just a g. Ruby didn't know for once. There en't any more little Elys. Just the one that er got born. But it's better to let the Ely tree . It's better that way. It never had any sap it.*

'Oh, she knew all right," the starling said. he knew everything, like that cook I was ling you about. Just because she was ant to have a brood doesn't mean she had n. Just as well, with *her* around to boss n, I'd say."

"Well, Johnny," Aggie said.

"You never had any babies either," hnny said.

She stood there, looking down at him, strong as a lion, tired but strong. "No," she said. "But not for want of trying, Johnny."

"You were meant to," he said.

"I think you've got something there."

"Sit down and talk to me, Aggie."

"All right, Johnny. The doctor said to keep you quiet, but I don't seem to have any faith in doctors this morning."

"There's a little girl downstairs." He had something he wanted to say about the head on the piano, but he couldn't think what it was. Aggie was sitting in the chair. He could see her hands holding tight to the arms.

"Yes, that's Sally," she said. "Sid's girl. Didn't Cass tell you?"

"No, she didn't tell me."

She had on slacks and a green blouse. He didn't know when she'd put them on.

"You know, Johnny, that makes me want to cry," Aggie said. "That she didn't tell you, I mean. You think, 'Well, she'll tell her husband'—you think no secret is really a secret. And she didn't tell you. . . . That's Sid's little girl. She's a big girl now. And it was all my fault that she's not here. She came and they took her away—her grandmother. I hated that woman. I talked like a fishwife to her. Just like a fishwife. I made myself no fit person to bring up a child and they took her away and kept her and Sid has never had her. And then I couldn't even have one of my own. . . . And I went to Cass and told her and wept all over your davenport—and she never told you."

"No, she never told me."

"Johnny, what's wrong with you and Cass? I thought you were drunk Friday night. I'm sorry. What's wrong?"

He looked at the unicorn and the unicorn looked at him, silently, sternly, not amused now. The horn stuck up through the branches of the holly tree and there was Cass, reaching, reaching with her mittened hands.

"Darling! Darling! You'll prick your hands!" he said.

"Johnny! *Johnny!*" Aggie said.

"Her doom fell, Aggie. I told her it wouldn't it fell. . . . Doom doom that has an awful sound - awful, dying sound. *Doom doom doom*"

"Oh, *Johnny!*" Aggie said.

"I'm being an awful nuisance," Johnny said quite clearly. "But it's about time I stood on my own, don't you think? You have to send my clothes to the cleaners and all that. And there's all those stairs. I think it's about time I had a room of my own."

XIII

ONE year of magic. Pure magic. No, it was better than magic. It was real. You made it be real. She made it be real. The little apartment in the Village with the yellow dishes and the pot of ivy that grew and grew and grew till they thought they would have to move out and give over the apartment to the ivy. "It's my green thumb," Cass said. They laughed there. John Thackeray Ely had never laughed so much in all his years before. People came. Steppie and Standish and Minnie Burke and even Mr. Knoll. It didn't seem just talk any more. The talk was tied onto life and laughter. And Cass let her hair grow. She had first little stubby pigtails that she used to tie little bows of red or white baby ribbon onto and she looked about ten. Then it grew longer and she put the braids up on top of her head and pretended it made her dignified. And the baby was coming.

"Now I am going to get Ruby," he said. "We can swing it and she'll take care of you and The Pumpkin." They called him The Pumpkin.

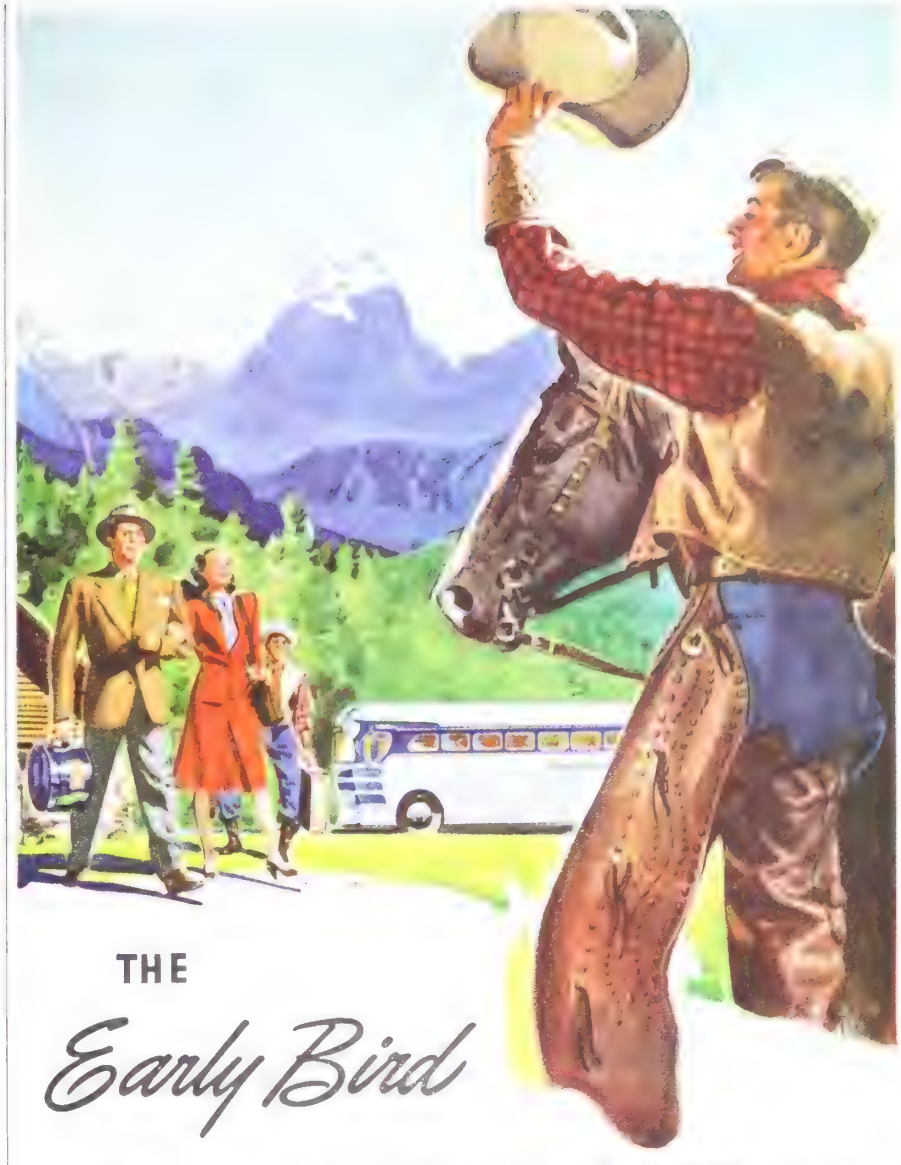
"Do we have to? I know I'm not very efficient, darling, but I like it this way."

"You're efficient enough—but Ruby won't spoil anything. You'll see."

And Cass said, "Johnny, don't ever let me doubt you again. How did we ever live without Ruby?"

And it went on being beautiful and right. Even when she lost The Pumpkin.

> Anyone can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature to sympathize with a friend's success.
>
> —OSCAR WILDE



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"Never fear, Johnny!" she said. "It scared me for a minute, but you'll see what I can do when I really put my mind to it!"

And then the letter came. *She* came. Not what Johnny had expected at all. Tall and elegant, with her nails a frightful shade. A great deal of luggage. An amused, malicious, worldly manner. He didn't see how she could be Cass' mother. He never thought of her at first as Cass' mother, just a too dressy female that had come to visit them. He half liked her at first.

"When do you expect to begin really keeping house?" she asked one day. That might have been the beginning.

"What do you call this?" Cass demanded.

"I call it rather juvenile playing at keeping house," Bertha said. "Don't you? Is Johnny trying to keep expenses down, or what?"

"No, I'm not," Johnny said. "We like this place."

"Really?" she said. "I'm not surprised at Cass. She always had a taste for the Bohemian. But I should think you had a bit more discrimination."

And that cut him, in spite of himself. He had been so happy in the little apartment that he had never even seen it was not beautiful, that it was too small, that it was inconvenient and cluttered. It had been very gay and he had been starved for gaiety.

"It's just right—for us," Cass said.

But he saw it was too small. He saw that he could afford better. He saw that there wasn't room for them and Ruby and Bertha.

Two nights later he said to Cass, "I've found a decent place on Fifty-seventh."

"Why?" she asked.

"We need it. Ruby has to sleep in that little cubbyhole. I won't have your mother thinking I keep you in the slums."

"Oh," Cass said. Then: "But, Johnny—it's *our* house—it's *our* life. It's all the room I want. If you have a big house, it begins to own you. I've lived in big houses. I don't want any part of them."

The secret of success in conversation is to be able to disagree without being disagreeable. —The Universe.

"We couldn't even ask a guest to stay all night here. There's no place for a guest."

"After mother goes, there will be. Ruby doesn't mind the cubbyhole. She says it's cozy."

But they took the house on 57th Street. It had a big, formal drawing room and a real dining room that they had to buy furniture for. They? Bertha was the one who hunted up this antique shop and that, induced them to pay two hundred dollars for a bureau and four hundred for an old French desk.

STANDISH appreciated the desk, but Steppie said, "Very fine. Very fine. What did you do with old Bumpy?" Old Bumpy was the battered old roll-top desk that Cass had found in some secondhand shop. It had a lot of room in it and that was all you could say for it.

Still, it was good for a while. Cass bought things, she made the place gay. She said, "Come in for tea, Minnie!" . . . "Come have potluck Saturday night, Steppie!"

Bertha went off somewhere for a trip, and while she was gone the crowd collected again and for a little space it was all right. Then she came back.

"Why haven't you ever looked up Emily, darling?" she said. "She is hurt that you haven't."

"Emily Gorham? I have always loathed her," Cass said.

"She was once your best friend, wasn't she?"

"No, she never was. I haven't any intention of looking her up."

"Then you'd better have an engagement this afternoon, for I've asked her for tea."

"I will," Cass said.

"Who's Emily Gorham?" Johnny asked Cass.

"A girl I used to know. Out of a world I used to know."

She went out for a long walk in the park, and when she got back Johnny had come in and Emily Gorham was still there. A lanky, beautiful, redheaded girl.

"Cass, darling!" she cried, went rig Cass and kissed her. "Why didn't you tell me you were in town? Heavens, th we could have been having! You look derful! Simply entrancing—but you al did, darling! I hate you for not lookin up!" All in a high, unreal voice.

Cass smiled, but vaguely, walked aw

"Cass seems to have forgotten he friends," Bertha said coolly and amus "You must dig her out of the rut she herself into, Emily. She and Johnny the oddest collection of creatures who gregate here. They need to see a new now and then."

"Odd?" Cass said. "How—odd?"

"Oh, darling, don't start champi your lame ducks! They're *all* odd, fan cally so. Even your Mr. Knoll doesn't any manners."

"He has enough for me. He has a heart," Cass said.

"I ADORE lame ducks!" Emily said. must ask me to see them, Cass—you t must! Oh, we *did* use to have fun, you Bobo and I, didn't we, Cass? . . . never knew Bobo, did you, Mr. Ely?"

"No, I never knew Bobo," Johnny

"He had the face of an angel—absol an angel! Like Shelley or one of boys! . . . I'm not trying to dig int wounds, Bertha—but Bobo *was* divine never forget him. . . . Cass, you had a passion for him—quite Freudian, I us think! . . .Whenever I think, 'He's go it's as if a star went out! You don't *min* talking about him, do you? He was my love and you always do get sentimenta your first love. . . . Oh, I've got to Look, Cass, why don' and Johnny get yours into something das and join us later? W going to the ballet and make a few rounds would be heaven! have you along! Si heavenly! . . . You Bertha, of course! Oh I've found you, I'm not going to let you even if you have been simply foul about ing me up!"

"I'm sorry, but we're tied up for toni Cass said. She hadn't moved toward E to say good-by to her or anything.

Bertha was aloof and angry all thr dinner. But after dinner she said, "Ca don't need to tell you that you behaved inexcusable rudeness to Emily. You you did. Am I to understand that I can what guests I like here?"

"Of course not," Cass said. "But, told you—only you didn't seem to he I loathe Emily Gorham. Do you see reason why I have to go through the far pretending I don't?"

Bertha laughed and said, "If we were to everyone we loathed, it would be a pl messy business, society, wouldn't it?"

"I've never known Cass to be rude to one before," Johnny said. "If she was, I'm sure she had reason to be."

Some of the tightness seemed to go o Cass. She said, "Oh, let's not talk a Emily any more. Have her if you like mother, but don't ask me to welcome that's all. . . . Let's take a walk, Joh It's snowing and I want to get out in it

They walked in the snow.

"Look, Johnny," she said suddenly. " don't *have* to mix up lives, do you? O you? Do they always overlap? Can't help it?"

"I think they always overlap—sor he said.

"Oh, *no*, Johnny! Some things you h to cut right off. You have to!"

"Well, we'll cut off the beautiful Emi you like. I'm speaking in general. . . . know what I was thinking about while that unseemly row was going on? A Sophronia and her false teeth."

She put her hand on his arm. Ligh but lovingly. Waited.

"I went to the dentist's one day," he w on, "and Doctor Grey said, 'How's

(Continued on Page 172)

O, Perfect Day!

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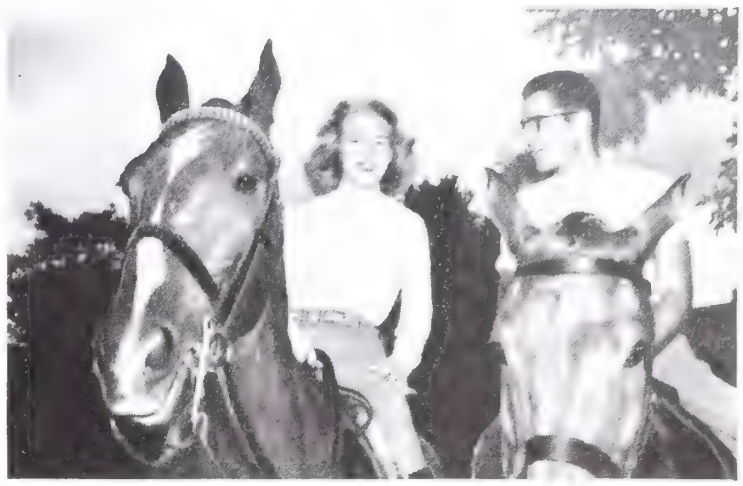

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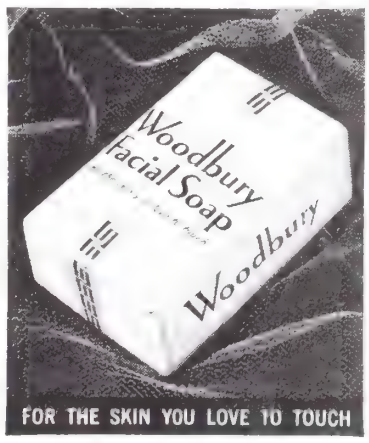

Honeymooning with Joan went Woodbury Facial Soap. Be as smart, girls! Woodbury's *extra-mild*, made with a *beauty-cream* ingredient! Made for skin alone!

Old stuff . . . Into antique store, bride lures groom! And speaking allure-wise, girls, nothing rates above Woodbury skin. Begin Woodbury care—be as smooth as *his* dreams!

(Continued from Page 170)

aunt making out with her new plate? She was bound to have them in right away, so I did it, but I was afraid she'd have trouble.' I didn't even know she'd had a new plate. Here she'd had her teeth out and gone through all that, and it must be pretty devastating, and she'd never said a word. She never in all the time afterward mentioned those teeth and I never did either. Now, was that courage or pride, or some of both? The point is, in case you've missed it, darling—I never liked Aunt Sophronia much. You couldn't. But all the same, she's part of me. She overlaps into now. I find myself remembering things about her at the most unexpected times. The way she fussed over tea, whether there were guests or not; the way she said, 'Your father was -deflected'; the way she put down every penny she spent in little black books; the way she dressed up one night when I took her to a concert. She overlaps. I just don't believe you can help it. Even if your new life is incredibly different, you're made up of old lives. Aren't you?"

She didn't say anything for a full block. Then she said, "It makes life a prison. You never get out."

"But we are out, darling."

"Are we, Johnny? Are we?" she asked, and her fingers were a little tighter on his arm. He wanted to stop there in the snow and take her in his arms and kiss her. But he didn't.

"We are," he said. "We don't have to ever 'make the rounds' with Emily and her crew, you know. We never will, so help me. But that sometime or other she was in your life enough for loathing, that I don't think you can deny."

"No, I suppose I can't," she said. Her voice was a little tired. "She married a very old, very rich, dying man when she was nineteen mother thought it clever of her. And while he was dying she was –was playing around with Bobo." Then she laughed, quite warmly, quite unexpectedly, and said, "Let's go and rout out Steppie!"

And they did. Steppie was delighted to see them, but Johnny couldn't help noting that he was surprised too. But he came with them and they stopped in somewhere and had coffee and Cass was very gay, very funny, and it was like old times in the apartment in the Village.

But when they parted, Cass took Steppie's two hands in hers and said, "Steppie, come to see us. Don't leave us alone so long again!"

Steppie stood there in front of his ro house, a little gnome of a man, but sweetness in his face that went ri your heart. "I'll come," he promised. you're a little grand for me these day two."

"Grand?" Cass said. "Us?"

"I'm used to eating in the kit Steppie said.

"I know," Cass said, and then she him suddenly and said, "All right, S You needn't come."

Johnny walked away with her in s He felt a small resentment; not jealou cause Cass had kissed Steppie—yo weren't jealous of Cass' warmth—b sentment because he had wanted to the snow and kiss her earlier in the e and because he had been too inhibite so.

"You did a quick about-face ther said at last.

"I know," she said. "Johnny, a happier in the new house?"

"No. I have more room to ha clothes. No, I'm not happier. Though see why a little extra space should p happiness."

"It shouldn't, should it? But—i kept it a little crowded, a little clutt little inconvenient—it—it wouldn't easy for my other lives to get *in*. Or my new life *out*. I—I'm just not managing both, darling."

"You don't like the house?" he sa

"I might—if we were alone there. my house."

"Your mother'll be pushing off t new lotus bed soon," he told her be ours again."

"It's like the albatross—from s grade," she said.

"Where's your tiger heart?" he her.

She hugged his arm and said, "I've I've got it again! Oh, Johnny, I felt gone. But I can do anything now, *any* And after a little, more soberly: "Wit and Ruby's help."

Steppie came once, but Bertha ha people in for bridge, fashionable, m people, and though they escaped dining room and talked some, it was good. Steppie and Cass never play vicar game in that house. Indeed, stopped coming after that. Standish Bertha intrigued him and he was ofte in the late afternoon, slyly egging he confidences. Minnie Burke didn't

(Continued on Page 174)

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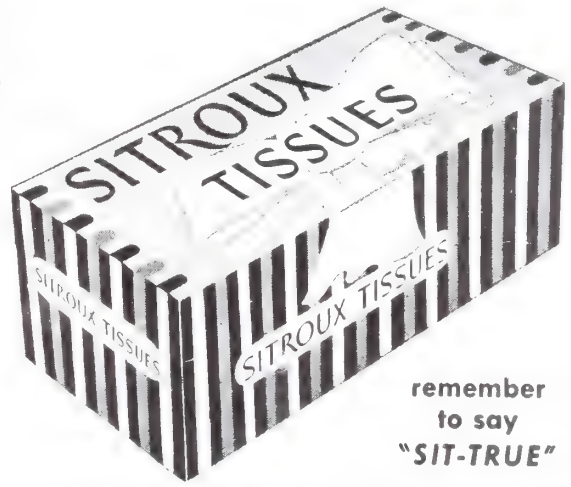

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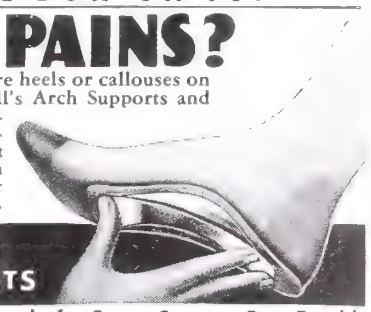

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(Continued from Page 172)

either. She was the girl who was studying medicine and painting at the same time. She couldn't decide what she really wanted to be. She looked like a gypsy and had a great deal of energy and spirit. Johnny knew that Cass saw her sometimes. But Minnie didn't come to the house.

Bertha always pretended she was on the verge of dashing off somewhere else. "I'm toying with the idea of Sea Island for March," she would say. Johnny would wait for March. "Grace writes that it's intolerably dull at Sea Island," she said. "I think I'll wait till April and go to Pinehurst."

"But it's dull for you here, isn't it?" Cass said. "It would be different, at least."

"Oh, I amuse myself here. You aren't getting tired of me, are you, sweet?"

"It just seems as if you'd have more fun on your own," Cass said.

And in April, Cass came in one day and cried, "Oh, mother, come see a love of an apartment. It's perfect for you, absolutely perfect. Smart as anything and on top of the world!"

"Perfect for me?" Bertha said. "But what would I do with an apartment?"

"Come see it! Just come see it!"

"But I haven't the slightest desire to see it, Cass. It would be very stupid to take on the responsibility of an apartment when I am always knocking about from pillar to post. Of course I can always put up at a hotel for the week or two I'm in town between jaunts."

"Don't be silly, mother. It just seemed exactly your place. And you do seem to like New York—so why not live here?"

"Oh, but I don't like it especially. I think next winter I'll try Mexico. The Wickards are going and I might trail along. They know a Spanish family in Mexico City that sound fabulous. No, I certainly wouldn't want to tie myself here."

Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance; but to do what lies clearly at hand.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

And then Cass didn't try again. And the summer went by. Bertha did go off somewhere for a cruise. It was very hot then and they were quiet during her absence. One week end they did go up to the Cape with Knoll, but Cass was quiet there, too, though she seemed to like it.

It was on that trip that Knoll said, "What's troubling Cass?"

"I don't know," Johnny said.

"Don't know? Why don't you know? Too thin. Don't like it."

"She's always thin." But he looked at her sitting on the sand dune a few rods away and she looked very small, as if the wind might blow her away.

"Take her over to England in fall. Losing touch over there. Pick up a few good numbers. Do you both good."

When he told her, her eyes filled with tears, though she never, never cried. "Oh, could we? *Could* we?" she said, as if she had been longing terribly to go somewhere.

They had fun in London. They seemed to be liked among the literary folk.

"They think you seem quite British!" Cass explained it with a grin.

"Well, you don't. No one could be less British than you, darling—and they *love* you!"

But after two weeks there and at that house in Kent where the lady had written her memoirs, they ran away for a week in Cornwall and that was the best of it all.

They sat on the edge of the cliff and watched the mighty waves tumbling about the mighty rocks and they were all alone in the world. They walked down and ate at the Tinner's Arms and came back and walked across the heather.

"Oh, when I die, bury me under the purple heather!" Cass said.

They lay in the heather and let the autumn sun, warm for once, shine down on them and they were happy.

Cass laughed and said, "Your shadow—it was so like father that I had a feeling he was walking along with us. So tall and thin and jerky! Father would have loved heather. He had the loveliest garden. peaceful, so lovely. People never seeme spoil it. He was so busy, but he worke the garden every morning, early. 'Cass, said once, 'there's no grief so deep that w ing with flowers won't assuage it. Alw have a garden!' But he had a grief garden didn't assuage—he died of it." voice grew quiet and somber. She flung her arm, let her hand rest on his cheek he loved her so much that all the w seemed made of love.

"Do you need a garden?" he said.

"Not while I have you," she said. "Yo my garden, Johnny. . . . He loved Bob terribly much, you see. Oh, so much r than me. He loved me, too, but so much Because I didn't hurt him, maybe. He me for granted. Bobo you could never tak granted. He was shining and unpredict like—like Lucifer. And when he died, in a stupid, wicked way, father died too the garden—he went out to assuage his in the garden and he had a heart attack died there."

He rested his face more closely ag her hand. "I never see you in that life, said. "I know you had it, the big house the gardens and all that—but I neve you there. You were born on a ferryboa me—a poor girl who had lost her job. I can't see you any other way."

"I'm glad," she said. "That's when I born, Johnny."

"I too."

"No, you weren't. You're more of a than that. I can see you in the Sixty-fo Street house very cle I know Aunt Sophi as if I'd lived with and Mrs. Beaseley. Sadie, with her flat and her skipping of ners. . . . Sometimes I such an awful sense of darling. That I'm *not* a piece. . . . Johnny

He looked up at her. "H'm?"

"Johnny—you said the past always laps. But if nothing reminded m wouldn't."

"Ah, but something always does, do it?"

"Yes, something always does. Still, didn't, I *could* forget it. I could cut it o my heart. I really could. I mean, if I *see* Emily, for instance, she would be unimportant. I am a *now* sort of pe If mother was off on a cruise somev or gone to Mexico or—anywhere but me, I could forget her, I could forge guilt."

"Guilt?"

"About not loving her. But when there I know she's got a sword throug heart. That she lives like that, year in, out—I'm afraid she is clinging to me be of the sword and I pity her. Though doesn't act like that, does she?"

"No, she certainly doesn't. I think imagine the sword."

"Perhaps I do. If I did, I couldn't give myself for it. Only I don't think imagine it. How could you not have it you *know* you are responsible? You see encouraged Bobo and—and that wo She wanted it that way. She didn't Bobo to have young friends, girls he r marry. She liked him precocious and wo and wicked. And then—and then whe *friend* killed him —— Oh, the sword is t Johnny! It has to be. For she loved Bob Sometimes I think father was lucky, th died of his grief. She has to live with it. can't see it, but she lives with it."

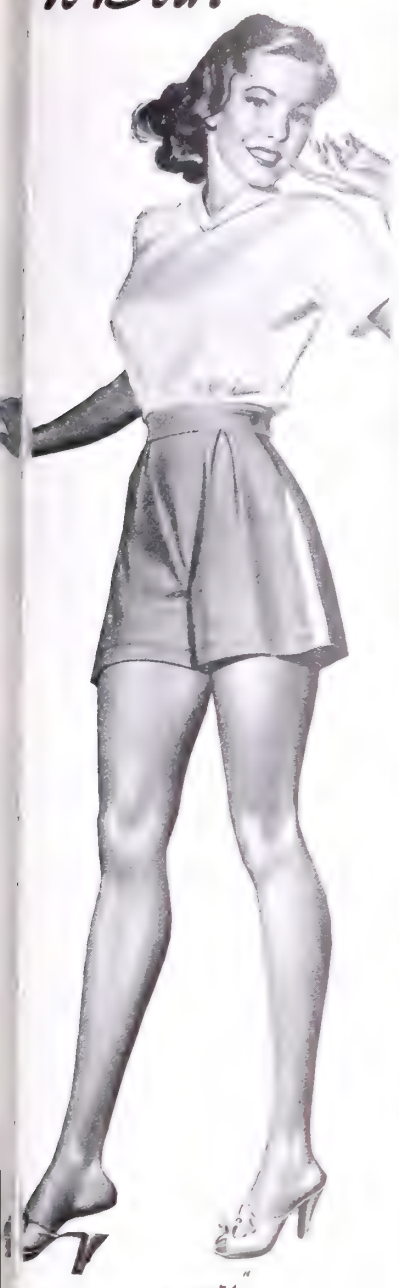
"Cass—Cass, I don't think she do think she's rationalized the whole bus away. I don't think she has the depth grief."

"You didn't see her—afterward. turned to stone."

"You can't pierce stone with a sw he told her.

"I wish I believed you couldn't." turned on her side and smiled at him. I a smile of such sweetness, such love th

..And so Smartly to Bed!



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felt suddenly warm all through. "All this heather, all this purple heather," she said. "I feel as if it's me—as if the purple heather were growing out of me and smiling at my Johnny in the sun."

For it was true: Cass was a *now* sort of person. She spoke of the past seldom, and then when she did slip into it for a moment, she slipped out again with an abruptness, a completeness that made you a little dizzy. She put the past away somewhere and now, this moment, this heather, this sun, this being together in Cornwall was all there was, all that was needed for complete happiness and peace. And yet the peace wasn't static. It had life in it, life and laughter and brightness. It seemed, lying on the heather, that they loved each other so much that nothing could possibly come between them ever.

But they came home. Ruby was different.

"Did you make hay while we were away, Ruby?" Johnny said.

"I made beds," Ruby said more tersely than was her wont.

"You mean," Cass said, turning her hat around in her hands, "you mean—mother didn't go away, Ruby? She said she was going away."

"Well, Miss Cass, she didn't. She had a lot of company whilst you was on your trip. A powerful lot of company. . . . I like company, I like it real well—I don't mind the extra work. It's not that, Miss Cass."

"I know, Ruby. I'm sorry."

"Nothing you're to blame for, Miss Cass. Only don't nobody like to feel like *nothing*."

"I know, Ruby."

"Bless you, child. Everything's all right now you and Mr. Johnny is back. This house, it surely's not the same with you out of it. You looks wonderful, Miss Cass, sure enough wonderful. Mr. Johnny too. I certainly am glad to see you look so good!" And the warmth came back into her smile and she bustled about getting food for them.

But Cass' face seemed to grow smaller, not quite so gay. Still, she sat there by the kitchen table and laughed with Ruby and told her a few funny things about the trip. "Oh, it was fun, Ruby. Only I kept wishing you were along—I kept thinking, 'I mustn't forget to tell Ruby about that.'"

Ruby laughed. "Sure enough, Miss Cass?"

It was Johnny who first mentioned the guests. "Ruby says you've been having company," he said.

"I don't doubt you," Bertha said. "Ruby felt herself put upon, I suppose."

"I didn't say that. Ruby has always liked company. Only I did tell her she could have herself a vacation while we were gone."

"You pamper her," Bertha said.

"She deserves pampering. She's Ruby, who has no like under the sun."

"Nonsense! She comes a dime a dozen in the South. . . . I thought I was being quite considerate, having my friends in while you were away."

"Why? Don't we make them welcome when we're here?" Johnny said.

"Well, they don't feel you do. They may not be literary, but they know when they bore people," Bertha said, eying Johnny with something like maliciousness.

"That's silly, mother," Cass said. "You're just trying to put us in the wrong. We've always welcomed your friends here and you know it. It's a bit crumby of you, trying to give people the impression that we don't, that you have to sneak in guests while we're away."

"Sneak?" Bertha's voice was suddenly sharp.

"It seems like that," Cass said stubbornly. "You knew we promised Ruby a holiday."

"You're very considerate—of Ruby," Bertha said.

"Do you mean we're not—of you?" Cass said.

"Oh, come—we're quarreling," Johnny said, ashamed. "Of course you're welcome to have your friends here, Bertha. It did seem a bit of a reflection on our hospitality, but naturally, you didn't mean it so."

"I think she did," Cass said. "I think we ought to quarrel about it."

(Continued on Page 177)

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

Square meals have 3 sides!

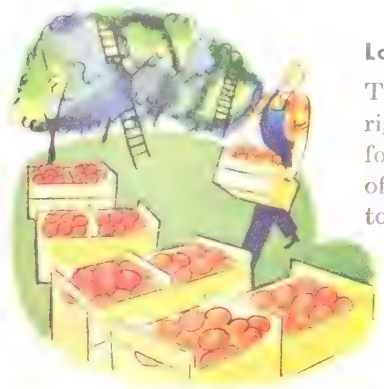
● Square meals can't get by on good looks alone. They must have good *flavors* and good *nutritional* values as well. And that's something to reckon with—when you realize how easily raw foods can lose flavors and vitamins in long transit from farm to market to kitchen—in exposure and storage—and *even in home preparation!*

But when you serve *canned* foods you can *count* on flavors and nutrients—as well as fine appearance. Yes, the steel-and-tin can is your best meal protector!

For hungry folks . . . blended citrus juice, luncheon meat, corn, brussels sprouts, diced vegetables for vinaigrette salad, apricots, cookies, coffee, milk . . . and they all come to you in

Here's the "key" to the situation

Your pet can opener is your personal key to square meals. How proudly you serve the modern canned foods that bring your table such good nutrition and such great variety! Literally, "everything from soup to nuts." Always so convenient to store, so ready and safe to use, so economical to buy—*so good to eat!*



Look what the "neighbors" brought in!

The modern cannery is generally located right in the neighborhood of farms that grow foods especially for canning. Within a matter of *minutes* almost, foods are picked, brought to the cannery, expertly prepared, popped into cans and cooked right in the can. Which means each can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures natural flavors and precious nutrients.

Bar-B-Q Casserole

Fill a custard cup with your favorite barbecue sauce and place it in the center of a heatproof casserole. Surround cup with sautéed, canned whole-kernel corn. Top corn with slices of frizzled canned luncheon meat. Place in moderate oven till piping hot. Serve, spooning the barbecue sauce over each serving.

FOODS YOU BUY IN CANS ARE
SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.
SAFE from air, light, moisture.
SAFE even after a can is opened —because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator
No other Container Protects like the can!

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 175)

urely don't think your literary very exciting?" Bertha said.
e exciting to us," Cass said.
!" Bertha said. She managed to a high, ladylike scorn.
hey're our friends and this is our ass said. "You're welcome in it, ou know that—but all the same, y's and my home."
think I was trying to close the down on you," Bertha said. "In- ust filling in a period when I was at loose ends with a little fun." up. "Did you have fun, mother? ' she asked.
ally," Bertha said.
rd Cass said to him, when they d and the room was dark, "I can't ruel than that, Johnny. That's my absolute limit. You see, she nd she stays anyway. You have to y thick-skinned or else terribly, nely to do that. You have to be." ght, darling," he said.
didn't go away. Oh, she went for ods, a visit here and there, but nine months out of the year she h them.

had a heart attack and retired to in Maine. Conley had never done way, and Johnny was suddenly the talked over the firm's name with nd Conley said, "Oh, put Ely first— re euphonious that way. What does r?" So it was "Ely and Conley." erce and Wright folded and they rce in and it was "Ely, Conley and A successful firm, an up-and-coming t seemed to have an unerring in- best sellers. They ore money than l ever made when ll ran things.
day Mr. Knoll town and dropped hnny, what are ing to do to this he asked.
to it?"
ays proud of it," Mr. Knoll went rinted some bad ones over the years but few, Johnny. Very few. Not lossal stinkers."
're a publishing house. Not a critics' ty," Johnny said.

KNOLL raised his brows and Johnny bered the night he had first met him en so rude to him. "A noble calling— semination of trash," Mr. Knoll said. my name's not on the door any more." nny got up nervously. Then he smiled. ow," he said. "I don't know what's atter with me. I seem to want sud- to make a lot of money. I've never nercenary—it's just suddenly become ant."
hy?" Mr. Knoll asked.
don't know. I want a country place gardens and a penthouse in town—I a lot of things."
ol," Mr. Knoll said shortly. "I never much money and I've got a good- h country house. Don't need a man- n the country. Don't need a penthouse wn, either. Cass agree with your am- is?"
ass? No, she'd rather live in some hole e wall in the Village. Or she thinks she d."
ound girl, Cass. Like her. Used to like Johnny. Thought I could leave every- to you and rust away on my island in e. Mistake." He looked around the big that seemed so much bigger now that ny had cleared away the mess of years. as a fine room now, imposing, very , with a good rug on the floor and ers on the desk. "Gone in for glamour in , I see," Mr. Knoll said.
e went away and Johnny sat at the desk felt ashamed and frightened. *I don't w what's the matter with me*, he said again. ierce had always been persuasive, but asn't that. He'd picked some of their -selling numbers himself. The office—

> I hav seen folks who had traveled all over the world, and all they could tell you about it waz, how mutch it had kost them. —JOSH BILLINGS.

he hadn't meant to betray Mr. Knoll by "furbishing" up the office. It was just that he liked things that way. But the list—that was something else.

"*Damn her!*" he whispered.

For it was true, he had to make money. He *had* to. He was too diminished otherwise. She diminished him. She began after that trip to England—oh, before, but steadily after that.

She gave Cass a mink coat for Christmas.

"Oh, mother, you shouldn't have been so extravagant!"

"It's not extravagance," Bertha said. "It's self-indulgence. Johnny may not mind that ratty-looking tweed you slop around in, but I do. And, after all, why shouldn't I manage a few little luxuries for you while Johnny is getting started?"

JOHNNY had loved buying clothes for Cass, bu Cass never seemed to want new things. She bought so quickly and carelessly and she always looked wonderful to Johnny, no matter what she wore. Bertha made him unjustly small by getting the coat. He hated the coat.

She had some people in for dinner and she got some extra help in to serve. "There's no reason you should bear the expense," she said, "and I'm probably too fussy about the amenities."

"You've hurt Ruby," Cass said.

"Sorry. When you have guests you can let her talk to them all you like, darling. I find it somewhat embarrassing. When there's a choice between efficiency and the garrulities of the 'old family servitor,' I'll take the efficiency!"

And then: "I'm going to take Cass on a trip, Johnny. You are so engrossed in business—but I think the child is thin."

Johnny said to Cass, "Don't go away, darling. You don't want to go, do you? I know we haven't had much fun lately, but ——"

"Yes, I think I'd like to go," she said.

She'd gone away. She'd really gone to Baltimore with her mother.

Ruby said, "Seems like the light goes out the house when Miss Cass goes."

"Yes," he said.

"Why don't you pack up your duds and go down there for over Sunday, Mr. Johnny? Don't seem natural you not being with her."

"No, it doesn't seem natural, but I'm not going, Ruby," he said.

Then there was that business with Laura Demming. Strange, but everything seemed easier, better, then, as if it bound him and Cass together. But afterward——

Johnny met Emily Gorham on the street and she said in her gay but false voice, "Hello, Johnny! What fun to run into you! Still living with the same woman, Johnny?" she asked, smiling her lazy smile at him. She had on a brown fur hat that made her red hair beautiful.

"Still," he said.

"Oh, really? I wondered. Bertha indicated that a crack-up was imminent. But then, Bertha was ever an alarmist."

"Nothing in it," he tried to say lightly. "Bertha has a passion for making trouble."

"Swell," Emily said. "Cass is *very* snooty to me, but I don't wish her hard luck. If she doesn't mind people taking poison all over the place for love of you, why should I worry? As a matter of fact, I think it's all quite romantic. Maybe it enhances your charms for her—it often works that way, doesn't it? Just because Bertha puts her down for a fool is no sign she is one, is it, Johnny?"

"Could we talk about something else?" Johnny said. "*If* you don't mind?"

"We could, but I hate to. Cass intrigues me—you and Cass both."

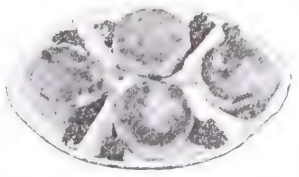
"Afraid I've got to run along, Emily."

"Oh? Fun to have seen you, Johnny! Love to Cass!"

They had the penthouse. He took Cass there and said, "It'll have sun, Cass. You need some sun."

(Continued on Page 179)

The fish cakes with oceans of flavor



RECIPE—Shape into fat little cakes and fry until golden brown. Coddies are a delicious combination of choice fish caught off the Atlantic Coast and carefully selected potatoes.

Other Famous Davis Brothers Seafoods

TALL MACKEREL—Marvelously fresh and tasty—creamed or for salads.

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MACKEREL FILLETS—A grand taste thrill—boiled, broiled or baked.

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NEW RANGE

Harper Center Simmer Burners are superior to all other top burners because each Harper burner is really *2 burners in 1*. As shown in diagram, the big *outer* burner brings foods to a quick boil. Turn handle until it "clicks" and the *big burner* goes out, leaving only the small, efficient *inner burner* lit to finish the cooking.

Only the separate Harper Center Simmer gives you the controlled low heats you need to keep foods warm for serving . . . to eliminate pot watching and boiling dry... to allow cooking with little water, which saves time and gas and keeps the average kitchen 9 degrees cooler. Only the Harper separate Center Simmer can help you so much in your cooking.

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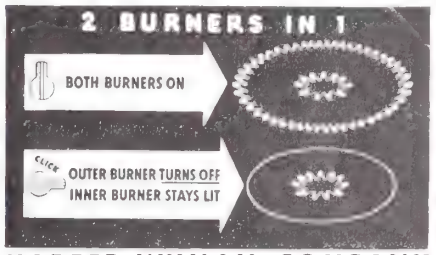
**18 Leading Gas Ranges are Harper Equipped*



HARPER-WYMAN COMPANY
8564 Vincennes Ave., Chicago 20, Ill.

French's
WORCESTERSHIRE GIVES
Scrambled eggs
wonderful new flavor

Melt in a skillet over a slow fire: 2 tablesp. butter or margarine. Beat and pour into the skillet: 6 eggs, 6 tablesp. milk, 3 teasp. French's Worcestershire Sauce, ⅛ teasp. salt, ⅛ teasp. paprika. As the mixture thickens break it into shreds with a fork. Serves 4.

TOPNOTCH QUALITY... *costs less!*

The Right Angle on a Square Meal

just as there are many meats that may be used as the heart of a good square meal. But the right angle, on a square meal that can be MOR *... meal after a man's own heart only minutes away from his place at the table.*

George Rector

Wilson's MOR is a "4-square" meat made of delicious sweet pork shoulder processed and seasoned the exclusive Wilson way. You'll say it's "First in Flavor." Sliced cold, fried, or baked like a whole ham, MOR makes a sure enough square meal for breakfast, lunch or dinner. There's always meat in the house when there's MOR in the pantry. But remember, only Wilson's MOR has that good MOR smoothness and fine flavor. It's the canned meat that has the "Reach of Preference" *everywhere*. Try it. It's different.

WILSON & CO. INC.

The Wilson label protects your table

Wilson's Quickie Shelf of quality meat products

(Continued from Page 177)

n't object to it as she had to the t house. "I love it," she said. "It eful. I shall spend a lot of money p. Do you mind?"

'here's plenty to spend. Make it

ood by the windows in the empty looked down on the fabulous city. it his hand in hers.

—I will," she said.

what?"

it gay. I've *got* to."

e did. It was the gayest, happiest- oom, flooded with sun. Flooded r. With the Spanish picture over th. With flowers, flowers all the new very bright dishes, yellow with te cups.

ertha came into it and the light the gaiety lessened. "Oh, *child!*" to Cass. "Oh, why *didn't* you wait t back? You never should be let furniture shops, darling! Your sense is positively primitive."

e it," Johnny said stiffly.

do? Cass has corrupted you then. uld be rather nice in French things— e delicate, fragile sort."

I was brought up on fragility." do you have to have quite so many Cass? They're rather overpowering e, aren't they?" She went over and up a bowl of ilies, carried it of the room. he said. "They o much."

room was quite so warm They tried. tried quite y and Cass But it was he same. They nvite the nicest , they could he room shine, was no good. y did was prove room can be ng or nothing, ding on the who live in it ve it life.

n Bertha began ing youngish here. Handsome oung men, all of men who made him. Johnny, feel small nwanted. He said to himself, *I won't let intimidate me! It's I that Cass married. e'd wanted a football player she'd have 'ed one.* But all the same, when these talked to him with a certain deference was based on scorn he hated them. He mall and futile. He knew, he knew it was een him and Bertha, the war, and yet was pulled into it, whether he would or He had never been jealous—he became us. He became unreasonable.

SENT her off to a party with Francis ny," Bertha would say. "She has such with him—you don't mind, do you?" Of course not," he would say, minding much indeed.

r: "He's amazing, young Welles. Really mazing man! You should like him—he's rudite. Odd, you always think of the lite ones as little dried up, fussy men, out any life in them."

r: "You and Ralph seemed to be having n fun this afternoon, Cass. I haven't heard laugh like that in years. He *is* a witty n!"

There never seemed to be a time when nny could say, "That was it. That was moment when I knew she didn't love me more." It was just that little by little didn't seem to be with him so much, she ln't laugh with him any more, she wasn't re forever close to his heart, under his skin. e wore her hair a different way. She some- nes even played bridge with her mother's ends. She bought more clothes. She said ngs sometimes in a new voice, laughing a new way too.

And Johnny knew it was happening and could not stop it. He made a good deal of money for a youngish man. He bought extravagant presents. He was known in his world and made entrances on first nights and the like.

At first he talked back to Bertha a little. He made sharp, malicious remarks to match sharp, malicious remarks. Then one day he heard himself make a remark like that to Cass, heard himself in amazement and fear. "Sometime, if you ever come out of your absorption in your mother complex long enough, you might ask the laundryman not to starch my collars so much," he said.

One day, one Sunday when Bertha had had a crowd in, he made a little list of the topics of conversation. He gave it to Bertha next morning—or left it by her plate at breakfast time. She rarely got up for breakfast with them.

"What's that?" Cass asked.

"A compilation of drivel."

She reached out a hand for it, slowly, but he took her wrist and drew her hand back.

"It's for Bertha," he said.

Bertha laughed about it that night, seemingly not angry, only amused. "Ah, but Johnny, dear, isn't it more fun to talk of trivial matters wittily than of the state of the world and men's souls with such deadly seriousness? Are you *doing* anything about the state of the world, may I ask?" she finished.

He wanted to say that yes, he was. He was trying to publish books that enlarged man's knowledge. But he thought of a book accepted that day, a book that enlarged no one, that only titillated the emotions, and falsely at that.

After that he didn't talk back much. But he hated her. He hated her so much that he tried not to be in the house any more than he could help while she was there. He went to a good many parties, sometimes with Cass, sometimes without her. He got in late for dinner often.

After Ruby went, it was worse. For he was ashamed to leave Cass alone there in the house with Bertha and the pretty, extremely efficient and hard maid who took Ruby's place. He felt guilty and yet he hardened his heart. She had chosen it that way, hadn't she? The truth was that she put her loyalty to Bertha above her loyalty to him. There was no evading that truth. She certainly knew that he loathed Bertha, but Bertha stayed. It was her spirit that dominated the house. It was the high-pitched, brittle conversation of her friends which was heard most often in the rooms that belonged to him—to him and Cass. And Cass let it happen.

But then he would be sitting at his desk and Cass' face would suddenly come before him as it had come to him out of the fog on the ferryboat, small and young and full of some love of life and yet almost afraid that that love would not be accepted, and his heart would stand still, as if an enormous burden had been thrust upon him. Or talking with Bud Gillian, a music critic he knew, he would abruptly remember Cass kissing Steppie and saying, "Don't come, Steppie." He would feel hurt and despair put fingers around his heart and squeeze. Then he would go home, leaving Bud Gillian without an apology or ado, hurry home, and the room would be full of the smoke of bridge players, still sitting avidly around the table. Perhaps Cass, too, would be playing. She quite often was now. When he came in, they would pay their debts, leave. As if his coming were a signal that the fun must cease.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Snow

By R. H. Grenville

Love is a kitten in the sun,
A tawny plaything for the heart,
We think, and, thinking, are undone.
It was enchantment from the start.
For love grows swiftly, growing strong
And supple in a little space,
Until, suspecting something wrong,
We look a leopard in the face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Thermic Ray IS HERE!

Copper Bottom Stainless Steel for Low-Water Cooking

"Three cheers for Thermic-Ray!" Once you've used this marvelous new cookware you'll cheer, too. For Thermic-Ray *guarantees* good cooking, captures [illegible] appetite appeal.

Bottoms Up!

Thermic-Ray's copper bottoms pick up heat *quickly*, distribute it evenly, cooking *every* food morsel to the same *right* consistency. And copper bottoms mean foods start cooking quickly.

Vapor Seal means Food Appeal!

Thermic-Ray is the *only* Copper Bottom Stainless Steel Cookware with Vapor Seal Covers for low-water cooking. *Flavors are sealed in the pan.*

Thermic-Ray's diametric proportions circulate heat *quickly*, *correctly*. Plastic handles, so cool, so easy to hold, withstand normal oven-heat. Cookware for every kitchen need.

"[illegible] excellent results in low-water cooking. I enjoy using it and I'm happy to recommend it."
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Thermic Ray by Norris OF LOS ANGELES

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Um m m . . . a brand-new recipe

Duck and Orange Salad and plenty of Real Mayonnaise

★ DIRECTIONS

Trick Good Cooks All Know

When soups, sauces spreads are talked of the house is handy with her Hellmann's (or Best Foods) *Real* Mayonnaise. Not just in salads, but in dozens of other ways like those mentioned above nothing matches the flavor of *Real* Mayonnaise.

Being *real mayonnaise*—not "salad dressing"—Hellmann's (or Best Foods) *Real* Mayonnaise contains no starchy filler. It's pure mayonnaise *all* mayonnaise: eggs freshly broken from the shell, added egg yolks, our own "Fresh-Press" salad oil, mild vinegar, and spices—all *double*-whipped to that famous smooth-as-silk texture. Hellmann's (or Best Foods) *Real* Mayonnaise passes every test for flavor and texture. It's so rich and pure—even when *thinned* with milk or fruit juice—it's still creamy smooth, still full of *real* mayonnaise flavor.

BEST FOODS IN THE WEST Real Mayonnaise IN THE EAST HELLMANN'S

A PRODUCT OF BEST FOODS

Then last Friday morning he came in to breakfast and Cass sat there, coffee poured in front of her, not waiting for him.

She looked up and said, "Johnny, though it's happened already, we might as well make it legal by a divorce, don't you think?"

"What's happened?" he said.

"We're divorced, aren't we?"

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"It's not a time to pretend to be stupid, Johnny. You've never been that. It's over, that's all."

"Oh, you're ready for another one of your lives?" He asked it cruelly, and knew he did, but he couldn't help it. There was cruelty in this house and he had it in his veins now.

Then he saw her face get smaller and her eyes grow lost and like a child's who has been struck. "Yes," she said at last. "I'm quite ready for another."

XIV

MR. ELY woke. He was completely sane, quiet and still and sane. He felt strangely weak and had no desire to rise. Somewhere there was movement in the house. He heard the sound of dishes. Aggie Emerson sat by the window knitting. She wasn't looking at him. *She has a very beautiful mouth, Aggie. Tender and humorous,* he thought.

"How's Aunt Posy's leg?" he asked suddenly. That seemed to be the point where he could catch onto existence again.

Aggie thrust the knitting from her to the floor, came over quickly and stood by the bed. "In a cast," she said. "She had so many neighbors there, we were superfluous." She reached to the table, picked up the thermometer, unscrewed the cap on its case.

"Never mind," he said. "I haven't any temperature. Have I had one?"

"Yes," Aggie said. "You really do look much better."

"I'm fine," he said. "Just fine." He saw that he had bright blue pajamas, turned up at the cuff. "Where are my galloping horses?" he asked.

She grinned. "Liz thought you ought to have a change," she said.

"Liz? Do I know Liz?"

"She's a neighbor. A practical nurse. You've been a handful, Johnny. I couldn't seem to manage you alone."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"I should hope so! Hungry?"

"Yes, I think I am."

SHE went out and left him alone in the room. But he didn't think. He lay there, quiet, waited for her to come back. At last she came, with broth in a bowl on a tray. Barley broth. She set the tray down, propped pillows behind him. He felt a little dizzy at first, then the dizziness passed. He took all the broth. She sat and knitted and did not talk. She took the tray away, started to remove the extra pillows.

"No, I'll sit up awhile, Aggie, if you don't mind," he said. "I seem to have lost track of time. Is it Monday?"

"It's Thursday," Aggie said.

"Oh?" He smiled a little. "I wonder where I was from Monday to Thursday?"

Aggie laughed. "You certainly weren't here," she said.

"I'm terribly sorry, Aggie. To have been such a nuisance. Could I have a cigarette?"

She fished in the pocket of her slacks, pulled out a package and handed it to him with matches, brought an ash tray and put it on the bed at his hand.

"I don't suppose you should be smoking," she said.

"Probably not," he agreed, lighting the cigarette.

"I find it hard to talk to you in your right senses," Aggie said. "You were more amusing when you were off."

"Off? Yes, I've been off somewhere, Aggie, a long way off."

"To the mountains of the moon, I believe," Aggie said.

"Yes, that's where it was," he said seriously. "I remember now."

"Do you?"

"Yes, quite clearly. Aggie, would mind calling Cass and asking her to c up?"

Aggie looked at him soberly. "N wouldn't mind, Johnny. Though that's one thing that you've insisted on all wee that I shouldn't call Cass.

"I hadn't got back from the mount then. Call her now, will you, Aggie?"

HE heard her going down the stairs. W she came back she looked grave and a li troubled.

"Did you get her?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Is she coming?"

"I think so. I'm not sure, Johnny. was just starting somewhere on a trip."

"Oh. What did she say?"

"Just what you did—'Oh.' She—she did sound like Cass."

"She'll come," he said. He put his ci rette out, said, "I think I'll lie down agai

After a long time he said, "You and love each other a lot, don't you?"

She flushed. "Yes," she said. "Not t it's any of your business, Johnny."

"I read the play," he said.

"You told me."

"I did? I don't remember. It's rema ably good. But you know that."

"Oh, it *is* good, isn't it, Johnny? It's terribly good, it frightens me."

"It needn't. It's the legitimate produ of your love." He spoke quite gently a seriously.

She looked around from the window at hi and her eyes were a little surprised a moved. She looked away again and sa softly, "Yes. Yes, that's what it is, Johnny

He turned the covers back.

"What are you doin Johnny?"

"I was going to the batl room, *if* you don't mind.

She laughed and sai matter-of-factly, "War Liz to come and give yo a hand?"

"No, thanks. I'm fine, he said. But when he was in the bathroom he had to stand clinging to the washbowl few minutes. He felt extraordinarily weak i his knees. He looked in the glass and said "Good heavens!" When he got back into bed he said, "Is there a spare razor around?"

"Yes. But take it easy. You look all right Like Whistler. Was he the one with the silky little beard? Or am I thinking of somebody else?"

"I feel like Walt Whitman."

She laughed. "Well, you certainly can do a 'barbaric yawp,' Johnny! You'd be surprised at yourself when you're on the moon!"

"What time is it?"

"She can't possibly get here before the seven-twenty. Maybe not tonight at all, Johnny. It's five-thirty now."

"She'll get here," he said.

He slept a little while. He didn't seem to be thinking at all. It was as if he had done all his thinking and didn't need ever to do any again. As if all decisions were made, all complexities solved.

Liz Dietrich brought him supper. She was a big, buxom, hearty woman. "Well, young man, this is more like it," she said. "Guess we won't need six white horses after all."

"Oh, I never intended to die on your hands," Johnny said. "I just like to get a rest—with service -once in a while. What time is it?"

"Near half past six. Now eat that all up. There's nothing there'll hurt you!"

He ate his supper. Then he asked again for the razor. He shaved slowly and carefully. Then it was quarter after seven.

Aggie said, "Johnny, you mustn't be so sure she'll come."

"Why not? She will."

"She didn't have much time to catch this train—and she didn't seem sure about coming at all."

"She'll come," he repeated, as if he were unalterably sure of that one thing.

Then he lay there, not talking at all, just waiting. He even dozed a little. When he

(Continued on Page 182)

A genius is a man who shoots at something no one else can see and hits it.

—Irish Baker and Confectioner.

HAPPY START FOR HAPPY LIVING!

ENJOY FAMILY GET-TOGETHERS! BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

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Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

(Continued from Page 180)

woke, she stood there in her mink coat by the bed.

"Hello, Cass," he said.

"Hello, Johnny," she answered.

Then for a moment, for longer than that, it seemed, they had nothing more to say to each other. She didn't touch him. He didn't touch her.

"I got your letter," she said then.

"What letter?"

"The letter you wrote me."

"Oh. I think I began one. I didn't get it finished."

"Aggie gave it to me."

Still she didn't touch him, just stood there beside the bed, looking down at him. Suddenly he smiled at her.

"You look so beautiful, darling. So very beautiful," he said. "I wish you had on your plaid suit—though it doesn't matter, you're still beautiful."

"It doesn't matter?" she said in an odd voice.

"No. I had a lot to say to you. I can't seem to think what it is."

"You can say it tomorrow."

"I talked it all over with the unicorn. I do remember that. I was going to tell you all he said to me. . . . There he is over there, darling. See him? Very calm he looks, doesn't he? He talks only after the lights are out."

She looked up at the tapestry, looked at it a long time, then she looked back at him and over her face went a little light, the light that used to be there when she and Steppie played the game of Snorecombe.

"He looks very intelligent," she said.

"Oh, he is! A pagan, but he quotes from the Bible a lot. 'Perfect love casteth out fear. . . . Be not afraid.' Something about branches being cut off—roots will sprout

Think of ease, but work on.

again. . . . You'd like Leo; he has an Oxford accent."

She gave a small chuckle of a laugh.

"Bertha still at the house?"

The laughter died. "Yes."

"I knew you'd come, I knew she wouldn't stop you. I suppose she tried, poor thing."

Her eyes widened, then seemed to grow very still. "Yes, she tried."

"I knew you'd come. You'd never quit one of your lives before it was done."

"I was just going away," she said stiffly.

"But you didn't."

"No. Aggie said you needed me."

"See? That's all there is to it. I needed you—you came. I never was afraid you wouldn't come. *Be not afraid*—that's all there is to it. That's all—that's all I had to tell you."

It seemed there was more, but he couldn't find the more. That was truly all. No fear that anything could come between them, no fear that Bertha or anyone could tarnish the bright love that was theirs, no fear that their hunger would not be fed, no fear that her love was not greater than her pity, no fear that he would not be tall and comely in her eyes forever and ever, no fear that he would ever love his hunger beyond his love again.

Then she put out her hand and rested it against his face, in the old way, in exactly the old way, but as if she were trying out a new love, a wonderful new love, so tenderly, so softly. And he drew her down and his face rested against the soft brown fur of her coat. And they didn't talk. He just rested there with her arms about him and felt still and light and happy.

Then from far off there came a sound, light yet clear, the laughter of the unicorn. Was he walking down a garden path with a lady all in blue coming toward him among the roses? Or was he on a snowy mountaintop looking arrogantly out over the world of men? Or was he high in the mountains of the moon?

"Did you hear that?" Mr. Ely asked. "That was the unicorn laughing."

Her cheek pressed down against his hair. "I heard him," she said. THE END

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Gayla

"EASY-LOCK"

CURLER

by the makers of the famous GAYLA Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins

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(Continued from Page 69)

t parts. In Holland, dock workers rdam were the first to come out in fight in defense of the Jews.
ory of that fight is a dramatic one. ened in February, 1941. Detach- f the Gestapo had come to the ghetto to arrest and deport Jews. y fighting kept up in the ghetto for eks, during which the Germans did eed in deporting a single Jew.
ebruary 22 a strong military force o aid the Gestapo, and 1100 young re arrested and held for deportation id. Three days later the workers of lam declared a general strike. All t and communication were sus- factories, shops and offices were nd workers paraded the streets with aring the inscription, "Release our Comrades." By midday a German force, equipped with machine guns illery, appeared in the streets and, warning, opened fire on the demon- s. When the carnage was over, 3500 men and women had given their lives of all defenses of the Jews against Nazi extermination took place. Hungary was an Axis partner, and an important one. The Hungarians are, as a rule, ardent nationalists, and they had a long tradition of a mild type of anti-Semitism. Yet this people put up one of the most spectacular fights for the Jews.

THE struggle reached its climax during the months of May to August. The Red Army was smashing across the plains of Rumania and Hungary to occupy Budapest, and the Nazis were putting up their fiercest resistance. While battles were being fought, the Nazis and Hungarian Fascists, known as "the Arrow Cross," were doing everything possible to kill off and deport as many Jews as possible before the Russians arrived. Budapest had a Jewish population of over 300,000, largest in Europe at that time.

In June, when the crisis was at its height, the Swedish government sent Rauel Wallenberg as a special diplomatic representative to Budapest. There he was able to give protection to 20,000 Jews, according to the official report of the American War Refugee Board. Mr. Wallenberg accomplished this chiefly by issuing thousands of Swedish passports, similar to the "protective passports" of the Vatican, to Hungarian Jews. The Nazis did not dare to arrest "Swedish Jews," armed with such passports, although they were aware of the spuriousness of the documents.

In addition, Mr. Wallenberg bought houses and other buildings which he converted into Swedish "consulates," filling them with Jews and thus giving them the extraterritorial rights of citizens of a neutral country. Alone, armed with a revolver, this brave man fought off a mob of Hungarian Fascists, attempting to attack the Jews in one of his "consulate" buildings.

Thus a vast accumulation of facts disproves the theory that the bulk of Christian Europe has succumbed to Hitler's anti-Semitism and has taken over his theories about and feeling toward the Jews. The facts show that Christian Europe did not entirely forsake the Jews. Individually and collectively, Christian people fought Nazi anti-Semitism with the same zeal and devotion as they fought the political tyranny of Nazism. The greatest mass murder of all times did not go unchallenged by the forces of decency and humanitarianism in the Christian world.

It is unfortunately true that these forces could not avert the larger Jewish tragedy in the death camps of Maidanek and Treblinka and the merciless extermination of more than five million people. Yet the Christian fight against this extermination cannot be described as a failure. Its mere existence was of incalculable moral value, irrespective of the results it accomplished. If this effort of an enslaved Europe in behalf of the weakest of its members was a failure, it was one of those glorious failures which have kept up the ascent of humanity from barbarism to civilization and have given whatever meaning there is to human life. It was a great manifestation of spiritual strength and faith which will affect humanity—Jews and non-Jews alike—for generations to come. **THE END**

United Jewish Appeal

WRAPPED in newspapers for lack of so much as a shirt or blanket, Jewish babies born in Displaced Persons' Camps in Europe first open their eyes to a world of starvation and barbed wire. Their families have less food for an entire day than an American family eats in a single meal. Brothers and sisters, twelve years old, wasted by malnutrition, look like children of six. Where can these youngsters look for aid except across the Atlantic? The United Jewish Appeal, one of the largest humanitarian efforts ever undertaken by a voluntary relief organization, is seeking $170,000,000 to provide them with relief and rehabilitation. Funds will go for urgently needed food, clothing and medical care in DP camps; for upbuilding and refugee settlement in Palestine; and for refugee placement in the United States. Contributions to the United Jewish Appeal should be sent to 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

NOTHER event, similar, but on a larger le, occurred in Bulgaria in the summer of 43. Although the Bulgarian government s at that time part of the Axis, the people d never been anti-Semitic. When in 1943 government, under pressure of the Nazis, empted to deport the entire Jewish popation of Sofia—30,000 people—a street monstration broke out. Tens of thousands men and women besieged the Parliament d kept up the demonstration for three ys until the government was obliged to scind the deportation order.

It was in Budapest, capital of Hungary, at during the summer of 1944 the greatest

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See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbury Powder Sampler (contains Fiesta, 8 other flattering shades), plus Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail* to Box 45, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. 335

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HOW TO SEE A NATIONAL PARK

Planning a vacation in the parks system—this article is confined to the Rocky Mountain belt from Canada to the hot bright sands of New Mexico and Utah—you can let five major rules help you. You'll be a better traveler, and a happier one, if you go prepared, knowing what the system includes, what you can get from the trip, how much of a workout it will be for your pocketbook, what to bring and how to behave.

Since the Declaration of Independence, the National Park idea is grass-roots American. Yellowstone was created in 1872 after explorers, who had a legal and moral right to the land, forfeited that right so that all citizens—and not just a few—could enjoy and be inspired by its spectacular setting. Congress passed an act, defining the area, and the first National Park was established as part of our public heritage. Now there are 26 others.

Today the parks hold for you a promise of release from the tensions of modern living. They do not stress the latest in man-made diversion (tile-lined swimming pools, service pavilions, movies around the corner) but rather its antidote, untouched nature, the one hope that you may gain from it sanity and knowledge. As Thoreau said, "We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of vast and titanic features—the wilderness with its living and decaying trees. We need to witness our own limits transgressed and some life of pasturing freely where we never wander." In national parks all birds and animals have sanctuary; learn to watch for them, for they will give you pleasure. The geologist finds records of the earth's past lying open for his understanding and the archaeologist can rebuild a bygone culture. Amid plants and trees, nourished by the land's green thumb, the botanist also has his day. Experts may call these features by their multisyllabled scientific names; but all that anyone needs to know is that their beauty is there to be seen.

How much you will spend in sampling the parks is something your pocketbook will have to answer. The National Park Service says that for $80 to $100 a family of four can have a two-week outing, occupying a housekeeping cabin, providing their own bedding and cooking utensils and preparing their own meals. One short cut to a low-budget vacation is living in a tent, for all the parks have free camping grounds. There are improved ones with fireplaces, tables, toilet and shower facilities, laundry tubs—and in some cases even free chopped wood. To insure maximum use by the greatest number of visitors, in most parks, rules limit camping to 30 days.

Time was when "tenting tonight" was the park visitor's theme song, but today's tourist is swinging more and more to cabins, lodges and hotels. In all of them prices will depend on the degree of roughing it that's in your vacation prospectus. In most parks, $1.50 (less in some places) a night per person will pay for a partially furnished tourist cabin, with the option of bringing or renting your kitchen equipment and linen. You'll have to use a communal shower, but your housekeeping facilities will include a kerosene or wood stove. One incentive to this version of the outdoor life is the 10 per cent discount (more in some cases) that you'll generally get after the first week. Or you can stay in cabins clustered around lodges, for $2 to $7 a night per person. For the de luxe traveler, there are rooms in the hotels and inns at from $7 a day up, meals included. You can generally get accommodations on either American or European plan. Most of the parks have bargain-priced cafeterias where you can eat a day's meals for $2, even a little less perhaps. But remember that these, as other park facilities, are open only in specified seasons. For full information on this, write the superintendents of the parks you intend to visit. They'll give you complete data on what's open when, and exactly how much it'll cost.

Your bread-and-butter budget is, of course, fundamental—but equally important are the pennies for playtime. Fortunately, your recreation bills get a break, because the park service provides one of the country's best free entertainment schedules. And the star performers are the West's fabled rangers, who've charmed thousands of tourists with their Paul Bunyan imaginations and their sympathy for the woes of the tenderfoot.

In every national park you'll find the rangers doubling in brass. By day they're free guides for hikers and horseback riders, using the backdrop of nature as the text for their informal lectures. By night they show movies in the park museums (where the neophyte can find out who's who and what's what in the region's history) as well as loosen up the tourists' tonsils when customers of the campfire gather for an evening to sing the old, sweet songs. They're masters of the steak fry—and minions to the small fry. Sometimes a ranger's wife has even turned baby sitter to free parents for her husband's special tours.

The dollar-and-cents department of your recreation is up to your own common sense. Prices will vary from park to park, but in general you can rent a horse for $5 a day, or less, take an overnight pack trip (with chow) for about $15, or join a three-day bus tour (all-expense) for approximately $45. Fishermen, who must get state licenses in every park except Glacier and Yellowstone, can rent an all-day boat for a $2 bill. And it's wise to save a bit for the purse-tempting souvenirs you'll see on display everywhere. In the Southwest, the Navaho Indians' pottery, baskets, blankets and silver are almost a must; while in the Rockies country, the men of the family will be lured by cowboy shirts and hats and leather boots, belts and fringed gloves.

FIRST WOMAN OVER NIAGARA

Going over Niagara Falls in a barrel was purely a masculine idea of daring, until Anna Edson Taylor tried it on October 24, 1901. Lashed tightly inside a 3x6-foot oaken cask, she was launched from the Canadian side of the falls and plunged unhurt over the 160-foot drop. Not only the first woman to ride the falls, she was the first person to live to tell about it. And she didn't get her iron nerve from being a professional daredevil. She was a schoolteacher.

—JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL.

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Souvenirs are what you take back home with you, but don't neglect what you ought to bring. And particularly what brings you—your car: 98 per cent of the 9,800,000 visitors to the parks and monuments last year came by automobile, which makes information as to care of same a probable essential in your trip preparation. There's no special driving code for the parks—the rules of safe driving are universal. However, if you're planning to be in the high altitudes for longer than two weeks, it's wise to get your spark advanced a few notches to give your car more pep and better gasoline economy. The great distance between service stations in Western driving makes it advisable to travel on the top half of your gasoline tank; and every time you stop for gas, have your tires checked. Contrary to what many think, there's no magic formula for your tires except to keep their pressure within the manufacturer's specifications. Driving in either high altitudes or high temperatures increases the pressure slightly, but not enough to really matter. A wary eye for slow leaks is a bright idea, especially in the Southwest, where intense heat tends to melt soft tires; a spare (or two) is always good insurance, just as a tow rope is.

When rangers are asked why a tow rope, they tell the story of the motorist who didn't have one when he broke down on a desolate road. The next car showed up a day later—and it didn't have one either. And so this forgetful driver had to wait another day before a chain-equipped rescue truck arrived. Realizing the possibility of breakdowns, the rangers advise the practical motorist to carry a junior-size kitchen—in a slide-fastened bag. It's equipped with a miniature stove (either canned heat or heat tablets), a small covered saucepan, paper cups, knives and forks, and salt. You'll always be able to dish up a meal if you have dry packaged soup, cheese and crackers, canned beans and possibly fruit such as oranges or bananas. The picnic-inclined can stock up at breakfast-time with sandwiches—to be eaten under a shady tree at lunch. In the Southwest it's always wise to take water in canvas bags—canvas, because evaporation keeps the water fairly cool.

ALL the parks have improved automobile roads, but it's foot power that'll take you to the best of the scenery. And while you don't want to load your car with too much equipment (the park stores will sell or rent much of what you'll need), you may want to add a pup tent and sleeping bags to your supply; a hatchet's a handy item, too, as is a shovel in case you're called upon to fight a forest fire (park visitors are expected to help, when able). Sunglasses rate first place on a desert explorer's list, while sturdy low-heeled shoes are a hiker's necessity everywhere.

You can do the national parks on a one-suitcase wardrobe. See that it's ready for the mountain country by including a pair of frontier pants (corduroy or whipcord) and some hardy flannel shirts. In the Southland, seersucker dresses or light denim coveralls spell style for the knowledged traveler. But wherever you are, a sweater or light jacket is useful—with a warm coat imperative for night and early morning. And a party's no emergency anywhere if a print dress or becoming shantung is along to make you the life of it.

But the best-equipped tourist of all is the one who knows what manners to take to a park. You'll pass muster if you:

1. Don't try to do more than you should if you're seeing the parks on foot. Hikers' limits vary from two to twenty miles a day—but the man who goes farther than he can come back is a problem to park authorities. If, by chance, you should become lost or exhausted, don't panic. Use the ground as your bed for a night; it'll be perfectly safe.
2. Check in with the rangers before you s your mountain climbing—and also when return.
3. Get a written permit to build fires a from camping areas. And before you th away a match, break it—if it's still lit, can't.
4. Don't feed any of the animals—unless want to pay the fine that's waiting for
5. Don't pick the wild flowers.
6. Don't let your cats and dogs run loos
7. Let nature alone—and don't turn in Western-style billboard artist and do a b rock-writing.

Reference Library for Park Vacationists

OUR NATIONAL PARKS AND NATURE MO MENTS, published by the National Pa Association, 1214 16th St., N.W., Wash ton 6, D. C.

Booklets on all National Parks and Mo ments, sent free by the National Pa Service, Washington 25, D. C. (Th folders contain complete information how to reach and where to stay wit the parks.)

The AAA Guide and Map Service, Washi ton 6, D. C. (Experts can chart membe individual tours, extending through all parks or in selected areas.)

The Duncan Hines Guides, LODGING FO NIGHT and ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATI

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS, by Roger Peterson, *Houghton Mifflin, Boston.*

FIELD BOOK OF AMERICAN TREES A SHRUBS, by F. Schuyler Mathews, *Putna New York.*

OUR AMAZING EARTH, by C. L. Fento *Doubleday Doran, New York.*

THE NATIONAL PARKS PORTFOLIO, issued the American Planning and Civics Asso ation, Washington, D. C.

SUGGESTED TOURS:

Experts differ on how long you should spe in seeing any one park, also on how ma you should try to cover in the average tw week vacation span. In the end, of cours it's really up to you. Only you can kno how much travel you enjoy and how far y can comfortably drive. The AAA recor mends two major tours of two weeks each.

1. Grand Canyon-Zion-Bryce.
2. Yellowstone-Glacier.

Coming from the east, you might wish take in Colorado's Rocky Mountain ar Mesa Verde, or on a longer holiday spend separate fortnight there. The AAA's tw major tours could be combined in thre weeks—if you are hardy and prefer a swi view to a longer and more thorough a quaintance. THE EN

The prices quoted in this article are based on rat established in the 1946 season. Thus there may be slig changes in '47; for detailed information on the faciliti of areas in which you are interested, write the Nation Parks Service, Washington 25, after June 1.

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- [illegible] your shoes
- Feather light
- [illegible]

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BURNS CUBOID COMPANY
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EMERGENCIES

(Continued from Page 11)

Americans, and each one of us is involved. Nor, in a democracy, is any citizen absolved from this duty. By word of mouth, by every means of communication, by the vote, every one of us must make his opinions known, for most of us want only peace, and common sense, and some degree of decency. Furthermore, we can begin tomorrow, and in the exact spot where we find ourselves: in a railway car, talking to a friend, wherever we may be.

Good citizenship and wise government, like charity, begin at home. Out of our mouths come tolerance and hope, or poison. Each of us lives in some locality, large or small. There are newspapers, there are committees, there are local politicians, there are scores of mediums through which we can express our opinions and desires. Our governments, local, state and national, will do what we want if they know clearly what it is. This is not surface thinking; it is the essence of democracy.

But first we must think, and then we must act, and not the other way about; for it is important to remember what Goethe said: "To act is easy; to think is hard." And yet every one of us thinks hard enough if a pistol is pointed at his head.

Today there are plenty of pistols pointed at our heads. This is indeed an emergency. But if emergencies are human emergencies, they are reducible to human terms that all can understand. Even the question of atomic fission can be settled in the same way that quarrels between neighbors can be settled. There is nothing human that cannot be settled in that fashion. THE END

FUN IN THE SUN

(Continued from Page 70)

excess tic and prolonged sun tanning may give you a sunstroke or skin cancers!

Lovely legs request a little attention before they go on public display. There are several cream or liquid defuzzing devices which you might use. One that will last long past your holidays is a wax depilatory. If you apply it yourself, be sure to test it on a small skin area first (on the back of your hand or around your ankles) to make sure it's heated to the right temperature. Then follow directions on the package. Carefully done, defuzzing by this method should last from six to eight weeks. Your feet, too, now on view, should look their best. Trim toenails (cut straight across, not curves), cuticle pushed back and a pretty bright polish to match your fingernail polish will do the trick.

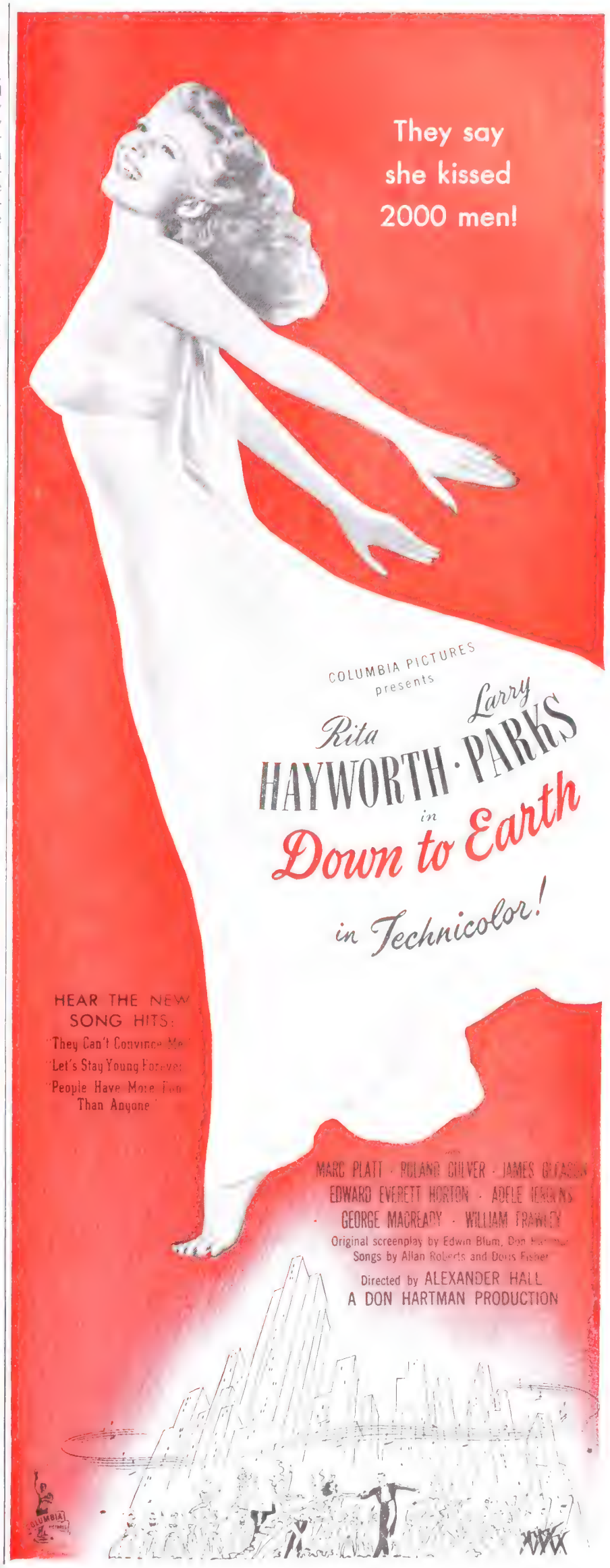
Clear reds are acknowledged tanned-skin flatterers. But the summer fashion trend in cosmetics is pink-toned—so experiment with pink polishes and lipsticks and see what they do for you!

In choosing your bathing suit, remember to select one that favors your figure as well as your eye! Slim midriffs take to brief two-piece designs. Only superslim hips can get away with skirtless suits. One-piece suits, unadorned, afford the longest, slimmest lines. If you have your eye on something that calls for a flat midriff, here is an exercise that will help you:

In a sitting position, place your hands behind your ears, elbows bent, using a firm pressure. Keeping this position, bend one elbow down to knees; to floor at sides; as far around to the back as possible.

Here's another: Lie down flat with arms reaching to ceiling. Now try raising yourself to a sitting position, without arching your spine. If you *feel* the contraction, the exercise is doing your midriff good.

If your bathing suit shows off an upper-arm bulge, here's an effective remedy: Standing, put your arms out to your sides in a stiff, tense, long stretch. Now, with elbows and fists stiff, rotate your arms in tiny circles.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COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
Rita HAYWORTH · Larry PARKS
in
Down to Earth
in Technicolor!
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"Let's Stay Young Forever"
"People Have More Fun Than Anyone"
MARC PLATT · ROLAND CULVER · JAMES GLEASON
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GEORGE MACREADY · WILLIAM FRAWLEY
Original screenplay by Edwin Blum, Don Hartman
Songs by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION
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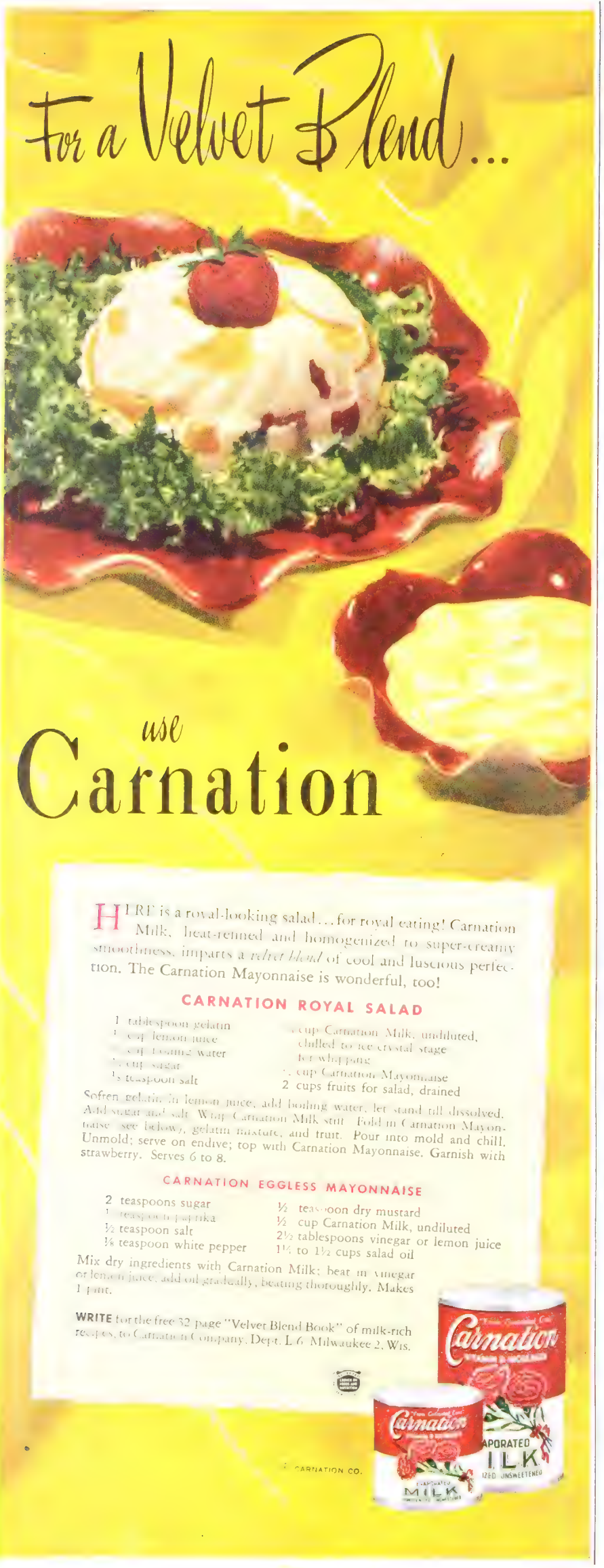

HERE is a royal-looking salad... for royal eating! Carnation Milk, heat-rehned and homogenized to super-creamy smoothness, imparts a *velvet blend* of cool and luscious perfection. The Carnation Mayonnaise is wonderful, too!

CARNATION ROYAL SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted, chilled to ice-crystal stage for whipping
½ cup Carnation Mayonnaise
2 cups fruits for salad, drained

Soften gelatin in lemon juice, add boiling water, let stand till dissolved. Add sugar and salt. Whip Carnation Milk stiff. Fold in Carnation Mayonnaise (see below), gelatin mixture, and fruit. Pour into mold and chill. Unmold; serve on endive; top with Carnation Mayonnaise. Garnish with strawberry. Serves 6 to 8.

CARNATION EGGLESS MAYONNAISE

2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
2½ tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
1¼ to 1½ cups salad oil

Mix dry ingredients with Carnation Milk; beat in vinegar or lemon juice; add oil gradually, beating thoroughly. Makes 1 pint.

WRITE for the free 32 page "Velvet Blend Book" of milk-rich recipes, to Carnation Company, Dept. L 6, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

CARNATION CO.

Straw hats help ward off "straw hair." Large, colorful hats worn on and off through the day will allow you to tan and protect your hair too. Silk or rayon bandannas are more protective than cotton ones. If you've had a good permanent a week or ten days before your vacation, your hair will stand frequent summer shampoos which are necessary to counteract the salt-watered look. There are some sun-tan oils which work overtime as hair softeners. Massage one into the lower half of your hair an hour before you shampoo.

If you don't wear a bathing cap, try working out a waterproof hair-do. One that won't fall to pieces at the sight of an ocean wave. Braids in various forms, or close-to-the-head coiffures, can be prettily done. There are also decorative rubber hair ornaments in flower shapes and summery colors that will stay put even after a high dive. A brush is a must in your beach bag to keep you from looking like sandy-locks. Brushing your hair in the sun encourages a natural golden glint in even the plainest-colored manes.

Summer evenings for the smoothly tanned girl require minimum make-up. But you might tone down that first-day reddish glow with a luminous, creamy base. Worn without powder, it gives you a fresh, young complexion. A light eye shadow produces a wide-eyed look in a tanned face. A tiny, summer-scented sachet hidden in the ruffles of an off-the-shoulder dress is a final fragrant thought.

FUN IN TOWN

(Continued from Page 71)

disks, saturated with antiperspirant, which come in travel-worthy containers and are good for emergency moments.

Midday make-up can be rejuvenated by patting lightly over the surface of your face with a cotton pad dampened with a summer-cool skin freshener. It will remove traces of oiliness and city grime and make your face ready for a new powdering.

Dark, dark powders which try to imitate a tan often fail at the job! There are liquid skin tints for the face as well as the arms and legs (all in one bottle!) which, if applied lightly and carefully, can pose as a tan.

We know a city beauty who makes oatmeal bags and uses them as washcloths, when her skin is feeling especially dry. One spoon of uncooked oatmeal in a small cheesecloth square, dipped in warm water and applied to your face for several minutes, is her skin-softener idea.

One fresh flower pinned appealingly to your dress will outcharm the most imposing-looking artificial ones. Selected from a corner flower cart, it will set you back just a few cents.

Bright spots of rouge on your cheeks are never right. Summer skins use a minimum, if any, rouge—and then it is as unobtrusive as a pale, pink rose.

Little Wind

By Berniece Bunn Christman

Such a little wind
Shivering on a blade,
Hugging with green arms,
Still half afraid,

Tumbled out of June
Before it had wings;
Strange how a window box
Draws frightened things.

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A strictly masculine manicure set by JO
Fine pigskin with precision implemen
of surgical steel. JOY'S real he-man
nipper cuts the toughest nails with eas
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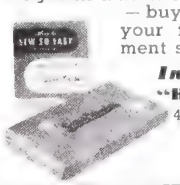

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"HOW TO SEW SO EASY"
48 pages of sewing short cuts.

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PEACE AND ANOTHER WAR

(Continued from Page 7)

e China. But China did not defeat China was helped enough to be able d a defeat by Japan. The British, tch and the French empires in East- a were conquered by Japan. The se have had to give up their con- But these empires were not recon- by the British, the Dutch and the

Germans have had to evacuate the an countries which they conquered. ough the underground resistance was ortant factor in the defeat of Ger- though the part played by Britain in r was enormous—and, in staving off nan victory, decisive—the fact re- that Europe was saved from Nazi ation by the two non-European Al- y Russia and America.

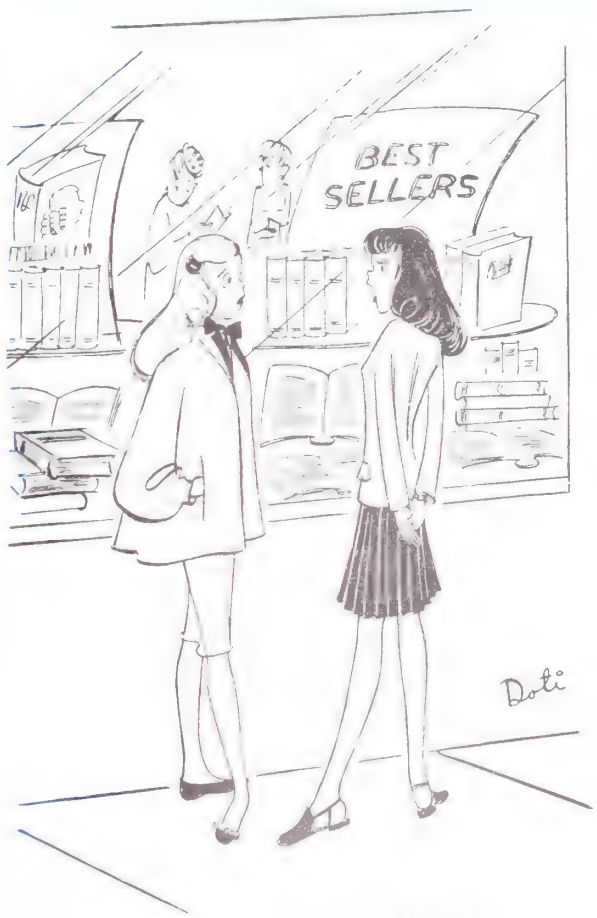
t is why Russia and America are now incipal world powers in the postwar hat also is why Russia and America nt each other directly in Europe, in iddle East and in Eastern Asia. Until o World Wars of our time Russia and ca were separated by several great s—the British, the French, the Ger- the Austrian and the Japanese. The ational community consisted of at even or eight great powers. At the end Second World War there were in fact wo great powers.

a result, the question in all men's minds ether one of the two great survivors eliminate the other, whether Russia merica must and will fight for the em- f the world, or whether there can and ome once again into being an inter- al community of several relatively powers.

this point we pass from history to ecy. But before we start to prophesy the future, we must settle one cardinal about the past. Did everything that appened have to happen? Was it all stined? Were all the debates, the negotiations, the hard decisions of policy, not what they seemed at the time but in fact only a kind of commotion by which the result, as we see it now, came inevitably to pass? Was it, for example, written in the book of fate, which nothing could have changed, that the First World War should be followed by the rise of Hitler, that the rise of Hitler should be followed by the Second World War; that in the Second World War Russia and America should be neutral until the European continent was overrun by the Germans and only Britain continued to fight, that Germany should in the end be defeated by the two powers which, when the war started, were neither of them able or willing to fight?

Before we venture to prophesy about the chances of a Third World War, it is necessary to come clean and clear in our own minds as to whether the Second World War (or, in fact, any world war) must be regarded as predestined and inevitable. I do not believe that the Second World War was inevitable. I believe the Second World War need not have happened, and therefore I believe that a Third World War need not, and may not, happen. I do not believe in historical determinism, whether it comes from communists, from ex-communists, or from pedants, doctrinaires, ideologists, crusaders, fanatics, hysterics, from those who have read Marx, Lenin and Spengler, or have misread Toynbee.

I maintain that the Second World War was not inevitable, that it could have been prevented, and that it need not have taken the course it did. Consider only our own part in it. Was it inevitable that we remained disarmed after Japan seized Manchuria and Hitler came into power in Germany? Was it inevitable that from 1931 to 1939 we should remain unarmed, neutral and isolationist? Was it inevitable that we did nothing while almost the whole European continent was conquered by the Germans, and all the ports of China by the Japanese? Was it predestined



"It's perfectly shocking the books parents are reading nowadays."

Here's a Tuna dish that husbands go for in a BIG way

He-man TUNA CUTLETS

1 7-oz. can tuna
2 tbsp. fat
4 tbsp. flour
½ cup milk
2 tbsp. chopped parsley or green pepper
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 slightly beaten egg
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
1½ cups soft white bread crumbs
1 slightly beaten egg
Cracker crumbs
Fat for frying

Separate tuna into flakes. Melt fat in saucepan. Add flour and blend. Add milk and cook until very thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add tuna and remaining ingredients. Mix well. Form mixture into cutlets. Refrigerate about 2 hours. Dip cutlets into egg and then cracker crumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden brown. Garnish with tiny tomatoes or tomato slices and lemon wedges. Serve with your favorite fish sauce, if desired. Serves 5.

It's a real he-man dish . . . a hearty meal for lusty appetites. Crisp and crunch-y on the outside . . . delicious all the way through. But, be sure you use these famous *quality* brands of tuna. Only the tender *light* meat is packed; your assurance that every tuna dish will be a culinary triumph! Like all foods, this tuna costs more today. But, not expensive . . . it's magical the way you can make a BIG dish out of a small can of these *quality* brands!

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**Leaves Hair Teeming With Natural Dazzling Lustre—
Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry and Brittle**

Would you like *your* hair to radiate its natural dazzling highlights and satin sheen like gorgeous Powers Models? Then 'glamour-bathe' it with beautifying Kreml Shampoo!

Powers Models could afford to spend a 'fortune' on their hair. Yet they know from experience that no other shampoo leaves their hair glistening with more shining lustre and sparkling beauty. So why not take a tip from these world-famous Beauty-Queens?

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Kreml Shampoo has been especially designed to 'glamour-bathe' each tiny strand of hair to reveal ALL its natural brilliant lustre and highlights. And it keeps hair glossy bright for days. This truly amazing Kreml Shampoo also has a beneficial 'built in' oil base which actually helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Its luxurious rich *active* foam removes unsightly dandruff flakes the very first time you use it! It rinses out like a breeze and never leaves any soapy film to dull the hair.

Buy a bottle of amazing Kreml Shampoo to-day. See for yourself how easy it is to 'glamour-bathe' *your* hair to tantalizing beauty. At all drug, dept. or 10¢ stores. Complete directions with every package.

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that when we were struck at Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, we should not be ready to fight back seriously until the end of 1943? If we were able to destroy the Japanese Empire in 1945, was it determined in advance that we could not have been powerful enough to check the Japanese Empire some years earlier?

Is there any doubt that history could have been different if we had done sooner what we did later? Nobody, it has been said, not even God, can change the past. But in the present men still have some say about the future, as they are wise or foolish, brave or timid, magnanimous or petty, believing or unbelieving. If that is not so, then democracy is a deception and the whole moral and religious conception of freedom, duty and righteousness a fraud. If there were choices in the past, then there are choices in the future. Another war, though it is possible, is not inevitable. A peace, though it is not certain, is possible.

Between a possible war and a possible peace, what, then, are the probabilities? The best way to go about answering this question is to imagine how Russia and America would go about fighting a world war. The more that question is studied by the professional strategists of the Kremlin and of the Pentagon, the more surely, I contend, they will come to see that while two nations can fight, two nations cannot fight a world war. The reason is that there will be too many neutrals.

There is no way in which the great masses of mankind can be aligned into two opposing coalitions, the one under Russian leadership and the other under American. It requires strong governments to mobilize nations for war. The people have to be conscripted, regimented and commanded in order to fight a war. Now, as we have already seen, the greater part of the world, as a result of the two wars, is no longer firmly and strongly governed. The disorganization of the European continent and of most of Asia, the destruction of the old states and the liquidation of old empires makes it difficult to organize peace. It also makes it difficult to organize a world war. It makes it difficult to organize anything.

Don't you a little bit wish you lived in a little house—and it was all sweet and tiny, and didn't take any thought or waste any time, and were rather poor—only with pocket money for books and toys—and no visitors—all friends living in the same street, and the street long and narrow and ending in the city wall, and the wall opening with a gate on to cornfields in the south, and the wild wood on the north—and no roadways anywhere—all friends and all one's world tied up in the little city—and no news to come—only rumors and gossips at the city gates, telling things a month old, and all wrong? —EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

I do not say that Russia or America cou not declare war, that the Red infantry cou not begin to march, our bombers begin bomb. But I do say that this could not b come an organized conflict between Co munist nations and anti-Communist nati the reason being that only organized natio can fight wars.

There are few, if any, nations whi could be organized by either Russia America to fight this war. Between Russ and America there would be not th respective allies but an immense region co taining many hundreds of millions of peop engaged not in international war, but in a va anarchy of many civil wars. Such a strugg could not be direct and controlled from t Kremlin and the Pent gon. It could not f ended by a military d cision. Even to su render, there must be government capable surrendering, and wh could surrender whom in a gener condition of anarch Organized society already so badly di organized—would, as the Dark Ages, dissol among the guerril bands, and blood feud and uprisings, the wa lords, local potentate the usurpers and pr tenders.

So, though I do not predict that a Russia American war cannot happen, I do predic that it would end not in the victory of eithe but in anarchy so general that it would b well-nigh universal. I am not, therefor opposed to discussing a Russian-America war.

The more we talk about this war, an where it would be fought, and with wha weapons, and by whom, and for wha strategic objectives, the more we shall arouse provoke, incite the peoples of Europe t bestir themselves, and to unite, and to si down hard upon the ideologists and th fanatics among them, and to rise up again a principals and powers in an internationa community. If they cannot think of an better reason for ending the ancient division of Europe, then perhaps they will be move by the terror and horror of becoming th battlefield of the two non-European powers.

So I am in favor of discussing this Third World War continually and exhaustively. For the more it is talked about, the more surely shall we talk ourselves and the Russians out of it.

SELF-CONFIDENCE

(Continued from Page 42)

feel terribly awkward and puny. The memory of childhood's disappointments and resentments fades away, but for many there remains the undertone of that contrast of the child's weakness pitted against adult strength. Reverberating down the years come the echoes of infantile experience: "You cannot achieve. You are not strong. You are little, insignificant, powerless." And for many men and women the whole rest of life is the vain attempt to compensate for these insecurities of their early years. They have not accepted the fact that life has objectively changed and that from a realistic standpoint they are no longer justified in their feelings of inadequacy.

I made this point not long ago to an outstanding professional man whose life was being undermined by a corroding sense of inferiority. "You know," I said to him, "the amazing paradox is that no one sees you in quite such a melancholy light as you see yourself. In actuality you are quite successful. You have done well in fashioning a tolerable human existence out of the raw materials at your disposal. You have a home, work, a good reputation. There are those who both love and honor you for what you really are. The trouble is that you foolishly imagine other people to be clairvoyant and to see in you the inferior little boy that you once were. You have lived so long obsessed with your childhood self that you have failed to notice how really competent in the world of men your grown self has become. If all people like you who felt themselves failures really were failures, then the work of the world would never get done. Take off your dark-colored glasses and see yourself as you really are: a peer in the adult world with strength quite adequate to meet the problems of that world; a person far abler and more creative than you have ever given yourself credit for being."

Sometimes our lack of self-confidence springs from our overestimation of the capabilities and virtues of others. Only the other day there came to my attention a pathetic case of a young girl, suffering from deep inferiority feelings, who attributed all manner of perfection to her older sister. There was, in her judgment, literally no talent or virtue that the older sister did not possess. This young woman's soul was a sieve through which poured all the ripe grain of affection

(Continued on Page 192)

"I'm excited about the new Cashmere Bouquet

Beau Cake

with make-up sponge right in the case!"

——says lovely

Gail Patrick

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A REPUBLIC PICTURE

A thrilling improvement in cake make-up that's set Hollywood all agog. For Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment right in the compact. As glamorous Gail Patrick says, "It's perfect! As soon as I open my Beau Cake there's the sponge, ready for use." Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake imparts ravishing young color to your skin; hides tiny blemishes; lasts for hours and hours. Enjoy it once and you'll agree Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake is truly the cosmetic sensation of the year.

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"With BEAU CAKE it's so much quicker to make your skin look youthful, smooth and glamorous."

Cashmere Bouquet

Beau Cake $1.50 plus tax

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MENU CUES

A dressing that gives new zest to green salad

1 tbs. margarine; 2 tbs. flour; 2 tsps. Colman's Mustard; 1 tsp. salt; 1 tsp. French's Paprika; dash of French's Cayenne; 2 tbs. vinegar; ½ cup each, water and milk.

Melt margarine in double boiler. Mix flour, mustard, salt, paprika and cayenne. Blend with melted margarine. Add vinegar. Add water slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until mixture thickens. Add milk, and cook only long enough to heat mixture through. Chill. Yield: 1 cup.

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RECIPE FOR

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM-NIPS

1 3-ounce package of cream cheese
1 can UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

Blend ingredients together until smooth. Add other seasonings with curry if desired. Spread on finger-length pieces of hot buttered toast.

★ Boy, what delicious sandwiches it makes! What snacks . . . and rarebits! What delicious egg dishes! (It's wonderful on hot toast under scrambled or poached eggs. So hearty and good.)

(Continued from Page 190)

for others, with not a kernel remaining to nourish herself.

What could be done to give her self-confidence? First and foremost, she had to be helped to a new perspective on her own very generous gifts of personality and character. These, it is true, had been overshadowed by the more brilliant accomplishments of the older sister. But I succeeded in showing this girl that she had fundamentally misread the Book of Life. Her reading difficulty was this: she had seen in capital letters many things in her sister's life that just were not there; and, secondly, she had relegated to small type—footnotes, as it were—her own qualities. Equipped with the lens of new self-confidence, she was better able to interpret both the similarities and the differences between her sister and herself.

It is a truism that there are facets of failure in every person's make-up. But there are also elements of success. No one of us escapes limitations. We all are sometimes angry, petty, lazy—but also we are kindly, generous, creative. Some people are gifted with their hands; some in the realm of art or music; some in the realm of abstract ideas. Almost no one is gifted in *all three*. We are all limited, and we must accept ourselves *with* our limitations, recognizing that *we* can do what others cannot do, that we can contribute where others *cannot*.

In this connection the idea of growth is of prime importance. Growth, not perfection, is the test of our maturity—the touchstone of our success as an adult man or woman.

Though I appear a sort of wanderer, the married state has not a sincerer friend than I am. It is the harbor of human life, and is, with respect to the things of this world, what the next world is to this. It is home: and that one word conveys more than any other word can express. —THOMAS PAINE.

Genius is rare; mediocrity is a portion of almost all of us. But in some way peculiar to ourselves, each of us can contribute from the storehouse of our increasing skills and maturing love to the enrichment of life.

This conception of growth is particularly important for parents, for it is in the circle of the home that self-confidence is either bred or destroyed in children. Much human misery and self-destruction (in the form of alcoholism, promiscuity, despair) stems from the fact that parents often give their children only counterfeit love. Why? Possibly because when *they* were children they, too, received such counterfeit coins from *their* fathers and mothers. In many families this vicious circle is carried on from generation to generation, so that children who were deprived of security and affection become parents who unconsciously revenge their early frustrations upon their offspring. We have all seen mothers and fathers who have been stern, overdemanding, overpossessive, overindulgent—all masquerades of love rather than love itself. Many parents, without knowing it, make their children scapegoats for their own failures, or shadows of their own pitiful lack of self-confidence. It is of utmost importance, therefore, both for our own happiness and for the future well-being of our children, that we root out of our lives every tendency that springs from self-hate.

Karen Horney, the eminent psychoanalyst, insists that much human cruelty derives from our sense of insufficiency and a lack of belief-in-self—and states that we are often vicious to others because we wish to bring them down to our own level of futility and emptiness. Thus, when we gossip, bear false witness, tear to shreds the reputations of our neighbors, we are in truth revealing to the world our own tattered garments of self-deprecation and self-disdain. The truly confident, self-loving person never indulges in backbiting, character assassination and spiritual homicide. Having gained a sense of self-toleration about himself and his own

"Let's see . . . what flavor shall I cry for?

"It's tough to decide, because rennet-custards taste mighty yummy in many flavor—a big change from *drinking* ordinary milk. I like vanilla, or choc'late, or honey or pep'mint—shucks, I'll just cry, and let Mommy decide!"

It's easy to make milk into any flavor of rennet-custard with "Junket" Brand Rennet Tablets. The rennet enzyme makes milk easier to digest—and not being cooked saves all the precious vitamins.

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste; or "Junket" Rennet Powder—six flavors, already sweetened. Both at all grocers. Write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 5, Little Falls, N. Y., for free samples of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.

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that husbands and wives have dif-
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we are almost unbearable. Such per-
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the desert, places of rest and refresh-
ıere the wounds that life inflicts upon
an beings are healed by undiscour-
affection.

ho has learned to love himself wisely
o know how to love his neighbor
to understand all about the other per-
l to *like* him as well as to love him—
n with his weaknesses and short-
s as well as his charm, goodness, wis-
'his is the real meaning, perhaps, of
)f neighbor": to know all about him,
like and treasure him nevertheless.
ve thyself properly" is a command-
f sanity in these tense days. Let me
that you tack two comforting mot-
ı the inner walls of your individual
'he first is: "Respect thyself." The
: "Trust thyself." Respect yourself
ll your achievements and shortcom-
'rust yourself to master the undesira-
its of your character, and to achieve both relative inner decency and outer confidence. Such knowledge and trust will tend to eliminate the all-too-human tendency to self-contempt. They will be fertile sources of that true self-regard which neither exaggerates its powers nor minimizes its worth.

Ultimately the genuine and wise self-love that breeds self-confidence is the ability to look at oneself with a kind of detachment and a friendly interest in one's potentialities and limitations. A person knows how to love himself properly when he recognizes that he is a frail and fallible mortal whose life goal should be *growth*, not *perfection*. He has attained true self-regard when he has achieved the mellow maturity that is tolerant of the many moods good, bad and indifferent—that chase across the firmament of one's soul like shifting clouds on a summer day; when, in the reassuring knowledge that we are all of us peculiar in one degree or another, he has become wise enough to be forgiving, not only of the foibles of others, but of the occasional eccentricities and peculiarities of himself.

A man or a woman has learned at last how to love himself or herself properly when he lives by the golden mean between extremes; when he has attained a kind of equilibrium, with room in his life for work and play and laughter and friendship; and when, like a philosopher, he anticipates both the peaks and the valleys, the summits of achievement and the lowlands of failure and depression. And when, having anticipated them, he accepts them, as part of the price of human growth and fulfillment. THE END

SCHOOLTEACHER AND MOTHER ANALYZES "THE HELLER"

Woburn, Massachusetts

Dear Bruce and Beatrice Gould: The Heller, a perfect illustration of what ails modern youth, was printed to help parents understand and solve the delinquency problem. Unfortunately, many parents read these stories and shrug them off with, "Thank goodness *our* kids aren't like that!" They have *no idea* how to solve youth problems, and while many illustrations of present conditions are furnished them, few articles deal with actual causes and *remedies*. Here is my analysis of Anne's "lacks," based on my observations as a teacher in public school, Sunday school and the N. Y. State Reformatory, and as a mother.

Anne is typical only of one social stratum, a semislummish environment. Her life was full of spiritual lack. Her mother, not sufficiently companionable, failed to gain her confidence, and instead of counseling and guiding Anne from early childhood, scolded her. Anne lacked a suitable social life. Modest parties and teas at home where her parents could meet her friends would have meant more self-respect and social graces. Sunday mornings her family should have attended church together; and Anne should have co-operated during the week in promoting church youth activities to develop her spiritual obligation. Her teacher and parents should have encouraged any personal talents she possessed, to provide wholesome hobbies.

Since our lives consist of habits we have formed, good or bad, all habit-forming training must begin in earliest youth, continuing steadily but tactfully through adolescence. Every action is preceded consciously or subconsciously by thought. Thus the habit of sifting the "wheat from the chaff" in our thinking must be acquired early. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" is a fundamental truism in child training.

The power of wholesome influence, good examples and worthy aims upon young, impressionable minds is incalculable. All this Anne lacked. Parents have a definite duty to their children, spiritually and mentally, that they tend to minimize. Youth, to combat evil temptations, must be equipped with adequate ammunition - a helpful philosophy of life.

There was an unwholesome undertone of immoral thinking in Anne's school environment. Her companions were "off the same piece." Youth follows the mob instinct, and a new bad apple contaminate the whole barrel. Had Anne's parents removed her to a better environment or gained the co-operation of other parents in organizing suitable youth activities to utilize their abundant energies, Anne and her comrades would have been busy with constructive interests and had no time for less wholesome thoughts. In pioneer days, the strenuous exigencies of life—hunting, farming, spinning, cooking—left no surplus of strength to be wasted upon devitalizing amusements. Today, an outlet must be found for this vast dynamic reserve of energy, else "the lid is bound to blow off" in undesirable activities. It is far less expensive to finance social youth clubs and classes than to maintain reformatories.

Anne is also an example of the complete lack of inhibitions and self-control prevalent today. For four thousand years civilization has built up a system of standards intended to raise us above animalism. Self-control is a vitally essential quality that grows stronger with use. Constructive self-expression is salutary, but can be carried to destructive extremes. Only worth-while ideas should be expressed in action - which reverts again to right thoughts preceding. Anne expressed what her life had provided her mind. Her inherent kindness, her desire for unselfish expression, was finally demonstrated in her devotion to Betsy. In club work Anne would have blossomed into a useful woman.

Anne was not a typical girl. She belonged to a segment of unfortunate children for whom society has done little, and does not represent the many children who have had adequate home and social opportunities.

Many young folks excuse their immoral acts on the grounds that they are establishing new customs. Old codes of ethics are outmoded, they tell us. Church and organized leadership should explain, and reaffirm widely, definite codes of conduct and religious ethics—and make real explanations and decisions to meet the questions and needs of modern youth.

Concerted action of churches, schools, and fraternal and social organizations can eliminate the sources of evil that menace our children.

The JOURNAL is to be congratulated upon the high standards it maintains in literature and advertising.

Very truly yours,

(MRS.) ROBINSON DUPEANY.

You'd be surprised what HEMO* might do for your child!

YOU'VE OFTEN SPENT 59¢ on a toy for your child, haven't you?

Well, why not spend the same sum on something that can do him *more* good?

Add Hemo to his meals for the next thirty days. What happens may surprise you!

Here's why: Two glasses of Hemo made with milk supply a whole day's needs of vital vitamins and minerals —shown on the chart.

Hot or cold . . . rich, milk-chocolaty Hemo makes a delicious drink.

A favorite with children, grownups, too. Hot, it's so relaxing at bedtime.

Only 59¢ . . . about 2½¢ a serving. Get Hemo today!

JUST ONE GLASS of Hemo gives you:
The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined
HEMO exceeds adult requirements!
Minimum daily needs set by U. S. nutritionists
2 servings of HEMO, made with milk, give
4000 USP units VITAMIN A 4900 USP units
333 USP units VITAMIN B1 400 USP units
2 milligrams VITAMIN B2 3 milligrams
400 USP units VITAMIN D 410 USP units
(Not set) NIACIN 10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams IRON 15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams CALCIUM 950 milligrams
750 milligrams PHOSPHORUS 750 milligrams
Borden's Hemo
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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Borden's Hemo

Drink your vitamins and minerals...and like 'em!

Nila and Diane Shea, racing stars of St. Petersburg Baby Aquacade.

BY GAY BLAIR WHITE

ASK the average adult why he doesn't swim and he'll undoubtedly answer something like this: "Why, I don't know. I like the water, but I've been afraid of it ever since I was a kid. Guess I've missed a lot of fun."

Down at St. Petersburg, Florida, they've solved the problem by teaching babes to swim before they develop fear of the water.

Results are little short of phenomenal. Tots of two, three, four, five and six put on a water carnival which, for sheer perfection of swimming and diving technique, would shame the average adult who fancies he can put on a creditable show in the water. Ordinarily any public program of teaching swimming is limited to children over nine or ten years of age. By this age, say swimming instructors at St. Petersburg, children have developed that fear of the water which takes all the joy out of swimming.

All to the good, too, from the standpoint of St. Petersburg parents, is the record of no swimming fatalities among children since the program started. Considering that the city is situated virtually on an island, with at least ten months of swimming weather every year, during which beaches are crowded every day, it is plain that teaching water-safety methods is of paramount importance to parents.

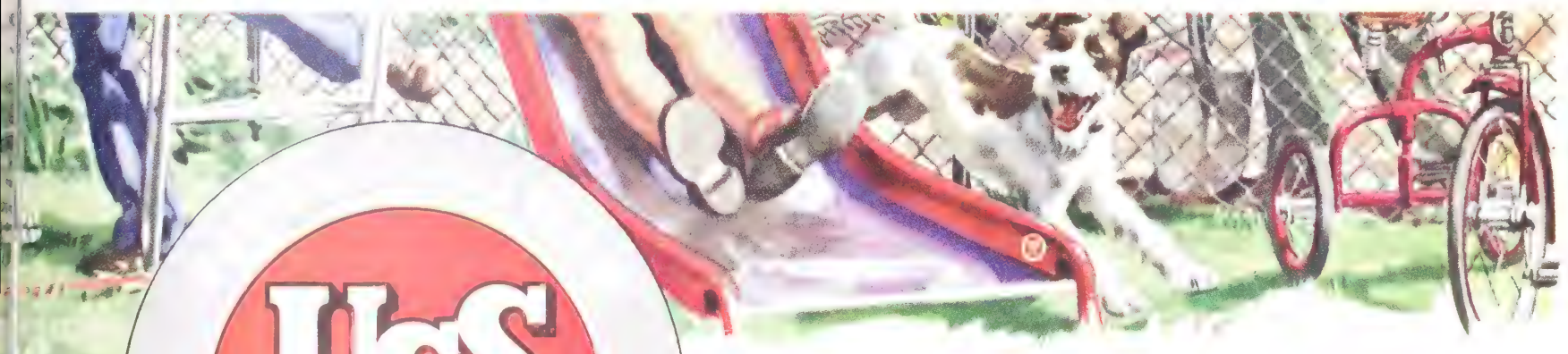
Two years ago the city recreation department, under direction of Pierce V. Gahan, feeling the need of a more generalized summer recreational *(Continued on Page 196)*

Start them early with a trained teacher and your children will have no swimming qualms. Little Danny Shea, 7 months old, can now kick across a 20-foot pool.

Diving from boards, her brother's shoulders or from the lifeguard's chair—it's all the same to Diana Jordan, 4, who learned water techniques from a professional.

Diana mastered and loved lifesaving at the age of 4, and now she can tow sister Sandra in or out of an emergency. Below, *Diana dives for her sister in a stunt rescue.*

STEEL IS STRONG . . . STEEL IS LASTING . . .



U·S·S STEEL

—And this label is your guide to quality steel!

sk anybody: what material is tops for strength, ood looks, long life, all-round usefulness? Chances re, *steel* will be the answer every time. You just an't beat steel for these things. And you can't beat he U·S·S Label as a guide to *quality* steel. When ou see this famous trade-mark on any article—hether it's a roasting pan or Cyclone Fence, a ome freezer or a farm tractor—you can be sure he steel in that article is good. Look for the U·S·S abel . . . it helps you get your money's worth.

HOME IDEA #1: Casement windows and Venetian blinds of U·S·S Steel.

HOME IDEA #2: Smart, sturdy ironing board and iron of U·S·S Steel.

HOME IDEA #3: Steel chairs, gliders, awnings, and shutters.

UNITED STATES STEEL *Subsidiary companies:* AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

...when she grows up, will your little girl have lovely legs?

no girl can have lovely straight legs like these without strong bones

© 1947 R. B. DAVIS CO.

Cocomalt gives your child extra calcium so vital for strong bones

Cocomalt
for EXTRA Calcium

(Continued from Page 194)

program for city youngsters, instituted city-wide projects of supervised play.

Among the projects sponsored was a program of free swimming lessons at the municipal pool. No age limits were set. Parents came and brought their children, and younger ones entered the wading pool.

More than three hundred children under ten years of age learned to swim during the summer vacation period from June to September last year.

Tots of two to ten are started in the wading pool. They learn first to hold their faces under water without breathing. Soon they are floating, and when they have learned the rudiments of arm and leg motions they are graduated to the three-to-four-foot pool.

Here they perfect their swimming strokes, and learn all the tricks of water safety. Usually within a period of a few weeks they are competent to enter the deep pool, where they are taught diving and water carries.

Swimming instructors say the only requirements for teaching the babes are patience, a genuine liking for children, and an occasional candy bar as a reward for good performance. In view of national records which show that nearly three thousand children under fifteen are drowned each year, these swimming babes of St. Petersburg are good news for the entire nation.

WRONG NUMBER PLEASE

(Continued from Page 40)

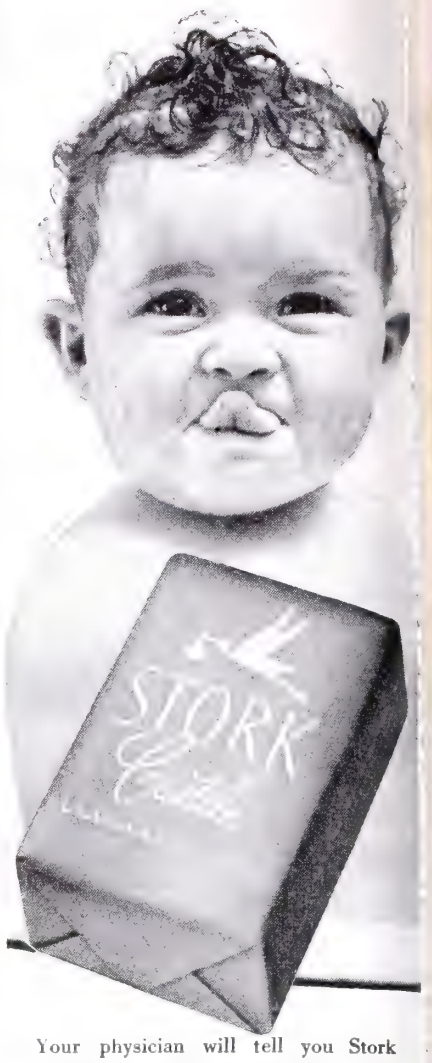
Webster Improved Automatic Valve Company, of Atchison, Ohio, that she go to Philadelphia and open up the new sales office with Mr. Dipple. Her mother had died shortly before, and Susan was ready and anxious for a change.

She and her mother had lived with her brother George and his wife, and Susan had never been unaware of how her sister-in-law had felt about the two of them living with her, or of her patient endurance of two extra women in her house, "because it's your mother, darling." That attitude made a wonderful impression on George and was good for getting Grace anything she wanted, but Susan was determined that she was not going to be taken with patient endurance, nor was she going to be used as domestic blackmail over her brother. So a change was imminent, and when Webster Valve offered one that would put several hundred miles between her and Grace, Susan never hesitated in accepting, particularly when they whispered the magic words, "And we can get you an apartment."

Then there had been the fun and excitement of furnishing the apartment—not that there was much to furnish, for her entire apartment consisted of the long front parlor and the back parlor, made into a kitchen and bath—and exploring the city with its historic buildings, its theaters and department stores.

She had not been lonely at all until a week before, when there had been one of those deceptive springlike Saturdays that come in March and serve no useful purpose other than to make you open your coat and catch cold, or spend much more than you can afford for a spring hat, or feel wistful when you see nice young men meeting attractive young women for Saturday lunch. Susan on that Saturday had made the mistake of wandering through the department store which seemed to be the favorite rendezvous for these nice young men and attractive young women. They met either at the head or the feet of a very large bird in the center of the store, and Susan, watching them, had found herself wishing that there was someone to say, "Meet me at the Eagle." Susan even felt wistful over the matronly women and the men who, she knew, must rush each night for a suburban train, because there had been other meetings at the Eagle, when Tommy's tonsils or a coat for Nancy was not uppermost in their thoughts. She wished that day with all her heart that someone was waiting for her.

"Just seein' if my STORK CASTILE tastes as good as it feels!"



Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

Now enriched with Soothing Lanolin

Ask for Stork Baby Oil, and Stork Baby Powder, too

KNITTING YARNS

Quality Yarns at LOW Prices

Send for FREE Samples, Prices and Illustrated Booklet.

SUNRAY YARN HOUSE Dept. J6 349 Grand St., New York 2, N.Y.

Dennison. Dept. T-1, Framingham, Mass.

FREE Please send me a whole day's supply of Dennison Diaper Liners.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

FOR THE SEAT OF YOUR DIAPER TROUBLES

HEY, MOM! Don't be a Diaper Drudge! Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing my diapers. Just fold a Liner inside diaper next to my skin. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. DELUXE: 180 for $1; CRADLE TIME & DOWNEESOFT: 180 for 69¢.

Dennison
DIAPER LINERS
Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

Bishop might say you never knew
ld happen, but Susan felt that she
was one of those women doomed to
e.

gh a week of eating alone, going to
es alone, shopping alone, she had to
rely to herself.

Susan, stop it, she would say. *You*
e the belle of Atchison, Ohio, so what
pect to do in a big city?

e seeing Susan at that moment
ve thought that the men in Atchi-
, lacked discernment, or that it was
less Eden, which was practically the
. The war had taken the men away
san was seventeen and sent none
he great shuffle in return, for Atchi-
not important enough for war plants
camps, and there was no railroad
with its USO or canteens. There
y Webster Improved Automatic
hich operated patriotically and effi-
with women and men past fifty.

o matter how she scolded herself, she
difficult week feeling wistful and very

at on this Saturday morning, she
the telephone man effusively, for he
eone to talk to for a short time, and
al meant a telephone by the day bed
she no longer need stiffen at a step in
or waken in the middle of the night
d cold with fear. And perhaps, just
, someone would telephone her—even
it would only be Mrs. Dipple. But
ht say, "My nephew is in town. He's
-five and looks a little like Alan Ladd.
u have lunch with him? He'll meet
the Eagle." And when the installation
d finished and gone, she hugged the
to her. Maybe something would hap-
d at that moment it rang, shrilly, im-
ely, and she almost dropped it.

managed to squeak a weak "Hello"
e mouthpiece, and a man's voice,
g much amused, said:

ll! *Hello!* Randy surely works fast."
n said, "Yes, he does. He's just gone."
ne?" asked the voice. "Where?"
ouldn't know," Susan answered. "To
another telephone, I suppose."
time the amused voice burst into
er, and Susan said:
hat's so funny about that?"
that's how Randy does it. I often
red about his technique."
conversation was making less and
nse to Susan, and she mustered up some dignity and said, "I am—am rather surprised at the telephone company ——"

"Telephone company," said the voice. "What has the telephone company got to do with it? I want Randy McNeal."

Susan said "Oh," rather flatly. "I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

"It doesn't sound like the wrong number to me," said the voice, whereupon Susan hung up the phone.

She was instantly sorry. After all, it had been someone to talk to; but when the phone rang a second time and it was the same voice, she was annoyed.

"This is the wrong number," she said. "Will you *please* consult the directory. This"—she had to look at the telephone to find out her own number—"this is Belshaw [illegible]"

"And that," said the voice, "is Randy McNeal's number."

"And *that*," said Susan, "is not Randy McNeal's number. *That* is *my* number."

By noontime she was not so certain that Belshaw 2-5431 was her number, for she had had to stop the chores that are synonymous with Saturday morning and a working girl to explain (a) to Mr. Barraclone, the tailor, that she could not tell him when Mr. McNeal would want his new tweeds fitted: she didn't know any Mr. McNeal; (b) to the manager of the University Club that she did not know whether Mr. McNeal was coming to dinner on the twenty-eighth: she did not know Mr. McNeal; (c) to the professional at Hidden Hollow Golf Club that she could not tell him what to do with Mr. McNeal's irons: she did not know Mr. McNeal; (d) to several unidentified voices that she did not know whether Mr. McNeal would want to play handball on Monday, squash on Thursday and tennis on Saturday: she did not know Mr. McNeal.

They were all polite at first, then insistent, then incredulous, then argumentative.

Susan said wearily to the Hidden Hollow Golf Club, "You have the wrong number."

"Oh, no," said the professional. "That's Mr. McNeal's number. He's lived there for years, and he wrote me to telephone him about his clubs."

"Well," said Susan, "Annie doesn't live here any more," and, banging down the phone, went back to see Mrs. Bishop. "Who," she demanded, "is Randy McNeal who lived here?"

Mrs. Bishop shook her head. "There's never been anyone in the building by that

"Now, remember—be bored at everything. They'll think you're sophisticated."

It's CLAPP'S BABY VITAMIN MONTH...

...featuring Clapp's high-vitamin Vegetables!

LOOK, MOTHER . . . **a real garden-full of vitamin-rich vegetables for your baby!**

All here for Clapp's Baby Vitamin Month!

Fresh, sweet green peas . . . rushed from the fields, and *pressure-cooked* to guard their precious vitamins . . . delicate flavor . . . and fresh color!

Then there's spinach, so rich in vitamins and minerals. And deep-orange carrots—rich in carotene (Vitamin A). And squash! And beets! All vitamin-full!

Clapp's prepares most every vegetable that helps a baby thrive. We've raised two generations on Clapp's vegetables.

Why not start your baby on Clapp's today? Get a week's supply of Clapp's pressure-cooked *high-vitamin* Vegetables—specially featured by your grocer during Clapp's Baby Vitamin Month!

CLAPP'S HIGH-VITAMIN VEGETABLES

Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Peas • Spinach • Squash • Creamed Vegetables • Tomato Porridge • Vegetable Soup Mixed Vegetables with Rice

Start your baby on

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

the first baby foods

Clapp's Strained Foods
Clapp's Junior Foods
Clapp's Baby Cereals

PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN HOME FOODS

Jimmy votes for "Peanut Crunch"..."Peanut Creme" says Mary
Good advice from mommy wise: get both for tastes contrary!

I VOTE FOR
Peanut Crunch
PEANUT BUTTER
—the different kind of peanut butter! It's a blend of crispy, toasted peanut bits and smooth peanut butter . . . the favorite choice of millions of families!

I VOTE FOR
Peanut Creme
PEANUT BUTTER
— the smooth, easier-spreading peanut butter with the new taste sensation . . . a rich, tempting peanut flavor you'll vote for every time!

I vote for both .. for easy-to-make sandwiches, desserts and pastries the family loves!

You're voting right whichever you choose! Peanut Creme and Peanut Crunch brands of peanut butter are packed with nourishing, satisfying goodness. Wonderful in sandwiches . . . delicious for cakes, pastries, appetizers. Wise advice: get both . . . send for free recipe folder today! Holsum Products, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

A HOLSUM PRODUCT

name, and I've been here seven years." Mrs. Bishop put her finger to her cheek. "Now let me see. There was a Mr. Bircher, and a Miss Bell who had a brother. No. No Mr. McNeal."

"Well," Susan began her story, "I've just gotten my telephone and everyone is calling for Mr. McNeal."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Bishop, shaking her head. "That's bad. Now sometimes burglars telephone an apartment first to see who lives there and who's home. What now!"

What now, indeed? thought Susan, back in her own apartment; and after four more calls, all feminine, apparently purely social, since they accepted Susan's "Wrong number" docilely, and one who argued in a voice like melted butter, "Mr. Randy said I was to call today sure, nuff, and see if I was to start cleanin' next week," she grabbed her coat and left the apartment. Someone undoubtedly was playing a joke on someone, but the only one the joke seemed to be on was she—and who would play it?

She walked up the street aimlessly. She had nowhere to go, and if she could think of somewhere, there was no one with whom to go. She was conscious of the smartly dressed girls hurrying to Saturday luncheons and of her own shabby polo coat over her work dress, and when she saw a beauty parlor she was relieved. *There* was one place a woman could always spend a Saturday afternoon alone, and not be alone.

She walked in boldly and said, "I want everything."

She came home with a new page-boy hair-do, reshaped eyebrows, and a manicure that would be wrecked as soon as she sat down at the typewriter, but she had to admit that the beauty parlor had really done things for her. Looking in the mirror above the table in the living room, she thought, *If only I had somewhere to go.* And then the phone rang.

The flat feminine "Oh" in response to Susan's "Hello" sounded just the way Susan felt. But the girl on the other end of the line apparently gathered her reserves. "I," she rather gulped, "I would like to speak to Mr. McNeal."

"You have the wrong number," Susan said firmly. "This is Belshaw 2-5431, and there is no Randy McNeal here."

"Oh, isn't there?" said the girl. "Then how do you know his name is Randy?" And this time the caller beat Susan to the hang-up.

Susan shrugged her shoulders, and added to the mental picture she had of Mr. McNeal the fact that he also knew one disagreeable young lady. She threw herself face down on the day bed where she could reach out for the telephone when it rang, as she knew it would, and thought about Mr. McNeal; and then, because it was that hour between the daylight and the dusk, when the street lights had first begun to blossom and were casting a blue-white light over the city—a cold lonesome light, instead of the warm gold light they would show later—she thought about herself.

About Mr. McNeal, she thought, *He must be young*, for the man who seemed to know him so well and the girls who had called were obviously, from their voices, [illegible] *He must be successful.* The tailor who was one of the best in the city, she kne[w] someone had given his name to Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Dipple had said, "He's too [illegible] sive for me." Mr. McNeal had gone t[o] good college, for he belonged to the U[niver]sity Club, where a half dozen of the l[ead]colleges had headquarters. *He must* [illegible] *letic,* for he played golf and handball, [illegible] and tennis.

About herself she thought, *What's g[oing to] become of me? I'm twenty-two, and th[e] men in my life have been Herby Whi[te] Freddy Masters.* Herby White had es[corted] her to all school affairs when she was i[n] school, before his family had moved t[o] fornia. Herby's hair had *always* gro[wn] the style the Government had later [made] common, and he had had an Adam's [apple] Freddy Masters had been her beau [through] the Army had started to take 4F's. F[inally] had married an[other] lish girl.

Why did I [spend] money to go ha[ve my] hair done? [she] asked herself. *I should forget a[ll] nonsense. I'll j[ust] here alone unt[il I'm] old and lined an[d] like Miss Par[ker] the second floo[r] no one will ever [look] or care.*

Then the [phone] rang and a lau[ghing] masculine voice [said] "Look, is thi[s] wrong number?

Susan stiff[ened] and hastily col[lected] her dignity. I [knew] the voice from [the] first call of the [morn]ing. "I beg you a[par]don," she said.

The laughing [voice] went on, "You [know], the little wrong [num]ber who is raisin[g Cain] with Randy McL[ean's] life."

Susan said [icily] "Oh. It's you. [What] do you want?"

"Not that [way]," said the voice. "I [just] liked your mo[rning] voice much bett[er]. It had charm and a [ring]. I can unders[tand] Lida's being up[set]."

"And who," [asked] Susan, "is Lida[, and] who are you?"

"Lida," said the voice, "is the girl R[andy] is—or was—going to marry, and I'm [Lida] Armstrong. I was going to be the best m[an] the wedding before Tad Thomas told his [wife] a girl answered Randy's phone when he [called] about tennis. She and a few other fe[llows] verified it and told Lida about the g[irl in] Randy's apartment. And unless some [body] can explain your being there, there just [isn't] goin' ta be no weddin'."

Susan gasped. "I'm in my own apartm[ent]. How dare you insinuate ——"

"Look, my precious, you have been [answ]ering Randy's phone all day. Ran[dy's] supposed to be back from Texas today [or] morrow ——"

"I'm in my own apartment," said Su[san]. Her dignity was now a shield and buc[kler]. "If you don't believe me, go look in [Mr.] Randy's apartment and find out for y[our]self." Her voice ended in a gulp.

"That wouldn't be sporting," prote[sted] the voice.

"Well, call the police." Susan's [voice] cracked perilously on the last word.

"Oh, please," the voice pleaded. "[Let's] talk this thing over. I'm out in Ches[ter] Hill, but I can be in in a half hour an[d we] can have dinner together."

(Continued on Page 201)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mountain Range

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Here wait the patient creditors of time,
Ancient and steady arbiters of space,
Where spendthrift seasons, borrowing pace on pace,
Lavish their beauties in successive prime:
The green of spring tardy in upward climb,
Lush-foliaged summer, hoping to outtrace
The red of autumn and her savage grace.
Lastly, dark winter, the too flattering mime.

Only the changeless granite on the bleak,
Untimbered heights no season can invade,
Only the deathless ice upon the peak
Stand witness to a debt so long unpaid.
While without heed time flaunts new years below,
Man's life lies forfeit in unending snow.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For the first time – MEAT – with its complete, high-quality proteins

specially prepared for your baby!

Swift & Company presents:

Strained Meats for Babies
Diced Meats for Juniors

Proteins are rightly called the "building-blocks of the body." And babies especially need lots of proteins because they grow so fast. Actually, your baby needs 3 to 4 times more protein, proportionately, than you do! Meat is one of our finest sources of complete, high-quality proteins (containing all the essential amino acids). Meat also furnishes important natural B vitamins and iron, often inadequate in the young baby's diet. *Now* you can give your baby highly nourishing meat *earlier* in life—meat, specially prepared for him by Swift & Company. There's a variety of six appetizing meats to choose from—in either strained form for young babies or diced form for older babies: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart. So convenient, too—no scraping, sieving or cooking! Swift's Meats for Babies and Juniors are all ready to heat and serve!

Ask your doctor when it's time to start your baby on Swift's Strained or Swift's Diced Meats. Your neighborhood food store has them now.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods and Nutrition

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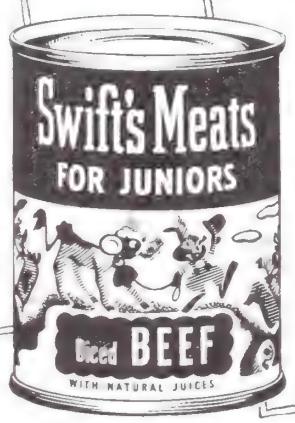
Strained Meats—for young babies

Your baby [illegible] Strained Meats as soon as he's ready for [illegible] Meats. They're new [illegible] smooth—almost [illegible] They're easy for baby to digest [illegible] Meats contain [illegible] U. S. Government [illegible] Meats the babies are [illegible] gristle and fat [illegible] Meats the babies are carefully [illegible] to use good meat [illegible] packed in vacuum-[illegible] sealed tin. [illegible] nearly two servings



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Swift's Diced Meats for Juniors are cut into baby bite-size cubes. They're tender, yet firm enough to encourage chewing. Cooked with just a touch of salt, each meat offers a wholesome, delicious meat flavor. Two average servings in each vacuum-sealed tin.

If you'd like a FREE copy of the new, informative booklet "Meat in Your Baby's Diet," write Swift & Company, Dept. B.F., Chicago 9, Ill.

6 Strained – 6 Diced Meats – Ready to heat and serve!

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IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD GOOD POSTURE

Mother, believe your doctor. The first year goes a long way toward determining the kind of posture your baby will have through childhood. That's why the Kantwet crib mattress is scientifically built to provide scientific straight-line support. It provides support where it is needed, thus promoting good posture. Kantwet's patented tufting means the support will last. The extra-strong wetproof covering, in exclusive patterns, wipes dry in the crib with a damp cloth. It saves work for mother.

BABY PADS FOR EVERY NEED BY KANTWET

HINGED CARRIAGE PAD
Use either flat or raised. Extra strong wetproof covering; seams reinforced.

MATCHING SET
Play Yard Rug and High Chair Pad. Quilted for extra support and durability.

QUILTED BASKET LINER
With Vinylite plastic covering. Adjustable gussets to fit bassinets of any size.

(Continued from Page 198)

ought Susan, *that's it. Just get an ting girl out to dinner.* [illegible] ear Mrs. Bishop tch-tch-ing behind

ve a dinner engagement," she said. . then, in the Marine Room at the

thank you," said Susan. That was he had read about the new Marine

oice began to plead. "Well, just tell name and where you live, so that I ify it for Lida. She's been having s for the past hour."

a," said Susan, "can, as far as I am ed, have hysterics for the next ten nd I am not at all worried about your g a best man. Now please get off my

anged the instrument down furiously lected that life had been peaceful until ent of the telephone, since when she ent all her time arguing with people. got up and dressed quickly. Eating uld wreck the budget, but she was not o sit at home and answer that darn

ate a lonely dinner in a dismal tearoom even drab females, three middle-aged spondent men, and two elderly couples, nt to a movie, which seemed to her to entering Noah's ark, for everybody was moving in in twos -except, of course, herself.

Then she went home to hear the telephone ringing, and, resolutely, she let it ring. Just as she was falling asleep, it started to ring again. *Mr. McNeal*, thought Susan, *is too darn popular*, and let it ring itself into silence. Her last conscious thought was that Mr. McNeal was probably terribly conceited, and she wouldn't like him.

The telephone woke her the next morning, and she answered it almost automatically. When a cheery masculine voice said, "Good morning, Wrong Number," she hung up.

This, she thought, *has got to stop. I'll have the phone taken out. I'll* —— She gasped aloud at her own stupidity. She should have reported it before to the telephone company.

She quickly dialed the operator and finally got a supervisor to whom she told her story. The official, impersonal voice said, "I'm sorry. The business office is closed and there is nothing we can do about it today, but we will check on the matter the first thing in the morning." Then the voice quickened and became warm and personal like Atchison, Ohio, voices. "But, gee, that's awful. I'll tell you what I can do. I can report your phone out of order, but then you won't be able to get any of your own calls."

That, thought Susan grimly, *would be sad.* Aloud she said, "Thank you so much." When

Bringing up Parents

DR. BARBARA BIBER, CONSULTANT
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

More often than we realize, children start out with the best of intentions—and end up on the receiving end of a tongue-lashing. It's only human to be irritated when a child tries to be helpful by washing out daddy's best pipe with scouring powder, or by adding a soupçon of chocolate sirup to the beef stew to make it *really* tasty. But you can take actions like those in better spirit if you remind yourself that the child's motives are good ones—it's just his lack of experience with pipes and stews that gets him into trouble. Scolding a child for the results of such activities may stifle his best impulses. It's better to let him know you appreciate his good intentions, and to give him a few plain cues on what he can really do to help you.

"Hit them in all the way—or daddy will have trouble walking."

Settings and Accessories by B. Altman & Co., Inc.

Now we are three...

In all your life never a moment like this! In all the world nothing too good for *your* small son! And among baby blankets none quite so fine as a gentle North Star "Iris." Colors light as a baby's dream, texture soft as that peach-bloom cheek, deftly woven of precious virgin wool to be handed down from baby to baby. Full crib size (42 x 60), richly bound all around—a fairy Godmother gift for your favorite baby!

On the bed: Luxurious Regal Pair, Peach Pink, to start your North Star Blanket Wardrobe.* And note Mother's and Dad's smart robes of North Star 100% wool fabric.

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North Star Blankets

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

I can remember as though it were yesterday, the first time I fed my babies with a spoon. We began with cereals, of course. I'm sure if you start your baby on the same kind I did, you both will have as much fun as we did.

Mrs Dan Gerber

Aren't Spoons Fun, Angel?

YES, THE FUN BEGINS when baby begins getting good-tasting Gerber's on his spoon. Right from the start, millions of babies like Gerber's Cereals better! By alternating the three kinds, millions of mothers find babies *keep* liking Gerber's Cereals. Rich with added iron, calcium, vitamin-B complex! Ready-to-serve — like all Gerber's Foods.

THE FUN CONTINUES when baby goes on soups, vegetables, fruits and desserts — *Gerber's Strained Foods*. So smooth, so delicious! Next, come *Gerber's Chopped Foods* — same size one-portion container as Gerber's Strained Foods. Same *high* quality — same *low* price! No wonder so many mothers stick by the Baby Foods with America's Best-Known Baby on the label.

FREE SAMPLES of all 3 special baby cereals! Write to Gerber's, Dept. 86-7, Fremont, Mich.

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Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

CEREALS • 18 STRAINED FOODS • 13 CHOPPED FOODS

she put the phone back on the table, she shut her lips tightly and nodded her head. That for Randy McNeal. She jumped out of bed. It was a beautiful day. She would go to church and then to the zoo. God was in His heaven, all was right with the world, and she had no telephone. It was wonderful.

Wonderful, that is, until Mr. Dipple said the next morning, "Where under the sun were you over the week end, Susan? Stopped at the apartment on Saturday. You weren't home. Your neighbor gave me your telephone number. Tried to get you a half dozen times. Tried again Sunday. Out of order, they said. I tell you these utilities —— Stopped on Sunday. Weren't home. Mrs. Dipple's nephew was here for the week end ——"

He stopped in amazement as Susan said in a very small voice, "Oh, no, Mr. Dipple. Not that."

"Not what?" Mr. Dipple barked. "Nothing wrong with the lad. Elvira says he looks like this What's-his-name in the movies."

Susan hadn't even a small voice left to answer that one, and when Mr. Dipple said, "Better report your phone," she reached obediently for the instrument in front of her and called the telephone company.

They were most apologetic but most certain that a telephone formerly listed under Belshaw 2-5431 in the name of Mr. Randolph P. McNeal had been disconnected four months ago, and equally positive that there was nothing they could do about people who did not know this and called Mr. McNeal's number. Of course, Mr. McNeal was still listed in the old directories, but the new ones were being delivered that week, which should eliminate much of the annoyance to Miss Norman.

Susan was convinced until about lunchtime, when she tried to reconcile telephone calls from a fiancée, a best man, a cleaning woman and a few other assorted persons, with a disconnected telephone, and could not do it. She called the telephone company again, but they were polite and apologetic, firm and apologetic and, Susan thought, *quite certain I don't know what I am talking about*, but quite apologetic.

HER telephone was ringing as she opened the apartment door that evening. She wasn't going to answer it, but then she remembered Mr. Dipple and the nephew who looked like What's-his-name in the movies.

It was a nice masculine voice. *A new one this time*, Susan thought as he asked, "Is this Belshaw 2-5431?" Susan said "Yes" and stifled an impulse to add "and I wish it wasn't."

"This," said the new voice, "is Randy McNeal"; and hardly giving Susan time to gasp, he said, "We seem to have a mix-up on our telephones."

"Not yours," Susan corrected. "Mine. You don't have one. It has been disconnected."

"Oh, no," said Randy McNeal, as firmly as the telephone company. "It was temporarily disconnected while I was in Texas. I'm going to have it connected tomorrow."

"*You* are!" said Susan, glad that her voice was equal parts sarcasm and incredulity. "How nice. Then you can decide for yourself whether you will play tennis or squash, and when your cleaning woman will come."

"Oh, now, please, Miss—Miss ——"

"Turner," said Susan sweetly. "Lana Turner," and hung up the phone.

She coped with the situation for the rest of the evening by curling up on the day bed with a book; and whenever the phone rang, she picked it up and laid it on the table until the person at the other end wearied of saying "Hello." Then she replaced it in its cradle. By the time she was ready for bed, she felt very smug about Mr. Randy McNeal. She had finished him off with polish.

The smooth smugness lasted all through her orange juice and cereal, her walk to the office, opening the mail, and through the first three telephone calls of the morning. But it didn't prepare her for the fourth and the tone of humble apology with which Mr. Randy McNeal said:

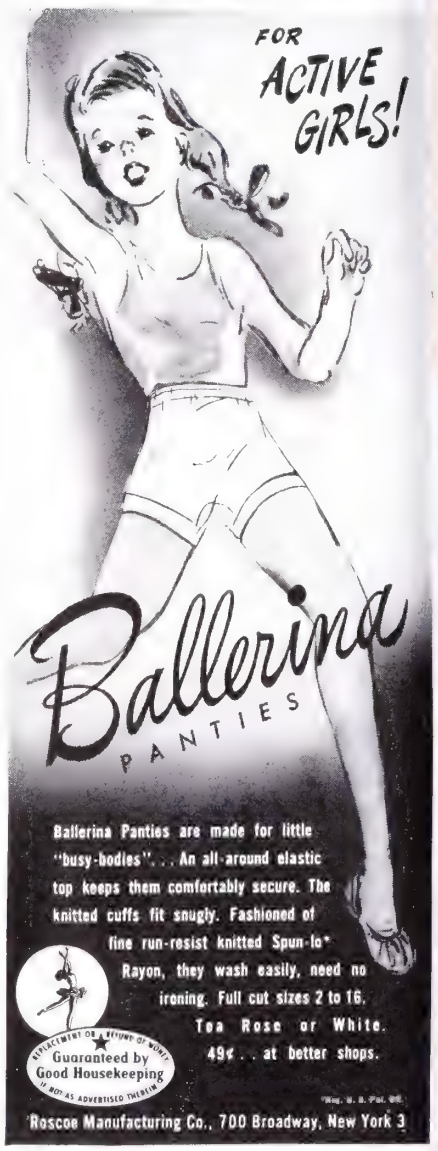
Courtesy Hygeia

Mrs. America Had 3,260,000 Babies Last Year

About every 10 seconds, another little pink-skinned rascal was spanked and then cried for the first time. This bumper crop flowed through maternity wards like a tidal wave. And Mrs. America is not letting up. Reports indicate the 1947 birth rate may be even higher! Evenflo Nursing Units are being produced night and day to supply the heavy demand these newborn citizens are creating. New factories with modern equipment are now turning out record quantities of

Evenflo NURSING UNITS 25c

America's Most Popular Nurse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PANTIES
Ballerina Panties are made for little "busy-bodies"... An all-around elastic top keeps them comfortably secure. The knitted cuffs fit snugly. Fashioned of fine run-resist knitted Spun-lo* Rayon, they wash easily, need no ironing. Full cut sizes 2 to 16. Tea Rose or White. 49¢ .. at better shops.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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"Miss Norman, I find Belshaw 2-5431 is
ir telephone number now, but I guess
i're stuck with me too. I can't get a phone
a day or two, and I'm afraid you will con-
ue to be annoyed until I get a number of
own."

Susan said, "Oh, that's all right. I "
e caught herself. Small-town friendliness
d saddled her with the macabre Mrs.
shop. "Really, Mr. McNeal," she said, "I
n't understand this mix-up—and how did
u get my name?"

He was still humble. "The telephone com-
ny told me where to reach you. They want
get this straightened out too. It's largely
y fault. I had to be in Texas for a number
months and I asked that my telephone be
sconnected temporarily. Some lamebrain
ixed up the orders and disconnected it per-
anently, which left the number to be re-
ssigned. I wrote to them last week, telling
iem to connect the telephone, and I wrote
) my friends about coming home and tele-
honing on different matters. I'll try to let
eople know about the change in number,
ut I'm afraid I can't think of everyone."

The Atchison, Ohio, Susan had had enough
f apology. "That's all right," she answered.
I'll explain to people who call."

Mr. McNeal's voice brightened. "Would
ou?" he asked. "Would it be asking too
nuch of you just to make a note of any calls
ntil I get my telephone? I can call you then
nd ——"

Susan thought, *Well, Sue, you would be small-town, and look what it's gotten you into.* But she said, "I'll be glad to, Mr. McNeal."

So Susan spent that evening curled up on the day bed with a book, a pad and pencil, and when he called her at eleven, he was so charming that she was really sorry that there had been only one message for her to take. He was not only charming, but even more humble than he had been in the morning, which Susan thought, after she had hung up, should have warned her.

"Miss Norman," he said, "I have another favor to ask of you. Miss Ogden Lida—my fiancée . . . that is, would you have dinner with us tomorrow night? Miss Ogden is a little upset about this—this mix-up. People have been calling her, you know."

Susan thought she didn't know, but she kept quiet and he went on:

"I think if she met you—saw you, it might —— Will you meet us for dinner at the Perry?"

She intended to say "No" with great dignity, but Atchison, Ohio, got in her way again and she said "Yes."

At seven the next evening she walked into the Perry feeling very sure of herself. She had spent the afternoon and the greater part of her spring clothes budget on a new black taffeta suit and a wisp of a hat that was a twist of straw and two feathers, and showed off to advantage her hair, which was now curled on top of her head. She had told herself all afternoon that she was a silly for making an occasion of something that couldn't possibly be of any importance to her which was, in fact, all for another girl but there was an inner compulsion which drove her through shopping and the hairdresser. The result she saw in her mirror justified the effort. She caught her breath. *If only* —— She started to think. *If only Randy McNeal were waiting for her.* She turned away from the mirror resolutely.

Randy McNeal had told her he and Lida would stand in front of the florist's shop, so that she would recognize them, but she was surprised to note hurriedly in crossing the lobby that there were two men and a girl. The tall, blond man with the broad shoulders and the serious face would, of course, be Randy McNeal, and the dark, elfin-looking girl laughing up at him would be his Lida, while the other man, who was not so tall and not so blond, and not at all so attractive, could be most anybody. Probably, Susan thought, the house detective.

Susan hesitated for only a moment, and then said quietly, her eyes on the tall man, "I'm Susan Norman."

She liked his smile as he took her hand, and said, "So you're Susan Norman," and she was very glad he held tightly to her hand, when the elfin creature stamped her foot and said, "So *this* is the middle-aged secretary with the vinegar voice you wanted me to meet," and started at a half run, half walk across the lobby, the unknown man in close pursuit.

Susan tried to withdraw her hand as she said hesitatingly, "Shouldn't you go after her?"

But he tucked her hand firmly under his arm and said, "Randy will handle her—he's had practice."

Susan said "Oh"; and then, when the blond man did nothing but continue to smile down at her, she swallowed hard and tried again to withdraw her hand. "I think I should go. Mr. McNeal asked me to meet them ——"

"That," the blond man interrupted, tightening his hold on her hand, "was not his idea. That was my idea."

Susan said "Oh" again, and was silent for a moment. "Miss Ogden is quite perturbed. Perhaps I should ——"

The blond man shook his head. "Lida is like that. I knew she would storm off and Randy would have to go after her. Actually I made the dinner reservation for just the two of us."

He looked down at her in such a way that Susan's knees began to do foolish things and she was glad he was tucking her hand more firmly under his arm.

"It was the only way," he said, "I could think of to meet you."

It seemed to be Susan's turn to say "Oh" again, which she did. Then even before he said, "I'm Phil Armstrong and I knew that wasn't a wrong number," she knew that her telephone was going to ring a lot from then on.

Mrs. Bishop might say you just never knew what was going to happen, but there are times when any girl knows exactly what is going to happen next. THE END

"But mom, Butch likes me feminine."

Poll-Parrot Shoes are PRE-TESTED

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-FOR CUTTING BUDGETS

Real boys and girls pre-test every Poll-Parrot improvement. That's why there are extra reinforcements in vital parts, finer materials, stronger build, choice styling. Money-saving value, too . . . in longer wear, better appearance, increased quality. Poll-Parrot Shoes are *pre-tested* for your protection.

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"Any way you look at it... missing...even once...is risky!"

YOU: Hello, Miss Upside-Down! What do you *see*?

BABY: I see you taking an awful chance. I see my health may be in real danger here.

YOU: *Why!* I'm scrubbing the whole bathroom—clean as can be!

BABY: Clean maybe—but still not "*hospital* clean." This time you *missed*—you skipped putting "Lysol" disinfectant in the cleaning water.

YOU: This washday cleanser was handier. Besides, we've no sickness in the house. The doctor said to use "Lysol" when someone's *sick* . . . and I *do*.

BABY: But there may be sickness-making germs in this room right now. Germs never *show!* That's why "Lysol," a *real germ-killer, should never be skipped.*

YOU: Okay, Kibitzer! I'll stick to "Lysol" brand disinfectant *every* time I clean. Floors, walls, woodwork . . . *everywhere!*

MORAL: Every single time you clean...*disinfect with* "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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Clean the bathtub with "Lysol." Quick, easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of water. See dirt go . . . *know* germs go, too!

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More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

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For FREE *booklet on fighting disease germs, send postcard or letter to Dept. G-47, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*

PHOTO BY IRA BROWN

modern baby need not suffer from colic. In most cases rearranging s diet, or "burping" him after meals, will eliminate colicky seizures.

THE COLICKY BABY

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

OSE of us who are now entering the grandparent" class can well remember but a short generation ago, olic was accepted as something unfore but unalterable, like bad weather. babies, including my own six youngwere colicky in early infancy, but ers usually didn't do much about it, t lose sleep, and in a few months the subsided.

t with our improved knowledge of tion today, we recognize colic as a ite digestive disorder, the cause of n can almost always be found and nated. Instead of letting the baby ay after day as colicky seizures occur, tting the entire household, the wise ier—with the aid of her doctor—determines why her baby is suffering, and does something about it.

Colic occurs more often in early than in late infancy, three months being the age at which it is most prevalent. It is characterized by painful, spasmodic contractions of the intestine.

Unless the colic accompanies a definite disease, the pains ordinarily come on some time after the baby is fed, usually appearing in the late afternoon or at night, when there is little food in the stomach. The pains may last only ten or fifteen minutes, or they may continue intermittently for hours. In severe colic, the baby's abdomen becomes rigid; his knees are drawn up high, then kicked out sharply in repeated efforts to relieve the uncomfortable pressure.

While it is true that a few cases of colic may be caused by allergy, or toxic reaction to some specific substance in the food, the most frequent causes of colic are overfeeding and excessive sugar in the diet. This is very important for the mother with a young baby to know. Undigested sugar ferments in the intestine, releasing the pain-producing gas. In babies who are underfed, colic sometimes results from swallowed air.

SINCE all these causes of colic have to do with the kind and amount of food the baby eats, correction must be sought through adjustment of the diet. This may take several days, or even weeks. While a satisfactory diet is being worked out, therefore, mother should know how to give the baby relief during a painful seizure. Often, gently applying heat to the abdomen will be quickly effective. Taking care that the hot-water bottle is covered with a bath towel, or that the heating pad is not so hot that it might burn the tender skin, mother should lay the baby face downward, with the heat directly under the abdomen.

In more persistent cases, an enema will help expel the gas from the intestine and bring relief. However, enemas should not be given except with the doctor's explicit approval. In some instances, he may prefer

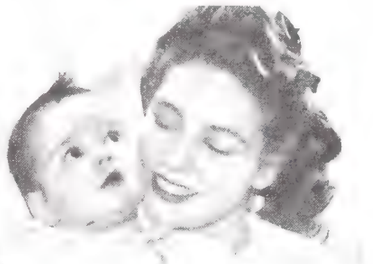
GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

BORN TO ENJOY
THE PROVED PROTECTION
OF AMAZING NEW LOTION

Many a baby born today begins life with a *completely new and better kind of baby skin care.*

For hospital nurseries all over America are changing to new Johnson's Baby Lotion. Not a cream, not an oil, but a *Lotion*—smooth, white antiseptic. Now *you* can give *your* baby Lotion's benefits!

Less Heat Rash, Less Diaper Rash With Lotion Care! Hospital tests on thousands of newborns prove that when Johnson's Baby Lotion is used for routine skin care, cases of irritations drop to an all-time low!



Modern Lotion Care Is Pleasanter, Too! You'll find amazing new Johnson's Baby Lotion delightful to use. All you do is smooth on a few velvety drops after baby's bath, at diaper changes. Leaves baby skin soft, smooth, protected. Make your baby a Lotion baby—today!

NEW! Hospitals prove it's better!

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

ANTISEPTIC

Johnson & Johnson

to use drugs to quiet the baby and help expel the gas.

If the baby is bottle-fed, the first step to be taken toward the elimination of colic is to reduce the amount of sugar in the formula. This simple procedure alone is often sufficient. If it does not eliminate the colic, but seems to diminish its severity, mother can experiment, taking away a little more sugar, or perhaps reducing the amount of the feedings, and observing the results for a few days. When this is done, it is wise not to rely on memory to tell whether the baby is faring better this week than last. Instead, make a note of the number and severity and duration of colicky spells every day; then you will be sure what progress is being made. However, these experiments with the formula should be carried on only under the doctor's supervision. It will not do to relieve the baby's colic at the expense of an adequate diet; the doctor will know what the limits of safety are.

Alas for the man who has not in his inmost heart some secret which may not be told, because it cannot be spoken, and because if it were spoken it could not be understood.

—PAUL SABATIER.
Life of St. Francis of Assisi
(Charles Scribner's Sons).

Underfed babies are more inclined to swallow air, with resulting colic, than those who are getting the right amount of food. Dietary adjustments are needed for underfed infants, of course, but in any case mother should see that swallowed air is brought up promptly after each feeding. This is done by "burping" the baby—holding him in a sitting position on the lap or upright against the breast and patting his back gently until the air is regurgitated. Often this takes several minutes, but mothers who persist are invariably rewarded in time with a loud, satisfying "burp"—evidence that baby had swallowed some air which might have caused discomfort.

When the colicky baby is breast-fed, the sugar in his food cannot be reduced, of course, but what the doctor usually does in such cases is to alter the proportions of the various food constituents by supplementing each feeding with about an ounce of boiled skim milk. This should be given just be the breast feeding.

Colic in breast-fed babies sometime found to be the result of psychologic or e tional factors affecting the mother. E cially in the evening, after a full day of ca for the baby to whom she is not yet f accustomed, the new mother is subject fatigue and emotional upsets which may fluence the quantity or quality of her m supply and affect the baby unfavorably. best way to prevent this from happenin for mother to plan the day's routine carefu to include ample periods of rest and rela tion. If need be, the doctor should be c sulted to make certain is getting enough re often a frank talk w him about these emotio problems will itself br the added mental p that is needed.

In a very few cas colic proves to be intr table, persisting in spite every effort to regulate food and the daily sch ule; then the cause likely to be an allergy. By testing baby's reaction to various ingredients in diet, the doctor may eventually unco the substance to which baby is sensiti this must be ruled out. No matter w the offending food is, an adequate sub tute can probably be found. Even bab who react unfavorably to milk are gett along nicely today on emulsions made fr soybeans.

As nutritional knowledge advances, c will unquestionably become even easier deal with than it is today. Meanwhile, p ents of babies whose colic does not respo quickly to today's treatment methods take heart from the knowledge that the c dition rarely lasts very long. When the ba is three or four months of age, or soon the after, the delicate digestive organs beco sturdier and manage to take care of the fo which caused upsets in early infancy.

THE E

How to
make feeding your baby Easy!

Heat baby's food
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Safely store it

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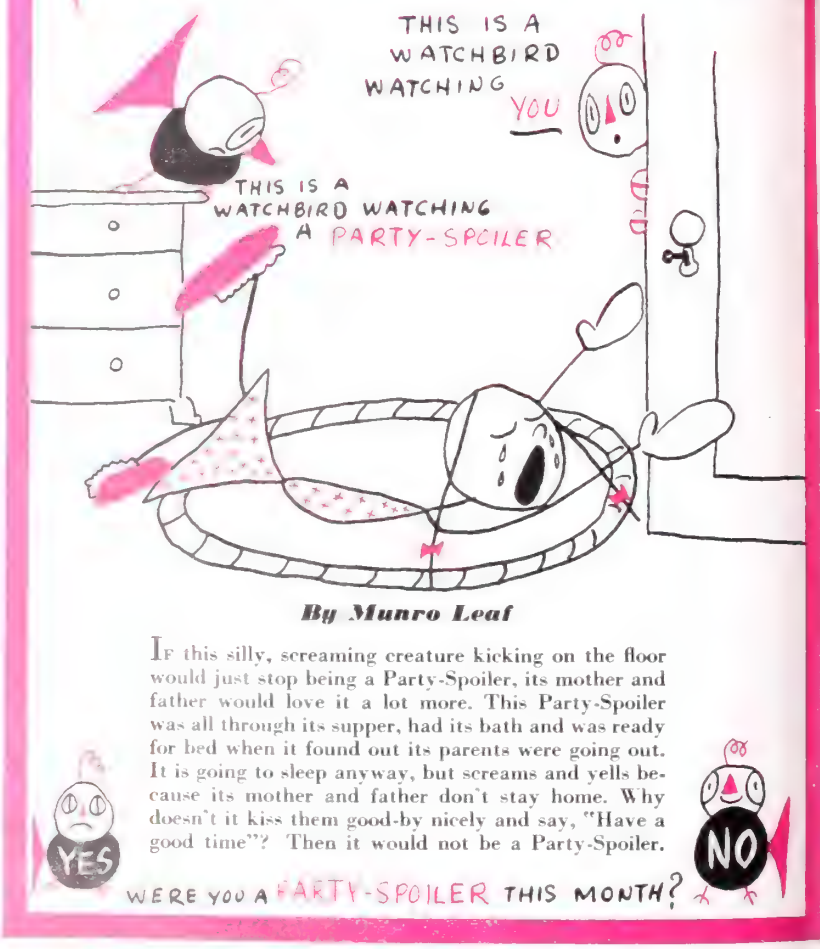
Ask your grocer for baby foods
in the work-saving Duraglas jar

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio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THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU
THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A PARTY-SPOILER
By Munro Leaf
If this silly, screaming creature kicking on the floor would just stop being a Party-Spoiler, its mother and father would love it a lot more. This Party-Spoiler was all through its supper, had its bath and was ready for bed when it found out its parents were going out. It is going to sleep anyway, but screams and yells because its mother and father don't stay home. Why doesn't it kiss them good-by nicely and say, "Have a good time"? Then it would not be a Party-Spoiler.
YES
NO
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PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

PARKING DOUBLE

The families Stone prove that "two can live cheaper" on the G. I. Bill of Rights.

BY HILDEGARDE DOLSON

IT'S a piece of today's crazy-quilt housing pattern that Nan and Charles Stone started out to find a two-room, furnished, $40-a-month apartment near Lehigh University, and wound up as the uneasy owners of an eight-room farmhouse and eight acres of land, plus a barn, tool and milk sheds, a huge chicken house and a two-car garage. They bought it with that reckless feeling of "anything for a roof," but as soon as they'd signed the deed, it began to seem like an awful lot of roof for a G. I. back-to-school budget.

The time was June, 1946, with the gently curved hills of Bucks County, in Eastern Pennsylvania, swelling into summer. Twenty-four-year-old ex-Army captain Charles Stone was already back at Lehigh, which overlooks the grimy, steel-booming city of Bethlehem, and he had two more years of an accelerated course in industrial engineering. Nan's baby was due that August. At war's end, the two had felt well set up. Both had worked hard and saved harder, their first two years of marriage, looking forward to the day when Charles could shed his uniform and Nan her job. What they wanted was a stable bank account and solid

They shared a roof to settle down to a home and education.

PHOTOS BY J. DI PIETRO

"The dawn comes up like frenzy on our little acres." In one hour flat, Stones combine operations to manage the care and feeding of a furnace, a baby, 12 chickens and their four selves. Settling back for an extra cup of coffee, Nan remembers quieter days, devoted to studying French and shorthand. "But then, I guess this marriage makes sense," she says. "Charles and I fell in love at a circus and we've had one ever since."

Higher mathematics, henhouse style: the Stone chickens live up to their owners' slightly zany reputation by laying 23½ eggs apiece every month. Aid and comfort to poultry project is supplied by John Dieterly, a seasoned farmer-neighbor—"our personal Department of Agriculture."

Pursuing "higher education on ground-floor incomes," George and Charles are right in style, for 80% of their fellow students at Lehigh University are veterans doing just that. The boys will have engineering degrees by spring of '48, take jobs "wherever there is a job and no holds barred."

"Every Day in Every Way"

(Continued from Page 211) side on the window sill above the sink. The kitchen is the lively center of doubled-up living, a many-windowed, rambling room with Chip's bathinet and chest of drawers looking surprisingly at home in an alcove. The Stones eat all their meals in the kitchen, the boys often study there, and Chip's play pen sits companionably near the sink. Even debates on major policy moves, such as whether to get a cat to cope with the oversupply of mice, are carried out in the kitchen. Jane hates cats, but she acceded politely to majority rule.

Breakfast, in the Stone household, resembles one of those movie reels run off at double time. Nan gets up first, to feed Chip, and puts on the coffee. By 7:22, Stones are popping all over the kitchen, and by 7:45 George, Charles and Jane are in the car, on their way to Lehigh, eight miles away. Jane always rides in with the men, works from 8 to 12 as secretary to the head of the industrial-engineering department, and is often in such a rush mornings that she puts on her lipstick in the car. On the days the men get home for lunch, there's a fat casserole of macaroni, or soup and sandwiches. Dinners are apt to be any time from 5:30, on the nights George and Charles want to get in a lot of studying, to 7:30. As Nan murmurs thoughtfully, "We ate nearer midnight the time I forgot to put in the roast."

When Jane cooks meat, she always gets George to tell her if it's done. She explains, "He's got the divining-rod eye or something." When you look at the sensitive-faced, dark-haired George, with his high, scholar's-bulge forehead, you're surprised to hear this. Charles, who resembles Hollywood type casting of Young British Scion, can make dandy pancakes and lamb ragout. Nan says, "He gets so carried away when he cooks that he's apt to put in anything he sees." All four Stones have lusty appetites, but the men present a united brotherly front on refusing to eat fish. There was also one loud difference of opinion last fall, during hunting season. Charles told Nan happily that he'd shoot some pheasant and bring them home as a dinner delicacy. Nan, who loathes the idea of killing anything, was furious; her eyes, usually the gray of silver birch, got storm-colored. "If you go out with a gun after those poor little birds," she told him, "I'll run ahead of you pounding a hammer on a tin dishpan, to warn them to fly for cover." The Stones had pheasant for dinner. Charles admits, grinning, that he had to do all the plucking. "But Nan finally cooked them and ate her share," he adds with a gentlemanly leer.

During the first few weeks of co-operative living, the two wives vied with each other to turn out fancier meals, especially desserts. Jane says, "The boys kept egging us on to compete, because they figured they'd get better meals that way." The night Nan made a spectacular chocolate-chip pie, George praised it passionately, whereupon Jane sat up half the night brooding over cookbooks, determined to prove that she, too, could be worthy of his praise. When she retaliated with a mocha layer cake, Charles used up enough adjectives to launch a movie trailer. After a month of this cross-play, the girls had almost knocked themselves out. At that point, they made a pact to serve simple meals and "easy stuff like chocolate pudding for dessert." Nobody looks pinched with hunger, and Chip bulges rosily. Nan tries to be a casual modern mother by saying, "Chip isn't much to look at now, but maybe he'll improve with age." This kind of talk fools nobody, least of all Chip. When he sits on Nan's lap eating dinner, and favoring her with a toothless, spinach-streaked smile, he knows who's beautiful, all right. Jane is a doting aunt, but says earnestly, "I never pick him up unless Nan gives me permission. With four of us around, there'd be too much danger of spoiling him."

After Chip is bedded down and the dishes done, the Stones have what they blithely call "a wee spot of gracious living." This consists of playing one rubber of bridge while they drink their coffee. The G. Stones are always pitted against the C. Stones, and scores run neck and neck, although George complains that Nan is too good a bluffer. When the men settle down to study, the girls sew, write letters or do a bit of light reading. The radio-phonograph is playing a symphonic program, or perhaps a Prokofieff album from Nan and Charles' small

"He knows who's beautiful, all right." The household schedule on the kitchen wall lists Nan's full-time baby and Jane's part-time job as "activity extracurricular." But both admit, "when Chip's feeling social, we polish his apple—the silver can wait."

"Corner cutting's our community hobby." And the Stones know it's paid off. Both couples save $15 monthly on double bookkeeping, hold family food bills down to $100. Chip is budgeted as "luxury," and bulges rosily on the grand total of $2.50 a week.

"A wee spot of gracious living." When Chip's bedded down and the dishes are done, the G. Stones battle the C. Stones at "one rubber, no more" of bridge. Then, it's books for the boys and gossip for the girls. "Our idea of a big night is an early movie."

"Tonight is Ours"

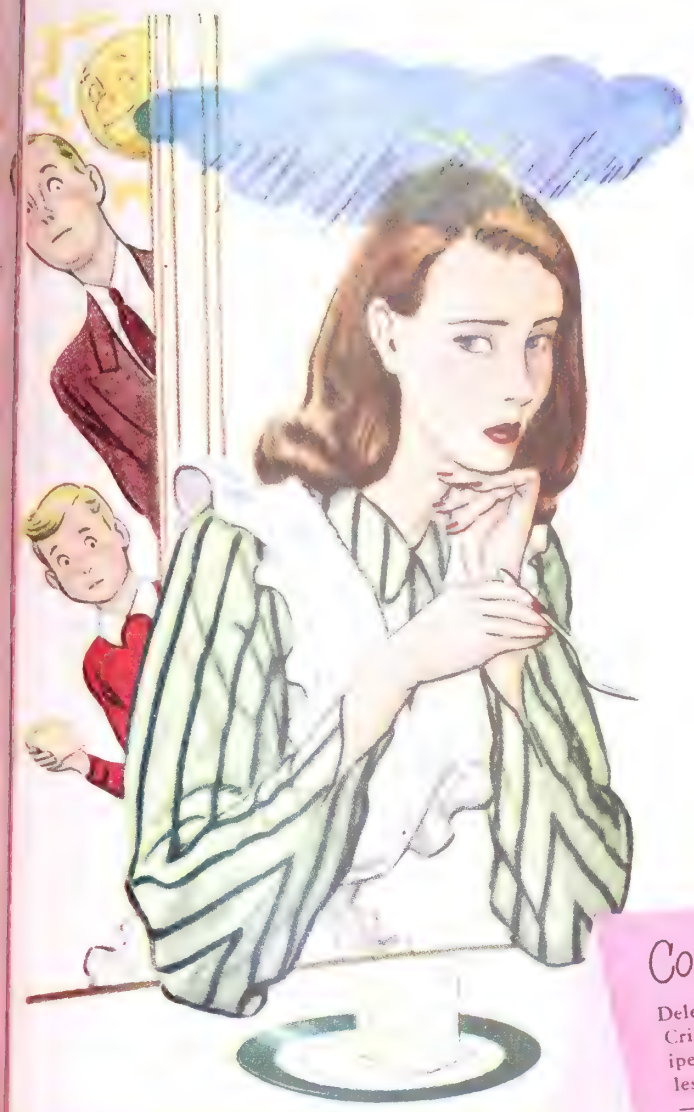
White ties came out of moth balls—and it was dream dust for four when the Stones waltzed at the Chi Psi fraternity spring formal. Going from diapers to dancing sometimes makes Nan muse, "We're just in-betweens, I guess—in between the awkward age and middle age." With more than 500 married students at Lehigh, babies' bassinets are at home on the campus. Chip's special date for his first prom was the chapter cook's wife, baby-sitter preferred when veteran papas catch up on the fun they missed in war.

record collection. Nan is apt to be studying a fashion magazine raptly, in the spirit of window-shopping. She's a whiz at making smart clothes for her tall, made-to-order figure, but right now the budget doesn't encourage much more than overalls for Chip. Both Nan and Jane are still wearing their trousseau outfits, with the emphasis on suits.

Occasionally another college couple comes in for bridge, but guests are usually members of the Stones' families who come for week ends and holidays, bringing a whole ham and other strictly-for-hunger hostess gifts. On Saturday nights, Nan and Charles often go to the farmers' market auctions near Bethlehem. (Originally, they had the happy notion they'd pick up antiques there, for a dollar or so apiece. They soon discovered that the Broadway playwrights who are summer settlers in Bucks County have had a wildly bullish effect on the price of even an old milking stool.) The favorite diversion of all four Stones is skiing. Last winter, Nan and Charles splurged on one skiing week end in the near-by Poconos. George and Jane spent a week between semesters at Stowe, Vermont. George came back with his leg in a cast, but as he and Jane explained radiantly, "It wasn't broken until our last afternoon there."

Charles and George are members of Chi Psi fraternity, and the Stones' most festive binges are dances at the Chi Psi house that looms handsomely on the hill overlooking the campus. For the formal dance this spring, George and Charles yanked their white-tie-and-tails out of storage bags for the first time in years. Jane wore a trousseau pink chiffon with a beaded Empire bodice and long black gloves. The day before the dance, Nan went frenziedly to work making a long-sleeved black dinner dress. Charles points out now that Nan always procrastinates, and that she could have started the dress weeks before. Nan counters with, "But I always work best under pressure, and Charlie was such a lamb about pinning up the hem for me." The results of this joint dressmaking effort didn't look at all like a husband-pinned job.

Even at a fraternity dance these days, the contrast to prewar college life is sometimes startling to an outsider. Of the men students at Lehigh, 80% are veterans, and 22% of those veterans are married. The pretty little singer with the college band is the wife of a veteran and works in the same office as Jane. She's expecting a baby this summer, yet at the spring dance she stood before the microphone with charming unself-consciousness and sang in a rich, creamy, blues voice. Two of the most sought-out people at the dance were Charles' and George's fraternity brother, Bill Clark, and his red-haired wife, Ann. The Clarks were putting up a prefabricated *(Continued on Page 240)*



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Coconut Layer Cake

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COCONUT LAYER CAKE

Measure into mixing bowl (*All Measurements Level*):

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
1⅓ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk

Blend vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself);

3 tsps. baking powder*

Now add: **4 egg yolks (unbeaten)****
⅓ cup milk • ½ tsp. lemon extract

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Pour into two 9" layer pans (9" by 1½" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25-30 minutes. Frost with your favorite white icing. Sprinkle top and sides of cake with shredded coconut.

**Double-action or phosphate type baking powder (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4 tsps.*

**May use 2 whole eggs and 2 yolks, reserving whites for icing.

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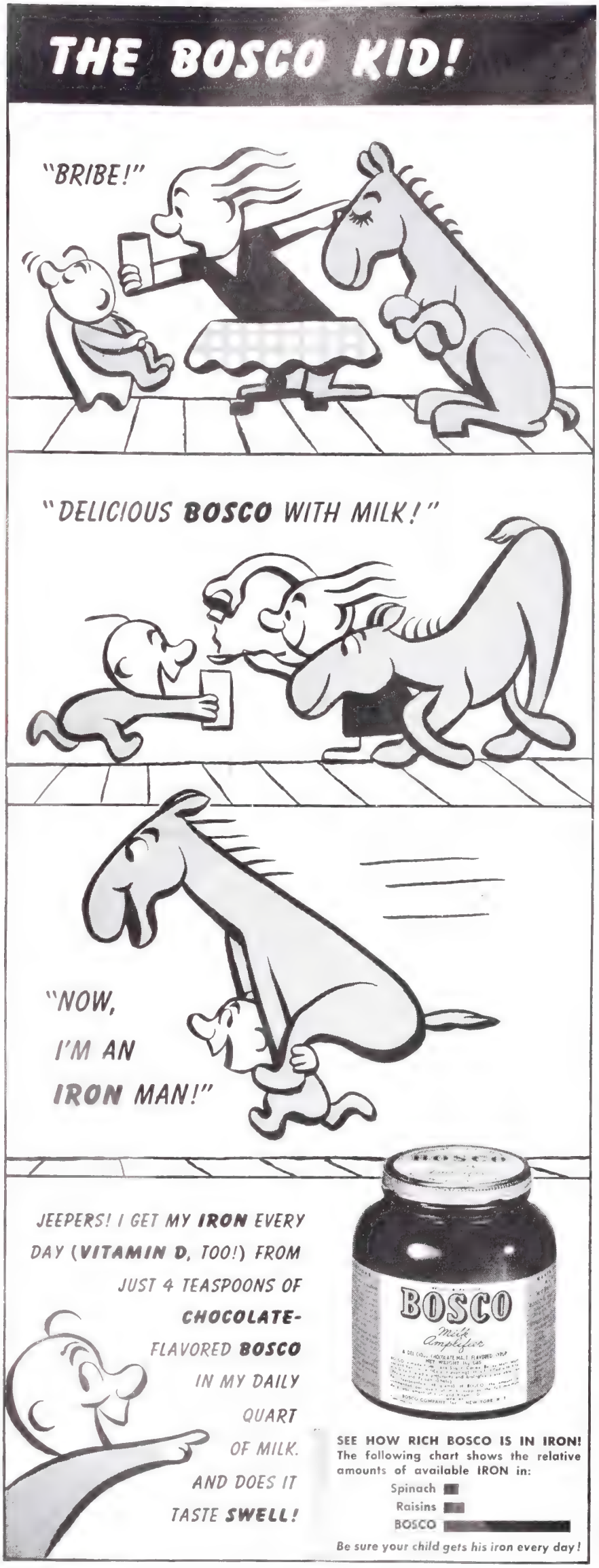
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HOW MUCH DISCIPLINE FOR BABY

BY LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M. D.
Professor of Psychiatry, Duke University

"CHIP" STONE, age 9 months, who lives on top of a hill in a country house near Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, with his 24-year-old G. I. (ex-Army cap'ain) blond father, Charles, and his very attractive mother, Nan, has demonstrated that he has more shrewdness than his well-educated parents. Even though his father is finishing college training in engineering at Lehigh University, Chip knows more about accomplishing his ends than his grown-up parents.

Let me prove my judgment about his intelligence. Chip has arranged his feeding schedule to suit himself completely. He wants his early breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning, his late breakfast at 10:30, his lunch at 2:30, and his supper at 6. He plans a long night of sleep and does not want any more food for 13 hours. His mother planned a 4-hour schedule for his meals because she thought Chip should be fed like other babies, but Chip showed her he was too intelligent to be treated like a child, and, therefore, arranged his feedings to suit himself. He's only 9 months old, but he said, "Of course I can go thirteen hours without food if it suits my purposes, but it doesn't always suit me to go four hours in the daytime. If you don't feed me and play with me when I want, I'll scream until you're so upset that you'll see who is the master and who runs this show."

Now don't be misled about Chip's knowing what he wants. He is very certain about the times of the 24 hours he is willing to sleep. Thirteen hours at night is all right, but he has said definitely and in no uncertain screaming that he does not want to sleep in the afternoon. If Nan puts him in his buggy on the porch in the afternoon, he begins to shout and scream until she brings him in. If she becomes a little hardheaded and refuses to listen to his commands, he shows her who is the master by spitting up his food until she has to bring him in to change his clothes. Chip knows she'll find out about his "spitting" because she comes out frequently to see if he's warm or if his clothes are wet or soiled by the spitting. You must know that Chip is very wise and knowing about his food intake, and takes no risks about his weight. He has always eaten plenty to keep his weight above normal for his age, so he can afford to spit up a little without any danger to his health. His doctor says his body, including his stomach, is functioning perfectly.

CHIP'S father has become convinced that Chip is smarter, and agrees with Chip's mother that they no longer need to be convinced about his intelligence. Chip's father would like to turn him into a member of the family who co-operates better with the family purposes. Charles and his brother, another G. I. who lives in the same house, have to study to become at least as smart as Chip, and it's hard to do when a young man of 9 months screams when there should be quiet for work.

Chip's mother agrees about the need for quiet and talks it over with Chip very open-mindedly. She asks him if he would rather come indoors or stay out. They also discuss play—whether he would prefer to play before or after or during meals. Chip is pretty headstrong and refuses to decide. Sometimes he wants to play before, and sometimes afterward, and sometimes he himself gets a little mixed up and cries even while he's eating.

Of course Chip and his mother and father all love one another very much, and the only time Chip really is willing to let the family make the decisions is when they're all together and Chip has the focus attention of both his father and mother and his grandmother if she happens to be visiting the house on the hill in the country.

Now don't be misled into thinking that Chip's mother is not intelligently trying to help him. She has read a lot of books about babies and has learned, or tried to learn, about the ways to make babies healthy and happy. The books do not agree about routine and regulations. Some say feed at regular intervals, some say feed the baby whenever he wants feeding or you think he wants feeding; some say pick the baby up when he wants to be picked up because he needs affection to give him security feelings; some say play with him when the chores of caring for the baby make it feasible (during bathing, for example), or when he's normally awake between feedings. To Chip's mother it is all pretty puzzling and mixed up. The upshot of the matter in Chip's case is that a lot of the waking hours of Chip's life go to screaming, and vomiting, and to the confusion and irritation of his father and mother.

If I have succeeded in making Charles and Nan's handling of their perfectly normal baby sound preposterous, then perhaps readers who have tiny babies of their own may see themselves in Charles and Nan, and be ready to help themselves and their babies to better happiness.

It would seem self-evident that a screaming, tearful and frequently angry baby is not a happy person. I would like to point out that it is hard to give *real* affection (the kind that psychologists regard as so necessary to normal emotional development) to a baby or a young child who is constantly and unreasonably irritable, fretful and angry. Does anyone believe that the baby is being loved when the parent is irritated and upset by constant screaming? Of course if the baby is sick or in pain, all the loving sympathy in the world flows out; but as soon as the parent has it borne in on him that there is nothing wrong with the baby, does he or she stay loving? If you're honest with yourself, the *best* you can do is to ignore the screaming. In fact, most of the parents I know get irritated and find themselves incapable of loving the screaming child.

It is told of my own infancy that I screamed at night so continuously that my father, after walking with me half the night, would throw me on the bed and wish that he and my mother and I were all dead. A wise practical nurse entered our family circle and gave some excellent advice to my parents. She said, "Put him to bed and let him scream it out." At the end of the third night, when my father returned from a business trip, my mother informed him that the night-walking of the baby was over and I would sleep soundly through the night.

I would like to pass a rule on to Nan:

1. Don't pick up baby when he screams if you know he is not sick or in pain.

If you do pick him up when he screams, then your intelligent baby will learn that he

t attention and affection by scream-
'l will continue to scream because he
ttention and affection. Now Nan says
ows this rule and has carried it out. The
owever, run against her. Charles says
no remembrance of the rule's being
out two days in succession. She does
occasionally, but then the screaming
her because she feels it's wrong to have
aming baby when the husbands are
to study. She, therefore, does not
the rule, but heeds the baby's scream-
picking him up and bringing him
s.

refore, I want to lay down a second
r Nan:

2 Don't fool yourself that you are following this rule of not rewarding screaming when you are always finding excuses to break the rule.

u must remember that if screaming
desired results every other or third
then the baby does not learn easily
are the days which bring the attention
ffection that he obtains by screaming.
as been clear in the study of the feeding
ants that the 4-hour feeding schedule
not be invariably the wisest schedule.
infants need shorter feeding intervals
n weight most effectively. On the other
it is clear that there is no sound reason
tting the baby decide upon a whimsi-
chosen feeding schedule. Look at the in-
ls between Chip's feedings: 13 hours,
ours, 4 hours and 3½ hours. Certainly
er pains are not making this odd sched-
r else how could he go for 13 hours daily
out feeding? Nan has permitted the
's screams to set the feeding time in-
of regular selected intervals.

ay down a third rule:

Use a regular feeding schedule, preferably 4-hour intervals unless the doctor advises shorter ones.

n't it a pity that Chip has to be unhappy
uch of the time about food? If Nan did
yield to screaming about food, Chip
l enjoy a much longer period of sleep or
. Now he must be unhappy to meet his
feeding schedule.

an has made other serious mistakes about
's sleeping. There is no reason why this
nths-old baby should not have the
fit of an afternoon nap. Nan thinks she
ving him a chance by putting him in the
air on the porch. But she "checks"
about every half hour to see that (a) he
t cold, (b) he is not wet, (c) he has not
up his food and needs changing. How
anybody who wants attention have a
nce to sleep if his mother disturbs him
stantly? If Nan would put him in a room
re he couldn't get too cold, and would
re his pants and his dress, Chip might
a chance to sleep. Instead, Chip gets a
nce to demand attention every half hour.
fourth rule should be:

4. Don't disturb the infant's sleep by giving him a chance to demand attention.

Nan violates another rule about training children for emotional happiness. She pays an exaggerated amount of attention to imagined illness when there is no reason for it. She has taken the baby to the doctor, who says his spitting up food is not due to any physical cause. Common sense would demonstrate this to Nan herself. Chip has always been overweight. I suspect he gets overfed and spits up the excess. At any rate, Nan is so concerned about his spitting that the baby can always get attention by a little vomiting.

It's hard for Nan to believe that a baby can learn to spit up to get attention, but that is because she underestimates the infant's capacity to learn.

A well-behaved baby I know got a lot of attention during a cold with cough. Now, several months after his recovery, he uses the cough to notify his mother that he wants attention.

A fifth rule, then, is:

5. Don't let the child fool you into giving attention to a physical symptom when he is not sick.

Finally, I would like to analyze Nan's behavior toward Chip's playing time. She has tried playing with him before eating, after eating and during his feeding period. Chip has been allowed to determine when he wants to play. He will either scream or spit up, depending upon whether the particular time pleases him or not. The result is that he now cries even when he's being fed and being played with. Isn't it a pity that so much of Chip's playtime has to be connected with crying and unhappiness? If Nan would select a proper and convenient time, she could train him easily to expect play when it is due and not cry when it is not due.

Rule 6, therefore, will be:

6. Schedule playtime and attention-giving time regularly for the mother's and the baby's convenience, and thereby make it an expected happy period.

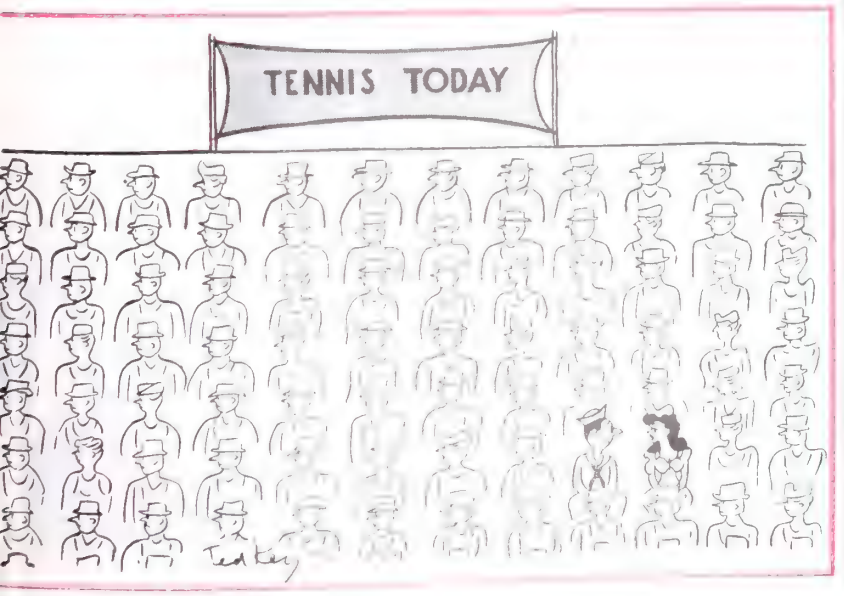
As it stands with Chip and many other babies, they get attention only when they show unhappiness, and not when they have a right to expect it—after peaceful feeding, or bathing, or sleep.

I would like to summarize my rules for Nan under a seventh general rule:

7. Let good things (affection, feeding and attention) follow good behavior, not bad.

Parents should realize that babies are intelligent, and too often are much smarter than their parents, because parents underestimate their children's intelligence. If parents could only realize that actions speak louder than words, they would realize that babies do not have to understand talking, but can and do understand action. I make a plea for happiness for babies, and would like every parent to realize that fretful, crying, screaming babies are not happy. They can be made happy if you do not reward unhappiness.

THE END



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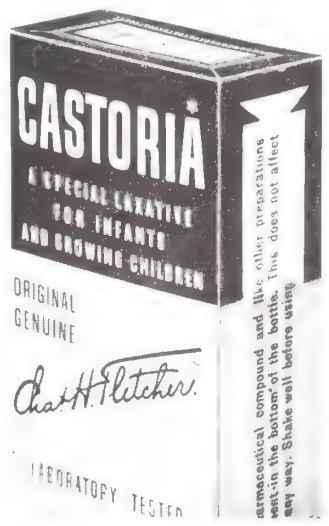

HE thinks: I sure go for Betty in that new dress

SHE thinks: Men are babies—Lux can fool them every time—make them think a dress is *new!*

HE thinks: Wonder if Betty would give me a date?

SHE thinks: Billy's cute, though! Guess my little message will show him I'm a thrifty woman!

SEE FOR YOURSELF, in this actual color photograph, how lovely a dress can look after 20 Luxings and ironings! Gentle Lux care kept this striped cotton as pretty as new!

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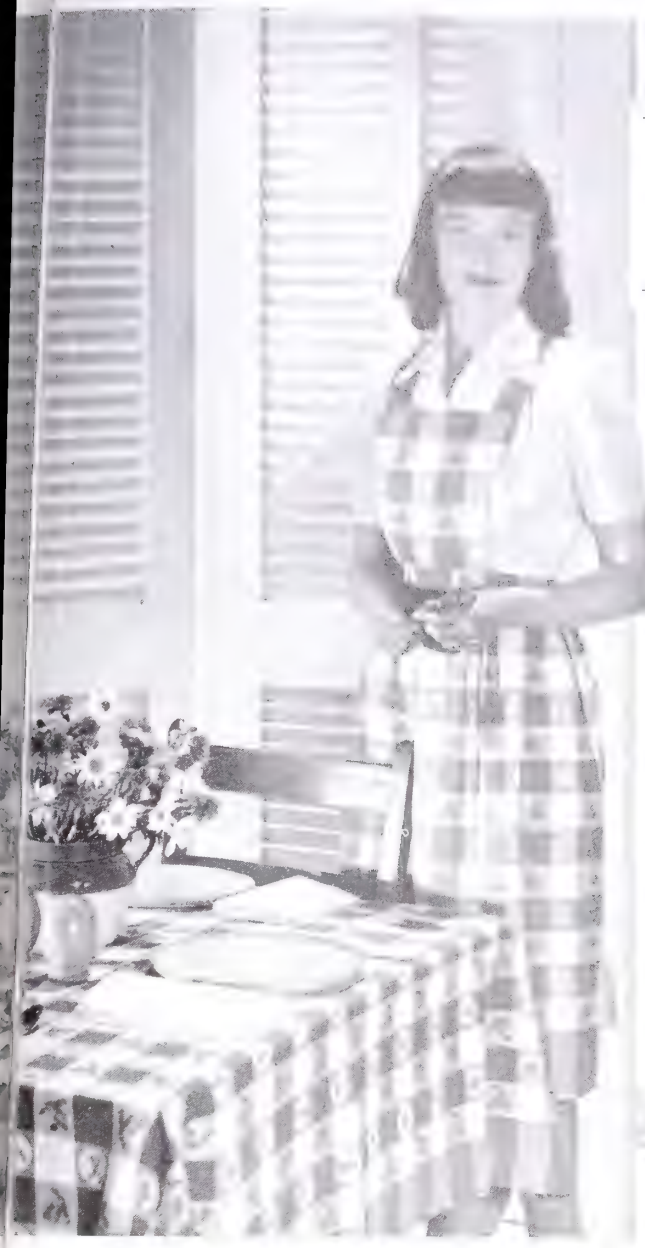
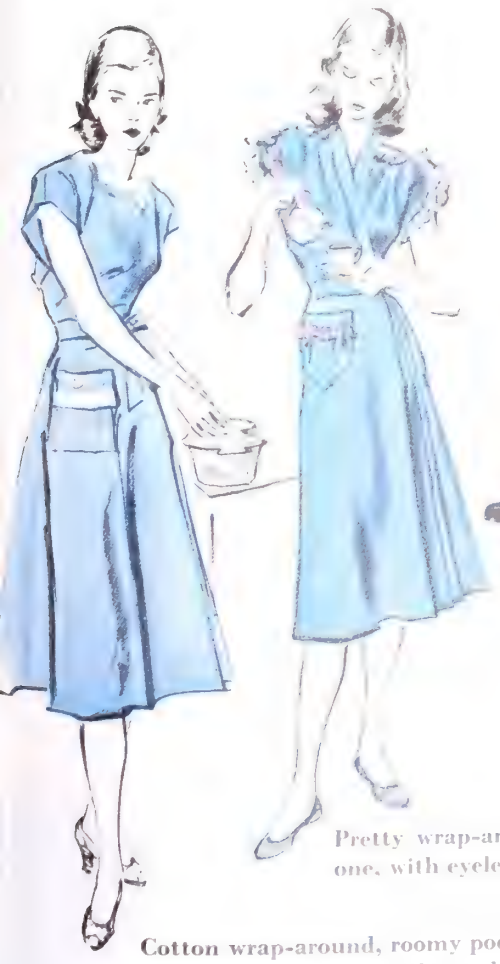
FRESH FOR HOMEWORK

Keeping attractive, like keeping house, is well worth the effort it requires, and Nan Stone does both simultaneously. Attractive aprons and house cottons play leading roles in her busy home life—eight rooms, one baby, no help. And she supplements her purchased wardrobe with ideas of her own. One favorite house dress is inspired by the Nurse's Aide uniform; an extra tablecloth becomes a gay bib-apron. ★ BY JOSETTE DALY LUTZ



Tablecloth and apron of the same material—idea well worth passing on. You can get both out of 2½ yards. The apron takes the place of skirt.

This little black dress goes to market with bolero—jacketless, cool for home.



Smart, sturdy and very becoming—blue cotton as practical as a Nurse's Aide uniform, and works full time.

For gardening, a snappy sun-back dress, in striped cotton with bow in front, handy slit side pockets.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAL ROSE

Pretty wrap-arounds abound in Mrs. Stone's closet. This one, with eyelet-embroidered ruffles, is a breakfast favorite.

Cotton wrap-around, roomy pockets, easy to press. Has appliqué detail around the neckline and on the pockets.

Indispensable shirtwaist dress. This one in gray-and-white-striped cotton, green belt, always right at any hour, any day.

Fashions for Kitchens

How proud you'll be to have your party wind up in the kitchen—when you have a handsome new Daystrom kitchen set! With their colorful, designer-decorated plastic table tops—their sleek, streamlined styling, Daystrom kitchen furniture really sets the fashion.

Sets the standard for long, long service, too, for the Daystrom name means *enduring* beauty. The laminated plastic table top is chip-proof, heat and stain resistant, washable. The gleaming frame is heavily chrome-plated tubular steel. Adjustable legs assure a steady table on uneven floors. Four chairs, with beauty and comfort unlimited, are covered in the new miracle plastic, Duran. Your choice of smart decorator's colors—red, green or blue. Select yours today.

DAYSTROM

TUBULAR CHROME KITCHEN Sets

SEND FOR: "Fashions for Kitchens", New Free Booklet, showing Daystrom sets in model kitchens, in full color. Write Dept. LHJ-F. DAYSTROM CORPORATION, OLEAN, NEW YORK

House Rules for TWO-IN-ONE LIVING

A ticklish business, two wives in one house? Perhaps in some houses, but the Stones have made it mean less work, less money spent and more fun! Forty-eight dollars a month now, per couple, for food, compared with sixty dollars or more a month when they lived *à deux*. Everything's for it, nothing agin it in the Stones' case, for they live up to the rules they made themselves, and they don't mind each other's private business! Here's how it works. . . .

By Judy Barry

YOU'VE often heard the old, old saw, "No house is big enough for two women!" Probably you've thought about it and worried a good deal, if you've found yourself faced with the possibility. There's undoubtedly a germ of truth in it, as there is in most of the time-honored adages. But during the past several years, when we've all had to re-evaluate some of our pet prewar convictions, we've found that many such so-called solemn truths have turned out to be just old-wives' tales! Nowadays hundreds of houses are having to stretch to fit two or even more women, else one of the women would have to set up her solitary castle on the traditional park bench. And some of the houses (not all, we admit) are enjoying their stretch and doing it gracefully!

Nan and Jane Stone are young married women, and "in-laws" to boot, another condition sometimes considered as two strikes against an amicable relationship. Yet they have been sharing the same house for several months, happily and with mutual benefit.

The chief reason, of course, is that both the girls are intelligent rational beings and compatible. They're the same age, have similar backgrounds, although they're fr different parts of the country and kn each other only casually until they beg their double-harness living.

Neither of them had a long-establish pattern of a way of life; they're both n phytes at housekeeping and apt to giggle each other's struggles and mistakes rath than become impatient as an older, expe enced woman might do with a beginne bungling.

Then, too, the men in their lives a friends as well as brothers, have simi tastes in food and fun and living. Th naturally, colors the relationship of th wives. We've all known girls who were b friends in their single days, sharing livi quarters and clothes and dates in perfe harmony, who became tense strangers aft marriage, because their husbands didn take kindly to each other.

All four Stones, however, feel that t biggest reason their two-in-one living h worked out so well is that they didn't lea it to chance that it would.

Before they began to live it, th talked it all out at a long and lively b session, weighing pros and cons and wa

Two's company, and company's fun, especially on ironing days, which can be pretty boring when a girl's alone.

When Jane's the cook, Nan's the housemaid.

PHOTO BY J. R. EYERMAN, LIFE

neans, halving work, responsibilities xpenses as neatly as an apple. n has a baby, Jane has a part-time They agreed that these canceled each out, with everything else even and ble by two.

weekly rotation of chores I work out best for them, they decided, to avoid monotony and to give each of a chance to try out her personal ies on each piece in the pattern of design for living. After all, if you n't ever cooked, but feel that you're l to any challenge, it's no fun to be anently relegated to the post of dish- er, with never a chance to concoct imagined curry, just because a more rienced hand has arbitrarily decided the cookery would be her department. refore, every week there's a complete ge of personnel in the Stone kitchen.

he cook of the week plans the us, does the shopping, keeps the stove refrigerator clean, polishes the table r, washes the dishes and tidies the hen. The other half of the act dries and s away the dishes, sets the table, dusts, dry mops and freshens up the rest of the house daily, cleans the bathroom daily, and each day does one once-a-week job such as rug cleaning, polishing silver hollow ware, brushing down the stairs, and so on. She also washes the kitchen floor once a week.

Each girl takes care of her own bedroom, each does her own washing and ironing. They have a washing machine which Jane uses once a week, Nan two or three times. (Chip's clothes and diapers!) Two or three afternoons a week they iron together, since each of them has her own board and iron. And very pleasant afternoons they are, with the boards set up companionably close in the huge sun-flooded kitchen, Chip gurgling in his play pen in the corner, a fine opportunity for "girl talk," and once in a while a pause for tea or a glass of milk.

This companionship is one of the dividends of two-in-one living, to many women a good point that more than makes up for some of its possible irritations. We talked to several other two-wives-in-one-house teams in addition to Jane and Nan, found *(Continued on Page 261)*

Jane just loves Chip, will lend a hand in his care if asked, but she's wise enough never to offer advice about him.

Exactly right you'll always find
The clock you never have to wind

. . . and it's a

Telechron

A clock to "live by" . . . that's the Telechron *electric* kitchen clock, Cafe. It tells Dad when to leave to catch the train, cautions the kids to beat the school bell. And all day long, as it reminds you time is flying, Cafe helps you get more things done. Come evening, it's on the job to time your cooking, so you can have dinner on the dot. Cafe can't lose or gain a minute, because it's *electric*, and it never needs winding, oiling, or regulating.

Expect Cafe to give you years of accurate timekeeping, because it has the self-starting Telechron motor that's famed for accuracy and long life. Choose it to harmonize with your color scheme, in red, green, ivory and white plastic. Sorry, no mail orders . . . see your Telechron dealer. $5.95 Plus Tax

Telechron
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice

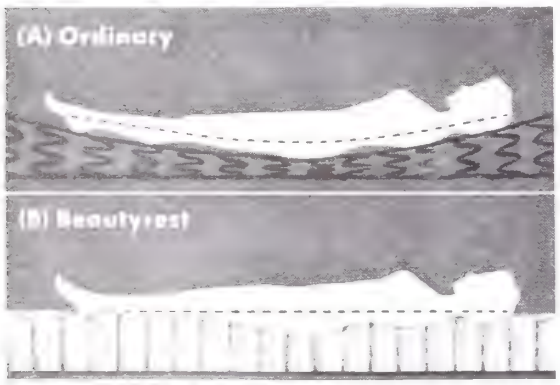
Telechron Inc., Ashland, Massachusetts

This glass of water showed Maureen O'Hara how to buy a better mattress

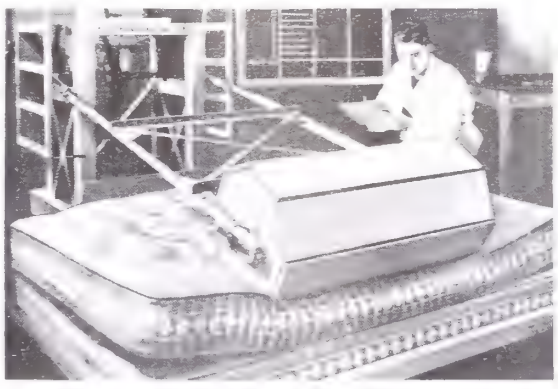
Many Mattresses may look like Beautyrests in the store. So it pays to know what's *inside* one before you buy. That's why we've asked Maureen O'Hara to make the "glass of water" test—and prove why *only* Beautyrest can offer Beautyrest "*luxury comfort.*"

1. First . . . Maureen puts the water glass on the inner springs of an ordinary mattress. Then she presses a near-by spring. The water glass spills! Why? Springs in this type of mattress are *all wired together*, often go down together—form *uncomfortable* hollows.

2. But notice here! Maureen places the glass on the springs of a *Beautyrest.* She presses a near-by spring. But the glass stands *steadily!* Why? Beautyrest has 837 *individually pocketed* springs. Each acts on its own . . . thus can *conform* to contours of your body!



3. Compare! Above (a), see how ordinary *wire-joined* mattress springs often sag under you. Below (b), see how Beautyrest's 837 *individual* springs provide more *buoyant*, more *natural* support! We make *both* types. We *know* Beautyrest comfort has no equal!



4. No-sag construction! In "torture tests" made by the U. S. Testing Co., Inc., Beautyrest lasted *far longer* than any mattress tested. That's why Simmons guarantees Beautyrest for at least TEN years! Costs only $49.50—*or a little more than 1¢ a night!*

5. Beautyrest Box Spring adds extra comfort to you Beautyrest mattress . . . adds extra elegance t your bedroom! In matching colors. $49.50. Order Beautyrest Box Spring with your Beautyrest—an get the *world's most luxurious sleeping combination*

Only SIMMONS makes *Beautyrest**

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY ELECTRONIC BLANKET
AND OTHER FINE-QUALITY BEDDING

* REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
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TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR ROOM

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

"HOW can we expand the use of our first floor without more remodeling than we can afford?" This was the problem confronting the Stones in their newly acquired country house. There were a tiny, crowded living room, a big hall and a long, built-on plywood bedroom. As do all of us, Nan Stone dreamed of taking down partitions and redividing the space to get a spacious living room. Such remodeling is expensive and not altogether practical, as removing partitions in old houses often weakens the entire structure.

So we decided to swap bedroom and living room and double the function of each. The color photograph shows how we planned the plywood built-on for the desired spacious living room, complete with a fold-away bed as part of the regular furnishings. There is a desk for study, and lots of places for books and magazines.

Then, into the small obsolete living room went the standing bed, comfortable chairs and a table desk, so that either room is now a complete unit with

(Continued on Page 238)

PHOTO BY HAROLD HOWER

Sleeping accommodations are disguised in this living room, which also functions as a study. Color, rather than materials, supplies the decoration.

COST OF MATERIALS FOR THE BUILT-ON FEATURES

Bookshelves	$43.56
Radiator covers	9.50
Two end tables	9.24
Lamp table	2.68
Desk	18.48
Total	$83.46

OH, MY ACHING FEET!

For every one man who requires professional help for his feet, ten women need help • BY DAWN CROWELL

Beauty Editor of the Journal

FOR the past eight years Nan Stone's foot trouble had been diagnosed as "fallen metatarsal arches." Imagine her surprise when, barefooted and hopeful in Dr. Dudley J. Morton's New York office, she was told by this foot specialist, "There are no metatarsal arches!" Nan's pain, however, is not like that of the little girl who went crying to her mother because "someone almost stepped on my toe." It is real. Sometimes agonizingly so. In fact, a pained facial expression, a bad temper, poor posture and even a tired back can be traced to aching, ill-treated feet!

Doctor Morton, an associate professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, explains his revolutionary theory thus:

"The most common foot pain is in the metatarsal area just behind the two middle toes on the bottom of the foot. This pain is caused by the improper distribution of weight on the feet, which results in inflammation of the joints and irritation of the nerves. For example: in ideal weight distribution, when a woman who weighs one hundred and twenty pounds is standing, she distributes sixty pounds to each foot. Of these sixty pounds, thirty pounds are supported by the heel and the other thirty are divided into shares for each one of the five slender metatarsal bones which lie behind the toes. Because the bone lying behind the big toe is twice the size in diameter of the others, it takes ten pounds. Each of the other four takes five pounds. In this ideal foot the first and second metatarsal bones extend forward the same distance, and the three following shorten in length just as your toes shorten—the last bone behind the small toe, the shortest. Since each one of the metatarsal bones bears weight and therefore has normal contact with the ground, the concept of a *metatarsal arch*, with the front ends of the middle bones in an elevated position, is obviously erroneous! And since these bones *are* in contact with the ground, they cannot drop any lower unless the ground gives way beneath them!"

Now that you know down to the last pound where your weight should be distributed on your feet, it is easy to understand that if any one of these metatarsal bones is too short or too loose (particularly the first large one), the brunt of your weight shifts to the smaller bones and they become strained and weak with their overburden. There are about 40 per cent of us with this particular foot fault!

HERE's an example so that you can see for yourself how it works: Keeping your fingers stiff, place your hand flat upon a table. Now raise it so your hand and fingers form a forty-five-degree angle with the table surface. As you do this you can see the longest finger, which is the middle one, alone retains contact with the table. Therefore it carries the full weight of your hand. This happens in feet where the first metatarsal, behind the big toe, is too short; it may throw on the slender second metatarsal a harmful overload of sixty or more pounds. But if you are lucky enough not to have a short first metatarsal and still have painful feet, remember there are *(Continued on Page 230)*

Nan's feet have grown a full size since she moved to the farm and had her baby. Here she wears daytime dress shoes.

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL

Sturdy, low-heeled shoes are best for Nan, who lives on a farm with a baby.

Suède-cloth flats for housework look trim; get around with haste and ease.

Afternoon walks or trips to town call for pretty as well as comfortable shoes.

Silver ballet slippers lend glam dress-up evenings at home

Hughes

*All-a-round** hair brush

*REG. PAT. APP. FOR

Brilliant future for your hair . .

• Want that sun-swept quality to leap out of your locks?
Then brush in brightness . . . the "deep-action" way . . . with Hughes *All-a-round*.
It's the hair brush with long, nylon bristles all around
a sparkling Lucite handle. Easy to use . . . reaches every inch of your head.
Sinks deep, deep down . . . lets your scalp live and breathe and like it!
Ask for the *All-a-round* at fine drug and department stores.
$5.00 and $7.50. Hughes Brushes Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

For gentlemen of the old school, Fostoria's *American* has that sturdy quality men like. For the modern lady, it leads a double life—to sparkle with company manners, or perfect for everyday economy and completeness. In fact, *American* has everything—from punch bowls to salt dips. Everything for lustrous accessory gifts, for hospitable table settings. As you'll see at the better stores everywhere.

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FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY — MOUNDSVILLE WEST VIRGINIA

Learn to Co

PHOTOS BY J. DI

No lumpy bumps in Nan Stone's roast gravy any more—she's learned to keep it as smooth as cream. Charlie says it tastes better 10.

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THE quickest way to learn to cook is to pitch right in and co— not just an occasional batch of cookies or a pan of fudge but real meals, complete from soup to dessert. Here are three sic dinners. Practice these until you're platter-perfect. You won't flou er you won't be frantic, for you'll soon discover you can cook! ch of these three dinner menus involves different principles of cooke how to proceed in each case, and why. You will learn how to r st, broil and make a good stew; how to make a simple cake, a pie nd biscuits; how to make soup stock; a green salad with French dres gs gravy and cream sauce; how to bake custards. The menu i ms are numbered so that you can easily turn to the recipes.

MENU I

Broiled Chicken Grill[1]
Creamed New Potatoes and Peas[2]
Raw-Vegetable Relishes
Sponge Jelly Roll[3]
Coffee[4]

Broiling is easy. If you can broil chicken, you can broil other meats and fish as well. . . . Knowing how to make a really smooth cream sauce is important, as you will use it in so many ways. It will be your base for many casserole dishes and cream soups, creamed chicken, and so on. . . . While there are hundreds of cake recipes in your cookbooks, practice on plain, simple ones first. There are two kinds of cakes—those made with shortening, those without. I've chosen a jelly roll because i quick and easy to make—doesn re quire shortening, doesn't need t b frosted. . . . A good cup of coffe o only starts the day right, but is the e fect ending for any good dinne you've been having complaints m across the table on your brew, chec on yourself. Do you follow the r s

MENU II

Onion Soup au Gratin[5]
Roast Beef[6]
Roast Potatoes[7]—Gravy[8]
Fresh Asparagus[9]
Green-Salad Bowl[10]
Lemon-Chiffon Pie[11]
Coffee

Three Meals

oups are very convenient—
d up as much as you wish—
eally are going in for learn-
about cooking as possible,
houldn't skip soup making.
is a good choice because it
eavy as a forerunner for a
ost men like it. In learning
ke one soup you'll under-
es for other soups—soups
'll serve as the main dish
s. . . . Men like their beef.
le of roasting is the same for
ut roast beef is a classic, so
with that. . . . Everyone
w how to make a good salad
st one dressing. A French
suitable for more kinds of
any other. Besides, it's the
d to make. . . . It's been
enough to make it important
is only as good as its pastry;
know the secrets of making
der pastry, you can make
y pie in your cookbook with

MENU III

Brown Lamb Stew
Sliced Tomatoes
Hot Biscuits[13]
Custards with Strawberries
Coffee

le and roastable cuts of meats
s the most expensive. The less
cuts—naturally less tender to
h—are best prepared in ways
ire long, slow cooking: brais-
wing, either on top of the range
oven. . . . The knack of
aking will come in handy, too,
because hot biscuits taste good
companiment to any meal, but
glad you know how to make
en your husband puts in a bid
berry shortcake, old-fashioned
pie.

MENU I

things first. The jelly roll can be
n the morning, leaving you
f time during the dinner period
are the vegetables and tend to
oiling.

[3] Sponge Jelly Roll

easy-to-make cake belongs to
nge and angel cake family. After
you've baked a successful sponge roll
you'll be brave enough to try your hand
at angel food made with the whites of
eggs. A jelly roll, as well as a true sponge-
cake, uses the whole egg.

Sift ¾ cup cake flour. Combine 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon baking powder in a bowl. Set this bowl over a smaller bowl containing hot water. Don't let the upper bowl quite touch the water. Beat the eggs with a rotary beater or your electric mixer beater, if it's detachable, until eggs are foamy. Measure ¾ cup sugar and begin adding the sugar gradually, a tablespoonful or so at a time. Keep beating in between additions so sugar will dissolve. When all the sugar is in, the mixture should look very spongy, fluffy and golden. It should be stiff enough to pile up in the bowl. Now remove the bowl from over hot water. Sift the flour over the eggs, only part at a time. Fold in the flour. A wire whisk is good for this job, but a spoon will do. To fold means just what it sounds like—to incorporate the flour with a down, up and over motion of the spoon or flat wire whisk as gently as possible. If you stirred rather than folded flour, your cake would be tough and heavy. You've beaten air into the egg mixture. The idea is to keep it there so your cake will be light and fluffy. When the flour is all added, flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Turn batter into a shallow jelly-roll pan, 15 x 10 inches, that has been greased, lined with wax paper and greased again. Spread the batter evenly. It is wisest to prepare your pan as well as preheat your oven before you start the mixing. Bake just 13 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Remove from the oven. Cut off crisp edges of cake with a sharp knife. Use a sawing motion to prevent tearing the cake. Invert the pan onto a clean dish towel that has been sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. Coax the cake out carefully. Tear off paper at once while cake is hot. Handle gently. Beat a glass of jelly slightly with a fork and spread on cake. Now you're ready to roll. Turn in one short edge of cake about 1 inch. Lift the cloth with one hand—guiding the cake with the other hand as you roll up the cake. Wrap cloth around cake and cool on a rack. It must be rolled while warm. When you're ready to serve, slice with a sawing motion.

Continued on Page 14

ad a pastry prob-
"My piecrust is al-
tough and floury."
id. Betty Gray, of
OURNAL food staff.
ed in and showed
ow to make a ten-
flaky one and the
to crimp the edge.

No, Mother . . .

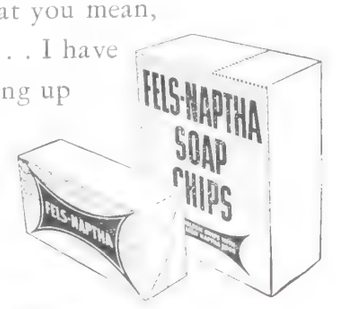
"I didn't forget to 'phone . . . but I never knew
just how much work went with a wedding ring.
Seems to me there's always something . . .
Oh, my goodness! that's what you used to say, isn't it . . .?

Yes, Mother . . .

"I'm doing my own cleaning and washing.
Our place is so tiny . . . and everything's so new
and bright, I can't bear to let anyone else touch it
or my beautiful linens and towels either . . .

Of course, Mother! . .

"Fels-Naptha Soap? . . . I never use anything else.
That's one thing I did remember . . . By the
way, Mother, *how* does a man get so much dirt
in his collars and cuffs? . . . All you've learned
is how to get it out? I see what you mean,
darling. Fels-Naptha Chips? . . . I have
plenty—I think. Soon as I hang up
I'll make sure . . . 'bye!"



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

The "Farm-Fresh" Spread betters any bread!

Luscious on breads or hot vegetables, *KEYKO* is the vegetable margarine with the distinctive "Farm-fresh" milk flavor. Enjoy its wholesome goodness. Benefit from its 15,000 U.S.P. units of Vitamin A per pound. Economize with its all-purpose uses: as a spread, for flavoring, seasoning, baking.

Use *KEYKO* as your standard for margarine comparison. Find out today why *KEYKO* is America's finest margarine.

Shedd-BARTUSH FOODS *Inc.* General Offices • Detroit 6, Michigan

Shedd's
Old Style Sauce

Ready to use, SHEDD'S OLD STYLE SAUCE adds a delectable dash of tantalizing taste flavor to shrimp, meats, fowl, salads and cold cuts.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

(Continued from Page 77)

Early beginnings. Early this and early that. The gardens are going strong, and I hope those who *have* gardens will have June peas. I hear a lot of talk about June peas. Can it be that the gossip concerns the peas you pick on the Fourth of July? Or have I got one of those cynical minds we hear about?

Anyway, things are early, and let's keep them that way. So for our early beginnings on our June table, why not a jellied cucumber soup? Why not, indeed? And here it is, pale green and—shall I say it?—as cool as a cucumber. Excuse it, please, and read on.

JELLIED CUCUMBER SOUP

Chill 4 cups of clear chicken broth and take off the fat—if any. Heat to the boiling point and add 4 teaspoons of unflavored gelatin softened in ¼ cup of cold water. Add ¼ cup of lemon juice and a little green coloring to give it a color that dreams of cucumber. Season quite well with salt and pepper. Cool the jelly until it is thick but not set. Peel a large cucumber. Cut in half lengthwise and remove and discard the center. Now chop the rest. There should be 1½ cups. Add to gelatin. If there isn't enough salt and pepper after tasting it, add more. That's easy—no work at all. Chill until set. To serve, break it up with a silver fork and serve garnished with lemon.

This may be news. Everyone knows about stuffing chickens and turkeys and pork chops and artichokes. (I'll tell you more about *that* one of these days. Very Italian, very delicious.) We stuff eggplant and crown roasts and peppers. In fact, almost everything that has an inside capable of holding or clamping together on a stuffing can and might as well be stuffed. It's a worthy idea. And makes things go farther. And taste better too.

But has it been left to us to stuff sweetbreads? In any event if you listen to me it will be done often. And may I now present the pièce de résistance of our meal—the stuffed sweetbreads?

•

STUFFED SWEETBREADS

Select 6 pairs of very fresh calves' sweetbreads. And be *sure* they are fresh. A stale sweetbread is staler than last election's campaign promises. So watch it. Now put them in ice water for an hour. Take out and wipe. Put them in cold water to cover and parboil for twenty minutes or so, until tender. Take out and put them again in ice water to stay until very firm. Cut off all the fat and muscle, and peel off all the membranes. (You know sweetbreads come in a sort of caul. It peels off with a sharp knife. It *must* come off—or else.) Split the sweetbreads lengthwise.

Get to work on about ¾ pound of fine, firm white mushrooms. Peel them. The stems must be washed and dried and go into the chopping bowl or grinder with the caps. Have them very fine. But *very*. Sauté with 1 large or 2 small cloves of garlic, finely minced, in 3 tablespoons of butter, margarine or salad oil until quite brown. Add a little cream and simmer with salt and pepper and a little marjoram until the cream reduces.

Stuff the split sweetbreads with this mixture. Hold together with toothpicks. Place them in an open shallow pan. Pour a little melted butter or margarine over each sweetbread. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about thirty minutes or until nicely browned. Baste frequently with seasoned butter or margarine.

In the same pan in which you browned the mushrooms make a sauce like this: Mix 3 tablespoons of flour with 3 tablespoons of butter or margarine. Let it bubble up and brown just a little. Add 1 cup of chicken broth or stock and 1 cup of cream. Cook until it is like heavy cream. And stir all the while. Season with salt and pepper. Remove the toothpicks from the sweetbreads. Pour the strained sauce over them. Serve very hot. Garnish with a purée of peas and sautéed peach halves.

What is salad without a tomato? Only an empty shell. That is the answer. Al-

Mr. T. Spoon—

The Ivanhoe [illegible] says—

Deliciously cooked macaroni sea[shell]s with real mayonnaise and garden [vege]tables. Wonderful by itself or as [a] base for sea food or other salads. Just ope[n] and serve. Also ask your grocer for Iv[anhoe] Potato Redi-Salad, and for Ivanho[e] Redi-spoon Onions—the new-style, rea[dy]-to-use onions. The Tupman Thurlow Co., Inc., 155 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

haunting sense of something miss-
ing gone. No life there. No
o get yourselves some of those
tle hothouse ones, or some of the
d of the sun-smitten ones, and
omato salad of such epicurean pro-
are seldom come by. And once you
this, there'll be few tomatoless
l the memory will last into a long,
ble future.

TO-AND-CAMEMBERT SALAD

ole tomatoes, 1 for each guest.
roughly. Cut out just a little
op of each tomato. Put 1 spoon-
ened Camembert cheese in each.
a highly seasoned French dress-
nake this a separate course with
t or toasted crackers. For the
petals cut from hard-boiled egg
fake a deviled-egg mixture with
. Arrange the egg-white strips
shion with a spoonful of the
olk mixture for the daisy centers.
the month of daisies as well as
and birthdays.)

can touch it. There is one indis-
fact in life—and this is *something*
ost things can be disputed and
bout and generally are—and that is
cream is the queen of desserts.
don't despise crêpes Suzette, and I
pass up *crème brûlée* unless I was
y mind. And as for apple pie and
ry shortcake—well, I'm right there
k in hand and nap-
ler my chin; but
u come right down
settle for ice cream
e. If it's first-rate
m. And I believe
lks will too. What
think?

> After all, the object of your resentment has a right to exist, and is neither a door mat nor a scoundrel, and anyhow nothing is to be gained and much is to be lost by fury.
> — ARNOLD BENNETT

u remember?
home from church
nmer Sunday noon,
as the good old freezer waiting out in
k kitchen, and in the capacious icebox
llon or so of rich, aromatic, beautiful
custard and cream, ready to submit
ice-and-salt pack and the long, slow
t turning of the crank that promised a
y treat comparable to nothing on
hat I have known since. And shall not
again. The changing times have
ed more than the world outlook. They
changed the habits and customs of a
eneration. And even ice cream hasn't
ed. In spite of these heartstring-pulling
ories, I am still eating ice cream, and a
deal of it. And here is a receipt for one
involves no creaking crank, no elbow
e, no licking of the dasher either. And
vas a major delight, and don't forget it.

FRENCH-VANILLA EFRIGERATOR ICE CREAM

ke a soft custard in the double boiler.
l 1 cup of milk and 1 cup of light
m. Add gradually to 6 slightly beaten
olks mixed with ½ cup of sugar and ¼
poon of salt. Cook in the double boiler,
ing constantly, until the custard
kens and coats a spoon. And take it
me, *no more* than coats the spoon.
the eye peeled. Pour into a bowl. The
ard will curdle if left in the double
r. (It gets mad.) Flavor with 1½ tea-
ns of vanilla. Stir in ½ teaspoon of
avored gelatin that has been softened
tablespoon of cold water. Cool. Beat
ps of heavy cream until thick, but
as stiff as for a dessert. Fold into the
ard. Pour into freezing trays. Set
he refrigerator to the coldest position
freeze until almost firm. Beat and
h with a silver fork—right in the tray
't take it out on the breadboard)—
l the mixture is smooth. Freeze again
l firm. Serve with a pineapple sauce
le with canned crushed pineapple or
y diced fresh pineapple. To make the
e with canned crushed pineapple, add
p of water to 1 can of crushed pine-
le. Stir in the juice of half a lemon and
p of sugar. Simmer ten minutes and
l. If you use fresh pineapple, peel and
and dice fine a medium-size ripe
apple. Cook slowly in 1½ cups of water
until the pineapple is tender. Add 1 cup of sugar, the juice of ½ lemon, and cook ten minutes more. Chill.

Daisy, Daisy. Speaking of other days, I'll bet a lot of you remember the old songs. And I hear that the younger people are scouring the out-of-circulation-records shops and sheet-music places for the songs we thought were about the last word when we were a little younger than we are today. Among them one comes to my mind and I can sing it now words and music. (So far I have signed no contract with any radio station, but opportunity knocks once. I have my ear to the keyhole.)

This is dedicated to Daisy. But this song, which was really the inspiration of our anniversary cake, was well, three guesses. No, wrong. It was A Bicycle Built for Two. Remember how it goes or went? Oh, I *wish* you could hear it. "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true. I'm half crazy, all for the love of you. It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage, but you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two." Pretty good memory, what?

DAISY CAKE

Let 1⅓ cups of egg whites stand in a bowl until they are of room temperature. (And don't neglect the baby while you watch the thermometer, either.) Beat with a flat wire whisk until frothy. (An egg beater will do it, too, but don't beat too stiff—just frothy.) Beat in 1⅓ teaspoons of cream of tartar and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Continue beating until the egg whites will stand up in peaks. Like frosting, you know. Sift 1½ cups of sugar twice. (Once and once again—that makes twice, doesn't it?) Gradually add 1 cup of the sugar to the egg whites, beating and folding after each addition. Sift 1 cup of flour with the remaining ½ cup of sugar. Gradually sift the flour-sugar mixture over the egg-white meringue carefully, folding in after each addition. Divide the mixture in half. Beat 1 egg yolks until very light and thick. Fold into ½ of the meringue mixture. Fold into this 2 tablespoons of flour and 1 teaspoon of lemon extract. Now fold 1 teaspoon of vanilla into the other half. Drop gently by spoonfuls into ungreased angel-cake pan, alternating the white and yellow batters. Bake in moderately slow oven, 325° F., sixty to sixty-five minutes. Remove from the oven. Turn the pan bottom up on a wire rack. Let stand for about an hour until it is thoroughly cool. Frost with a cooked icing tinted pale yellow.

ICING

Lor She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not.

Mix 1½ cups of sugar with ½ cup of water and a pinch of cream of tartar in a heavy pan. Stir well. Cover tightly and bring to a boil, slowly. Cook until the sirup spins double threads, or to temperature of 250° F. (thermometers are handy things). Remove from the heat and pour the sirup gradually over 3 egg whites beaten stiff—beating thoroughly as you add it. Add a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Beat until the mixture is very glossy and stands up in fluffy peaks and will not run. Tint delicately with yellow vegetable coloring. Frost the cake and decorate with blanched almonds split in half lengthwise, arranging them like daisy petals. Leave a space in the center. Put a rosebud of deeper-yellow butter icing—the old-fashioned kind, made with confectioners' sugar—in the center of each daisy. Put candles in each daisy center. And blow all the candles out at one fell breath—or you may not get your wish.

How it works out. We deal with remembrance. And bring it right into the dining room and on the table and have fun. Not one of us but has some anniversaries, and none of us is without something to build a memory on.

We like to celebrate. So why not? Life isn't so gay that it can't stand a little more gaiety. Are you with me? Many happy returns!

THE END

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ARMOUR
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● For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is marvelous for refreshing, luxurious baths.

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

OH, MY ACHING FEET!

(Continued from Page 224)

other defects which might, through faulty weight distribution, be causing similar trouble.

Doctor Morton describes his remedy for this as follows: "Suppose one of the four legs of a table is shorter than the other three. Is it better to put a pedestal under the center of the table and raise all the legs from the floor for an even balance, or is it better to take a small block of wood or cardboard and place it under the one short leg?"

Naturally, the latter solution is more effective, and one we tinker with every so often to keep our food from falling in our laps.

Similarly, Doctor Morton taboos exaggerated foot devices which support the whole foot and do not allow the *well* parts of your feet to help themselves. Instead, he suggests that the first step toward proper help for painful feet is an X ray. Because by showing the differences in the development of individual bones, the X ray is the only practical and reliable means of finding out the amount of weight each bone of the foot is accustomed to carry. Then, without resort to artificial supports, a light leather insole can be designed which restores normal function by correcting any fault in weight distribution. It should make underworked bones carry their normal share of body weight, and remove from overloaded bones the damaging strains and pressures which make feet painful. Hurting feet are rarely broken-down feet; they can be as comfortable and useful as other feet if they have a chance to carry body weight in a normal manner. The calluses which are so commonly present in the metatarsal region are definite signs of this internal trouble. When faulty weight distribution is eliminated, the calluses will progressively subside, and in time disappear. This method of treatment is like the prescription of eyeglasses after a competent eye examination. And just as you don't buy your glasses at a store counter, neither should you take it upon yourself to prescribe your own insole. Professional help is necessary.

How high is a heel? "The lower, the better," says Doctor Morton. As a heel progresses in height, the possibility of foo comfort rises too. This is because whe heel is raised, more weight is automati thrown forward to the metatarsal bon man's flat shoes allow his heel bone to share of work. In addition, a man's sho low three eighths of an inch leeway for expansion when he's walking.

"A woman who wears high heels," Doctor Morton, "is constantly wal downhill." There is no place for her fo slide, because her shoes are so closely fi Toes become cramped in this too s area. With constant use of high heels, t is a shortening of calf muscles. Wom feet become misshapen—and foot mi follows!

Now that the fashion for flat shoes from saddle shoes to silver sandals, woman's feet can look pretty—and feel way too. But for the woman who dressed up only when her shoes are s degree higher than flat heels or for woman who wants to give the illusio being taller, higher-heeled shoes can be w with comfort. But their use should be stricted as much as possible, since for m people the lower the heel the more c fortable the shoe. Here is the way Do Morton suggests shoes be selected for foot-harried person:

1. Make a penciled tracing of your stockin foot on a piece of paper, with your foot b ing down on the paper. Study the shape see—and keep that shape in mind when buy. A woman who has square feet is ask for trouble if she tries to squeeze them i pointed toes.
2. Always have your shoe salesman meas your feet while you're standing. Your f naturally expands when your weight is or
3. Select your shoes according to the w they do. High heels are fine if you sel them for occasions when your feet are lik to be crossed under a bridge table, or danci But for shoes that are going to house y feet while you push a baby carriage (o mop!) or rush around on the job, cho low-heeled and *comfortable* ones.

CAREERS AT HOME • BY EVELYN SAGER RINGOLD

SUCCESS AT SIXTY

JELLY is Mabel Burlingham's bread and butter.

At sixty, Mrs. Burlingham, of Syracuse, New York, a widow, mother and grandmother, has created a new food delicacy—cinnamon-tanged jelly—and marketed it profitably in forty-eight states, Puerto Rico and Hawaii. She has more than 10,000 glasses of jelly now on order, but can fill the backlog only as quickly as she can secure hard-to-get sugar.

Mrs. Burlingham, like many other women who have found profit in their kitchens, did not *go* into business: she *grew* into it. When her husband died several years ago, she was in a depressed, do-nothing state. On one of her empty afternoons, Mrs. Burlingham—a fine, imaginative cook—experimented with a newspaper recipe for cinnamon-flavored jelly. The first batch of jelly was clear, ruby-red, lovely to look at, delightful to taste. But the flavor did *not* last. There were dozens of trial batches before Mrs. Burlingham arrived triumphantly at an extract which held the cinnamon flavor surely and deliciously.

Her first order sold to a de luxe food shop in New York City, and won rave reviews from the New York Times food columnist. A friend introduced the jelly into a Boston shop. Business was under way; orders gained momentum. Mrs. Burlingham's kitchen was turned into a factory for eight and ten hours a day. Each batch of jelly was tended with perfectionist attention as it progressed from the huge kettles to shining glasses.

Although Mrs. Burlingham modestly urges a lion's share of credit on her daughter, on the friends and business people who had faith in her project, this mild-mannered, energetic woman of sixty found she had untapped resources and a Yankee birthright: ingenuity and horse sense. With little business experience behind her, she secured a loan from her bank, organized her kitchen on a time-and-step-saving basis, learned to write a pulling sales letter. Each month she met her bills and her loan installments on the dot.

"Was *that* a struggle!" Mrs. Burlingham recalls. "But I established credit and made good friends. Since then I've realized that much good business is based on good will."

Jelly is more than an income to Mrs. Burlingham. "I've lived and dreamed this jelly for six years. I've found myself—and a tremendous sense of accomplishment. It's the *doing* that counts, not the money. I have been able to make something of a life apparently finished."

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Tired feet should rest, not exercise, says Doctor Morton. If your feet are weary, why overwork them further? The only exercises he recommends for aching feet are ones to stimulate the circulation of fresh blood. Here's one complete foot treatment:

First, soak your feet in comfortably hot water for ten or fifteen minutes. This allows the heat to go through the feet, opening the blood vessels and letting fresh blood through. Then dry your feet thoroughly. You can follow this with a soothing hand lotion or cream applied in easy strokes. Then cross one knee over the other. Spend one half minute opening and shutting toes of crossed foot. Stretch them. The next half minute is devoted to a slow, circular ankle rotation going in one direction. Repeat toe exercise another half minute. Follow with ankle exercise, reversing direction. Cross other knee and repeat exercise for other foot. The exercise takes only four minutes! Follow this with a full half-hour rest period on a couch with feet in a position horizontal to your hips.

Hot and cold plunges are another means of increasing circulation. Use two pails, one filled with water as hot as you can comfortably stand it, the other with cold water. Take the plunges alternately, keeping your feet in the hot water one and a half minutes, then switching them for a half minute to the cold. Repeat five times and follow with rest period.

Persistent and excessive swelling of feet, ankles and legs might indicate some constitutional disorder (such as circulatory disturbance, heart or kidney trouble) and should be put into the hands of a competent physician.

Young feet can be cared for from the time your baby first begins to toddle. Your baby doctor has firsthand information, and you should take advantage of it on your regular checkup visits to him. The most prevalent cause for a youngster's foot trouble is *short shoes*, which often lead to bunions. Shoes handed down from one child to the next is a good old family custom only when each youngster has shoes that *fit*. Because a child's bones are soft and flexible, foot trouble is *not* likely to make itself known in early years; a child almost never complains of "tight shoes." Money saved in this "hand-down" manner is comfort lost in later years. Saddle shoes and moccasins are on the top of Doctor Morton's list for young people's shoes. Shoes that are too large will not irritate feet or cause corns, as was once thought.

Feet usually attain their full size at the age of twenty. But if your activities are increased (job, housework, motherhood, and so on), your feet are likely to grow as much as two sizes! Most women begin complaining of foot trouble when they're in their early thirties, because by this time their feet have become burdened with new chores, without simultaneously having had care and correct shoes.

Flat feet (low-arched feet), which are subject to jokes on a moment's notice and have caused women to dig sand holes in the beach to bury them, are actually as healthy as high-arched feet, often healthier. Doctor Morton tells of a marathon runner who had "feet as flat as the road he ran on, but the healthiest feet I've ever seen! As for their looks, is a woman with a high-arched nose any prettier than a woman with a medium or low-arched nose? By ancient standards, yes, but not necessarily today. And the same thing goes for your feet!"

Doctor Morton adds that the average painful foot is not a case of "fallen arches," but is a foot in which there is an element of painful strain; and this applies regardless of the height of the arch. Men who were discharged from the army because of "flat feet" had such an element of painful strain, but low-arched feet in themselves are not troublesome.

Blisters, corns and calluses should be cared for under the most sanitary conditions. If you break a blister yourself or remove a callus, be sure you use sterile implements. Paint the area first with one-half strength of iodine and follow with a dressing and bandage. Severe troubles of this kind should be cared for by a doctor. THE END

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Glamorous Esther Rains tells how young mothers can be slim and lovely

So many women say, "I put on weight after my baby came." But Esther Rains, 21, of Bastrop, Louisiana, says, "You can have your baby and, with the help of the DuBarry Success Course, be a beauty, too!"

Inclined to be plump, she put on pounds after her baby was born until she weighed 158. "My hair and complexion," she says, "had been impaired. I was self-conscious about my appearance. The Success Course was just what I needed. It showed me how to lose 31 pounds, improve my skin, style my hair, make up skillfully. The result has been incredible. Friends are amazed by the change and my husband is very proud of me."

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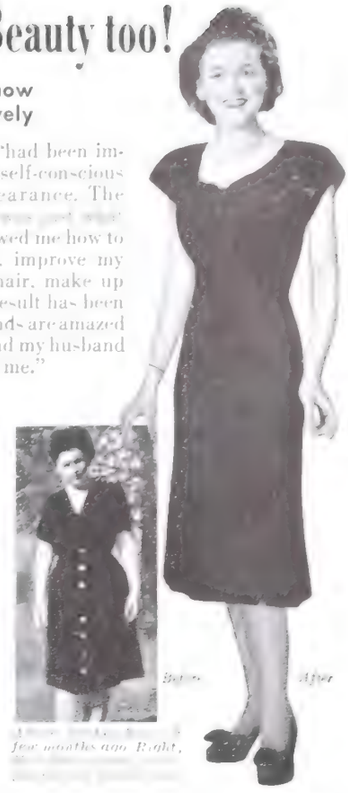

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Syrups for Ice Cream

STRAWBERRIES Stir 2 cups sugar in 1½ cups water over low heat till sugar dissolves. Boil slowly 5 min. Pour lukewarm syrup over strawberries, raspberries or cherries. Chill several hours. Serve on Ice Cream.

FRESH PINEAPPLE Use syrup of 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar. How that goodness blends with tempting Ice Cream!

MELON BALLS Syrup as for pineapple plus 3 tbs. lime juice. (Secret: Syrups sweeten fruit to the heart. No crushing!)

With fruit or without, Ice Cream's as good for you as it tastes. Serve it often. For Ice Cream is a family dish. And, remember, it's as close to you as the corner store. Easy to get—and even easier to serve.

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A SCORE FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 39)

I reminded him of the spell as we walked along, and he pulled me over to a stationery store and said, half smiling, half serious, "Knock on wood, sweetie, knock on wood."

A fat woman going by with a dirty little dog looked at us curiously, and I made a face at her. "Oh, Sam, you fool," I laughed. "What in the world is there for us to be scared of? Look." I ticked off on my fingers. "We've got each other. We've got my apartment to live in. You sold two paintings last week and you've got commissions for four more. My mother made me learn to cook. My father had a maiden aunt who left her all to me."

"It's not the things you have, Susie," he said, soberly, "that make the score add up. Sometimes it's the things you haven't."

"What do you mean, Sam," I said, "the things I haven't?"

"Never mind, invincible," he said. "I think that's one of the things I like best about you. You're so sure. Forget it, because down the street is a store that should have a posy for you."

So I went right along in my spangled daze, thinking that in one more week we'd be married, in one more hour we'd be in my apartment and I'd be cooking supper for us. Because I really am a very fine cook. And after supper we'd listen to the Brahms Fourth he'd just bought me and argue about what color the curtains should be in the living room.

"Here we are," Sam said, stopping in front of Bigelow's.

Sometimes I've wondered how things would have worked out if I'd gone right in with Sam instead of standing outside, looking at the flowers. Because the spell I'd been so proud of suddenly broke into a thousand pieces, brittle and wicked as splinters of glass. It broke when I was trying to decide between violets to wear and a white cyclamen, and I looked up and saw her coming toward Sam, looking a little frightened, but smiling, and with her hand out to him and his name moving on her lips as if it hurt them.

She was small with the fresh, clean face of a little girl. Not exactly beautiful, not really pretty, but with a delicate, clear look to her that was better than beauty or prettiness. Her gray eyes were staring at Sam and her soft, pale hair, blown by the wind, was sweeping back from her face in long, curling feathers. She made me feel too large, too dark and handsome with overbig bones. Even though she wore a loose fur coat, I could see she was pregnant as she came closer to us, walking gently and carefully.

Looking at Sam's face, suddenly grown pinched and bleak in the bright, floating light of the florist's window, I thought, *This is the one. This is Elizabeth.*

OF course he had told me about her when we had begun to know each other well. But he had never mentioned her again and I had simply and stupidly put it down as one of those unhappy love affairs everyone has and gets over. Even when he had described how much he had loved her and how he had built his life about her in the separation during the war, I hadn't been too much concerned. Actually, I hadn't given it much thought, knowing most people think they're in love not once but several times before they decide to marry. I, myself, had thought I was in love a dozen times before I met Sam, and since my love for him was so much more exciting than those loves had been, I'd thought his for me was more important than any he had known.

Now, seeing her, I remembered ve clearly all he had told me. I remembere how scornfully I had judged her when told me that her letters, at first bright ar cheerful, had, after the months slipped b become sadder, full of a loneliness and frustration that frightened her.

"Fiddlesticks," I'd said. "Any girl wort her salt should have been able to take Lots of people I knew did."

"I know, I know," he had said sadl "That's what I thought. But she made t mistake, I guess, of loving me too muc taking it too hard and shutting herself awa from anything that might come between us.

ELIZABETH, he had explained, always like being with people, meeting new ones, havin fun, not because she was party-happy, bu because she enjoyed living, liked makin others happy. For two years she didn't d anything she'd been used to—going ou dancing. She had worked hard running nursery school and at night wrote to hin Then she began telling him she had starte going to this party and that, seeing othe men because everyone told her it was un natural and morbid to live in a vacuum.

"Why, of course," I'd told him. "Sh should have done that in the beginning. lot of my friends wh were engaged had fine time and it didn' seem to do any harm.

"I told her to g ahead too," he'd said "I didn't want her get ting moldy and miser able. But little by lit tle, his name started coming in more an more. Paul was so nice he made her laugh, h took such good car of her and he knew al about me. Gradually I could see she was be ginning to fill her life with him, uncon sciously relying on him So I began getting broody. The Aleutians are no place for a happy outlook. I used to think, 'Why is this Paul stationed at Ninety Church Street while I'm shoved off into a fog on a Godforsaken island?'

"There were others like me, having trou ble with their girls. We got pretty bitter talking it over. We tried to figure out differ ent ways of hanging onto them. Finally, I couldn't take it, thinking of them together. So I thought I'd make her jealous, give her a shock so she'd realize what was happening to us. Like a fool I wrote her a crazy letter, telling her I'd been with other women. That there was one nurse in particular. I told her I thought we'd better go easy about marrying when I got back. That we both might have changed a lot. That it was a good idea to call off the engagement. Period. It was supposed to be a psychological trick to make her try to get me back, and I didn't write again for several months. Then, I heard she'd married him."

And now here she was, looking up at Sam, telling him he was looking well and how surprising it was meeting him like this because she'd been wondering if he was in town. All the time Sam just stared at her. It was I who had to make our manners and step forward so he'd remember I was there too.

I kept thinking, *This is just a shock of surprise for him. It's like seeing a ghost.* I thought, *Let us all be natural, take deep breaths and I'll conjure our spell back again.*

When she realized I was with Sam, not an innocent bystander, the color swept up in her face and she smiled at me. Sam came to and introduced us, and I began talking in my bustly voice that comes when I'm trying to manage a situation. I said how do you do and we were just going to have tea and

(Continued on Page 234)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Miracle

BY CLARIS MILLER

Who wants to hear of miracles
Has only need to see
The daily paper, page eighteen,
In columns two and three.
The miracles are listed there;
Look—here is number one:
"Born to the wife of D. E. Jones,
November sixth, a son."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ONE ITALIAN LUCHET SALT [illegible] CIRCA 1740 A.D. COURTESY OF PETIT MUSEE

Something borrowed, something blue,
something old, something new...

WALLACE STERLING

[illegible] with every lovely old tradition. And have a dowry to gladden a lifetime... [illegible] Wallace Sterling, Wallace Silversmiths have excelled at their craft for over a century. [illegible] and you find "third-dimension beauty", the carved-in-full contour beauty expressed in the famous Wallace patterns above. Left to right: Grand Colonial. Sir Christopher. Stradivari. [illegible] Rose Point. Six-piece place settings (the ideal wedding gift) include luncheon [illegible] cream soup spoon, tea spoon, salad fork, butter spreader; about $[illegible] to $30.

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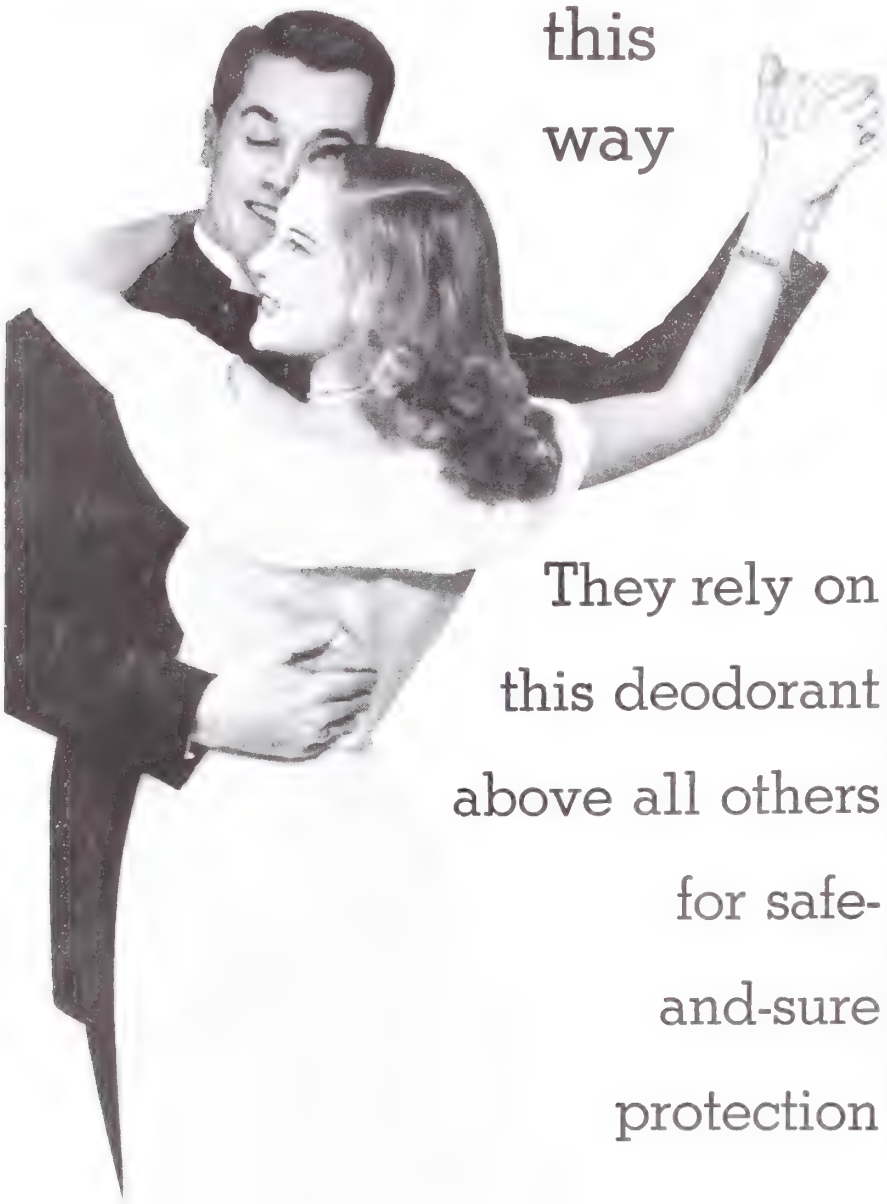
Wallace Silver mills, Wallingford, Conn. • *Since 1835* • R. Wallace & Sons of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

THE CHOICE YOU MAKE ONCE FOR A LIFETIME...THAT'S WHEN NOTHING LESS THAN THE FINEST WILL SATISFY

Girls at Arthur Murray's dance studios keep dainty this way



They rely on this deodorant above all others for safe-and-sure protection

GIFTED . . . GLAMOROUS . . . these famous Arthur Murray teachers must have more than dancing ability, social poise . . . they *must* be sure of personal daintiness that *lasts!*

TO BE SURE – they rely on Etiquet – the deodorant you can depend upon to guard daintiness through *hours* of active exercise . . . that gives you safe-and-sure protection . . . stops underarm odor . . . checks perspiration. And – besides working so effectively, so *efficiently,* Etiquet is *delightful* to use! *Fluffy-light* – easy to apply – soothing to the skin.

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Etiquet

The safe-and-sure deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 232)

wouldn't she come along because I knew she was an old friend of Sam's and there was a place just around the corner on Park and wasn't it amazing how you always met everyone you knew in New York. So I got us all moving along and into this place.

He sat across the little table from us both, the old and the new loves. That's what I thought in the beginning. But it didn't last long. Not when I saw his eyes that would start looking at her casually, but keep on looking so hungrily that he would practically have to blink them away to see his tea or his cigarette or me. She was his old love and his love forever. Elizabeth. An ordinary name, the name of a million women, I suppose. But its sound for us all, I knew, seeing them together, would always be the sound of passion and gaiety and sorrow, a lusting and a gentleness, a terrible excitement and a peace, a never-ending longing. And I, Susan Nichols, was just someone he knew and liked a lot and would have to marry in a week.

You can't fool yourself about things like that. I'd seen that same look in other men's faces when they looked at me. But I'd never seen it in Sam's. Not until he looked at Elizabeth. It seems strange that I hadn't missed it. But I guess I was too full of my own love for him and thought the lack of it was part of his quiet, his reserve.

All the time we talked so brightly about his show, which she had read about, and how she and Paul were now living in town because he had gone back to his law firm. There were no words spoken about the things we were really saying to one another. He never heard me crying out, *Oh, Sam, why was I so stupid? Why didn't I realize how much you loved her? How can I marry you now, knowing what your love for a woman can be, knowing I won't have it like that?* And she never heard him saying, *My darling, my darling—what did I do to you? Why did I lose you?* And her words, spoken only with her eyes as they moved quietly over him: *Are you well, are you all right without me, Sam? This child I am carrying might have been yours, and now we will always be lost to each other because we hurt each other too much.*

I kept wondering if Sam would tell her about us. I wanted to see how she would react. It didn't seem fair, somehow, for me to know so much about her when she knew so little of me. I kept waiting for him to bring it up.

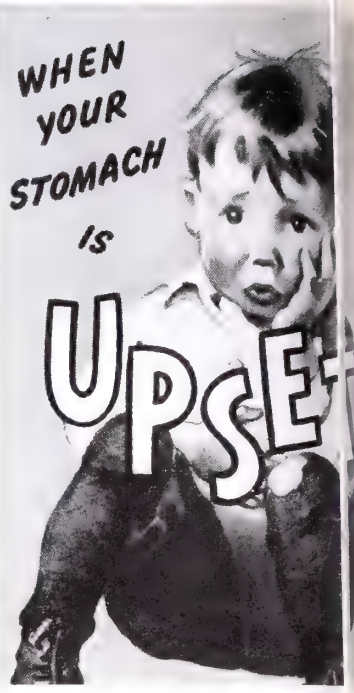
But it was Elizabeth who said, "I heard, Sam, that you—that you were going to be married." And then, turning to me, she said, so shyly, with such grave sweetness and courtesy, "I hope it's you," that my heart jumped up and kicked out my hate for her.

I'd been trying to find fault with her, trying to think her a shallow, immature sort of person who hadn't had the strength to hang onto what she loved. Now I knew that if I had met her under any other circumstances I would have loved and had her as a good friend. In a strange way, I was grieved that I probably never would. Because Elizabeth, I admitted fully, was one of those women you love instinctively for their quickness, their tenderness, their honesty. I couldn't blame Sam for feeling as he did about her and I never will. So for a few minutes I felt generous and noble as we all went through the motions of drinking to our future happiness.

I thought, *Susie, you're a good girl. You've learned a lesson you never had before: how to respect and like a rival.*

But that didn't last long either. I could admire her all I liked. The main fact, the important thing, was that Sam still loved her. I lurched back into my misery and made up my mind to tell Sam our marriage wouldn't work out. I had to have a whole man for my husband, a whole love equal to mine—as strong, as passionate. Certainly not a man in love with another girl.

We said good-by to her finally and both of us watched her walk toward the corner. There she stopped and turned, raising her hand to us as if she were trying to caress us or comfort us.



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Help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● When arm muscles seem to shout with pain after unaccustomed exercise, get busy! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see *tired* muscles are often *famished* muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for your work.

But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed and ready to go. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

-ah! my Absorbine

She's a very good person," I said. "I 't blame you for still loving her so much."

Yes," said Sam, not noticing the last of what I'd said, "she is."

. was night now, and much colder and world was not even an etching for me. It a bad photograph, taken by an amateur, red and out of focus. This was the other of love I knew nothing about, the sterile, oty aching, the jealousy, the seeking for ape. Well, I would escape. I would say d night to Sam and then I would write a letter. Planning what I'd say, as we ked down the block to my apartment, I an thinking hysterically, *The greatest in- ument of torture is the pen. It can twist and ch the heart, cut the spirit and flay the brain.*

'You never got your posy," Sam said ldenly. "I'm sorry. Shall we go back and it?"

'No," I said thinly. "No, Sam. It's too now. We can't go back now. There's no d for it."

He looked at me in concern and cried, usie—you're upset, aren't you, sweetie? n't be. I—you mean a lot to me. Look, sie—there's nothing wrong between us, is re?"

"No," I said. "I'm just tired, Sam. Would u mind very much if we didn't have din- r? I think I'm going to have a headache."

I kept on walking quickly so I wouldn't ow up all over the street. When we got to e apartment door, he took my hands and ssed one of them and said, "I'm sorry, sie. I haven't been very bright. Seeing izabeth like that was a surprise. Please derstand."

"Oh, I understand," I id. "I understand per- ctly. It's just that I el like being alone."

"All right," he said. Sometimes it's a good ing to be alone. But n't be alone too long, ill you? It's—it's not od for people. It's the orst thing that can hap- en to them. Will you call e later?"

"Maybe," I said. "You on't have to worry about me," I told him.

"Will I see you tomorrow?"

"I'll let you know," I said and turned way, keeping my head up high to keep the ears from falling out of my eyes. When I vent into the elevator, I turned and saw im, still standing out on the pavement, ooking down at it.

The apartment was warm and cheerful when I came into it. But I stood in the mid- dle of the living room, shivering, and began crying so hard that I couldn't stand up and sat down on the floor with my hat and coat still on. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. My head felt like a lake of liquid fire with scraps of memories floating in it. Things about Sam. How he held his thumbs tucked under his fingers when he wasn't using his hands. The way his hair grew curly on the back of his head. The way he hummed to himself when he was thinking about something. All the good and pleasant things we'd done together. All the wonderful crazy happiness I had known. And now it was all over, done with.

I THOUGHT of them together. I thought of a lot of very strange things, hurting myself the way a woman does when she feels cheated and has only self-pity left. I kept telling myself no woman could live with a man when she knows he loves someone else. I'd never be content; I was no one to share, to pick up crumbs.

I thought of calling someone up. But I couldn't stand having anyone see me like this. *At least I have that much pride,* I told myself. No one would ever see Susie Nichols like a split shad.

But I couldn't just sit on the floor crying like a baby. I wondered what other women did when they felt like this. Some got drunk, I supposed. Some took a sleeping pill. I remembered an old nurse of mine saying that whenever she got a misery she cleaned the kitchen floor three times. But I didn't want to get drunk or take a pill or clean anything.

I began talking to myself as if I were a child.

"Get up, Susie," I said. "Wash your face like a good girl. Fix yourself some hot milk and take a bath and get in bed. Then you can write him that letter."

So I got up and took off my hat and coat. I went into the bathroom and put my face back in shape. I went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator to get the milk and then I saw the chicken I was going to cook for Sam. And now he wouldn't eat it. I stood there staring at it and wondered what he would eat for his supper. Probably nothing. I knew well enough that when he was upset food didn't matter to him. And he was too thin. Even though he'd put on five pounds since I'd been making him eat regularly, he was too thin.

IT was then I began thinking. Who would make him eat when I wasn't around? Who would make him take his vitamins so he wouldn't get his colds? Who would keep after the cleaning woman who left his studio in a worse mess than when she went into it? Who would check his laundry and see he got all his white shirts back? He used to laugh at me the way I took charge of him and say, "Susie, Susie—what a wife you'll make."

Pinching the chicken's fat little breast that should have been so brown and juicy for Sam, I suddenly found all my jealousy and hurt erased by an aching pity for him. He couldn't eat the chicken, he couldn't have Elizabeth, and he wouldn't have me to take care of him any more. Maybe a woman's mind does work in a silly way, mixing up chickens and lost loves. But it's better to have it work that way than to go off howling.

I thought, *What if he did look at her in a way I'll never know?* He always looked at me with comfort and happiness. He took security and confidence from me. *You're a fool,* I thought. *If you find passion and excitement through him, do you have to insist he find them through you? Elizabeth is his source for all that. Just because you give a lot doesn't mean you have the right to ask for what you want. And because you don't get what you want, do you have to hurt him, spoil things for him a second time? That's probably what Sam meant,* I thought, *when he said it's the things you haven't that make up the score. All right, put them down, the things you don't have. But put down, too, the things you will have. You can hear him talk and help him plan. You can keep his house and care for him. You can hold him at night and bear his children. You can be with him the rest of his life. No matter what you or anybody else feels or thinks or says about passion and longing, what you'll have should be a good enough score for any woman who really loves a man.*

I looked at the clock over the stove. I'd already left him alone and unhappy for one hour and five minutes. I threw the chicken into a pan with some butter. I put on the water for the peas and even put salt into it. Then I ran into the bedroom and, stumbling, fell across the bed and grabbed the telephone. It rang and rang and my palms got wet. I couldn't stand it if he wasn't there. No one should ever hurt someone she loves for five minutes, let alone an hour and five. I was learning the difference between being in love and loving very fast.

Then, suddenly, his receiver clicked and I heard his voice. "Sam," I said. "Oh, Sam—an hour and five minutes is too long, darling. Hurry, hurry, the chicken's browning." I laughed. "It was the chicken, Sam—that made me come to. Will you paint me a picture of a chicken for a wedding present?"

"Susie," he said, "what's the matter with you? Are you all right?"

"Of course I am," I shouted. "For the first time in my life, I'm all right. Hurry up."

THE END

William James said that an educated person knows a good man when he sees one. There are standards and a style for every type of activity: manual, athletic, intellectual or artistic; and the educated man should be one who can tell sound from shoddy work in a field outside his own.

"Do it again, mommie!"

"Please smooth on some more of that silky, golden oil. Makes me feel so good all over!"

Rich, golden Mennen Baby Oil *feels* good to baby . . . *is* good to baby. For Mennen is *antiseptic* . . . gives extra protection against diaper rash, urine scald and many other skin irritations that distress infants. That's why over 3,000 hospitals buy Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil to use on the sensitive skin of newborns, just minutes old!

Use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on your baby's delicate skin after every bath and diaper change. Mennen helps keep baby's skin smooth and healthy . . . and guards against dry, chapped or cracked skin. Less greasy, it won't stain linens or harm fabrics.

Good companion to Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil is the New Mennen Baby Powder. Thousands of mothers who tried it said, "It's *really* new . . . really wonderful!" The New Mennen Baby Powder is whiter, softer, and has a new fresher scent! Dust it on baby's diaper, and smooth it all over baby. It helps keep baby fresh and comfortable. You'll enjoy using it yourself, as an after-bath or shower talc. So get the New Mennen Baby Powder at your favorite store today!

NEW Baby Powder

WHITER color
SOFTER texture
FRESHER scent

Mennen
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Both made better with Knox Gelatine

Make this delicious salad mold with pineapple, fruit cocktail and Knox Gelatine. (Easy as 1-2-3!) Try this *fresh*-strawberry chiffon pie, rich with real fruit flavor. (Pie experts say *nothing* makes so *smooth* and *light* a chiffon filling as Knox Gelatine!) Make them ahead of time, whenever convenient—that's why even the fanciest Knox dishes are easy to serve company...or on extra-busy days. For more Knox recipes, see P. S. below.

KNOX GELATINE

FRUIT COCKTAIL SALAD MOLD

(Serves 6; uses 1 pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup hot fruit-cocktail juice
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup diced green pepper
½ cup diced celery
1½ cups fruit cocktail drained (one no. 2 can)

Soften gelatine in lemon juice. Dissolve in hot fruit-cocktail juice. Add salt; chill. When it starts to thicken, fold in green pepper, celery, and drained fruit cocktail. Pour into square pan that has been rinsed in cold water (or into individual molds). Chill until firm. Cut in squares. Serve with mayonnaise.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9-inch pie; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp
Red vegetable coloring

Soften gelatine in cold water. Cook egg yolks, slightly beaten, ½ cup sugar, lemon juice, and salt, in top of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine; stir until dissolved; add strawberries and coloring. Cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in egg whites stiffly beaten with ¼ cup sugar. Pile in baked pie shell; chill until firm. Just before serving, top with sweetened whipped cream and strawberries, if desired.

Knox Gelatine makes meals easier and more varied...gives you treats with real fruit flavor and vitamins...and adds nutrition to every dish, because Knox is a supplementary protein.

P. S. FREE—write to Mrs. Charles B. Knox, Box (26), Johnstown, N. Y., for her beautifully illustrated recipe book.

QUICK AND EASYS *for two*

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

ON hot summer evenings a simple little meal on a tray, eaten on a porch or in the garden, can be more pleasurable than a several-course dinner at the dining table. You choose different restaurants when you dine out. Why eat all your meals at the same dinner table year in and year out? With a meal on a tray you can dine wherever you wish and change the tune of your daily dining. Not everything in your repertoire is possible for a tray menu. After all, there is just so much space and no more. Choose desserts that wait, foods that carry. Here are some suggestions:

Tray Trio

Eggs Soubise
Wilted Lettuce
Dark Rye Bread
Fresh Pineapple Wedges
Coffee

Make it a three-dish meal when you're planning tray service. This time we'll have individual casseroles for the eggs soubise—as they keep hot and won't take up much room on the tray—and we'll serve the wilted lettuce (or a green salad with French dressing if you prefer) in little wooden salad bowls. The fresh pineapple wedges are easy to eat à la tray and just as easy to prepare. Do this first so pineapple will have time to chill.

FRESH PINEAPPLE WEDGES

With a long sharp knife cut a ripe fresh pineapple in half lengthwise, leaving the top spiny leaves on. Put half the pineapple away for another day. Cut the other half in half again, making 2 wedges. On each wedge there will be a strip of core. Slice that off. Now cut down and around between the fruit and the rind—not too closely, or some of the eyes of the pineapple will remain on the fruit. Take your knife and slice the pineapple, perpendicular to the rind, into thin slivers. Leave in the shell. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and chill. It really takes less time to do than it does to tell you about it.

EGGS SOUBISE

Sauté ½ pound onions, sliced, in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Push onions to one side of pan and blend 2 tablespoons flour into the fat. Add 1½ cups rich milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Season well with salt and pepper. Add 4 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and sliced. Divide mixture into 2 individual casseroles. Sprinkle with cheese and bake in hot oven, 450° F., until brown and bubbly, or put them under low broiler heat for the same results.

WILTED LETTUCE

Garden leaf lettuce tastes best, but unless you have a garden patch you'll have to forgo this treat, as most shops do not sell it. Any lettuce will do. Fry 2 slices bacon crisp. Remove it from pan and crumble it. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar to the drippings. Sprinkle lettuce with 1 small onion, chopped, the crumbled bacon, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper. Heat vinegar and bacon fat good and hot and pour over lettuce. Toss together and serve.

Trowel to Tray

Southern Stuffed Tomato Salad
Celery Hearts
Toasted Corn Muffins
Iced-Coffee Float
Chocolate Wafers

These are busy days in the garden, whether your aim is to grow peas or petunias. Maybe you're just a twilight gardener and try to get a little spade-work in after you get home from the office. In any case, when the time comes to throw down the trowel you're hungry, and it's into the kitchen for you. You're tired and don't feel like fussing with a hot meal. A salad and a cold refreshing drink are what you want. Take your trays to the porch where you can look out over your creative labors and gloat, if you will. The next-door neighbor's garden isn't nearly as far ahead as yours—or is it?

SOUTHERN STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

Peel and scoop out the centers of 2 tomatoes. Blend 1 tablespoon ham spread with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard. Spread this on inside shell of the

★ ★

omatoes. Season ¼ pound cottage cheese with 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper. Slice 2 radishes and add with ¼ cup chopped water cress to the cottage cheese. If the cottage cheese isn't creamy, add a little cream. Fill tomatoes with the cottage-cheese mixture. Serve on a bed of cress or other salad greens.

Instead of a simple pudding or fruit dessert tonight, why not drink your dessert? Pour hot strong coffee over ice cubes. When chilled enough, remove the ice and put a big spoonful of ice cream in each glass. You won't need sugar. Now that the warm months are beginning, you'll find it a good idea to keep one tray of your refrigerator ice compartment filled perpetually with ice cream from the drugstore. Buy a pint or quart at a time, then you'll always have it when you want it. Coffee ice cream is wonderful in iced coffee too. So is chocolate.

Cooked to Order

Wild Rice With Chicken Livers
Peas With Fresh Mint
Rolls
Marinated Tomatoes
Fruit Compote
Demitasse

You have a friend who has a luxurious turn of mind when it comes to food. He's fond of both wild rice and chicken livers. So you evolve a wonderfully good dish that calls for both of them all in one swoop. You plan a simple meal, easy to serve on a tray, ending with his favorite dessert—fruit compote—and invite him to dinner. The livers will cost you only about fifty cents. You'll have your meal on trays in the living room because you haven't a dining room and you think he'll like the novelty. Then, too, there's the coffee table handy.

WILD RICE WITH CHICKEN LIVERS

Cook ¾ cup wild rice in 1 quart boiling salted water until tender. In the meantime, sauté ½ pound chicken livers in ¼ cup butter or margarine with 1 onion, chopped, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram. These two herbs do just the right thing for this dish. Drain the rice in a colander. Add to the chicken livers. Toss together well and serve.

Storm Warning

Quick Corn Chowder
Crusty French Bread
Avocado,
Black Cherry and Pineapple
Salad—Blue Cheese Dressing
Iced Tea

You hurried home tonight. The radio predicted a heavy rainstorm. You planned to stop on your way home for a steak, vegetable, and so on, but you don't feel like having wet feet if you can avoid it. So you decide to have a pickup dinner tonight of what you have in the house. Your shelf produces canned sliced pineapple, cherries, condensed mushroom soup and corn. Of course, you have the breakfast usuals which include the ubiquitous bacon. The salad pan offers an avocado and greens and you keep a jar of French dressing on hand at all times. *Apron-pocket note:* If you don't you should. You'll find it an ace in the hole many a time. You like blue cheese and crackers frequently for midnight snacks, so you have them on hand too. Looking over the situation, you decide you can easily concoct a filling main-dish soup from the table of contents, plus a very good salad. For the salad, slice the avocado and drain 2 slices of pineapple and about 6 canned black cherries apiece. Arrange all three fruits on lettuce and pour over the salads a blue-cheese dressing, which is nothing more or less than your favorite French dressing with blue or Roquefort cheese crumbled into it. The recipe for the soup follows:

QUICK CORN CHOWDER

Snip 2 slices bacon into small pieces and fry. In the fat, sauté 1 onion and ½ green pepper, minced. Add 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup, 1⅓ cups milk and 1 cup cream-style corn (whole-kernel corn will be O.K. if you haven't the cream style, but we think the cream-style corn is better for this whole-meal soup because of its consistency). Heat all together and season with salt and pepper. Serve in chowder bowls. This is a meal on trays, so no tipping, please.

Lazy Supper

Hot Crab on Toast
Scallions and Radishes
Whole Strawberries
Iced Tea

You're going to prepare just one dish tonight. Hot crab on toast is a nomination. Everything else is to be eaten *au naturel*. There's nothing like cold radishes, so crisp they crackle when you bite into them, or tender young green-topped scallions to bring the zest of the garden to your supper tray, even if you haven't a garden. The strawberries, too, you're going to enjoy eating right out loud—washed, of course, but just as they are, without even a whisper of cream or sugar. Leave the stems on for handles. This is the home-grown season for the big strawberry beauties, and if you've ever picked strawberries—dead ripe and warm from the sun—you know how sweet and delicious a warm strawberry can taste. We usually chill strawberries, but if they are good berries to begin with they really taste better at room temperature. And now, here's the recipe for the crab dish:

HOT CRAB ON TOAST

Remove bones from a ½ pound can crab meat—or if you can buy fresh crab meat, so much the better. Combine the picked-over crab meat with 1 cup medium cream sauce. Season with ¼ teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Add a little grated onion and, if you like it, 2 tablespoons finely minced green pepper. Heat up well. Serve on slices of freshly made toast. Another way is to put a slice of toast in each of two shallow shirred-egg dishes. Pour crab mixture over toast. Sprinkle with grated Italian cheese. Run the whole business under the broiler for a few minutes to brown the top.

AH, YESTERDAY...

1902—VIVACIOUS CLARA BLOODGOOD was delighting Broadway with her acting. New Yorkers also spoke admiringly of a certain Irishman and tea merchant, Sir Thomas Lipton.

The lovely Clara was known for her playing of the stage part, "Jinny" Austin. Sir Thomas . . . for his exquisite blend of tea, grown in his own Ceylon gardens—*brisk-flavored Lipton's!*

1947—BARBARA STANWYCK is one of today's top favorites. She is starred in Erich Maria Remarque's "THE OTHER LOVE," an Enterprise Production.

BARBARA SAYS, "What a delightful tea Sir Thomas gave us! So fresh . . . so spirited . . . so different!"

Lipton's pleases you, Barbara, because it's *brisk*. *Brisk* means *richer* flavor—the pleasing result of Lipton's own way of blending as many as *33 different teas*, each chosen for its *special* character.

Of course, there's a delightful difference that makes Lipton's *America's favorite*. Try it.

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Brisk flavor

—never flat

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You're his lovely . . . if you keep your hair shining-neat with plastic Du Pont Combs. Scalp-kind, curl-careful . . . yet strong, strong, strong! Gay colors, so many styles you'll want a complete comb wardrobe. Du Pont quality. 10-50¢ . . . At all good stores.
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TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR ROOM

(Continued from Page 223)

double use and the ever-desirable privacy so hard to manage in the average household.

Remodeling single rooms into apartment-like units solves many living problems. Even with the cost of building materials high, the change can be made without a shocking total. If you can do the work yourself you will be ahead; but in any case, there is no construction in this room beyond the skill of the average handy man who can handle a hammer and saw.

In case you are wondering about the room itself, a plywood room can be built onto any house, upstairs or down. If you already have a room to do over and it is plastered, make the shelves and radiator covers of plywood anyway, and carry out the rest of the scheme along the line of our suggestions. The effect will be practically the same and you will have made use of that which you already have. Radiator covers are loose and can be lifted away from the heating unit. In a rented house, make your shelves free of the wall and just screw them fast, top and bottom or at sides, so you can take them along if you move.

Bookshelves. Use ¼-inch plywood and make simple right-angle construction, just as if you were making a box. Shelves do not need to have backing. If you want backing for color or other reasons, wallboard will do nicely. Make each stack a separate unit so you can move them when you like.

Radiator covers. Use ½-inch plywood with the most simple right-angle joints. These are again boxes with one side and the bottom left out. When constructing them, don't think of fitting the radiators, so much as making agreeable use of the space around them as a disguise. Bring the tops to table or sill height and make them appear a part of the furniture.

The desk. We made the desk out of both fir and pine to show you that mixing wood does not matter; but if you prefer, buy a desk secondhand. You can remove the varnish and stain the wood to match your other furniture. The kind of desk shown is easily made out of an old table. Add shelves at one end and the job is done. The making and fitting of drawers are hard for the amateur and expensive in a custom job, so if you want drawer space, it is better to buy a secondhand desk that already has them. Pick up an old-style chiffonier or a music cabinet and make it into a file to hold stationery, letters and work materials.

The tables. The tables are ¾-inch pine with plywood tops, stained to match the other wood. The end tables are just sawbuck style, as taught in manual training; and if you want the same effect without too much work, get natural-wood luggage racks and fit them with plywood tray tops which you make yourself.

The sofa-bed. Today's hideaway beds open up at the touch of a hand, are fitted with standard-quality mattress and springs, and by day look like any well-styled sofa. Try to place your bed so that you do not have to move furniture before extending it for use.

You can, when you buy your sofa-bed, have a choice of coverings that takes care of any color scheme.

The decoration scheme. When wood is aggressive in color or grain, it is better to use with it a solid color rather than a print. The exception is an all-over print in the wood's own coloring. Yellow, peacock, autumn tones and greens go best with stained or natural woods. If you want your room to have a decorated look, even though you use second-hands or home-styled pieces, use color as a "uniform" in order to have things match rather than contrast. Bits of bright accent color can be introduced in bouquets, pottery and accessories.

Watch your lamps particularly, for the wrong size and style of lamps date a room quickly. The new lamps are larger than ever before, have drum shades with almost straight sides, colored opaque shades. Think in terms of *making* lamps for your room rather than trying to find them already made. In every town there is someone who can fit the base for you.

You can make wonderful lamps for a room of the type photographed out of old stone jars, big pottery vases, oil or chemical bottles, tea canisters and even big square oil cans.

Just to prove it, our own lamps are made of two plain wood boxes with homemade molding top and bottom. The wood was given two coats of black paint and a Chinese tea-canister design was traced on and painted, amateur style. You can buy similar authentic decals in tea-canister designs almost anywhere. Try making your own lamp bases—you will have fun.

Big shades in light colors can be bought in many chain stores for as little as $2.98, and you can paint them yourself. Use regular oil paint, thin enough to be smooth and don't work them over too much. If you know a painter who has a spray gun, take along your sample color and you may induce him to do the job. Spraying gives a velvety finish.

For rugs, use whatever is attractive and available. Hooked rugs are charming. Squares of plain carpet, faced back, look extremely well. Old carpets rewoven are tops for an economy room. An old hooked rug of inadequate size can be made important by edging it with felt, as we did in the photograph.

You can buy really good chairs secondhand. Be sure they are structurally sound, and if their contours are difficult, have them upholstered professionally. The labor cost for simple repair and covering of a club chair is about $35. If lines are straight, you can make slip covers yourself without previous experience, as there are many helpful booklets to show you how.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Sound of Summer

By Louise Darcy

The sound of summer is a quiet sound,
With voices hushed and peacefulness around,
And footsteps walking slowly down the street
With leisure gait because of shimmering heat.
The noise of summer is a muted noise
The pizzicato season warm employs
Before the rush and bustle of the fall,
When playing boys and girls rush by and call.
The sound of summer is a darkened room
Where roses in a crystal rose bowl bloom
And coolness is an indoor pool to keep
The drowsy sleeper bathed in summer sleep,
While pigeons cooing faintly from the eaves
Deepen the lingering spell that summer weaves.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

'on't be a Rubbit!

Don't *scrub* a stained, stale coffee pot with a dishrag! Slick it fresh with a quare metal-fiber Brillo pad!

Be BRILLO wise!

Lickety-split! Brillo whisks your coffee pot sweet and clean. Use Brillo every day for *all* your pots and pans. The special shine ingredient in Brillo soap keeps 'em shiny-bright!

RED box—soap pads

GREEN box—soap & pads

Shines aluminum fast!

have her six bridesmaids carry red rosebuds, but had to settle on poinsettias as a wartime substitute. When the bridesmaids arrived at the church, all six were so loaded with poinsettias they looked like walking bushes, and had to be trimmed down in a hurry. Nan reports proudly that this time Charles' knees didn't shake one bit.

With no time for a honeymoon, the young Stones went right to Columbus and the one-room apartment Charles had already rented, at $45 a month. He was training flight engineers at the air base near town, and got home almost every night for dinner. The first meal Nan fixed was fried chicken. She says, "At the butcher's, I couldn't tell one kind of meat from another, and I hated to sound ignorant, so I asked for chicken." She'd never cooked one before, but it turned out fine.

During that year in Columbus, Nan worked mornings as a volunteer Nurses' Aide, and spent most of her afternoons playing bridge with officers' wives. She explains half apologetically, "Whenever the wife of a major or colonel in Charlie's outfit invited me to play bridge, I thought I'd better accept." The most serious quarrel they ever had came as a result. Nan got home very late from one of the colonel's-lady games and found Charles sitting on the steps locked out and livid-mad. Telling about it now, Nan adds cheerfully, "Of course, he'd already been locked out several times before, and maybe he'd reached the end of his patience." When Charles started to bawl her out, Nan made a haughty exit and went to the little park across the street, where she walked in circles for an hour, thinking, "This is the end. I'll get a divorce." When she got back to the apartment, Charles was sitting there in the dark, still furious. Nan went into the clothes closet and wept. She says it's hard for either of them to apologize, but somehow they came to it. Oddly enough, the thing she seems to admire most in Charles is that "he knows when to be firm with me. If a man were too meek, I'm the kind who would walk all over him."

At the end of 1944, the Stones were transferred to Denver. By then, Charles was a first lieutenant, working on ground maintenance of B-17's. Nan had a secretarial job at the Colorado Woman's College, and with her $35 salary and Charles' pay, they were saving at least $100 a month. The one drawback was that Nan was always tired and touchy by the time she came home to cook dinner, and she and Charles wrangled a lot. She thinks these quarrels were entirely her fault, and says she doesn't understand how wives with full-time office jobs manage to run a house and get meals. Things got much better the last few months of their Denver stay, when the Stones managed to sublet a small house just outside the city, worth every cent of the rent hike from $45 to $65. After two years in tiny makeshift apartments, the house seemed so wonderful that Nan couldn't even feel tired and snappish when she came back to it after work. As Charles' Army-discharge date came closer, they talked a lot about the years-from-now future. Both agreed they didn't want what Nan calls "a glib society life." They thought Denver or some near part of the West would be an ideal place to settle someday. Both decided they wanted three children. Nan remembers that one night Charles said, "By the time our kids go to Sunday school, I hope they'll be taught more about all kinds of religion, and told the reasons behind different faiths and rituals—Presbyterian, Jewish, Quaker, Catholic, any kind. Make the kids understand that even if people worship in different ways, they're all just as good."

Soon after his promotion to captain, in November of 1945, Charles got terminal leave, and the Stones went east to visit their families. In February of 1946, just after his final discharge, Charles started back at Lehigh. He lived at the Chi Psi house, spent his spare time apartment hunting, and his week ends at Rye, where Nan was staying with her parents. Both he and Nan wanted terribly to be settled someplace before the baby came. When Charles phoned her to

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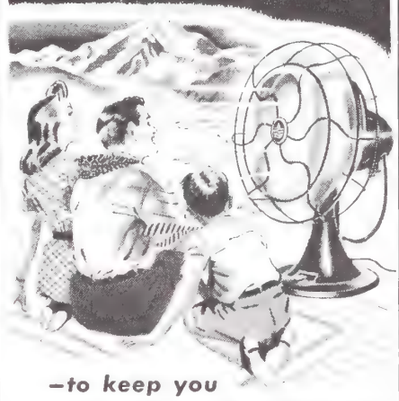

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Flavor-fresh compliments for yesterday's corned beef!

I laughed up my sleeve when persnickety Tim raved about my cooking. He never dreamed he was eating leftovers . . . they were so delicious, flavor-saved with Cut-Rite!

I keep him fooled by wrapping everything in extra-heavy Cut-Rite the minute I clear the table. Those few celery stalks, extra meat, left-over limas don't get a chance to lose their flavor. Cut-Rite protects fresh food goodness, keeps out flavor-robbing air!

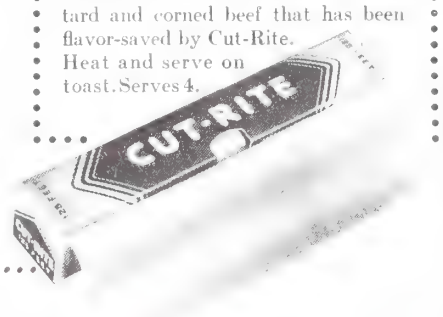
Waxed-through Cut-Rite will send your reputation as a cook sky-high! Try my recipe for Corned Beef Rarebit as a starter. It's easy to be a good Cut-Rite cook!

THE BOX WITH THE FAMOUS CUTTING EDGE . . .

CORNED BEEF RAREBIT
Flavor-saved by Cut-Rite

4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
2 cups milk
1 cup grated American cheddar cheese
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 cup chopped corned beef

Melt butter or margarine; blend in flour, salt and pepper; gradually add milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add cheese; cook until melted. Add mustard and corned beef that has been flavor-saved by Cut-Rite. Heat and serve on toast. Serves 4.



"Cut-Rite" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

To cut cheese or butter smoothly and easily cover the knife with waxed-through Cut-Rite. Makes neat pats, saves dishwashing.

To save dishes, icebox space and keep the grapefruit juicy, wrap extra half in extra-heavy Cut-Rite. **A Scott Paper Product.**

come down on the next train to look at the farmhouse, it seemed their only chance.

They moved into it in July, with their hastily assembled furniture piled on a borrowed truck. A fraternity brother who saw their entry into Bethlehem commented, "You look like the Grapes of Wrath." The house was still a scramble of boxes and barrels when, on August 11, Nan went to the hospital at Portchester, near Rye, to have her baby. The only afterbirth complication is that Nan says indignantly her feet have grown a full size longer since she had Chip, and now she can't wear her best alligator pumps.

Button-nosed Chip was six weeks old when he and his mother came home to the place that still didn't seem like home. Nan says that for the first few hectic days after her return, she kept thinking, "Oh, what's the use?" After that, things began to straighten out. Charles found a good pediatrician in Bethlehem, and the baby thrived. Nan made billowy organdy curtains for the four upstairs rooms, the back bedroom downstairs, and for the little ex-parlor to the right of the large, waste-space hall. If the house ever had the charm that comes from age, the previous owners had carefully removed all traces, by yanking up wide old floor boards, putting in "varnished yaller" hardwood floors and staircase, and covering the lower half of the kitchen walls in imitation black-and-white tiling. Nan wants to yank off the fake tiles and paint the kitchen a deep Dutc blue. Charles is making a long trestle tabl for eating, rubbing the knotty-pine woo with linseed oil.

Even if they had the money to do a drasti remodeling job, there wouldn't be muc sense in it. Charles expects to finish at L high by June of 1948, as does George, an they'll sell the house then. Allowing for thudding drop in real-estate prices, Charl still hopes to get at least $4000, to pay ba the sum he borrowed from his mother to he finance the pu chase. After he a George get their d grees, they'd bo like jobs as consul ant engineers production contr with "Any go medium-sized co pany." Both a making a steady average; their j hopes are hard just wishful thin ing.

And some nig five or ten ye from now, when t G. Stones and t C. Stones get gether, they'll pr ably have a quar of "Do you reme ber?" . . . " you remember the time the mouse got el trocuted under the stove and the transform blew out and we talked Jane into letting get a cat, and then she came tearing dow stairs howling, 'Satan's sleeping on my b with his dirty whiskers'?"

They'll have fun remembering. As for way they feel right now, maybe Char summed it up when he said, "All I can h for Chip is that he'll have as good a life ours. How could he want a better one?"

"I Had Cancer—

and I survived," says Mary Roberts Rinehart, America's best-known woman author and long-term tenant on the best-seller list. That was twelve years ago, and in those years no invalid's fear or shamed withdrawal has slowed her busy life. Her personal message to all of us is one of hope and warning. Read it . . .

as told to Gretta Palmer

HOW AMERICA LIVES
In the July JOURNAL

LETTERS TO JOAN

(Continued from Page 31)

attractive woman to keep herself for the man who is to be her husband and the father of her children, and these are qualities an intelligent man wants in his wife and the mother of his children.

I'll never forget the remark of a quite well-known man I once knew who, though married, was in love with an extremely attractive girl, much younger than himself. He refused to consummate the affair, however, on the ground that she was a virgin, though she was more than willing to make the sacrifice.

He said to me, "I love ——, but I have no intention of breaking up my home. I know that she will want to marry someday, *and a man who is anything will want to feel that he doesn't have to watch his wife all the time.*"

And now what does a girl gain today by ceasing to be a virgin? Experience, first of all. She knows "what it is all about." I am not going to tell you, as some people would, that an appetite for sex would be created which would probably end in promiscuity. I don't think that necessarily follows. But I consider sex experience at best a rather dubious asset for a young, unmarried girl.

Second, a subtle barrier is removed; a girl becomes more attractive to a certain type of man and might be more sought after. You must always remember, however, that the men who would pursue you because you were known to be pregnable will also pursue any other female, not too unattractive, who possesses a similar attraction.

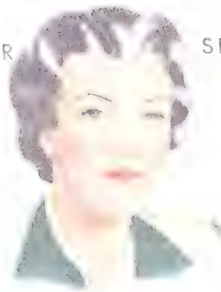
Third, she will no longer be sexually frustrated—and how the wolves you will encounter will worry about you on that score, and long to help you out! Alas, however, wolves are not very dependable, even in matters of this kind, for they are ever off to new hunting grounds. A girl without a man she can really call her own is then faced with the alternative of either becoming promiscuous, which everyone agrees is a tragic thing, or being sexually frustrated all over again.

I honestly cannot think of any more ar ments to justify girls like you in ceasing be virgins, at least as long as you have ho of making good marriages. Perhaps you going to retort that virtuous, fine wom lose their men to designing and none-t spotless characters. That happens. But one case like that I could cite you doz where the opposite has been true.

And now I am going to be personal a sentimental—Joan, you will just have to give me. A couple of months ago, when and I dined at the Brevoort in New Yo you may not have been aware, as I was, t the famous singer at the next table k turning his head to look at you. There w girls and women in the room far m glamorous, sophisticated and strikin dressed, but I knew why you caught his tention, and I was proud to be your moth For you looked just as every right-min person loves to see a young girl look—sw fresh, unspoiled, spiritually immaculate, you'll pardon a slightly florid touch. To m of sensibility there is no more appeal quality. A woman does not lose it if she gi herself in love to a man who loves her. H she doesn't keep it long after she starts t ting around, playing the game of sex a taking the knocks that come in consequen That, believe me, is the reason why parents hope you will keep your virginity men who will love and cherish and want marry you—because we know that pain a disillusionment so often accompany a other course.

Goodness, what a long letter! Long enou without starting on the question of bal without legal fathers, so I'll leave that another time. Do let me have all the b talk, Joan, from the ideas on virginity I have lots more where these came from—r life cases too. Just dare me to trot them o

With all my love,
MOTHER

IN HONOR OF HER  SILVER ANNIVERSARY

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR PRESENTS THIS NATION-WIDE

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Orange Honey Muffins

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5 glorious "Baking Jubilee" recipes! Colorful as a new Parisian chapeau . . . practical as nylons . . . are the 5 streamlined, thoroughly tested Betty Crocker recipes your grocer has for you right now! Hurry . . . get yours . . . while they last!*

BETTY CROCKER

Strawberry Glacé Tarts

Make . . . . . **6 to 8 Cream Pastry Rounds** (*recipe below*)

Cool.

On centers of cooled rounds, leaving about ½-in. of pastry showing at edge, spread . . — **softened cream cheese (using in all about ¼ cup top milk or cream blended with one 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese)**

Over cheese on each tart, place . . . . . — **¼ cup unsweetened strawberries**

Cover with . . . . . — **1 tbsp. softened jelly (beaten with fork)**

Serve on individual dessert plates.

Makes *6 to 8 tarts.*

VARIATIONS: Any sweetened or unsweetened fruit or berries may be used in place of strawberries as a topping . . . peaches, raspberries, etc. If sweetened fruit or berries are used, omit jelly glaze. Other delicious toppings are: lemon, chocolate, banana cream, coconut cream, orange, baked custard (invert individual baked custards over pastry rounds), etc. (When cream or custard toppings are used, omit the cream cheese.)

CREAM PASTRY ROUNDS

Preheat oven to 475° (very hot).

Sift together . . . . . — **1 cup *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour**, ***½ tsp. salt**

Cut in with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture looks like "meal" . . . . . — **3 tbsp. shortening**

Blend in . . . . . — **4 to 5 tbsp. heavy cream or top milk . . . mixing enough to make dough stay together**

Round up into ball and let stand a few minutes to make it easier to roll out. Roll out 1/16 to 1/8-in. thick on lightly floured cloth-covered board. Cut into 4-in. rounds.

Place on ungreased baking sheet. Prick with fork to prevent puffing.

Bake *7 to 8 minutes* (until delicately browned) in *very hot oven* (475°).

Makes *6 to 8 rounds.*

*It using Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of South) omit salt.

CLIP . . . FILE IN LOOSE-LEAF NOTEBOOK

Better Baking's a Breeze with Gold Medal!

Now once again you can bake the easy way . . . the sure way . . . the dependable way . . . with genuine Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour!

Yes, like a trusted and time-proved friend, you know you can *depend* on Gold Medal! Depend on it for the same excellent results that have made it famous through three generations. That have made it America's Favorite Flour by nearly 2 to 1.

Just wait till you see how white, how *unbelievably fine-textured* this superior "all-purpose" flour is! Because we actually sift it through *layers of silk* . . . the final silk cloth being *so fine* that every square inch has over 12,000 openings.

Use genuine Gold Medal in *all* your baking. With new, easier Betty Crocker recipes in every sack, it's your simplest, surest way to blue-ribbon bakings.

* If your grocer's all out of [illegible] Crocker, Dept. "70, [illegible]

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Are you in the know?

How would you refuse a date?

- ☐ *Brush him off*
- ☐ *Invent an excuse*
- ☐ *Say you'll be busy*

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed. Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going —*comfortably*— with Kotex, and the lasting softness Kotex gives you. It's softness that stays faithfully yours — for Kotex is the sanitary napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So date away, *any* day, in comfort!

Does this make sense on certain days?

- ☐ *Yes*
- ☐ *No*
- ☐ *Could be*

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, *but* —"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

Can Tiny Tess look taller if she—

- ☐ *Makes like a zebra*
- ☐ *Wears vertical lines*
- ☐ *Prefers peplums*

Tired of being "a cute trick"? Wee widgets who'd like to come up in the world should wear clothes that add height. Stripes are smart, but shy away from the zebra type (shown here). Vertical lines make you look taller. Don't give a second thought to the "lines" that plague you on problem days. Choose Kotex . . . for those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex *prevent* revealing outlines. And remember, only Kotex comes in *3 sizes* for different girls, different days!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

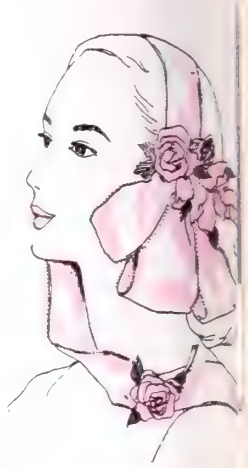
A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

BEING A BRIDESMAID..

goes to your head

Being a bridesmaid can be fun or a problem, depending on how clever you are—especially when it's something to wear on your head. Here are five of the endless possibilities of ribbons, flowers and lace—all easy to make, captivating to wear.

★ BY NORA O'LEARY



2½ yards of picoted ribbon a tached to a plastic headban Three loops and moss roses at or end—other over shoulde

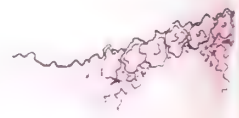
DRAWINGS BY DREW JAMISON

1 yard of 8-inch starched white lace, just pinned under the hair in back, makes a nunlike headdress. Half yard extra for mitts.

3 yards of old-fashioned striped ribbon makes eight bows with rosebud centers. Attach with bobby pins in horseshoe cluster.

Four bunches of artificial lilacs make a beguiling fan of solid blossoms. Arrange on buckram or fan base. Satin ribbon bow.

½ yard of pastel lace makes an enchanting hood. Cut out flowers from extra lace, to make the border effect, to frame your face!



YOUR SHOES RE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

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Socially, and in business, your appearance extremely important. You'll find it pays to se SHINOLA. Shinola's combination of oily axes helps hold in and replenish the normal ils in leather—helps maintain flexibility. hat means longer wear.

SUMMERTIME is SHINOLA WHITE time. lade of the whitest white pigment available, HINOLA WHITE helps keep summer shoes eally white and new-looking. This liquid hoe cleaner is a real favorite—it's so easy o put on—yet hard to rub off.

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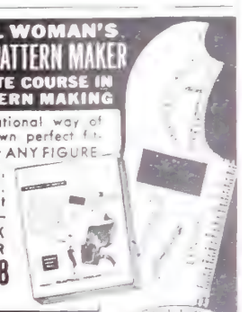

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ANGELA WAS EIGHTEEN

(Continued from Page 17)

He hadn't said. He was so casual about things like that.

Resolutely she put this fear from her. It was just too gruesome to contemplate.

Back in front of her dressing table, she ran her comb through waves of honey-colored hair. That last permanent had been super. And she was quite pleased with the way her eyes shone. Not even her mother could say they looked tired today.

She slipped into an old pink cotton from last year, and ran downstairs, ready to work.

"Happy birthday, dear!"

Her mother was *sweet*, Angela thought impulsively, and resolved determinedly that she wouldn't allow herself to be annoyed by a single thing her mother did or said all day—no matter what.

She had difficulty holding on to this resolution an hour later, when her mother kept pressing her as to whether Bill would be there for lunch. She didn't *know!* Heavens! She wished she did. It made her quite nervous not to know. Couldn't her mother see this?

And not satisfied with merely wondering about lunch, her mother now began implying that there was something lacking in a person who wasn't specific about time of arrival, and so forth.

Parents were so *critical* of dates. It was terribly upsetting, when you needed so to be

> The best work for any man is that which calls forth the best that is in him. To do good work, for the love of it, is to be in tune with the Spirit of the World-Builder who has strewn infinity with grandeur. You do not have to preach honesty to a man who is in love with his work. Let a man throw all the energies of his soul into the making or doing of something, and a kind of divine instinct will take care of his honesty. Such a worker will not slight his task or adulterate his product; not because others say he shouldn't, but because his own passion and pride will not let him.
>
> —ANON.

sure. They were so illogical, always filling you with doubts and fears, and then wondering why you weren't more sure of yourself, "with all your advantages."

Like the time when she had been in despair about ever getting married, with nobody but the silliest, most juvenile boys around; and then when she had found Russell, with his brilliant, mature mind, and had begun to think thrillingly that perhaps he was *the one*, and then her mother saying in that casual, speculative way, "My, but he's round-shouldered."

As though you could think of anything else for a long time. How could parents slap down your sense of security that way? Didn't they realize what it did to your marks at school? How could you care about such things as math and French, when you were so desperately unhappy and anxious about everything that really mattered in life? After all, you had to have some idea where you were going in life, to give some point to the math and the French.

To quiet her mother now, she said that she was sure there would be a letter from Bill in the morning mail, saying when he would come.

But she wasn't sure! Not at all! She wished desperately she were back at college, where the girls would understand. Bill's type were never particular about little things, like meeting you at stations, and being specific about times of meeting, or anything like that. They just couldn't be, with so much on their minds. In fact, the girls all agreed that that strong, masculine type believed in "treating girls rough." You

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had to expect it—but they were so darling, you didn't mind.

Very few parents understood this, but all the girls did. You just couldn't pin that important type down too much. She never said this to her mother, because she knew her mother would just flare up and say, "Then I'd let him go." Or some such preposterously silly thing as that.

She had written Bill three times, asking him to be sure to let her know what time he would arrive, so they could meet him at the station (at least that made a good excuse to make him name a time); and each time she had enclosed a timetable, but with no results.

There were times—and this was one of them, right now, as she polished silver—when she wished that Bill had just the tiniest bit of Russell's preciseness about meetings; not to the split second, of course, the way Russell was so fussy, but anyhow within the hour.

But at least she was much older and wiser about such things than she had been a year ago. Heavens, it seemed many years ago when she had been so naïve as to think you could have everything in one man. You just couldn't!

Take the matter of letters, for instance. Russell's letters had been masterpieces. His letters at school last fall would always be an exquisite memory. Each one had been a poem, breathing passion and tenderness. The girls had been crazy about them. Whereas Bill's letters were mostly of athletic events. All very thrilling, but she always skimmed through on the first reading, the way you did on reading tests for speed, her eyes peeled for the important parts. Sometimes he could read to the girls.

Here her mother's voice broke in goodnaturedly. "For heaven's sake, child, you've been polishing that same piece for ten minutes."

Angela laughed and seized another candlestick, bringing herself back firmly to the moment; because, after all, she wouldn't go back to that time of Russell's letters, for that would mean going back to Russell—no, not for anything in the world!

She still thought poetry important. And at least Bill didn't poke fun at it the way Harold did. He just didn't know about it.

Sometime after they were married, on winter's evening, they would sit by a dream fire in their modernistic living room (she h seen just the right furniture in Pollit's wi dow) and she would take up a book of poetr very masculine poetry, and read some alou and he couldn't help but come under i spell.

Just then she heard her mother's footste approaching, and she quickly seized anoth candlestick, but did not interrupt h thoughts.

Something told her not to try the poet on Bill until after they were safely marrie and that wouldn't be for some time. H would have to finish college and get a job.

But she didn't mind waiting. In fact, sh had moments of anxious wondering if an thing in marriage could be as exciting as th breathless high moment each day when th mail was due. The sharp plunge to th depths when there was no letter, but soo dispelled, because already it was time to loo forward to the high moment of the next da That utterly blissful feeling when the fami iar writing fairly jumped at you from out all the inconsequential mail received eac day by your parents.

Her mother's attitude toward mail d pressed her. She couldn't bear to think sh would ever be like that. And yet she sup posed marriage could do that to you. Wh her mother would let hours go by, after ma time, without even bothering to look in th mailbox. How horrible not to care abou *letters!*

Just then the postman's whistle made he start nervously. She ran to the door an seized the mail, riffling through it with tren bling fingers. She couldn't say she was ex actly disappointed to find no letter from Bil because she hadn't really expected it. It wa just her mother who had made her even sa that one might come.

Her mother hung anxiously over the bar ister now. "Well is it there?"

"No!" Angela's voice rose. "But don say a word not one word."

It was some relief that her mother turned and went upstairs, but her very back wa eloquent.

Angela darted back to the silver an seized the coffeepot, as the largest article sh

"Know what this thing needs? A good scrubbing!"

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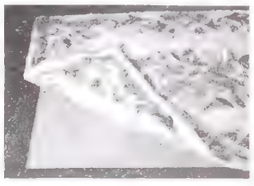

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could attack. A large tear fell on the *M*, the middle letter of her mother's monogram, and she brushed it angrily away.

How could her mother be so concerned about a silly little lunch when the horrible fear was growing in her that he might not get there for the buffet supper? She wished violently that she had not planned the supper, because then it wouldn't have made any difference what time Bill came. Well, all she knew now was that if he didn't come soon, or telephone, or something, she would be positively haggard by the time he arrived, her mother making such an issue of the whole thing, and all.

Luchtime came and went. Her mother didn't cook the mock-chicken business she'd mixed up, but finally they sat down in the breakfast nook with sandwiches and milk.

Her mother chatted foolishly about whether to plant zinnias or asters in that back flower bed. And as though she actually cared! But at least Angela was grateful that she stayed off *the* subject; and then suddenly, well—she guessed her mother just couldn't help being the way she was—she said the worst possible thing. And in that casual, speculative way Angela dreaded:

"Darling, I was just wondering—does Bill know it's your birthday?"

"Of course!" Angela said violently. She jumped up from the table and said abruptly, "What do you want me to do next?"

"Well, the good dessert plates should be washed," her mother said. "They get so grimy when they're not used. And I want to start the ham now."

Angela climbed on the kitchen stool and took down the dishes from the top pantry shelf, and started washing them.

How ghastly! For her mother to have said that. That was one thing she hadn't thought of. True, Bill wasn't the type to inquire about birthdays, the way Russell had, without a bit of prompting. But she had taken care of that.

Some time ago she had just told him when her birthday was. You had to with that type. And Bill had taken out a little notebook, and written in the date, April 17, saying, "I mustn't forget that."

When she had invited him for today, she had underscored April 17, just to remind him.

And he had written saying sure he would come and signed it with "Until the Big Day, all love, Bill."

Surely that was what he meant. Or did he?

FOR one awful moment she wished that it were Russell the day had been planned around, and not Bill. His very obviousness about everything, which had gotten boring, looked now pretty awfully desirable, in the face of this gnawing uncertainty. But of course she didn't mean that.

She had only to conjure up that dreadful picture of Russell on the ski week end in the Christmas holidays. His strained, white face as he had mulishly refused to put on "the things," as he called them. The way he had looked so *scared* right there before all the girls! She had never been so mortified. And everybody else skiing happily all day in couples. All that dreadful day she had struggled so to hang on to the illusion of love because it would be so ghastly not to be in love, not to have anybody.

As though there were such a thing as mental telepathy, her mother appeared in the doorway, and in that voice so falsely casual said, "I was just wondering; whatever happened between you and Russell?"

"Oh—several things." Angela was cautious. "You know that ski week end. Well—he accepted, all agog, and then, up there, I found he'd never been on skis."

Her mother laughed and said, "But I wouldn't think, just because a boy couldn't ski —— He was so lovely to you!"

"Well—there were other things." Angela stopped.

She couldn't tell her mother about that evening when they had followed the crowd to the hotel to dance, and the headwaiter had quite unmistakably looked Russell over, then said, "Sorry, all tables reserved." And Russell had turned meekly away and led her

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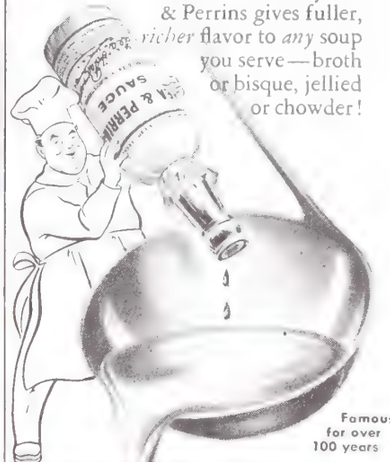

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to a small room where the tantalizing strains of the orchestra had been barely audible. That had been the end! Possible, a man who couldn't ski, but never a man who quailed visibly before headwaiters. That was terribly important. All the girls thought so, but parents didn't understand things like that.

Anyway, what was all this talk about Russell, when she had Bill now? Her mother wasn't trying to make hateful comparisons—or was she?

Of course she was! Angela swung her mind violently to the picture of Bill. She deliberately lived over the proud moments of the Sports Carnival, and so recovered her happy sense of anticipation.

Now that her mother was no longer pressing about the lunch, and with three whole hours before the supper, any minute of which Bill might arrive, her spirits once more soared.

At that moment, Harold came banging into the house from baseball practice, and when he saw her in the same old dress, arranging flowers, he shrilled, "What's the matter? Hasn't that guy come yet?"

It was a very discordant note, just when she had succeeded in getting back her cheerfulness.

It made her look at the clock, which she had determined not to do. It was after four. She began calculating. The trains ran only once an hour on Saturday afternoons. They arrived on the hour. This meant there were only two trains now that he could be on, if he were to get here for the supper at seven.

That horrid little fear clutched at her again, but she struck it down. She wouldn't be able to meet the six-o'clock, what with dressing, and the last-minute preparations and all. The five-o'clock was the only one she could meet.

She turned to her mother. "I'm going to meet the five-o'clock. I'm sure he'll be on it," she said firmly.

And just saying it that way made her suddenly sure. Of course! She could see his grinning face emerging from the train now, and she would forget to scold him for not letting her know. And everything would be so wonderful and she would be so proud tonight.

Her mother said, "O.K., everything's coming fine. We have plenty of time."

Even with all she had on her mind, she reflected for a moment on why her mother always said things like that so calmly, a few hours before a party, when the last hour was always such chaos, with her mother going completely to pieces. She always got so excited and it was so unnecessary and foolish, because everything was always all right and everything did always get done on time, but her mother was like that. She supposed she couldn't help it.

She didn't feel guilty running out now, because she'd be back by the crucial hour and could pitch in, and even Bill could be pressed into service. She ran upstairs and put on her blue gabardine suit, and on her way through the hall seized a bright flower from a bowl, and fastened it in her hair.

The five-o'clock pulled in, and let off a few stragglers, and Angela scanned each one with desperate hope, but Bill was not among them. She watched the heartless train pull out and go on its uncaring way. For five minutes she sat very still. A nightmarish thought had so turned her stomach upside down that she thought she was going to be sick.

Suppose he didn't come at all! She remembered now that some girl had told her she had seen Bill at a dance with another girl—and pretty attentive. She had asked him about it, and he had laughed it off—said it was a girl from home, visiting her brother there. He'd known her all his life. And it was after that he had written that for the first time in his life he couldn't pass a jeweler's window without stopping to look at diamonds. So she had completely dismissed it. But now—she wondered. Just being a girl from home didn't mean she couldn't mean anything to him.

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oose this was the end! She couldn't She couldn't go back to that Horror eliness she had known after she had let l go. The blackness of this thought tely swallowed up for the moment the ratively minor tragedy of this one g.

t awful fear that she might never meet ght man—never get married! There mply nobody else she could even think ng in love with. All the boys she knew o unromantic—so ghastly drab.

just can't go home!" she said aloud. lt she couldn't face her mother, re- ering the complete lack of understand- st winter about Russell. Her mother her she was young. Why, she was teen—horrors, no! Eighteen now! all the girls were getting engaged or ed. Look at Milly West.

mother might even say again how d it was for her to be so cross and un- y when she had everything. Every- ! What did any of it amount to if she never to be mar-

How could any- ave so little un- anding?

ruptly she took elf sternly in . She mustn't this way. She n't let herself go this. It was ri- ous. Just because dn't come on the -o'clock. There still the six- ck! She started ngine with a vio- jerk and drove e pretty reck- y.

s she opened the t door, she could the pans bang- around in the chen and her ther's hurrying steps. The battle on!

he hurried up- rs and into a dress too old—in case came at six—and ried down into the chen. She was teful to her mother not asking about ll. Indeed, her ther looked past ring. She looked rried and desperate she tried to do three ngs at once.

And Angela ought hysterically, *l this work and ten- n—and all for what? But I mustn't think that. Bill will be here at six. But he mustn't e mother like this. With the perspiration nning down her face, and her hair at all gles. Oh, dear—why did we ever plan this rrible party?*

HE was glad to pitch in and do things ith her hands. You couldn't think quite so uch.

If he didn't come on the six-o'clock, Angela new suddenly she would lose her mind. omething inside her would snap, like those orrible cases you read about in psychology lass.

At this moment the telephone rang harply. Angela flew to it, her trembling ingers seizing the instrument.

"Hello!"

The voice of the operator on the other end—then a pause.

"It's long distance"—her voice rose—'it's Bill!"

The relief was so intense, she could scarcely control her voice. Obviously he wouldn't be in time for the supper. He'd probably been held up somewhere. But he would be coming. It wasn't the end! She didn't care about anything else. She didn't even mind her mother and Harold standing so tense and practically on top of her, straining to hear.

Then the dear, familiar voice. "Angela!" And the so unnecessary, "This is Bill." So close were her mother and Harold that they could hear him say, "Gosh, I'm sorry, but I can't make it tonight. Some other time."

"But, Bill"—Angela's voice was a thin squeak—"today is—oh, don't you remember?"

"Remember what?" Bill's voice was cheerful.

"Never mind," Angela managed. "Good by."

So it was the end! The end of everything! The end of her world! Angela turned blindly to the wall, burying her head in her arms, and burst into a storm of uncontrollable weeping.

HER mother came and gathered her into her arms and held her close for several minutes without speaking. Then she said quietly, "You'll have to stop now, Angela. It's time to get dressed. You have to go on with the party, you know."

"I can't! I simply can't! I can't!"

"Darling, we have to do lots of things in his life that we simply can't. This is one of them."

She *did* understand. A wave of fierce love for her mother swept over her. She wasn't trying to make light of it. She was just telling her what Angela knew in her heart. She would have to go on. Even in the midst of this tragedy—and surely nothing in her whole life could ever be worse than this Angela remembered those lines about "the show must go on." She stopped crying and tried to force her mind to practical considerations.

"But I simply can't go to the dance without a partner."

Harold slipped quickly into the next room.

Her mother said faintly, "You wouldn't—you wouldn't want to call Russell?"

Russell! Suddenly Angela felt that Russell had the most desirable quality that any man could possibly have. *Dependability!* And had he not said, that last time, rather pitifully, "I will wait for you. Any time, no matter when, that you ever want me back, I'll be waiting. Just call me!"?

Angela picked up the receiver and put in the call. Russell lived only ten miles away. If he hurried, he could be there even for the supper.

His mother answered and rather coldly, Angela thought, said that Russell was in the Army now, and was stationed out in California. That was that!

"You'll just have to take Harold," her mother said firmly.

"Not Harold," Angela wailed. Why, the girls had practically wheeled him in his perambulator. "I can't. Everybody'd die!" But even as she said it, she knew there was no other answer.

The supper went off better than she could possibly have hoped. There were no raised eyebrows or sly questions. She had said simply that at the last minute Bill couldn't come. And the girls, seeing her eyes, had known instantly, and rallied to her support They were sweet! After all, it was wonderful having such loyal friends. And the boys,

Recapitulation

BY PATRICIA MCDONALD

Having tonight discussed all
manner of
Matters: the Chinese civil war, the
short
Market for meats and cars, the
very taut
Labor front, the price of clothes,
the love
One of the foursome has of late
encountered;
And, unavoidably, some baby's
latest
Triumph: pabulum, or prunes—of
greatest
Moment all, of course. And
having foundered
Through several hands of bridge
so overbidden
As to approach the tragic; having
had
Three tall iced beverages; having,
briefly, ridden
The beast of boredom all the night;
how glad
To bed me down, and to forget
such chatter
In thoughts of you—a so much
nicer matter.

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understanding, closed in, too, to make her feel important and admired.

Her heart was broken, but it was all warming.

At two A.M., Angela's mother took two more aspirins, but knew they would do no good, until at least Angela was at home and in bed. Then she would go into her room and put her arms around her and, now that it was all over, let her give way to the tears she had so bravely held back all evening. The country-club dances were always over at one-thirty, so they should be home any minute now.

Sure enough, she heard the car just then. She heard Angela's feet come running up the steps, and the front door open. Then her feet on the stairs, and—surely she was dreaming, for Angela was singing, lightly, happily, as she came upstairs.

At her mother's door, Angela paused d whispered, "Awake?" She thought heard her mother answer, so she went in burst out, "Oh, mother, you'd never g I had the most marvelous time! I met a shipman and he's invited me down to An olis for June Week—and the *Ring D* It's something I've always dreamed a all my life—all the girls do—and l simply terrific—he's on the football *and* he writes the most marvelous po He's even *sold* some. He just has e thing."

Her mother turned her head away moaned, "I can't stand it."

Angela stared, then realized. How si her; here she'd been ranting on, and mother was still asleep and obviously dr ing about that awful supper so long Angela tiptoed softly from the room.

THE

Other views and prices of Vogue Patterns on pages 66 and 6

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by m postage prepaid, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; Canada from 21 Dundas Square, Toronto, Ontario.

Vogue Design No. 6088. Bridal dress, sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 5775. One-piece dress, sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 75c.

Vogue Design No. 6081. Beach accessories, one size (12 to 16). 50c.

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6088 5775

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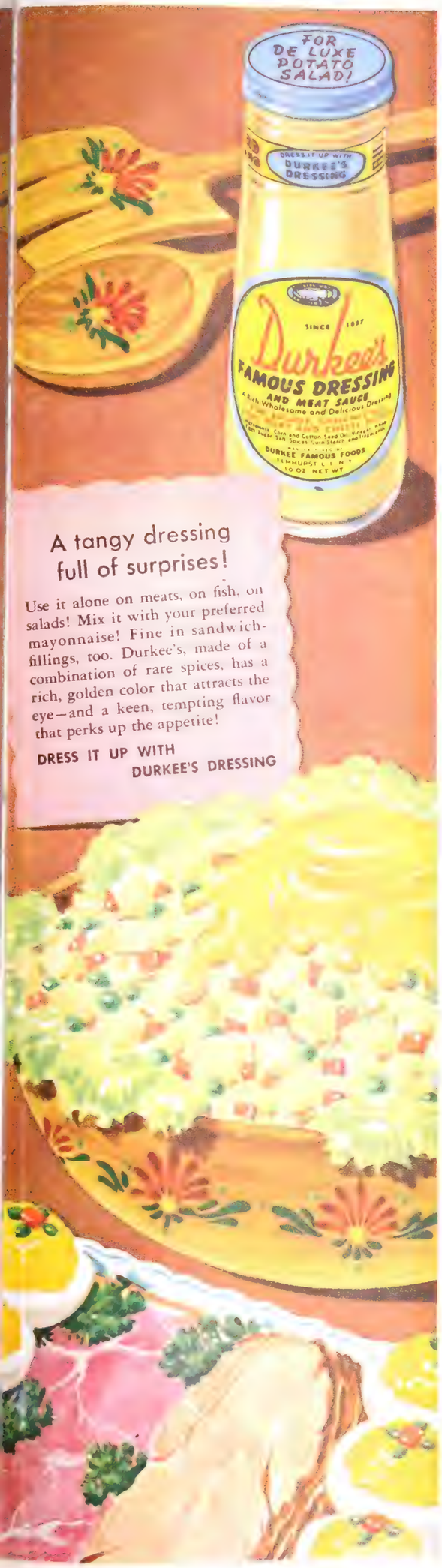

FOR DE LUXE POTATO SALAD!
DRESS IT UP WITH DURKEE'S DRESSING
SINCE 1887
Durkee's
FAMOUS DRESSING
AND MEAT SAUCE
A Rich Wholesome and Delicious Dressing
DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS
ELMHURST, L. I., N. Y.
10 OZ NET WT
A tangy dressing full of surprises!
Use it alone on meats, on fish, on salads! Mix it with your preferred mayonnaise! Fine in sandwich-fillings, too. Durkee's, made of a combination of rare spices, has a rich, golden color that attracts the eye—and a keen, tempting flavor that perks up the appetite!
DRESS IT UP WITH DURKEE'S DRESSING

BETTER MEALS —AND HOW!

by *Virginia Coates*

Good for summer eating—a plate of light golden-brown, hot biscuits . . . specially good and specially tasty when you use margarine in your favorite recipe. Just add a little extra if you like a rich dough. Then for that delicate golden crust, brush your biscuits lightly with melted margarine before popping them into the oven.

• • •

A wonderful spread for your hot biscuits is plenty of rich, country-fresh, Durkee's Margarine. No need to count pennies here—it's economical and nutritious with its standard 15,000 units of Vitamin A and so delicious!

• • •

Looking for a de luxe potato salad? Whether you're planning that Sunday picnic, or dining at home, here's a recipe you'll enjoy. It's all in the seasoning you use . . . Durkee's Dressing with its secret blend of rare spices and that scant ½ teaspoon of Durkee's Celery Seed—a choice combination for a flavorful potato salad.

Potato Salad

6 large potatoes
6 tsp. Durkee's Dressing
2 dill pickles, finely chopped
1 tsp. Durkee's Celery Seed
6 tsp. mayonnaise
2 stalks celery, diced
2 large apples, diced (optional)
3 tbsp. vinegar

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water until tender. While still warm, dice. Blend mayonnaise with Durkee's Dressing and mix with warm potatoes. Chill well and add rest of ingredients. Blend thoroughly. Serves 6 or 8. Leftover carrots and peas make an attractive garnish on the potato salad.

• • •

Add color to your summer meal with a platter of sliced, cold chicken, ham and a deviled egg garnish. Add flavor and pep with a bottle of Durkee's Dressing. It's spicy and mellow—just right to "pick up" the flavor of cold meat and, when used in deviled eggs, turns 'em into a chef's dish.

• • •

For a distinctive flavor in your summer salads, use Durkee's Celery Seed. It's a little touch that gives

a "lift" to any salad, raw or cooked, and it's a little touch that accentuates the flavor of other ingredients.

• • •

Write for lots of other interesting recipes to Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

A delicious margarine full of vitamins!
Durkee's is as mild and sweet and fresh as a spring dawn. Pure, nutritious vegetable oils are churned with fresh, pasteurized skim milk—and every delicate-tasting pound is enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A! Durkee's Margarine is thrifty, too.
SO MILD . . . SO SWEET . . .
SO COUNTRY-FRESH IN FLAVOR
Durkee's
VEGETABLE OLEOMARGARINE
(MARGARINE)
ENRICHED WITH 15,000 UNITS VITAMIN A
DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS
© The Gliddon Company

"There's one thing I'll say for Fran—"

The truth is, Mrs. Charles Nulton of Rochester, New York, said a *lot* of things (nice things!) about her hostess.

The other guests began it.

"She's wonderful!" "Her home is lovely...such intangible charm..

That's where Mrs. Nulton interrupted. And here, quoted from her letter to us, is exactly what she said:

"Charm, yes, darlings...but not at all 'intangible.' Just feel these sheets, for instance...Pequots, of course!"

Whereupon the gals got a fine spontaneous lecture on Pequots... their firm, close-woven texture... their soft, linen-like look... their *super*-smoothness. Says Mrs. Nulton:

"The thing about Fran, I pointed out, is that she has fastidious taste and good sense, too. I'm a long-time Pequot user myself, and you may quote me any time, that for luxury-on-a-budget, Pequots simply can't be beat!"

So we're quoting Mrs. Nulton, with pride, as we've quoted dozens of other happy housewives who have praised the *very tangible charms* of smooth, muslin Pequot Sheets.

You, too, will like Pequots' snowy whiteness, the way they wear and wear. Their double-tape selvages, and their handy projecting size tabs. When you need sheets, get Pequots—so luxurious-looking, so practical, they're *America's most popular sheets!*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Pronounced "PEE AM QT"

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking
so long-wearing

REPORT

To the Housewife

BY JUDY BARRY

PROUD BEAUTIES

Our new Workshop families of matched cooking pans in various sizes are really beauties, and we're proud of them. We have one set in shining aluminum, another in stainless steel, still another with copper bottoms. All of them have straight sides and flat bottoms, for good heat distribution, and a gently curved union between bottom and sides, which makes them easy to clean. Each member of the family, be it saucepan, skillet or roaster, has its own tight-fitting cover. (That shortens cooking time, saves fuel, prevents steam's escaping.) Covers are dome-shaped, to increase the pans' capacity, help make them self-basting. They're lightweight, yet strong enough to bear up undented under the normal amount of bumping and dropping. Handles are heat-resistant, and some have rings so pans may be hung where they're easy to reach. How thrilled any June bride would be with such an ensemble for the cupboards of her brand-new kitchen! This year's brides are lucky, for once again there are excellent irons, toasters, and such, and many new versions of classic kitchen equipment, the kind of gifts that any prospective housewife loves to receive.

•

PROTECTIVE PAILS

Give the old familiar galvanized pail a new insulated plastic overcoat, and it takes a new and useful lease on life! This covering, designed to fit the standard 10-quart pail, converts it by means of an inch-deep glass-fiber insulation into an excellent tote bucket for frozen foods, ice cubes, milk or cold drinks on their way to a picnic. Another version of the pail protector is designed to be used inside the pail. Either way, it keeps contents cool for hours, provides an extra cubic foot of temporary food-storage space in your kitchen.

THE BANDBOX LOOK

To help keep you spick-and-sp there's now a nice little kit, complete compact, containing 6 numbered bot with removers for every conceivable k of spot and stain, together with a h ful booklet directing which bottle to for what, and how to attack everyth from grass stains to peach juice.

•

WOOD THAT TURNS CORNERS

Flexible sheets of plywood, co posed of 1″ squares bonded t husky fabric backing, make int esting wall or screen covering, fur ture trimming or accessories. T surface is excellent for painting, a gives an unusual textured effect.

•

New (amazing that someone has thought of it before!): a pla electrical plug with a built-in fin grip, two loops that fit your fing Designed to help take the struggle o of plug removal!

•

"FRIED HALOS"

We've been having the time of lives in the Workshop this past w making mountains of mouth-water doughnuts in record time, without r ing, flouring or cutting! The sec We have a new gadget that elimin the need for all that. Actually, shouldn't call it a gadget; it's an effici and useful piece of kitchen equipm into which you pour batter, squeeze handle, and presto, into the hot pops a perfectly shaped "fried hal (Fred Allen said it!) You may make batter at night, fill the gun, put it i the refrigerator overnight, ready to sh out hot doughnuts for breakfast in twinkling. Designed to be used u a packaged doughnut mix, it wo equally well with your own pet dou nut recipe.

BLACK WASHABLES

Summer in New York means thin black or navy, washable if possible, as it does in most large cities. Not for us, alas, the whites and pastels of resorts. Heretofore our black batistes, our navy piqués that looked so smart and crisp when we bought them in May, often seemed gray with age by midsummer, for they were always a great laundry problem. No matter how carefully they were done, they seemed to collect a white powdery substance that showed up badly when they were dried and ironed. This summer, however, every girl in the Workshop is joyous, because we feel we've licked the "lint on black" problem. Detergents, the soapless kind, did it. We have found that when black washables are laundered with a good soapless detergent, no traces of that soapy film are left to dull and gray the fabric. We've washed our dresses by hand and in the machine, had the same good luck with both methods. Read the directions on the detergent you use carefully; some are recommended for cottons, some especially for rayons. These latter are the thing for your black underwear. You must still be careful to use a fine-grain starch, however, if your dark dress needs starching.

•

DUCK'S BACK

Speaking of summertime laundering, do you know about the home treatment for making washable clothes stain-resistant and waterproof? Technically, this new product is a stable wax emulsion, to be added to the very last rinse water. It may be used with or without starch. We've found it especially good for children's clothes, for our aprons and shower curtains. It makes such clothes easier to launder because dirt and stains remain on the surface, don't get ground down into the fabric.

•

STOCKING "MIXER"

Perhaps you already have one of the handy little 1 or 2 cup mixers, in which you shake up gravy or salad dressing or milk shakes to blended smoothness. Along comes a big sister to that now, designed for washing stockings, gloves, hankies or white collar and cuffs. It looks almost like a cocktail shaker, except that it's made in colorful plastics. A pinch of soap flakes, water, your stockings, the cover screwed on tightly, a good shaking to swirl the suds through—that's the way it works. Good for white-collar-girls' nightly laundry.

•

This year, you may deal out sudden death to garden bugs and blight on a large scale, with a new yard-long dust gun that takes 2 full pounds at a time of a new multipurpose insecticide, said to be effective against 27 common insects and plant diseases.

IF THE POWER FAILS

If lightning strikes, or a tree falls down in a windstorm, and your freezer is suddenly without electric power, here's what to do—or rather, what not to do. *Don't* open your freezer; opening it will let in warm air, which will hasten thawing. Freezers well filled with food will stay cold longer than those with sparse contents; and under usual conditions, the power will stay off only a few hours. However, if you think it's likely to remain off more than 24 hours, it may be a good idea to put in dry ice, which you can get from ice-cream-manufacturing plants. One community kept the food in its freezers solidly frozen for 36 hours, during a power shutoff there, by simply putting the freezers "to bed": snuggling them in quantities of blankets without opening them. . . . A freezer alarm, to warn you if the power does go off when you're not looking, is certainly a good investment.

•

SUMMER FIRE

It's pleasant to dine by candlelight, of course, especially in the summer dusk, but do be sure that evening's breezes, springing up suddenly, can't blow your sheer curtains near the candle flames—or, for that matter, over ash trays. Keep a constant check on lamp and appliance cords, watching for wear or breaks. Many people who worry about fire hazards in wintertime somehow relax their efforts in the summer, and they shouldn't. A fire starts in an American home every two minutes, on an average, all year round. . . . Every home should own good fire extinguishers, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, not to depend upon, of course, or to give a false sense of security, but "just in case." One new one is designed for home use in kitchens, since it employs carbon dioxide, which is recommended by fire-protection experts for flammable liquids, grease or electrical fires. It is easily portable (weighs only 2½ pounds,) and easy to use—a simple matter of pulling a trigger. Carbon dioxide does not harm electrical equipment, or food. It is really the "soda pop" gas found in colas and ginger ales.

•

UP IN THE AIR

When most women want to get up in their world, they use a rickety chair or even worse, says the National Safety Council. That's one reason why more accidents happen in the home than anywhere else. But it is, or has been, a lot of trouble to get a heavy ladder from the storeroom. Perhaps a new aluminum stepladder, designed with women's needs in mind, will help to make home safer. It weighs less than two pounds per foot of height, so it's easy to tote from attic to cellar if need be, yet each step is stress-engineered to take a 500-pound working load, in spite of the ladder's lightness.

Expello

SUDDEN DEATH TO MOTHS

KILLS THE MOTH

KILLS THE WORM

Every bit of America's quality moth destroyer evaporates into protective fumes that mean sudden death to the moth before it lays the egg . . . kills the worm before it can do the damage to your precious furs and woolens. Harmless to human beings and sweet smelling. No lingering odor . . . a quick airing and garments are ready to wear.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

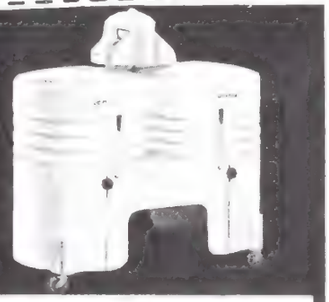
- **For Closets**—Choose the easy-to-refill Expello Hanger No. 1.
- **For Garment Bags**—Ask for handy Expello Hanger No. 5.
- **For Vacuum Cleaners**—Expello Large Crystals are recommended.
- **For Chests and Drawers**—Select Small Expello Crystals.
- **For annoying insect pests**—Expello High Test Spray with DDT kills on contact—keeps on killing.

JUDSON DUNAWAY Corp., Dover, N. H.

Also manufacturers of VANiSH, *the* NEW *toilet bowl cleanser and deodorant*

With Dexter Twins
It's not wash day!
Within an hour
I'm on my way!

DEXTER TWINS



Washes, Rinses, Wrings
all at the same time

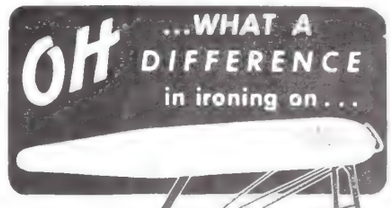
Your weekly wash is on the line in half the time. *Speed Washing* Twin Tubs with double sudsing make even dirtiest clothes come out sparkling clean and white. Yes, the Dexter Twin washes, rinses and wrings *all at the same time* and it actually "cuts your washing time in two." See your Dexter dealer today. Or write Department L67 for free booklet, "Two Instead of One."

THE DEXTER COMPANY, FAIRFIELD, IOWA

DEXTER TWIN TUB

WASHES CLEANER—QUICKER—EASIER

OH ...WHAT A DIFFERENCE in ironing on . . .



THE ORIGINAL
all-metal
IRONING TABLE

MET-L-TOP

FIRE-PROOF • WARP-PROOF

You'll get a new thrill when you find how much easier it is to iron on a MET-L-TOP. Clothes iron dry faster with fewer strokes of the iron, because the ventilated, white-enameled top retains and more fully utilizes the heat of the iron. Yes, MET-L-TOP is the new way to iron, and it is being enjoyed by over half a million homemakers. MET-L-TOP gives you a permanently firm, non-wobbly ironing surface because all parts are welded or riveted. The ProtectoRest keeps the cover off the floor when the table is not in use. *Only* $7.95

MET-L-TOP Division
GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY CO.
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Manufacturer of
CREAM CITY WARE Since 1880

Wonderful HOT! Wonderful COLD! Wonderfully EASY!

IN SO MANY WAYS

—All you have to do is taste these Del Monte Carrot dishes to know how good canned carrots can be!

Maybe you've never tasted Del Monte [illegible] Maybe you still believe you should pick out [illegible] cook them and cut them in [illegible] But the minute you try one of these Del Monte Carrot Dishes you'll know different. Notice [illegible] —their glowing color, delicate [illegible] to have cooked them in your [illegible] Monte Diced Carrots at grocers' [illegible] enjoying all this [illegible]

1. CARROTS FESTIVE Add toasted, salted almonds or peanuts to hot, buttered seasoned Del Monte Carrots

2. LUNCHEON CASSEROLE Heated, seasoned carrots baked with hot steamed rice and minced parsley

3. GLAZED STUFFED ONIONS Bake carrot stuffed onions, basting with mixture of equal parts honey and liquid drained off Del Monte Carrots

4. CELERY-CARROT SALAD Try chilled crisp cooked sliced celery and Del Monte Carrots [illegible]

5. SUNSET GLOW SALAD Mold Del Monte Carrots and Del Monte Crushed Pineapple [illegible] flavored with lemon juice, salt and a dash of cayenne pepper [illegible]

6. DEL MONTE CARROTS Just plain Salted, tender and delicious—served hot and buttered alongside any main dish you've planned for dinner any night!

Just be sure you get **Del Monte CARROTS**

eriden's veterans' center is supported by the Community Chest, han-s all listings of veterans' housing needs. Allocation of homes is made the basis of hardship; married-with-children veterans have priority.

RIDEN, CONNECTICUT'S ANSWER ON HOUSING

that any veteran wants to remind you :. That was past now, and done with. inted to get on with the business of ime living; to catch up. Like two out ery three of Meriden's 5000 veterans, I voted an emphatic "NO" to a $15.- Welcome Home" party for "our boys." ome," he said; "home is part of that ne-home routine that I want."

iden takes its veterans seriously. were some protests, but the gala (turkey dinners for all veterans and a e down Center Street was canceled. own leaders agreed they would try to omes.

d they did. Try, that is. Mayor s Danaher set up six subcommittees oals, share-the-home, conversion, bot-ks, publicity and rental housing to with the city's housing authority. in 1943 because of the need for war ers' housing. He also placed, by request, ans themselves on his new committees, unced that he welcomed any ideas upon city's No. One problem," and said he ed action, not just talk.

id he got action. Some, that is. Meri- housing-authority chairman, Llewelyn e, banker, went to work with private cial and construction interests attempt- o find methods of building new homes, rental housing, new apartment projects.

executive director, Hollis D. Immick, ained construction man, worked with lic housing, surveying the possibilities of e help, of Federal facilities.

he veterans themselves pitched in. The rans' center started a "share the home" paign, rooting out spare rooms and ching up unused space with needy veter-ans. A group of technical students formed a co-operative and agreed to work on one an-other's houses. The housing chairman of the American Veterans' Committee, A. G. Gross-man, conducted a detailed survey of the city's –veterans and private citizens alike— needs, and the Meriden Journal published it in full as a public service.

MERIDEN tried. A year and a half later—by the end of 1946—Meriden had found homes for 268 veterans: public housing—hous-ing with Federal, state or city support—found homes for 229 "hardship cases"—veterans with families living in inadequate places; the "share the home" campaign turned up 12 rooms; private enterprise built 26 houses; the Meriden Veterans' Mutual Home Building Association completed one house.

We could wish that Meriden had done more. We could wish that inroads on perma-nent housing had been made. Meriden sim-ply solved its first and worst wave of emer-gency housing; it has yet to solve its basic problem. Its plans show few signs that it will this year or even next.

But because it *did* solve its emergency housing problem and because few cities and towns have even managed to do that much, and because, now, the second wave of emer-gency needs is rolling up, it is worth while studying what Meriden has accomplished. In trying, Meriden has done more than many communities.

New York City's Housing Authority ad-mitted at the end of 1946 that it had ac-counted for 10,000 families, while estimates of homeless veterans alone ran as high as 264,500. Jacksonville, Florida, surveys show that although the city added 3520 housing

Many cities have emptied and torn down these wartime-emergency housing; Meriden reinforced and remodeled its into a veterans' village. It's run by the city housing authority, managed by a former state senator.

fotostory

BY THE SILVER COUNSELOR

a fascinating new career for women

Presenting the Silver Counselor

"Of all the professions open to a woman, I'm sure mine is the most thrilling and rewarding. Every day is packed with interest and excitement. I make delight-ful social contacts; I'm rendering a worth-while service; I have a group of grand co-workers; and by the end of every week I receive a check that never ceases to astonish me. What more could you expect from a career—I ask you!

What the Silver Counselor Does

"My job is to see that women I meet enjoy more of the gracious pleasures of modern living. You see, I have qualified as an expert in the etiquette of table silver u-sage. So, as a Silver Counselor, I help brides-to-be and others with their enter-tainment and party plans, and through our Club Plan assist with one of their [illegible] selection of their silver.

How I Became an Expert

[illegible] Counselor took me in tow and showed me, step by step, how to apply my native talents to this particular field. You see, I [illegible] develop poise and personality in the proc-[illegible] and every 'know how' day since then, has brought into play such wit and ingenuity as I hadn't suspected I possessed!

Emily Post, Consultant Director

[illegible] ors and every one was trained under the consultant supervision of Emily Post, fore-most authority on etiquette and a charm-ing hostess and homemaker. Our club members number over 250,000, located in every state, and our Consultation Service, under Mrs. Post's direction, is available to each one, offering help on weddings, receptions—all entertainment problems.

New VERSUS Old Method

[illegible] Home Decorators, Inc.) a woman had to take a ready-made, and often mis-fit, 'set of silver'; or select a piece at a time. Now, under the friendly guidance of her Silver Counselor, she can immediately acquire her complete silver service, from the finest silver made—but cus-tom assembled just for her. Pieces and pat-terns are fitted to her *personal* needs.

A Far-Reaching, Satisfying Service

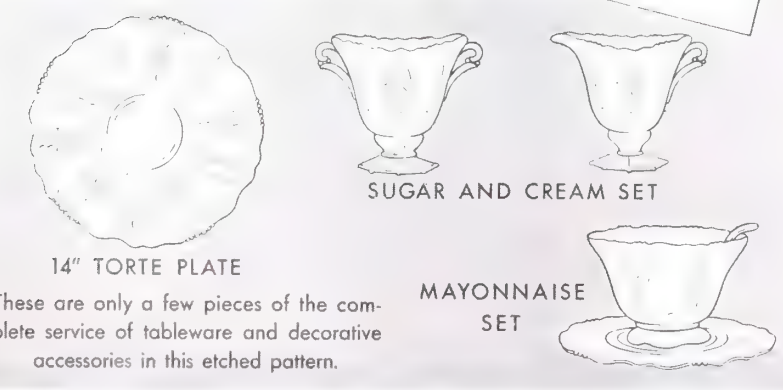
"Thanks to Home Decorators and this wonderfully easy, economical method, engaged girls, homemakers—women throughout the country—are busily and happily building up their silver services ...Thanks to Home Decorators, too, I have a *lifetime* career that affords me a splendid income, with dividends in pleas-ure, satisfaction and wonderful future prospects. And I love every minute of it!"

Perhaps you can become a member of this dignified, well-paid profession with its almost unlimited opportunity for advancement. If interested, why not write us? Address: Home Decorators, Inc., Newark, New York, State.

"Look, darling, it's Orchid!"

YES, and we might add that it's one of the loveliest of many beautiful Heisey patterns. The delicate beauty of this exotic flower has been etched into sparkling-bright hand-blown lead crystal, to enhance the joy of your entertaining and to increase the warmth of pride that comes with knowing you own the nicest things. Your dealer will be glad to show you the complete service of Orchid tableware and decorative accessories. A. H. Heisey & Co., Newark, Ohio.

Heisey
HAND-WROUGHT CRYSTAL



14" TORTE PLATE

SUGAR AND CREAM SET

MAYONNAISE SET

These are only a few pieces of the complete service of tableware and decorative accessories in this etched pattern.

THE FINEST GLASSWARE, MADE IN AMERICA BY HAND

PHOTOS BY IANNELLI

The veterans' own answer to the housing problem: homes built through pooled money, skills and labor. It's made of cinder block, cost $6500, has four large rooms and bath on the first floor. Twenty-five are planned.

units last year, some 5217 are still needed. In Portland, Oregon, although the housing situation is described as critical, scores of units were torn down at the Vanport Housing project. In other cities, reports circulated that veterans' priorities were being misused, sold, and complaint meetings were held by irate citizens against the erection of quonsets or barracks because of their appearance.

Housing, said The New York Times, is possibly a boring subject to those who have satisfactory homes, but for those who haven't, "including many thousands who lost their place in the housing line by serving their country in wartime," it is a very vital subject indeed.

So, let us look at what Meriden has done, at what it hasn't done, and then perhaps we can see what can be done and what could be done in Meriden, in every town and city and county, everywhere where people are crying for room to get married, to have babies, or just to live and work peacefully.

First, then, MERIDEN ORGANIZED. Through the housing authority and its committees. Through its veterans' centers, supported by the Community Chest. Through its veterans' organizations who declared their needs, took action on their own.

Second, MERIDEN PLANNED. They braced themselves for a five-year emergency (until 1951) and refused to listen to those who said, "The housing situation will solve itself." They pulled together private industry and public facilities.

THIRD, MERIDEN ACTED. By bringing in quonset huts. By using Federal buildings instead of tearing them down. By converting space into living units. By getting state aid, investigating Federal aid.

Families who were broken up were reunited. Men who were about to be evicted were settled in quonsets and barracks where no one could evict them. Hard-pressed couples living with in-laws under crowded conditions or severe emotional strains were granted that luxury of luxuries today: a place of their own.

It was not easy for Meriden. It has r
been easy for any town in the United Stat
where building has been scanty since the
pression, where no private residential buil
ing at all took place during the war, where
permanent public housing has been done
seven years. Meriden, named as the "ide
wartime community" by the War Manpow
Commission, had to struggle like any oth
industrial city to be even a comfortab
postwar community, let alone an ideal on

BUT to help, Meriden had the support
its state, and the state's willingness to a
financially. Connecticut, state of hom
owners, factory workers, big-city executiv
turned country dwellers, gave wholehearted
toward emergency housing; in a special b
the state offered to match, dollar for dollar
the state's dollar being a giveaway—a
money raised by a community for emergen
veterans' housing. It also pledged its help
locating, purchasing and delivering publ
housing facilities.

Without the help of the state, Merid
could not have succeeded in solving its eme
gency housing, for public housing solv
Meriden's major dilemma. Meriden boug
40 quonsets under the state bill. Boug
them in San Francisco, where, housing pro
lem or no housing problem, they didn't wa
them. Bought them and shipped them ea
and set them up and made them livable.
wasn't easy to place them. The schools didn
want quonsets on their property. The recr
ation department didn't want them clutterin
up their parks. Private landowners said the
hadn't any land to give away; the city didn
want to purchase any new land for them
But the veterans wanted them and wante
them badly. And the housing authority—
sparked by Mr. Immick—wanted them. Th
wrangle lasted just about as long as th
quonsets' trip from West to East Coast did
By the time they arrived, the recreation de
partment had given up space in the city par
for 25—and even permitted the cuttin
through of a main street for the new village
the board of education made room for th

(Continued on Page 258)

These houses, built for veterans, cost $9800 each—and stood empty. Maximum rent veterans in Meriden, Conn., can afford to pay is $40 monthly, say high cost of new housing rules out home buying, spells financial ruin.

A bride's favorite wedding gift_in 1847

A bride's favorite wedding gift_in 1947

COPYRIGHT 1947, THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

1847 Rogers Bros. brings you 100 years of beauty

A century ago, 1847 Rogers Bros. was America's *first* truly fine silverplate . . . an exciting gift indeed!

Today, it's even more thrilling! Each design has unique charm that reflects a hundred years of skill in silvercraft . . . *extra height and depth* of ornament no other silverplate has . . . richness usually found only in solid silver.

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HOOVER

PHOTOS BY IANNELLI

Forty quonset huts were imported by Meriden from San Francisco. These were erected in city park after a three-week battle, are reserved for veterans with children. Each hut houses two families. Rent: $32.50 monthly.

(Continued from Page 256)

other 15. Eighty veterans took over the huts; took over the combination kitchen-living room, the two small bedrooms apiece, the oil heaters and tin showers, and cheerfully paid the $30 to $32.50 ($2.50 extra for the park surroundings) to the city in rent. The lucky 80 were drawn from the veterans' center registrar, drawn by a committee of three veterans who heard their cases by number to avoid any possibility of personal favoritism.

Most of the 80 celebrated New Year's, 1947, in their new homes. Many of the townspeople said that they thought the park looked even prettier with the new homes in it.

Another 141 veterans, meanwhile, had found homes at Gale Terrace. Gale Terrace was Mr. Immick's baby. In 1943, when Meriden's pulsing war plants had demanded more and more workers, Mr. Immick proposed an emergency Federal housing project. Over protests—Meriden thought then, and still thinks it does not need any help from the Federal Government—the project, housing 163 families, was built. It was built on an expectancy of two years (our hopes were rosy then). Dormitories for single workers (again over protests) were subsequently added. In 1946, Mr. Immick fought and won a battle to reinforce Gale Terrace for another five years for the veterans. In 1947, he saw the dormitories converted into apartments, started the remodeling of the wartime cafeteria and recreation hall into new apartments.

THE quonsets and the barracks were not enough to satisfy Meriden—and its veterans—however. The AVC's comprehensive survey calculated a total of 1750 permanent new living units would be needed by the end of 1947; their total included estimates of new babies to come, the number of marriages that could be expected to take place, balanced against the normal turnover of homes due to death and divorce. The figures were challenged, but no new ones were brought forward to supplant them. Because of the impossibility of even visualizing such a comprehensive building program, the town set a goal of 500 new units, but admitted that—like the man with the baby coming soon—new hardship cases were constantly presenting themselves at the veterans' center; nonveterans had still to make themse heard and felt.

Meanwhile, private industry at first offe little but patience. Charles Newton, hea Meriden's Chamber of Commerce, q tioned 271 other chambers of comme throughout the country, requesting lumb and got back a unanimous answer of "N available."

"When materials are available, costs come down," Mr. Newton said. "When c come down, homes will go up."

Other private industry obstacles we material shortages, high costs, complaints the low rent ($35 to $40 monthly for M den's veterans), the slow payment (stage stage) of G. I. construction loans; the l profit in long-term-mortgage amortizatio

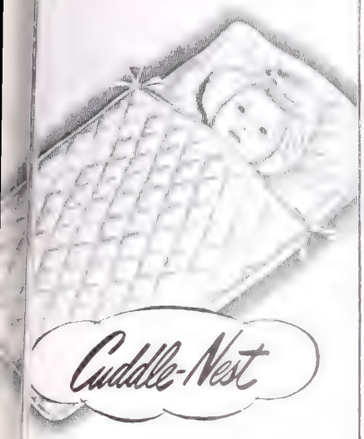
THEN Mr. Immick took another step: t time he combined public housing with p vate interests. He questioned the state as whether their dollar-for-dollar bill would a ply to conversion of private properties in t same financial fashion as it had in the pu chasing of public properties. The state hou ing director, Prentice White, agreed that would. And together, Mr. Tobie and M Immick got Meriden's conversion program a plan which has proved an example fo countless other cities—under way.

All this, mind you, while other cities ha not yet even counted the number of homele veterans among them; had only begun ca vassing the neighborhood for vacant spac for buildings which might be renovated reopened.

The conversion plan began in Octobe 1946. There was considerable paper work. I was set up this way: any owner desiring t allow the city to take over unused space—a attic or a garage, an empty wing—and con vert it into an apartment for a veteran coul lease his space to the city for a period o five years from the date of the state bil (May, 1946) without cost or profit. At the end of the five-year period the city would return the property to the owner complete with improvements, which would thereafter be his. Lenient tax appraisals were also arranged.

From car space to living space. This garage is being converted into apartments for veterans under Meriden's housing authority. City's lease runs five years; remodeling is financed in part by the state.

WO FAVORITE GIFTS
IAT PLEASE MOTHERS



Cuddle-Nest

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Other money
clipping our famous
Executive Gift Wrap
your Personal
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For the owner it appeared a dream plan—balance some $4000 to $5000 worth of improvements against a five-year wait. For the city it appeared sound. In the five years, rentals on the property could be expected to return the city its half share of the investment. The state, remember, gave its half.

While it does not appear that the plan will always work out quite so smoothly, it promises to work soundly enough. Costs were so high during the winter of 1946–47 that the total cost of renovating one room ran from $1250 to $1400. (New building costs per room ran around $1800.) The maximum rent an average veteran could pay was judged to be $40. It looked as if the city would not break even. A compromise was reached: the city agreed to share part of the giveaway, the owner was asked to invest some money (usually around $1000) of his own.

The procedure was lengthy, but thorough. First, the property was checked by real-estate men to determine whether it was worth improving. Second, architects drew up plans and estimated costs. Third, construction men went to work to determine what they could do and Mr. Immick's office checked the overall. Fourth, the owner was presented with the plan for his agreement. A hitch could come anywhere along the line. Out of 60 applications, some 6 were junked by real-estate men; several more fell through because of costs; owners refused to put in any money in 3 cases; but, by shortly after New Year's, 1947, conversion of some 24 properties into 35 apartments was expected, and another 20 units were still being sought. Critics attacked 12 plans calling for the renovation of attics, but there was no criticism of the first lease signed: the conversion of a sturdy garage into a four-family house; or of the possibility of converting into eight apartments the unused annex of an old but solid hotel. And there was no criticism of the fact that conversion could proceed where new building was delayed.

"Conversions are at once emergency and permanent housing," Mr. Immick said. "They will serve for veterans until 1951—the critical period in housing. Then they will revert to general use. We will use nothing but the best materials and workmanship; we will build living units that are worthy of permanence in our town."

PRIVATE industry thus took its first step into large-scale housing through conversions. Permanent housing began at remodeling.

And thus Meriden ran head on into the problem of how it was going to solve its long-term needs. That this is a very real problem can be seen by a quick glance in any direction. Who, despite the demand, is doing any building? *Only those concerns—public, private or industrial—who, because of quick return* (as in the case of a drugstore building or other rapid-profit property) *or strong need* (sometimes the emotional or social need offsets the money involved) *or the desire for speed* (the market won't wait forever), *are willing to risk their money.*

Many real-estate men say it is "insane" for anyone to build now; that future returns can't possibly offset the high cost of materials (when you can get them), of labor (when you can get it), of land (when you can find it). Building today is *not*, they say, an investment; it is a luxury.

Homeowners say they cannot risk investment they have put into their homes and communities by lowering building standards. They suggest that the veteran should be subsidized by bonus. Many resist rental housing, changing of the building codes, new materials which might render their own buildings obsolete.

But many public-minded citizens, religious leaders, social workers say that housing must be thought of in terms other than dollars; that lack of housing is contributing to juvenile delinquency, to the number of divorces, to general instability. "Social needs *cannot* be considered simply in terms of dollar profit," they say.

Governments are caught in between. The state of Connecticut's $25,000,000 housing bill ran into the state's $50,000,000 bonus

(Continued from Page 261)

WIFE GOES TO A PARTY

AND HUSBAND SPILLS THE COFFEE! That could happen to anyone—even you—but relax—there is a remedy that you should know about.

DRY CLEANERS DISCOVER

Better way to give your precious clothes an amazing new lease on life . . . . . .

Sanitone is a better kind of dry cleaning service. You see and feel the difference in the very first garment you have dry cleaned. Stubborn spots gone, more dirt removed, drab colors brought back to original brilliance.

Sanitone Service not only means extra attention to the cleaning, so that fabrics look new again . . . it means expert pressing that *lasts longer* . . . buttons sewn in place . . . buckles secured . . . minor mending jobs done! Yes, careful attention to *all* details.

To get this better dry cleaning, look for the Sanitone Seal of Approved Service. It has been issued to local dry cleaners who have met and maintained the rigid standards of this *complete* service. Sanitone is a division of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

EVEN BUTTONS are sewn on—this being but one of the Sanitone Dry Cleaner's services.

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Be ready to enjoy every moment of it . . . see and hear this year-'round-pal at your Crosley dealer's TODAY!

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Any way you look at it the Crosley RONDO is a gem. Anywhere you place it—on end table, mantel, or bedside stand—you'll be proud of its smartness. Amazing small set performance on either AC or DC, any 110-120 volt outlet. See and hear this compact Crosley masterpiece of advanced styling and radionic engineering, at your Crosley dealer's. You'll be surprised at the modest price.

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*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
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ELECTRIC RANGES—Crosley SERVI-CHEF Control Timer is just one of many features you'll appreciate.

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MATCHLESS CARROLLTON RADIO PHONO WITH F. M. and Floating Jewel† Tone System that say "Goodbye" to needle noise—chatter — hiss — and scratch Records last up to 10 time longer—and sound better.

(Continued from Page 259)

bill. It is much easier to give a present than to do something for somebody.

The Federal Government dallies on the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill, which would subsidize the building of 5,000,000 low-rental housing units for veterans, but which failed to pass the 79th Congress, and is up against stiff opposition in the 80th.

While Meriden is *not* against rental housing, meanwhile, it *is* against low-rental housing. The Federal Housing Authority's return to the financial guaranties which supported emergency war housing has brought forth no response in Meriden. The estimated rents ran too high for the veterans; the profits too low for the builders. Only a limited-dividend, 50 to 100 garden-apartment unit could win over Meriden—and there appears little chance that private industry will produce a profitable plan before 1947 runs out.

Mr. Tobie summed up the opposition arguments against Government-subsidized low-rental housing. "Low-rental housing isn't low-cost housing. Why, the Government subsidy has run as high as $20 per family. Why is it necessary for the Government to build apartments for families who cannot afford to pay their own rent? Subsidies on a long-term basis may ruin a city. If it is necessary to subsidize low-income groups—to put a premium on misfortune and possibly indolence, as it were—then let us do it in basic terms, providing basic shelter and food needs. Meanwhile, let us provide housing for those who can pay for it, and allow vacancies to occur for others in the natural course of events."

This policy—tagged the "drip down" policy by veterans—appears now to be fast becoming our national policy. Federal Housing Commissioner Raymond M. Foley has set a goal of 1,000,000 new homes for 1947; nonveterans, business firms and veterans alike will be permitted to build on the theory that any building is better than no building. It is believed that materials will be in good supply this year; it is hoped that because of this, costs will come down. Labor—or the lack of it—is expected to be the stumbling block—some call it the alibi—in 1947. To date, Meriden has had few labor problems—none that compare with those which have threatened building in some places. The AFL building trades smiled cheerfully on the 25 veterans who pooled their technical know-how to build one another $6500 cinder-block homes. Each put in $1000 plus his own technical skill. Their co-operative solution was that of many other groups around the country—and their homes a standing monument to the fact that housing *could* be done, even in the critical years of 1946 and 1947.

But it is *not* being done. Throughout the nation, 6,500,000 people are estimated to be without homes of their own. Their problem is no longer just a personal problem; it is a community problem. And only as a community did Meriden find even a partial answer to the crying needs of the crowded and homeless—an emergency which, it appears, will be with us for at least four more years.

HOUSE RULES FOR TWO-IN-ONE LIVING

(Continued from Page 221)

that one of the great things that make some young wives bored and discontented with keeping house is the aloneness of it. Especially is this true of girls who have worked in offices or stores where there were plenty of other girls to chatter with. Actually they don't dislike housework as work at all; they just miss having a working companion!

The Stones seem to have the perfect situation, with Jane away working until twelve, leaving Nan alone in the mornings when Chip needs special attention. Then in the afternoons, when most girls are loneliest, they are together.

They do big occasional jobs together, too—things like washing the house's myriad windows, turning such a job into fun with "a lot of low slapstick comedy," they say, but getting it done in double-quick time. Nan says her hours of housework are cut to about half what they used to be when she managed alone; at least that's the way it works out on paper. They admit that two girls working together don't concentrate on the job as completely as one girl without another to laugh and talk with might do!

Food costs per person have been considerably lowered. they've discovered with delight, since they've been buying for four. Roasts, hearty stews and casseroles, the kind of thing dinner-for-two cooks are apt to shun because they "hang around forever," are just right now, and of course they're more economical than chops or slices of meat. It's practical now to buy "large economy sizes," to buy potatoes by the hundred pounds, as they do, and tomato juice by the case. Over a period of a month or so, such things can effect a tidy saving.

Money paid out is meticulously posted in the big account book kept in the kitchen, and all expenses for food and household supplies are meticulously halved, down to the last toothpick, on the end-of-the-month judgment day. This is easier to manage than establishing a household kitty, they feel. Whoever is the cook-shopper of the week may buy what she likes and no questions asked, but naturally they consult each other if an unconquerable urge for *filet mignon* and mushrooms arises! Jane and George pay thirty-five dollars a month rent to Nan and Charlie, the houseowners. This includes their share of coal, electricity bills, wear and tear and breakage. They both feel that they have better food for less money under the two-in-one system. The boys say it's because they privately established a system whereby Charlie would groan with delight about the food on the week when Jane, not his wife, was cook. Next week, George would do the same in Nan's honor. Naturally it inspired the girls, neither of whom is a famous cook by nature or inclination, to vie with each other and make greater efforts to win the plaudits. But Jane and Nan caught their husbands congratulating each other on the success of their scheme, and immediately relaxed in their race to rival Oscar of the Waldorf!

Jane and Nan's weekly rotation plan seems to have helped them avoid one of the irritations experienced by other house sharers. Two women cooking in one kitchen doesn't apparently work out too well, unless the women are near-angels, and angels so seldom have to cook! "The best thing to have and the best way to prepare it" seems to be a very personal and hotly debatable thing in some households, and even inexperienced cooks can become terribly annoyed by over-the-shoulder advice when they're in the throes of creating. Their scheme of "Jane's way completely" for one whole week, Nan's menus and cooking for the next whole week, seems to be an excellent pitfall preventive.

Another potential problem which hasn't proved to be any problem at all in the Stones' ménage is the question of "bringing up baby." Jane loves Chip dearly, loves to cuddle him, as any woman naturally loves to cuddle a baby as lovable as Chip is. But Jane never picks him up without asking Nan's permission, nor does she offer advice about his behavior and training unless she's specifically asked. This sensible courtesy to a young mother is one that seems to be very difficult for most older women to practice. It's the reef upon which many a two-in-one relationship founders, especially when the older woman feels that she is an authority on children.

Their household wheels turn so smoothly because "Jane is such a good sport," Nan told me privately. "She's always willing to do more than her share if Chip is acting up, as any baby does occasionally." And Jane confided that it was because Nan is "swell, always glad to lend a hand if I happen to be late getting home at noon, or if I'm tired." This willingness which they both possess, to do a little extra, if need be, may sound paradoxical in the face of their firm conviction that it's the carefully thought out division of work that has made their double design for living turn out well. But it's just another evidence that unselfishness usually does pay personal dividends in the end, to the very self you were willing to disregard for someone else's sake.

And then, of course, there's the thing Abraham Lincoln once said, as full of wisdom as most of his words: "Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be." THE END

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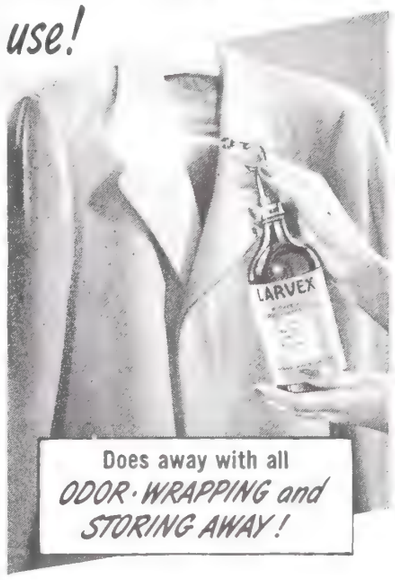

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Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

JUNE is a romantic month. It is a time of the year the poets loved especially, and goes well in sweet songs too. It suits Shakespeare with his "but thy eternal summer shall not fade."

In June, in the little town that belongs with my youth, boys and girls walked hand in hand along the river paths, and the sweet white clover foamed shoulder-high, and the gulls swung over in a cloudless sky. We had picnics in the purple twilight, with smoky, sandy frankfurters dropping from the green sticks, and quite muddy coffee in tin cups. Somebody usually forgot the rolls and had to go back for them.

We had never heard of dashing around the country in cars and dancing at roadside places, or going to anything like a night club. If we borrowed, with great machinations, one family car, we all piled in and drove to the lake or upriver, and had a picnic. We sat around the fire at the dark edge of the water and sang what I thought were the most beautiful songs in the world: "My little Per—sian Ro—ose, nobody knows—how I love you"; and "I'm the sheik of Araby, your heart belongs to me!" and "Always, always; I'll be loving you—always"; and "There's a long, long trail awinding, into the land of my dreams——" We thought we would be young forever. And being in love meant a good-night kiss in the romantic manner, and sleeping with notes under one's pillow saying, "I love you. You'll always be my girl."

Now when I read all the articles by high-school groups, or about high-school groups, arguing the pros and cons of chastity before marriage, I feel sad.

We must then have been full of complexes and frustrations and inhibitions, but we didn't know it. We felt perfectly adjusted except for not quite passing geometry or staying home with grippe the night of the football rally. We fell in love much the way we dived off the edge of the old pier, just holding our noses and plopping in and fishing ourselves out wet as oysters. And love was a miracle and a mystery and we had no idea we were seeking father images or compensating for something. We just knew the one-and-only was the most perfect human being that ever walked the mundane earth. Simple.

I know now there must have been many a sad heart beating under starched shirtwaists among the adult women, but I didn't know it then. And many a man, nipping the end off his good cigar, must have wondered why in time he picked the woman in the world least likely to be a good wife, but he never mentioned it to us.

Well, times change, and in our lifetime change piles on change. So it is a comfortable thing to have the same kind of June that we had when I was sixteen. Nature can still be lyric and romantic and the moon still the stuff of poetry.

Raising a puppy is a fascinating, if arduous, job. Jeremy, Melody's son, has been the liveliest puppy we ever tried to cope with. He is never still a moment unless he is dead asleep, getting a brief rest before tearing up something else. He whirls through the house like a merry-go-round on the loose, ears flying, tail twiddling, and mouth full of tissue or my best slippers or the bath brush or a pair of good socks. His own toys he piles up in the corner, just checking them over once in a while. But we determined to train him in some ways, since we planned to have him go with us whenever we go. We have learned a lot about training.

A puppy should be shut away by himself in a quiet room every little while. Then when he is older, he will not raise the roof every time mamma goes to the grocery store on an errand. Jeremy can be popped in any room and he will settle down because he is not frightened by being alone. Also, we put a little red collar on him very young, when he thought it was a kind of game, not an assault on his personality. Playing games with the leash worked out well too.

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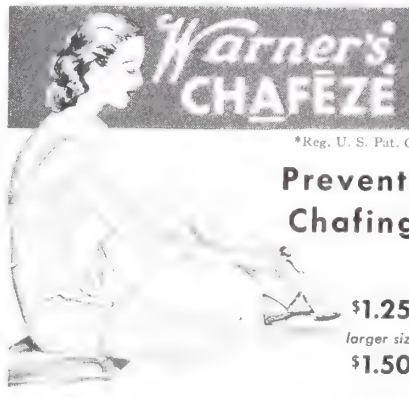

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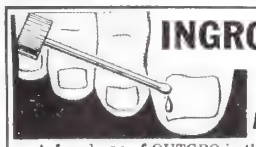

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hen riding in the car, most of our older
s spend their time leaping from back seat
ront with a hey-nonny-nonny air. So we
an with Jeremy by carrying him in his
carrying case for short drives. Perfectly
, and he will never be a bad passenger in
automobile.

Housebreaking is not quite so easy as the
. It takes patience to follow a whirligig
I guess fast enough just the time to pop
n on the newspapers. The best way is to
t him in a small room, such as a bathroom,
h newspapers on the floor, and then take
n out after he has used them. And put him
k before he needs them again.

Melody has been interesting to watch.
ving only one puppy to raise, she has
nt more time on him herself. She has
yed with him until she herself began to
urn to her childhood. She jumps around
e a puppy, plays with toys, throws balls
ound, skips over rugs, chews stockings.
e has taken to bounding up on the wide
ndow sill and sleeping there, and people
e always surprised to walk in and see a dog
a window sill, especially a nice grown
ack cocker.

After this, nobody will have to persuade
e that mothers stay young; and women
ithout children should at least try to spend
much time with children as possible, just
keep a young attitude!

Jeremy is as fat as a pigeon, for growing
uppies should be kept plump. Too many
own dogs show lack of bone and narrow-
ess of chest from a skimpy diet while they
ere growing. He is afraid of nothing. He
aps for the cleaner, rushes the radio, ad-
ances with courage to attack the washing
achine. Anything new
akes him decide to see
hat makes it tick.

> The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne.
>
> —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Sister Jill is busy in the
arden. We are specializ-
ng this year in vegetables
ecommended for freezing.
And she is trying tree to-
natoes for the first time.
The first edible podded peas
are served in soup bowls for
supper, dashed with salt, pepper and butter.
Tender and sweet and innocent is the first
edible podded pea. And how good are the
first leaves of the oak-leaf lettuce, mixed
with baby spinach leaves and chopped scal-
lions and dressed with garlic dressing!

Jill has been making rye bread, which, cut
warm and spread nicely with butter, is sup-
per enough for me with vegetable chowder or
lobster bisque. Our friend Mrs. Gee gave us
a new way to get bread to rise perfectly. She
lights her oven for just a moment, feels the
oven with her hand to be sure it is not too
warm, puts in the bread and turns off the
heat. No draft gets in and the temperature
is just right. If it needs to be a little warmer
for the second rising, she lights the oven
again for a moment, but often it does not
need it.

New recipes are always fun. Alicia Bern-
heim gave me a new sauce for dunking shell-
fish, which made a great hit. It calls for 1
egg yolk, beaten, 2 teaspoons anchovy paste,
½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup mayonnaise,
fresh black pepper, 1 tablespoon red-wine
vinegar, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar,
chives or scraped onion to taste (we like a
lot), 1 clove garlic, and, if you like, 2 table-
spoons white wine may be added. Keep in
refrigerator twenty-four hours before serv-
ing, and then you remove the clove of garlic.

Now we have the freezer there is no month
without oysters, r or no r in it. We freeze
them in pints, and freeze clams the same
way. We like swordfish steaks which we can
get when we go to Crystal Beach. It may be
imagination, but fish that has been home-
frozen tastes even more tender to me than
fish just from the counter.

Our trips back from Crystal Beach are
filled with the smell of fish of all kinds, and
we stop now and then to peer in the trunk to
be sure the lobsters have not left their bag.
Esmé greets the arrival of the car with a loud
pantherlike scream. Tigger, more restrained,
simply moves to the exact middle of the
kitchen floor and plants himself like a solid
black battleship at anchor. And waits. We
immediately fix a fish platter for the two of
them.

Supper in the barbecue on a warm June
evening is something close to heaven. The
brook makes a soft murmur, and so do the
late birds, and the air is very sweet. The
smoke from the fire rises like a gray feather
in the violet light. If there are a number of
friends, the grill is full of broilers and the
sauce basting them gives forth a good scent
of garlic and olive oil and red wine.

To have those we love sitting in the barbe-
cue in the June dusk and to serve supper
sauced with good conversation—this is a
most pleasant thing. And though some I love
are not with us any more, their presence
is there.

I always wish we were more of a singing
nation. My daughter Cicely's Latin Amer-
ican friends can sing at any moment, and
sing well, and our Russian neighbors in the
village can sing beautiful songs by the
hour. But middle-aged New Englanders
never burst into song and spend an evening
playing some instrument and harmonizing.
However, I sing a good deal myself, when
nobody can hear how far off the key I am.
I like something brisk for the dishes like
"Why, oh why did I ever leave Wyoming?"
I never have been to Wyoming, but it is a
nice tune. Later on I carol over the dusting,
"Open the door, Richard." And brushing
Esmé, I find myself chanting, "You—you
were temptation—you came, I was alone—I
should have known ——"

Oh, but a June morning is magic! I cut
the roses early, before the sun is pouring too
much gold down from the
sapphire sky. We plan to
have lunch under the old
apple tree, on trays, and
every cocker fares forth to
help move the table in
the shade. Jill picks a
basket of fresh vegetables,
the last spears of aspar-
agus, the salad greens,
mint from the brook, stalks
of rosy rhubarb. There may be radishes
and scallions. Also, there are strawber-
ries.

By afternoon everyone has worked enough
to feel stiff, and my neck aches like a no-good
tooth. But the house is clean, the chores are
done, the garden partly weeded and the lawn
mowed evenly. All those unbudgeted things
are coped with, too, like the screen door
coming off the hinges, the sink starting to do
a Niagara on us, the slats falling out of the
antique four-poster. Where do people put
such things when they live by PLAN? Our
entire plan is simply MISCELLANEOUS.

Even if we ever get menus organized
ahead, the children will drop in unexpectedly
and eat up the whole week's supply before
going to bed. Or company will come and
stay over. We just don't worry about it; we
sort of cook along.

By night, the cool wind comes down from
the woods, smelling of damp mosses and
flowing springs and wild honeysuckle. And
the world is suddenly so beautiful that my
throat aches with it. And I think, on a June
night, that faith and hope and love will
never forsake us.

Many a man has lived on dreams alone,
Nourished his heart on what he never had,
Many a woman makes her bread from stone,
And dreams are all the wealth of many a lad.
Mariners steer tall ships against the moon
With never a port in sight, they hope for one,
And oftentimes a passionate bud of June
Withers untimely in too hot a sun.

This we know well, and yet we raise our eyes
On summer evenings when all wings are still,
And look again for the familiar skies
Silvered with stars that spend their light at will.
We see the stars, and easily may mark
Against their glow, how little seems the dark!

THE END

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drous new form . . . held captive in a glacia
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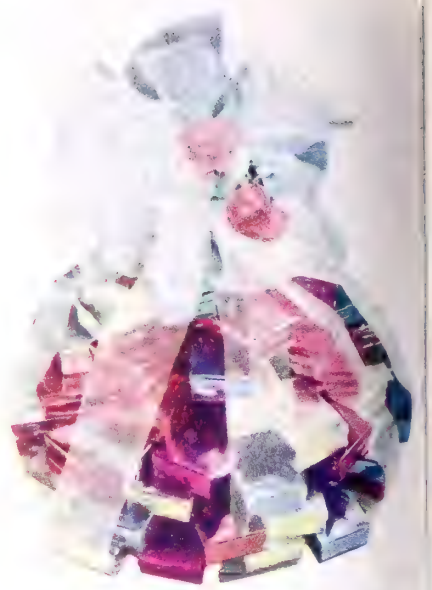
CONVERSATION PIECE



Pretty and practical: a pyramid of gaily colored boxes, to carry home souvenirs of wedding cake.

Wedding breakfast at home: Chaud Froid of Boned Stuffed Turkey decorated with tongue disks and peppers. Add Tongue Timbales Parmesan (so easy to make) and Shrimp and Lobster Salad for an unforgettable meal.

A different dessert is Strawberry Bavaroise – a strawberry mold filled with green minted pineapple and sprinkled with shredded coconut.

PHOTOS BY STUART

The Cake, of course – snowy and sumptuous. The traditional climax of a meal that is sure to taste just as pleasing as it looks.

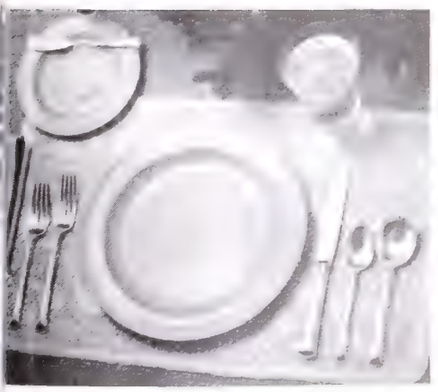
BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

A WEDDING BREAKFAST at home for, say, twenty-five or thirty people may look like a job for a professional caterer. But even if a caterer is at hand, most of us aren't eager to whip one in at the drop of a hat or even at the chime of a wedding bell. On the other hand, the idea of going out isn't attractive either: many of us feel that having a wedding breakfast away from home is rather like having Christmas dinner in a restaurant. Then there's the expense: the menu I'm proposing isn't cheap—far from it—but the cost at home is slight compared with what a chef capable of preparing it would nick you.

So why not do the job yourself? Fitting the preparations for a sumptuous meal into the prewedding rush will not be easy, *(Continued on Page 267)*

GORHAM
GREENBRIER

We put on "party manners" every day...



"Little dinners are our hobby...and whether they're for two or ten...out comes our sterling. We bought our first place-settings after we were engaged...picked out our Gorham Greenbrier pattern together. That way we could start with solid silver...and put it to good use while we matched and added. There's something about Gorham quality and craftsmanship that makes every piece get lovelier the more it's used...and you can't say we haven't put our Gorham Sterling to the test."
To help you to enjoy your sterling, send for illustrated book, "Entertaining—the Sterling Way," 10¢ (outside U.S.A. 40¢). Address The Gorham Company, LHJ-68, Providence 7, Rhode Island.

IE MODERN WAY *to* [illegible]
place-settings, each consisting of six pieces, as shown re in Gorham Greenbrier. With a few place-settings, ou can begin using your sterling silver immediately.

Illustrated, four of the twelve Gorham patterns

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. . . tells you how to get wonderful canned or frozen fruit

. . . new directions . . . simple as 1-2-3. With KARO* Syrup you make *blended* syrups for canning and freezing. Use them for *any* fruit! Easy recipes tell you exactly how. And results are wonderful! Fruits fairly sparkle! Their color is bright. Their texture is firm. And they have that delicious *natural* flavor you've always longed for.

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TELLS ALL ABOUT JELLIES, PICKLES AND PRESERVES, TOO!

WHETHER you've had years of experience or never put up fruit in your life, this is *your book*. KARO, blended with sugar and water, should give you canned or frozen fruit that will thrill your family. Clip this coupon or use a post card. But do it *now*!

Then plan your canning or freezing with the help of this book. Tells how to choose and prepare fruit . . . talks about jars and containers . . . gives proportion for large and small quantities.

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Madison Square Station, P. O. Box 363
New York 10, N. Y.

Send my *new, free,* 32 page copy of "Finer Canned & Frozen Fruits" at once! (Please print or write very plainly)

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(Continued from Page 26-I)

but it needn't stump you. With wise management, and some kind of help, it can be done—and you'll be proud as Punch of your skill and efficiency.

And speaking of help, there is only one item on our menu that requires real cooking skill, so, if you have that yourself—and I'll assume you have—your helpers needn't be trained cooks.

Now, if I haven't talked you out of the whole deal, we'd better get on with our plans. This time *nothing* must be left for you to do at the last minute, and we'll choose our menu with that in mind.

Chaud-Froid of Boned Stuffed Turkey will be the chef-d'oeuvre, and a more spectacular exhibit of your culinary skill would be hard to find. A Production, no less, but this is a wedding breakfast and the food must be worthy of the occasion. I have no use for fancy food that looks even a little bit better than it tastes, but *chaud-froid* of boned stuffed turkey, with the accent on the stuffing, tastes vice versa.

Enough turkey talk for now. We'll get along to the hot dish, Tongue Timbales Parmesan, with a spicy hot sauce to pour over them. Although they look complicated, they're a cinch to make and can be depended on to stand up nice and pretty and keep their figures. Also—No. 1 requirement—their taste is delicious.

The salad will be a special do of shrimp and lobster. We'll use the conventional ingredients for such a salad, but we'll get an unusual effect by the way they are arranged. More of that later—and I needn't waste words on the taste.

The bread will be tiny finger rolls, baked in corn-stick pans, if you have them. They'll come hot from the oven to the table, but first they will be split open down their length and buttered.

Now the dessert. Of course there will be the traditional wedding cake, and that I shouldn't advise you to make. With it we'll have a huge mold of Strawberry Bavaroise. The top of the mold will be hollowed out and filled with pale-green minted pineapple, and the base will be surrounded by luscious strawberries that have been sprinkled with chopped mint, sugar and shredded coconut. Sound pretty? Well, it is, and the delicate creamy taste of the pudding with the sharper taste of the fruit is one of those delightful gastronomic surprises.

CHAUD-FROID OF BONED STUFFED TURKEY

Select a fine 18 or 19 pound turkey and ask your butcher to bone it for you. Ask him pretty-please and for the wedding of your daughter, sister or best friend, what family butcher could refuse? When the turkey arrives from the butcher minus his bones, you'll probably be considerably disconcerted at how little he resembles his original self at this point. But don't worry. He'll have an elegant shape by the time he is stuffed and dressed for the party. First you'll remove every trace of cartilage that may have been overlooked by the butcher, and then you'll go on to some fancy embroidery work. Sew up the incision neatly with kitchen twine, but leave a large opening for the stuffing, and sew up the openings at the ends of the legs.

Stuffing

For the base of this stuffing use 7 cups corn-bread crumbs and 5 cups toasted white-bread crumbs—and I might as well say right here that you will be flabbergasted at the amount of stuffing one boned turkey will hold. Melt ½ pound butter or margarine in an iron pot or very large skillet, add 6 cups finely chopped celery, 4 chopped medium onions, 3 minced cloves garlic and 1½ pounds chopped mushrooms, and sauté for 10 minutes. (Reserve 6 perfect mushroom caps for your decorations.) Mix the vegetables with the crumbs and add 6 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3½ cups chicken bouillon or 3½ cups water and 4 envelopes chicken-bouillon powder, 3 envelopes beef-bouillon powder, 3½ teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons black pepper, 3 teaspoons paprika, 2 teaspoons rosemary, 1 cup chopped English walnuts or pecans, and 1 cup almond slivers that have been fried to a golden brown. Mix thoroughly, taste and add more seasoning if you like. Stir in 3 slightly beaten eggs and we're ready to stuff. (*Note:* The next time you roast a chicken, try using ½ cup or more chopped English walnuts or pecans in the stuffing. The nuts retain both texture and individual taste. *Very* good!) Start with the legs and squeeze from the outside to force the stuffing into place. Next the wings, same process. Now fill in the rest of the cavity, squeezing and pushing to make sure every little crevice is tightly filled. When you're satisfied it will hold no more, sew up the rest of the incision and turn the bird over. It will sprawl at this stage, but you can press and push it into the shape you want—the shape of a turkey, to be more explicit. Now sew the tips of

JENNIFER

"I don't know why they send all the bills to Mr.'s when it's mothers that do all the buying!"

DO YOU GET YOUR Monday's worth WHEN YOU BUY VEGETABLES

When you buy vegetables do you actually get the vitamins that are so essential to health?

Don't waste good money on wilted, dried-out, vitamin-starved vegetables!

As the result of a recent nation-wide research program, participated in by the Biochemistry Departments of fourteen leading universities, startling new facts have been established.

It has been proved that most of our favorite vegetables lose vitamins at an alarming rate *while in the store*—unless they are constantly protected *with ice!*

Here are some of the findings: Unless iced, spinach loses nearly 45 per cent of its health-giving vi in 8 hours—and lettuce 22 pe Celery loses 25 per cent in 1 —green beans, 25 per cent hour— peas, 33 per cent in 2

Naturally, you want veg that really contain all the p vitamins nature provides. A can get them. *For the sake family's health,* patronize ope stores where produce is kee pure, sparkling *crushed ice* to garden-fresh and *vitamin-rich* delicious and *fully nutritious.*

FREE! *Drop a postcard today for a of "Nature's Treasury of Hea ty, help you plan vitamin-rich meals.*

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 1,060 L St., N.W., Washington

"Snow" ice, blown all around the crates, protects vegetables as they travel in refrigerator cars or trucks . .

Reaching the modern market, they are placed on *iced* displays to keep them garden-fresh and vitamin-rich . . .

And in the home, the refrigerator gives vegetab foods complete, scientifi

Serve Beans Plain or *Serve 'em Fancy!*

Any way you have them—bubbling aromatically in the family bean pot or dressed up with crackling-brown sausages or spicy barbecue sauce—Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are a favorite, all around the table!

BAKED BEANS WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

● Heat a 17½ ounce jar Heinz Oven-Baked Beans and ¾ cup chopped, cooked pork. Combine ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 2 Tbs. Heinz India Relish and ¼ tsp. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce. Heat. Pour over beans. Serves 4.

Sizzling with Sauce!

● Served plain—in their rich sauce of "Aristocrat" tomatoes and spice—Heinz Oven-Baked Beans make any man pass his plate for *more!* For these are genuine old-time beans—baked to a turn and sauced to *perfection!* Choose the vegetarian-style—or the kind with tomato sauce and pork. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans give you a lot of nourishment—for little money!

Heinz OVEN-BAKED Beans

57

the legs together, and fasten them down firmly to the skin and place the turkey on a large white cloth that has been soaked in salad oil. The final shaping is done by bandaging the turkey in the cloth. Use safety pins to fasten the cloth around the bird and force it into shape. When you're satisfied—and you'll probably fasten and unfasten the safety pins several times before you are—fit the turkey into an oval roasting pan with a lid. Put 2 cups water in the pan, cover and cook in a 300° F. oven until done, allowing about 18 minutes to the pound. Be sure there is always some water in the pan, and baste frequently. The less it browns, the better, and if it didn't brown at all it would be still better. The cooking should be done two or three days before the wedding. When cool, remove the cloth and place turkey in refrigerator. The turkey must be thoroughly chilled before it is blanketed, first with a rich cream sauce and then with aspic.

Cream Sauce

Make a cream sauce, basic method, using 6 tablespoons butter or margarine, 6 tablespoons flour, 3 cups cream, juice of ½ lemon and salt to taste. When done, stir in 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin soaked in a little water. Cool the sauce to lukewarm and pour carefully over the turkey to coat it evenly. I use a large spoon to coat the wings and legs and pour the sauce over the rest of the bird from a flat-lipped pitcher. Don't expect a completely smooth job, but be sure that every bit of the surface is covered. Chill again before the next step.

Yellow Aspic

Soak 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Heat 5¾ cups highly seasoned chicken broth, canned or homemade, and the juice of 1 lemon to the boiling point and stir in gelatin. If canned broth is used, be sure that it is clear and has no grease. If homemade is used, be sure to clarify (basic recipe). Add a few drops of yellow vegetable coloring. Pour off about 2 cups of this mixture and cool until it thickens a little and acts as if about the next minute it would begin to set. Pour this on the turkey to make a thin glaze over the entire surface. This is not at all difficult, but the consistency of the gelatin must be exactly right. If you let it get too thick, set the pan in hot water and start the cooling process over again. Pour all but 1 cup of the remaining gelatin mixture into a shallow pan and store in refrigerator. We'll come to that 1 cup in a minute.

> It is useless to discuss accomplished facts, to protest against things past remedy, to find fault with bygone things. —CONFUCIUS.

Pink Aspic

I'm going to suggest using canned madrilène for this. Soak 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in a little cold water and dissolve in 4 10½-ounce cans hot madrilène. Add beet juice for stronger color. Pour into a shallow pan and store in refrigerator.

Trimmings

From the tongue for the timbales select 6 or 8 deep pink slices and the same number of pale pink slices. Cut 10 disks with a small biscuit cutter and 10 tiny ones with the cutter for the hole of a doughnut. Put these on flat plates and pour on enough of that leftover cup of aspic barely to cover them. Cut 3 or 4 truffles into very thin slices, put them on a plate and cover with a little aspic. Truffles aren't necessary, but they *are* available now and can be ordered from fancy grocery stores or the grocery departments of large department stores. They are expensive, so order the smallest-size can. Sprinkle the mushroom caps with paprika and fry in butter or margarine to a pale golden color. Pour a thin layer of aspic in the bottom of a small pan and place the mushrooms in, top side down. Make some tiny leaflike points of green pepper.

Once the trimmings are made, the actual decoration of the turkey takes very little time, but I'd do it the day before the wedding and have it off my mind. Use your own imagination, but I do think the overlapping row of tongue disks along the top of the turkey (as you see on mine) is a good idea because it builds up the height of the breast. I alternated the dark and light pink, and put a piece of truffle in the center of each disk. Part of the pink aspic can be cut in points and arranged around the ends of the turkey, with mushroom caps between the points, and the rest can be chopped and heaped on the side of the platter, alternating with heaps of yellow aspic. The decorations for the sides—the small tongue disks and green peppers—should be pressed into the glaze a little so they'll be sure to stick. There. With your own inspiration and the picture to guide you a little, I know you'll turn out a magnificent bird.

TONGUE TIMBALES PARMESAN

These can be made two or even three days ahead of time. Soak 2 large smoked tongues overnight in cold water. Cover with fresh water, add 2 teaspoons whole pepper, 5 bay leaves and 1 sliced onion and simmer until tender—about 2½ hours. Let them stand in the broth until cool enough to handle, then plunge into cold water and skin. Remove the roots and fatty parts at the base. If you have a slicing machine you're all set. If not, ask the butcher who boned your turkey—I hope—to slice it very thin.

The amount of rice needed for the filling will depend on the size of your timbales, but 2 pounds should be enough for 25 or 30. Wash the rice thoroughly through 4 waters. For each cup of rice to be used, put into a kettle 1 quart water, 1 small chopped onion, 1 slice bacon, 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon saffron. When the water boils briskly, sprinkle in the rice and cook until tender. Saffron differs in strength and you may have to add a little more to make the rice a bright yellow. If you can't get saffron use a little yellow vegetable coloring. Drain the rice, remove bacon and add a large piece of butter or margarine and 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese. Toss with two forks until well mixed.

Rub individual molds generously with salad oil. Cut the rounded ends from the slices of tongue and line each mold with overlapping slices of tongue, cut ends down, touching but not covering the bottom of the mold. Fill with the rice mixture, pressing lightly with a fork as you go along. With scissors cut away the tongue that extends above the rim of the molds. Now the timbales are ready for last-minute heating. Half an hour to an hour before serving put them in pans of hot water, cover with wax paper and heat in a 300° F. oven. Turn them out on a serving platter and garnish with parsley.

Sauce Diablo

Cook together to a golden brown 3 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 minced cloves garlic. Blend in 4 tablespoons flour and add slowly, stirring constantly, 2 cups soup stock or canned consommé and remove from fire. Add ¾ cup catchup, ½ teaspoon Bahamian mustard or 1 teaspoon other prepared mustard, 1½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon whole pepper and 1 medium-sized onion chopped. Cook over direct heat until thick, stirring constantly; transfer to double boiler and cook ½ hour longer. Strain and add ¼ cup undiluted evaporated milk to lighten the color. The sauce can be made as far ahead of time as suits your convenience, and reheated in a double boiler. Serve the deep pink sauce in a separate bowl beside the platter of pink-and-gold timbales.

SALAD

You will need 5 pounds large shrimp and 5 medium lobster tails for the salad. Use fresh or frozen sea food, depending on availability. If fresh is used, wash thoroughly, boil the lobster tails in heavily salted water for 20 minutes and boil the shrimp in court bouillon for 15 minutes. To make a simple court bouillon, add to enough water to cover the fish ½ cup vinegar, 2 or 3 stalks celery with leaves, 2 carrots, 2 sliced onions, 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon whole pepper. Cool lobster tails and remove shells carefully. Cool shrimp in the court bouillon, remove shells and clean. The lobster and shrimp can be prepared several days in advance.

The day before the wedding chop celery, cover with water and ice cubes and place

(Continued on Page 271)

New England Breakfast

Fresh California Orange Juice

Codfish Cakes and Bacon Baked Beans

Boston Brown Bread Wild Plum Jam Coffee

Interesting breakfast? Yes! Most interesting because a newer favorite is now added to the old – fresh California orange juice. And with good reason. All of those other foods provide almost no vitamin C, the very vitamin health authorities say we should get at breakfast. Orange juice does, *abundantly.*

A big glass every day will give added pleasure and value to your own breakfast. Flavor? You'll tilt your glass up high for the last of its deliciousness. Health? Just check the charts and see!

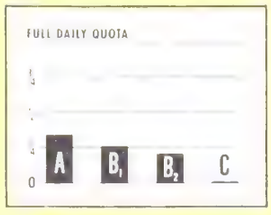
Sunkist Oranges make good eating in lots of ways! Keep them on hand always…for recipes, lunch boxes, between-meal snacks. They are the finest fruit from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

• • •

You will be interested in our colorful new booklet, "Famous American Breakfasts." It is free, together with our popular orange recipe book. Write Sunkist, Dept. 206, Los Angeles 55, Calif.

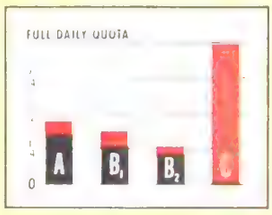
SEE HOW MUCH HEALTH ORANGE JUICE ADDS!

Without fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Here are the vitamins you get from an average good American breakfast* *without orange juice.* It falls short in vitamin C. This is true of most foods. Yet you need C daily to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums, keep feeling young.

With fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Oranges are your richest everyday source of vitamin C. A big glass of juice fills your day's need and boosts other food values, too. That's why, big or little, all good American breakfasts start with fresh California orange juice. Yours should!

**cereal with milk, egg, toast and coffee*

Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

NOT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond redemptions.

But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:

"If you give them the facts," he said, "you can always depend on the common sense and long-range judgment of the American people.

"The last few months have given us heart-warming proof of that.

"After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.

"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 Billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

"Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on bonds. This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts . . . told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.

"The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.

"Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and *you'll get it!*"

WHAT DO THE FIGURES SHOW?

On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from $494 million in last September to $519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new postwar high: **In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.**

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

If you are eligible for the Payroll Plan, for your own sake and your family's sake, get on it . . . and watch your savings mount up.

If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

Save the easy, automatic way—with U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT — The Advertising Council

(Continued from Page 268)

n refrigerator. Slit the stalks several imes lengthwise and cut across into very small pieces. You will need 4½ to 5 cups chopped celery.

Cut 3 green peppers and 1 sweet red pepper into slender strips and cut across into tiny pieces. Cover with water and ice cubes and place in refrigerator.

Wash 2 heads lettuce, preferably Boston lettuce, and hard-cook 6 eggs.

When you are ready to arrange the salad, dry the celery and peppers and toss them together. Cut lobster tails into slices ⅓ inch to ½ inch wide. If you have a square or oblong platter, use it for the salad. Arrange a border of small lettuce leaves and fill the platter with alternate rows of shrimp and lobster, leaving an inch and a half of empty space between rows. Do this neatly and let the shrimp and lobster pieces lean against one another so the rows will be plump and full. Fill the empty rows with chopped celery and pepper and, if you like, sprinkle with capers. Cut the hard-cooked eggs with an egg cutter and arrange them, fan shape, at the corners of the platter. If you use a round platter, follow the same system, but make circular instead of vertical rows. This arrangement has two advantages over the mixed salad: 1—it looks prettier; 2—if people like shrimp but not lobster, or vice versa (I don't know why this should be true, but occasionally it is), they can take what they like from the salad platter and be happy.

Mayonnaise

Since I haven't given you my recipe for mayonnaise since March, 1946, I'd better repeat it here.

Measure 2⅔ cups salad oil—and be sure that it and the mixing bowl are cold. Into the bowl put 2 large egg yolks, ¼ teaspoon red pepper, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 scant teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Beat for ½ minute with rotary or electric beater and begin adding the oil, a little at a time at first and later in a small but steady stream, beating constantly and fast. If you use a rotary beater, move it around a bit as you beat. With a stationary electric beater, the bowl can occasionally be moved from side to side. The idea is not to beat exclusively in the center of the bowl. In 4 or 5 minutes you will have a bowl of stiff golden mayonnaise. This recipe makes about 1½ pints. Add 2 cloves garlic cut in half and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Stir and store in refrigerator at least overnight—and *don't* forget to remove the garlic pieces before serving. Put the mayonnaise in a separate bowl beside the salad.

FINGER ROLLS

There isn't space to give you my recipe for icebox rolls, but you can find one in any good cookbook. Make the dough ahead of time and have the rolls baked in corn-stick pans just before serving.

STRAWBERRY BAVAROISE

This recipe will fill a 7-quart mold and will serve at least 30 people. The pudding should be made two or three days before the wedding.

Soak 6 envelopes unflavored gelatin in 1 cup cold water and add 2 cups boiling water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved, add 2 cups sugar and stir again. Defrost 4 boxes frozen strawberries and press through a fine sieve. Mix ⅓ cup lemon juice with the pulp, measure by cups and add to the gelatin mixture. There should be 7½ cups of liquid in all. If the combined strawberry pulp, water and lemon juice do not make that quantity of liquids, add more water. Chill until the mixture begins to set, then put the bowl in a pan of ice cubes and water and beat with a rotary beater until very fluffy and stiff. This takes a lot of beating, and it must be steady and fast. If you have an electric beater, one person can do the job, but if the beater must be turned manually you'd better have at least one stand-by to take over when your arm gets tired. During the beating be sure to scrape the bottom and sides of the bowl frequently, because the mixture nearest the ice tends to congeal. When *this* beating job is done, remove bowl from ice water and whip 2 cups heavy cream until stiff, then beat 7 egg whites until stiff. A lot of beating, but we're making a tremendous dessert. Now fold the cream and egg whites into the gelatin mixture, add enough vegetable coloring to make the pudding a lovely delicate pink and beat long enough to mix all ingredients thoroughly.

Now we're ready for the mold, and you may have difficulty finding one large enough. A punch bowl, a huge glass vase or a tremendous mixing bowl will do nicely. Wet the inside of the mold with cold water and pour the pudding in. Now go after air bubbles by inserting a long knife wherever you see them, and when this is done insert the knife many times in the middle of the pudding where you can't see the bubbles, because they're bound to be there. Store the mold in a refrigerator, yours or a neighbor's.

The pineapple for the filling may be fresh or canned and should be cut into small pieces. For fresh pineapple make a sirup of 1 cup sugar, ½ cup water, 10 or 12 mint leaves and green vegetable coloring. When the sirup has cooked, strain it, add the pineapple and boil gently for a few minutes. The pineapple should be *pale* green, so be cautious with the vegetable coloring. If canned pineapple is used, add a little sugar to the juice and proceed as above. (If you like, the pineapple may be boiled in ½ cup crème de menthe to which ¼ cup water and ⅓ cup sugar have been added. It will give both the mint taste and the green color to the fruit.) This can be done a week ahead of time if it suits your convenience.

Shortly before serving time, large fresh strawberries should be washed, stemmed and sprinkled with a little sugar and 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint leaves. (Or, if you like, the strawberries may be sprinkled with a little crème de menthe.)

To arrange the dessert, unmold the pudding on a large round platter and, using a large spoon, remove enough pudding to make a hollow in the top. Don't make the hollow too deep—a shallow one will hold a lot of pineapple. Fill the hollow with the pale-green pineapple and make a ring of shredded coconut where the two colors meet. At the last minute—but you needn't do this yourself—heap the fresh strawberries around the base of the mold and sprinkle them with shredded coconut. Garnish with sprigs of mint or pale green leaves.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lines Across A Breakfast Table

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Dear sir, it would be foolish to
Pretend that I beheld in you
Those qualities ascribed by myth
To demigods, or viewed you with
An awe approaching reverence.
For—leave us face it!—there are gents
Far handsomer and maybe e'en
A few with intellect as keen.
But just because you're no Spinoza
Plus Apollo, don't suppose a
Minute I advance objection
To such pleasant imperfection.
Quite the converse. I prefer
The status quo, for if you were
Ideal, whatever would you see,
My darling, in the likes of me!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There's the food, and it's good and beautiful food, as should be. Again I don't say it's easy, but if you spread the work of preparation over four or five days—and you can—it shouldn't be too difficult a job for any ambitious cook. The boning, stuffing and molding of the turkey are the only tasks that require skill, and that needn't be trained skill. The first time I did it I had no minute instructions to follow—I just thought it was a good idea and I tried, and the results were gratifying.

Service. These have been wordy recipes, and I must skip swiftly to finis. Buffet service, of course, and table arrangement planned and practiced in advance. With such decorative food to work with, your table is bound to be a beautiful sight however it is arranged, but you'll want it to look exactly as you've pictured it in your mind.

Enough about that, and now to an extra Conversation Piece; subject, the little boxes of wedding cake your guests will take home with them. Here's an opportunity to be different, and we'll take advantage of it. Have the boxes covered with different colored shiny paper—pink, blue, green, gold and silver. Buy them already covered, or buy the white boxes and the papers and do the job yourself. Use the boxes as a centerpiece for your main table, or arrange them on a separate table with the dessert on one side and the wedding cake on the other. Stack them in a pyramid, using a covered six-inch-square box for the center. Arrange a circle of little boxes around it, then stack a smaller circle on those, and so on to the top. I needn't give you a play-by-play description—you'll see as you go along. Now with eight long strips of pink and blue chiffon ribbon, about three inches wide, tie a big bow for the top, leaving streamers long enough to extend down the sides and a little beyond the bottom of the pyramid. Have someone hold the bow on top while you stretch the streamers at equal distances down the sides and tuck them under eight of the bottom layer of boxes. When you are satisfied with the arrangement, use cellulose tape to fasten each streamer to the bottom of the box under which it is tucked. Slip two or three flowers into the knot of the bow. The streamers will appear to be holding the boxes in place.

There you are, and here I go. The wedding breakfast is almost over; we're ready for the finale. The bride, in her white gown, is standing behind the gaily colored pyramid. She is about to untie the chiffon bow, and the bright little boxes will scatter over the table.

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LEARN TO COOK IN THREE MEALS

(Continued from Page 227)

Another time, use a cooked lemon or chocolate filling instead of the jelly.

[1] Broiled Chicken

All tender cuts of meat, certain fish and young chickens can be broiled in an oven broiler.

Broiling chickens weigh 1 to 2½ pounds. Have the butcher split them in half and remove neck and backbone. Clean thoroughly, removing any pinfeathers the butcher forgot, cut off tails, wash and blot dry with paper towels. While no fat is needed when you broil a steak or chop, young chickens have very little fat and need to be rubbed generously with butter, margarine or salad oil to keep the chicken from drying out. Do this first. Then sprinkle with salt and pepper. If you like the flavor, rub a cut clove of garlic over the chicken before rubbing with the fat or oil.

Lay the chicken halves skin side down on the broiler rack and broil at moderate heat, 350° F., about 30–40 minutes, depending on size of the bird. Turn frequently, and if chicken looks as if it's getting dry, brush with a little melted butter or margarine or salad oil. Test for doneness with a fork. The fork should go in easily and there should be no tinge of pink to the meat. Chicken, unlike steak, should always be well done. If you use frozen chickens, follow the directions on the package. The best position for broiling is 2 or 3 inches from the source of the heat.

(Continued on Page 273)

WELCH PUNCH. Welch's Grape Juice half and half with Ginger Ale.

Welch's

For PURE *Enjoyment*

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(Continued from Page 271)

reamed New Potatoes and Peas

lumpy, too-thick cream sauce will spoil ost anything but a croquette—and that, if it's lumpy. Real cream sauce is made n part or all cream. Your cookbooks often for white sauce—using milk for liquid. s means all milk—but a white sauce can a cream sauce, too, if it's smooth, velvety l creamy.

or the creamed potatoes, scrape or peel potatoes thinly. Cook in boiling ted water until tender and drain them. mbine them with cooked peas and am sauce. Leave potatoes whole. You'll nt a thin sauce—2 cups of sauce is just ht for 8–10 small new potatoes and 1 p cooked peas. *To make the sauce:* Melt tablespoons butter or margarine in a ucepan over low heat. Add 2 tablespoons ur, smoothing and working it into the with a spoon until it is all very smooth. ually the reason for a lumpy sauce urts with having more flour than fat. ways stick to the same quantity of each. rn off the heat. Add 2 cups milk or 1 p milk and 1 cup cream a little at a ne, blending a portion of it in before u add the rest. Then cook over low heat, irring constantly until it thickens and very smooth. If you go off and leave it, 's sure to lump. This is a thin sauce, so n't expect it to become very thick. metimes, if the milk is added all at nce, you may have a dickens of a time noothing it out. Hot milk may be added, t it does take another pan. Blend it more gradually han when you use old milk. If it seems asier to you, make he sauce in the dou- le boiler. Season ith salt and pepper taste, and add this me 2 tablespoons inced chives for fla- or. A thin sauce of his kind without hives is a just-right ase for other vegeta- les, as well as cream oups. When a recipe alls for a medium ream sauce, it means 2 tablespoons but- er or margarine and 2 tablespoons flour for each cup of milk or cream. Cream sauces needn't be dull and flat. If you season them well, they make many a good dish better.

A note about the peas. Don't cook your peas more than 6 minutes if they are young and tender, and they will have a lovely color. There's no secret to cooking them—if you remember to use a small amount of water and not overcook them. For frozen peas, follow directions on package. Nan Stone is fortunate to have a pressure saucepan—is wedded to it for vegetables.

4 Coffee

Know your own coffee maker, for there's a best way to brew for every kind. Always measure both your coffee and water. You'll soon hit your stride on the strength you like—that is, the amount of coffee and water to use. Then stick to it so you'll always be sure it will be just right. But you can't get a good brew with any less than 2 level tablespoons of coffee to each standard measuring cup of boiling water—and it should be boiling.

MENU II

Since the lemon-chiffon pie and the onion soup can be made long before your session with the roast and the rest of the fixings, we'll get busy with these two first.

11 Lemon-Chiffon Pie

Pastry: The usual proportions of shortening and flour for pastry are 1 part shortening to 3 parts flour, and 2 tablespoons water to each cup of flour. You're wisest to start with a 1-crust pie for your first attempt. The quantities I'm giving you for the pastry can be used for a 2-crust pie later on, when green apples come along and you've had a little practice. Though they make more than enough for 1 pie shell, they're better quantities to learn on. The extra pastry you can make into little thimble tarts or cheese straws. But more of that later.

Sift 2 cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt into a bowl. Measure ⅔ cup vegetable shortening carefully, pressing it down into the cup so there are no air spaces. A glass measuring cup is best, as you can see what goes on. Drop the shortening into the flour. If you have a pastry blender, you're in luck, for it makes quick work of pastry mixing. If you haven't, use 2 knives—1 in each hand, scissor fashion—and cut the shortening in until it is in crumbs about the size of dried beans. Don't cut too fine or you won't have a flaky crust. Experienced cooks can use their fingers, but you'd better stick to the knives or the pastry blender for a while. Measure ¼ cup cold or iced water. Too much water makes hard, brittle crust—too little, a crumbly crust. Sprinkle it over the flour and fat a little at a time, lifting and turning the mixture with a fork as it is added. Toss aside pieces of dough with fork as soon as they are formed. This way the water will be more evenly distributed. Try never to hit the same spot twice. Give pastry a stir with the fork to sort of bring it together. Press it together lightly with your hands into a ball. Shape with your hands into a flat disk, pinching any cracked edges together. Handle gently, but not gingerly. To roll, use a lightly floured pastry cloth and cloth-covered rolling pin if you have them—otherwise a lightly floured board and rolling pin. With a light hand (I emphasize light, as a heavy hand never helped a pastry) roll the dough from the center out—all the way around. Now and then turn the dough ¼ turn to keep it from sticking, and continue rolling. Keep it as round as you can, and roll it as thin as possible without splitting the dough. Hold the piepan over the dough to see whether it has been rolled large enough to fit the pan—and it surely will. Fold the dough in half. Place it in an ungreased 9 or 10 inch pan. Unfold the pastry, easing it carefully, with a pat here and there, to fit the pan. Be sure you don't stretch it, or your pastry will shrink in the baking. Cut off excess pastry with kitchen scissors, leaving ½-inch margin beyond edge of pan. It's handier than using a knife. Fold pastry under, so that it is even with the rim of the pan. Make a crimped edge with thumb and forefinger of right hand and the forefinger of the left hand. See photo on page 227. Prick pastry all over with a fork. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., about 15 minutes, or until golden brown.

We have a JOURNAL kitchen trick that helps keep pastry in its best shape while baking: Cut a big square of wax paper—bigger than the pan. Lay it in the unbaked pastry. Spread 1½ cups raw rice over paper. Put pastry in oven. Remove paper and rice after about 5 minutes. Finish baking. Keep the rice in a jar and you can use it over and over again for this purpose.

While the pie shell bakes, you can reroll the pastry scraps. Cut them out in small rounds. Cut out the centers of half the rounds with a thimble or smaller round cutter. Prick with a fork and bake till golden brown. These are good put together with jelly. I call them thimble tarts. If you'd rather make cheese sticks, roll grated cheese into the rerolled pastry. Cut in strips and bake. They are good as a snack.

Lemon-Chiffon Filling: Start the filling while pie shell is baking. Sprinkle 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin over ¼ cup cold water. Let stand a few minutes to soften. Meanwhile, mix ⅓ cup of sugar and ⅓ cup lemon juice together. Separate 3 eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the 3 egg yolks and beat them until they are light-colored and quite thick. Add the lemon and sugar to the egg yolks, stirring constantly. Put in the top of the double

During one of my childhood visits to the country I found a land terrapin and started to examine him, but the terrapin closed his shell like a vise. Seeing me trying to pry him open with a stick, my uncle said, "No, no, that's not the way." Then he took the creature inside and set him on the hearth. In a few minutes, after the little fellow began to get warm, he stuck out his head, then his feet, and calmly crawled toward me. "People are sorta like terrapins," my uncle said. "Never try to force a fellow into anything. Just warm him up with a little human kindness, and more'n likely he'll come your way."

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ASPARAGUS, TOMATO AND EGG SALAD. *For each serving place a thick slice of tomato on lettuce. Arrange cooked asparagus tips on tomato. Halve hard-cooked eggs cutting in sawtooth fashion. Press yolks through sieve, season with Miracle Whip. Fill whites using pastry tube. Place eggs on chop plate, surround with asparagus and tomato salads. Serve with Miracle Whip.*

boiler until the custard forms a thin coating on the spoon. (See custard recipe—Menu III.) Even though this is a different mixture, the principle is the same as in making any custard. Remove the custard from the hot water and stir in the gelatin that has been softening in the cold water. Stir until the gelatin is thoroughly dissolved—no little shiny particles on your spoon. Pour into bowl and add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cool in refrigerator until it begins to thicken. Don't let it really set. Beat the 3 egg whites just until they stand up in peaks. Mixture should be shiny-looking and not dry. Add ¼ cup sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition of sugar, so it's well dissolved. Fold the egg-white-and-sugar mixture into the gelatin custard with a light down, up and over motion of the spoon. Pour into the baked and cooled pie shell. It should look very spongy and light. Chill until set. Just before serving, whip ¾ cup heavy cream until stiff. Fold 1 tablespoon of sugar and, if you have it, 1 tablespoon chopped mint into the cream. Substitute ½ teaspoon vanilla for mint if you don't like the flavor. Spread over top.

Now that you know how to make a pastry pie shell, you can make chocolate, butterscotch, coconut cream and lemon pie, too, as well as any one of the many chiffon pies. When you are really experienced at pie rolling, you can divide the dough and get 2 pie shells out of the 1 recipe for pastry, but you'd better try it for just one first.

[5] Onion Soup au Gratin

When a recipe calls for meat stock, consommé or broth, you're wisest to use one of the many good canned bouillons or consommés, or you can use meat pastes, beef-bouillon cubes or the powdered forms, plus water for right strength. With all these aids to making homemade soup a quicker process, you will not often start from scratch and make your own, but here's how in case you want to be truly orthodox.

Start your stock with a good piece of shinbone with meat left on, and a knuckle-bone, cracked. If you have leftover roast bones in addition, so much the better for the strength of your stock. If you want your soup to have a good brown color, brown the meat and bones in a little fat in the bottom of a deep soup kettle. If not, skip this step. Now cover with 3–4 quarts cold water. Add 1 teaspoon salt, about 6 whole black peppers, ½ bay leaf, 2 onions, peeled, 1 carrot, scraped, a handful of parsley and a handful of celery tops. Bring to a boil, then turn down heat very, very low and simmer 3–4 hours. The purpose of this long, slow simmering is to extract the flavor from the meat, bones and seasoners. Remove the scum on top from time to time.

Strain the stock and cool. Skim off fat. From here on you can use the stock in any recipe calling for same. This is the base of old-fashioned vegetable soup—just add diced vegetables of your choice from the garden, season to taste and cook until vegetables are tender. Most stock-based soups taste better the second day.

Now for the actual making of onion soup. Slice 6 medium to large-sized peeled onions thin. Brown them carefully in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. They should be golden brown but not burned. Add 6 cups broth or meat stock—your own brew or the canned bouillon or consommé. If it's a condensed variety, dilute according to directions on the can. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Simmer over low heat until the onions are tender. Taste again before you serve. This may be made ahead as I suggested, and reheated before serving.

To be really French, pour the soup into an earthenware casserole. Arrange slices of toast or slices of toasted hard rolls on top. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and place under broiler or in oven until cheese melts and browns. Soup should be steaming hot before you put it into the casserole. A quicker way is to serve the soup—pass toast or the toasted roll slices as well as a bowl of grated cheese. Let everyone help himself to toast and cheese at the table. Or you could skip this garnishing and serve the soup plain.

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FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

6 Roast Beef

If you like a standing rib roast with the one in: Use a 2 or 3 rib roast. About ½ pound meat and bone is usually allowed per portion, but you can't roast 1 rib very successfully. It's better to have some for icing cold. Be sure you know the dressed weight of the roast after the butcher has trimmed it so you will be able to figure roasting time. Wipe the roast with a damp cloth. Rub salt and pepper into it well. Place roast, fat side up, in an open roasting pan. The bones act as a rack. If you have a meat thermometer, make an incision with a pointed knife or metal skewer through the fat and insert thermometer so its bulb is in the exact center of the meaty part of the roast. If the roast won't stand up, lay it flat side down on a rack in the pan and insert thermometer directly into the center. Roast uncovered in a slow oven, 300° F., 18–20 minutes per pound if you like it rare; 22–25 minutes per pound for medium; 27–30 minutes per pound for well done—though I personally think it's a crime to roast good beef to the well-done stage. If you have a meat thermometer, use this guide for doneness according to interior temperature: 140°F. for rare; 160° F. for medium; and 170° F. for well done. It's really the most accurate way to tell when a roast is of proper doneness. A meat thermometer is worth purchasing if you are a beginner cook.

If you prefer a rolled roast: Use a 3-rib roast and have it boned and rolled at the market. Have the butcher weigh it after boning and rolling so you can figure roasting time. Rub with salt and pepper. Place fat side up on a rack and proceed as for the standing roast. Roast 32 minutes per pound for rare; 33 minutes per pound for medium; and 38 minutes per pound for well done. Base time per pound on the ready-to-roast weight without the bone. Use same interior thermometer temperature as for the standing ribs.

7 Roast Potatoes

Parboil 6–8 potatoes, or as many as you want for your meal. By parboiling, in this instance, I mean cook the potatoes only partly done by boiling 10–15 minutes for old potatoes, 8 for medium size, about 5 for small new potatoes in boiling salted water. Have them ready ½ hour before roast is to be done. Remove the rack from the roasting pan if you are using one. Place potatoes around the roast. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Baste with the fat in the pan. Nan says she and Jane found the word "baste" confusing when they were first learning how to cook—always had thought basting applied to sewing. Anyway, it means to spoon a liquid or fat over meat or fish during cooking. Pour a spoonful of the fat over the roast, too, while you're at it. Finish roasting for the rest of the time—about 30 minutes. The potatoes need turning now and then and basting, too, so they will brown evenly. Parboiling of the potatoes keeps them from getting a rubbery, shriveled crust. Lift roast and potatoes out onto hot platter and keep hot until you make the gravy. Roast meats carve more easily if they are allowed to stand in a warm place for a little while anyway after the actual cooking time is over.

8 Roast Beef Gravy

Some people like natural gravy—*au jus*, as it's called, with no thickening—others like a slightly thickened gravy. I hope no one likes a really thick one. I personally like the natural gravy best. In any case, let the drippings stand a few minutes so the fat will float.

For thickened gravy: Pour off all but about 1½ tablespoons of the fat; or if you can't guess with your eye, pour it all off and put back 1½ tablespoons. Add 1½ tablespoons flour. Stir it into the fat and juices. There won't be much meat juice from this method of roasting. Gradually stir in 1½ cups boiling water, stirring all the time until the gravy thickens and boils. This is the classic way to make any pan gravy, but if you have trouble making smooth gravy, try it this way. Put the 1½ tablespoons fat in pan with the drippings. Add boiling water and scrape all the bits of brown that have adhered to the pan into the liquid. Use the back of your spoon for this. Put your flour (1½ tablespoons) in a jar with 3 tablespoons cold water. Screw on the top of the jar and shake well. This trick usually makes a smooth mixture quickly. Use a spoon and make the thickening in a cup if you haven't a jar. Add the thickening to the hot liquid gradually, and stir constantly until it bubbles and gets very glossy. Since I said one usually has very little juices to give gravy good flavor, it's best to add about ½ teaspoon concentrated meat paste, or use beef broth instead of water in the beginning. In any case, season gravy to taste with salt and pepper before you strain it into the gravy boat.

If you like natural gravy, omit the fat entirely, adding just enough water or broth to keep it of good strength. Some cooks like to pour 1 cup of the water or broth over roast in last few minutes of roasting—I've tried it and it really makes better natural gravy, doesn't hurt the roast at this point either. If desired, add a few tablespoons of red wine with the broth. Try the way you like best.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

The dictionary defines this phrase as: "Between equally disagreeable or hazardous alternatives." But I like better the original meaning, as told to me by an old State of Maine man, who in his youth had been a builder of those wooden ships which carried our flag to all corners of the earth. In those days, he said, not only every sail, every piece of rigging, had its name, but even the deck planks and seams were distinguished one from another by name. The seam, then, between the outermost deck plank and the next was called the "devil." And whenever a calking job at sea arose, the man whose job it was to calk that seam, standing on the outboard plank, literally stood "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

—J. H. WERNER.

9 Fresh Asparagus

To save time, you may often prefer to use the frozen asparagus, which is all cleaned. But now that the fresh asparagus season is on, you might like to know how to prepare it.

Grasp each stalk between thumbs and forefingers and snap the tender upper portion from the woody base. Never cut asparagus if you want to eat all you cook. If the stalks are sandy—and they usually are—scrub with a stiff brush and cut off the lower scales where the sand usually collects. Let the stalks stand in cold salted water about 30 minutes or so to sift out any sand in the tips. Wash in fresh water and cook in boiling salted water just 8 minutes. This is long enough for the fat stalks—cook even less for the thinner ones. Most people overcook asparagus until it's so limp you could tie it in a knot. You don't want to be one of them. Yours will still be tender, soft and green without being mushy. Drain and dress with melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Small kitchen tongs are the best kitchen gadget for lifting out the asparagus. Someday, when you learn to make hollandaise, serve it with that—but for now, be practice-perfect with plain butter or margarine.

10 Green Salad—French Dressing

A wooden bowl seasoned with the oil of many mixings is best for green salads, but of course you will use what you have. Have the salad greens brittly crisp—shaken free of moisture and dried gently in a towel before ever anointing with dressing. If greens are wet, your dressing will become diluted. Combine several greens for the best salad. There are many to choose from—lettuce, water cress, romaine, escarole, spinach and chicory are all good in combination.

For a salad for 1 meal, blend 3 tablespoons salad oil with 1 tablespoon wine vinegar or herb vinegar. Season to taste with salt and pepper—freshly ground pepper is best if you have a pepper mill. This dressing is the simplest and most classic. From here on you can be as adventurous as you please, adding dry mustard, paprika, various herbs and seasoners. But it's good the way it is. Rub the inside of the salad

(Continued on Page 277)

CROSSE BLACKWELL
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CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP
DO NOT ADD WATER
Better flavor . . . BECAUSE
C&B SOUPS ARE READY TO SERVE
You add no water or milk to detract from the original, sealed-in goodness of delicious Crosse & Blackwell soups. Full, rich, heartier "homemade" flavor because it's all soup . . . comes to you all ready to serve. Ask for your favorite C & B soup at your grocer's.
NOTHING TO ADD
Ready to Serve
TRY THESE EASY-TO-FIX LUNCHES
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
CONSOMME MADRILENE
So Refreshing . . . SERVE C & B
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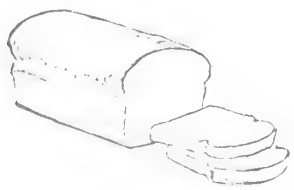
IN GLASS OR TIN

What makes bread light?



THE STAFF OF LIFE gets its "lift" —its feathery lightness—from another basic food: Sugar. The sugar used in making bread is partly converted by yeast into carbon dioxide gas, which permeates the dough and makes it rise. But that's not all! Sugar also adds energy value, imparts flavor to the loaf, contributes to the golden color of the crust, and helps keep the bread moist and fresh.

In baked goods—as in a variety of canned fruits and dairy products, cured meats, breakfast cereals, confections and a host of other wholesome foods—sugar is a standard ingredient, contributing to food value as well as to palatability.

Sugar is a versatile food, and one about which science is learning more and more. In order to promote the study of sugar, both as food and a raw material of industry, the Sugar Research Foundation has established research projects at many universities and colleges in the United States and Canada.

Its purpose: *greater knowledge, better health, better living.*

SUGAR RESEARCH FOUNDATION

Box 137, New York 5, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 275)

with a cut clove of garlic. Add the
s broken into eatable pieces—not
ed. Season with salt and pepper.
en with dressing—beat dressing with
before you add it. Toss salad lightly
salad fork and spoon until all the
s are coated. Never add so much
ing that the salad is slushy. Mix
before serving. Greens and French
ing will be your basic salad. From
o day you'll add other raw or cooked
ables, hard-cooked eggs, strips of
meat, and so on. The combinations
ndless.

MENU III

ike your custards early in the day so
will have time to chill. They don't have
chilled, but I think they taste better
fruit—in this case, strawberries. . . .
t the stew in good time. It could be
e in the morning, too, then reheated. . . .
biscuits are the only last-minute trick.

[4] Baked Custards

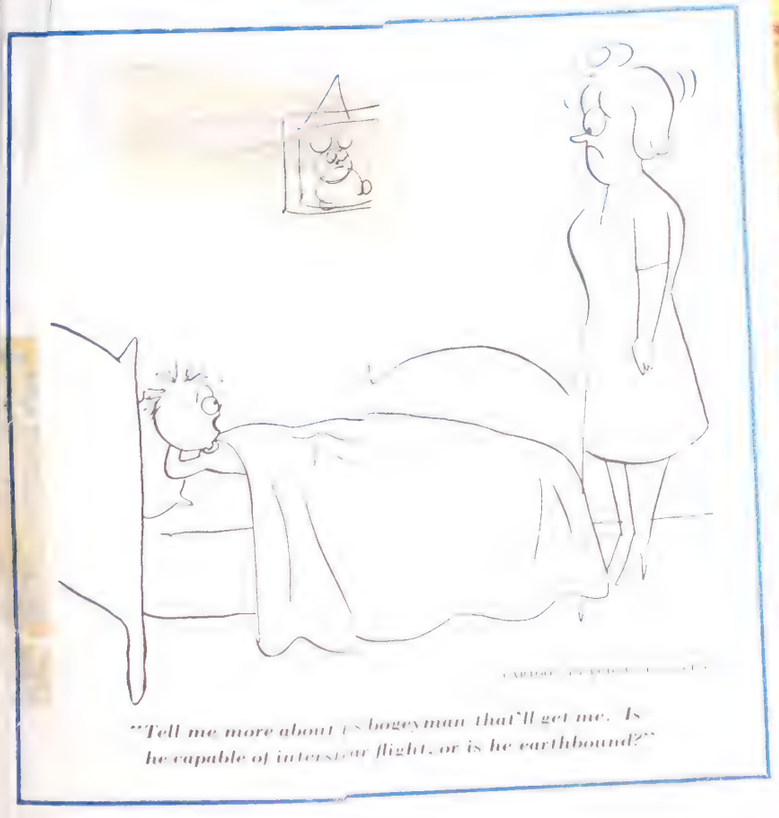
reheat the oven to 350°F. Scald 4 cups
k. By scald, I mean heat it until a
n, crinkly film forms on top. Beat 6
s slightly with a fork—only enough to
ak up the whites and yolks. Add ½ cup
ar and a pinch of salt. Now add the
lded milk gradually to the eggs and
ar, stirring as you add it—and I do
an gradually. If added too fast, the hot
lk will cook the egg and you'll have little
ating bits of egg in the milk that look as
ambled eggs do when they first begin to
ok. Why scald the milk for custards?
stards can be made perfectly well with-
t scalding the milk. But by scalding the
lk, the baking time is shortened and the
agulation, or setting, of your custards
startel more readily. So much for why
it this way. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla to
e liquid custard and strain into greased
stard cups. Straining assures a smooth
star. Set them in a pan of hot water—
aving the water come up to about ½ inch
o top of custard cups. By baking in
ter, the outer part of the custard
to get overdone before center is
. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F.,
minutes, or until done. When is
ne? An ages-old test for doneness is
till th best. Insert a silver knife into
he custards—gently though—pull it out.
f the knife is clean, custard is set. If
custar clings to the knife and mixture
ooks silky, leave custards in oven a bit
onger. There's just a right point for tak-
ng out a custard, and you'll learn how it
should look the more often you make
me. The look, and often the feel, in
ooking is as important as the things you
do. To long cooking or too-high baking
temperatures makes custards watery. Re-
moves he cards from hot water and
use pot holder—unless you're lucky
enough to have a custard rack. I like to
put custards in refrigerator immediately
on a board or cloth so contact with
metal ration't cause the custard cups
to chicken oftentimes custards will
continue to cook in the cups after remov-
ing them from the oven. The cups hold
the heat, you see. This will make 6 cus-
tards. If the quantities for 2 persons,
although ours turn out as well as I
think they will you will be glad to have
them cold for other meals.

For a custard to serve over fruit,
pudding and as a base for floating island
and cream use the same ingredients. Scald
milk in top of double boiler; add it to eggs,
sugar, salt, but this time return to
the double boiler and cook over hot water,
stirring constantly until mixture just
coats a metal spoon. It's harder to tell the
right point with a wooden spoon, even
though you may use that for stirring.
Pour custard into a bowl as soon as it
reaches the right point. Add vanilla, and
cool quickly in refrigerator. (Keeps it
from cooking too far, which means curd-
ling—see cook book.) And if you've ever
had curdle, you know what that looks
like.

[5] Brown Lamb Stew

There are two kinds of stew—a brown
stew and a light stew. For a brown stew
the meat is browned in fat before liquid
is added. For a light stew, the meat is not
browned. Chicken fricassee and veal stew
are examples of light stews. Brown stews
are usually more popular. At least I prefer
them.

For the lamb stew, purchase 2 pounds
of shoulder of lamb. Have it cut into 1½-
inch pieces at the butcher's. Season with
salt and pepper, and dust the pieces with
flour. Heat 2 tablespoons shortening or
lard in a heavy pot—Dutch-oven type
metal—or top-of-range casserole. Brown
the lamb well on all sides. Drain off excess
fat. Add about 2 cups water and 1 clove
garlic, minced. Put on the lid tightly and
simmer, covered, over low heat, or bake in
a covered roaster or casserole in the oven
until the meat is almost tender when you
pierce it with a fork. The slow heat and
the moisture tenderize the less tender cuts,
so never let a stew boil. Now add vegetables—
4 cup diced potatoes, 1 cup carrots, diced
and cut into chunks, 1 cup shelled peas and
a few small white onions make a good
combination, though you can be as ad-
venturous as you like. Add a little more
water if necessary, and additional season-
ing. Continue to cook until vegetables



"Tell me more about the bogeyman that'll get me. Is he capable of interstellar flight, or is he earthbound?"

Breakfast blooms with new ideas!

Cheery dishes galore, every one *different* . . . from this one delicious whole grain cereal! Last minute exciting new ways . . . right with everything from eggs to fruit! For Nabisco Shredded Wheat is your *basic* cereal . . . just wholesome whole wheat, with a *natural*, honest flavor. And Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a *nourishing* hot you as "cooked" cereal without the bother! The *original* Niagara Falls product!

Every one a winner with Nabisco Shredded Wheat:

1 As casserole "lining" for shirred eggs

2 Crumbled, with canned apricots, juice and top-milk

3 Topped with strawberries, sugar and cream

The cereal you can serve a dozen ways!

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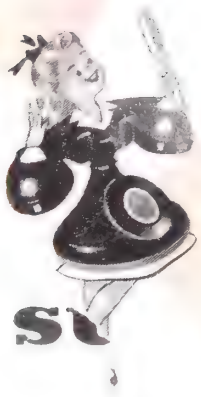
"A girl needs more than GLAMOUR!"

She needs a friendly heart—and we think a business needs one, too.

So we do our best to provide courtesy, reasonableness and kindness in full measure—even though materials for new telephone service are still short.

"The Voice With a Smile" keeps on being one of the nice things about telephone service.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

are tender. To serve, skim off fat and thicken slightly with a little flour-and-water thickening—just as you learned to do in making gravy. Cook a little longer to thicken.

Part beef, part lamb and part veal make a good stew; and that reminds me—braising is similar to stewing. In this class are pot roasts, braised pork chops, and so on. To braise, you season and flour the meat, brown it thoroughly, cover and simmer slowly to tenderize, *but* this time add little or no water. A heavy Dutch oven or casserole with tight-fitting lid is essential for successful braising—as all the juices must be kept in. The slow cooking and the natural moisture from the meat do the tenderizing.

[13] Baking-Powder Biscuits

You need a light touch for a light biscuit, and the best way to acquire skill is to watch a good biscuitmaker perform. Then practice, practice, practice. Anyway, here are all the whys and wherefores. If your first batch should be a big success, you follow the rules.

Preheat your oven to 450° F. Sift 2 cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder into a mixing bowl. Add ¼ cup vegetable shortening and cut the fat into the flour the same way you do for the pastry, only this time more thoroughly. Mixture should look like fine crumbs or coarse corn meal. Make a hole in the center and add ¾ cup milk all at once. Stir together quickly with a few quick whisks with a fork until all the milk is blended in with the dry ingredients. The dough should be light and soft. Scrape it onto a lightly floured pastry cloth or board. Dip your hands in flour and knead the dough ever so lightly—only about 10 seconds. Kneading means to press the dough with the heel of one hand—but not too hard—turning and folding the dough with the other hand. This gentle kneading for only a few seconds will make your biscuits flaky. Now pat or roll out dough to ½-inch thickness. Cut with a floured cooky cutter. If you flour the cutter each time, the biscuit dough won't stick to it. Place biscuits several inches apart. Shape and reroll the scraps for more biscuits. A quick way to cut biscuits is to mark and cut the dough into square or diamond-shaped pieces with a sharp knife. No rerolling of scraps then is necessary. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 10 minutes.

***For drop biscuits*, increase the milk to 1 cup. Drop by tablespoons onto greased cooky sheet instead of rolling them.**

***For shortcake*, increase shortening to ¼ cup and add 1 tablespoon sugar to dry ingredients.**

***For cheese biscuits*, add ½ to 1 cup grated cheese before adding the milk.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ask My Woman

BY MELENE COX

THE weight of bringing home su grades should never hang heavily child's head, but he ought to feel that pride of the family an occasional touch is a fine thing.

Children always take the line of persistence.

In the weaving of a marriage every wo knows who supplies the warp and who woof.

Note to brides: If the count is more t ten, a husband may be years learning all wife's relatives—and he probably never know who gave each wedding present.

To omit nicknaming one child, if the oth in the family have been given nicknames, to disinherit him from your spirit.

Our old dog Rags (already named whe presented to us several years ago) now has companion in a new English cocker, Th Duchess of Earlham, which, as far as dog are concerned, has sent us from rags t riches.

So economical she always made an open-faced pie.

As out-of-place as a station wagon in a funeral procession.

It was a joyful moment for the family when the spaniel first discovered her ears.

After the wedding of her fourth child a woman observed, "I always thought a mother would have something to say about whom her children would marry; I now know she has nothing whatever to say—unless she agrees with the choice.'

There is no better kind of gymnastics, mental, spiritual or physical, than keeping up with the intense development of a child.

The first sign of a little boy's growing up comes when he refuses to be seen in the ladies' rest room.

Note to mothers of adolescents: Plenty of soft drinks and food in the refrigerator places a wholesome obligation upon daugh er's bo friend to be at his best.

Don't criticize yourself; others are willing to do it for you.

Words, like clothes, should b clean before they are hung out to dry

She went to pieces so easily you anted to handle her with a spatula.

Houses without children are lil banks without money.

When you fear that to give your on sympathy might make a weakling of hin let the family dog take over.

Famous words of a "good" housekeeper: Just look at that scratch! That's what omes from letting children into the living om!"

If you want to keep your child from needing to be punished, get eight hours' sleep ery night.

Suggestion for cartoon: Undersized man s to oversized woman, "I've enjoyed this le glimpse of you."

A boy's presence penetrates a house like an on.

What makes your stove work?" the ntry cousin asked his small cousin in n. The young urbanite was puzzled for a ent, then his face brightened up, and he vered, "Mom does.'

wo critical periods in the life of a male: When his voice changes. When his choice changes.

e woman says if you do not want a g feeling when "cleaning out" your and's pockets, use the vacuum-cleaner achment.

ervation of a small daughter: "If daddy w to a party and they played Hide th himble he never would find it, would he

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